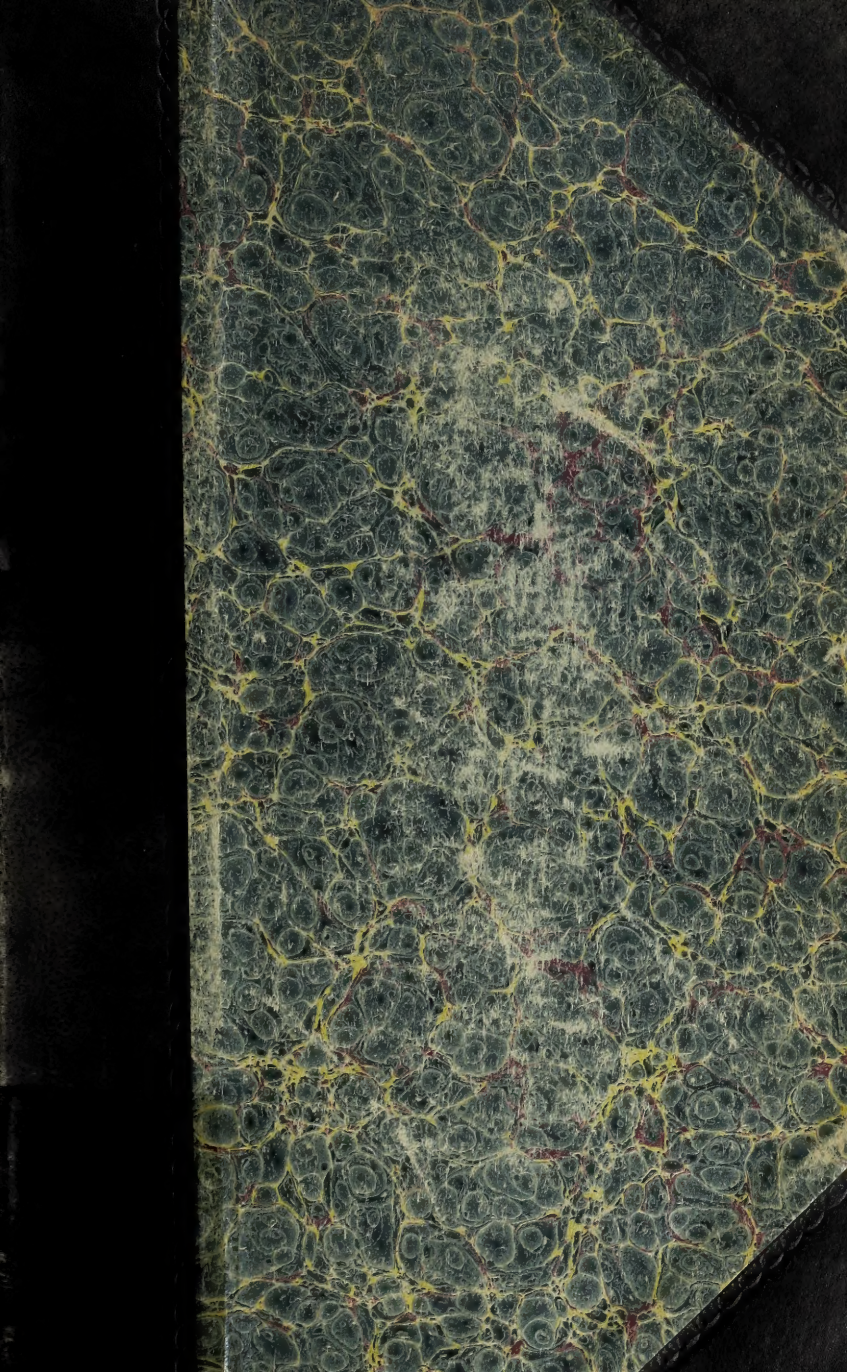




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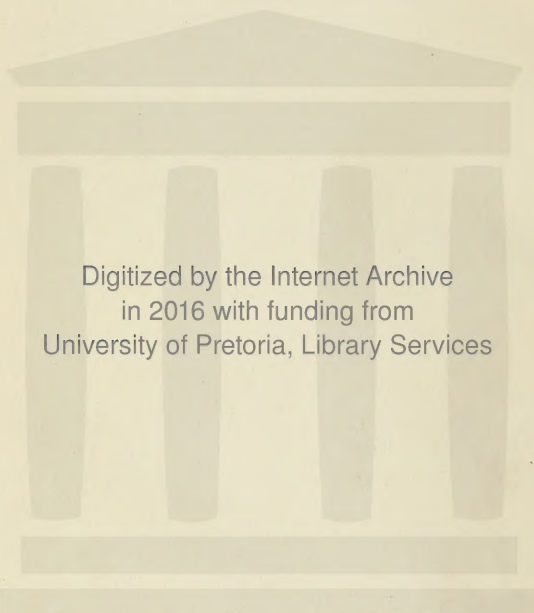
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THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NOBLE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1871.

CAPE TOWN:

J. C. JUTA.

1871.

THE GAZETTE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

CAPE TOWN:

SAUL SOLOMON AND CO., PRINTERS,

ST. GEORGE'S-STREET.

PREFACE TO VOLUME II.

So many kind things have been said by "the Critics"—among whom we are glad to reckon His Excellency Sir Henry Barkly himself—as to the literary and scientific success of our first venture in Volume I of this series, and our continued efforts in the successive issues of Volume II up to the present number, that we consider silence on our part as the best of virtues. That silence, however, must be broken to express in the heartiest manner the thanks of the Editor for the kindness and zeal with which so many contributors throughout South Africa have, at great trouble and inconvenience to themselves, enriched the pages of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*. Contributions which he has already in his possession, besides promises of many more, give abundant guarantee that the Third Volume will at all events maintain the tone and quality of its predecessors. We may particularly mention that of the Lady's Letters, which have so delightfully and genially descanted upon "Life at the Cape," we hope we have not yet come to an end. Seeing the thorough appreciation with which the first batch of them that chanced to fall into our possession was received, we have made timely arrangements to have transmitted to us by an early mail the continuation of them, which we have reason to believe are still in existence, and will be forthcoming in due time. We understand that these will

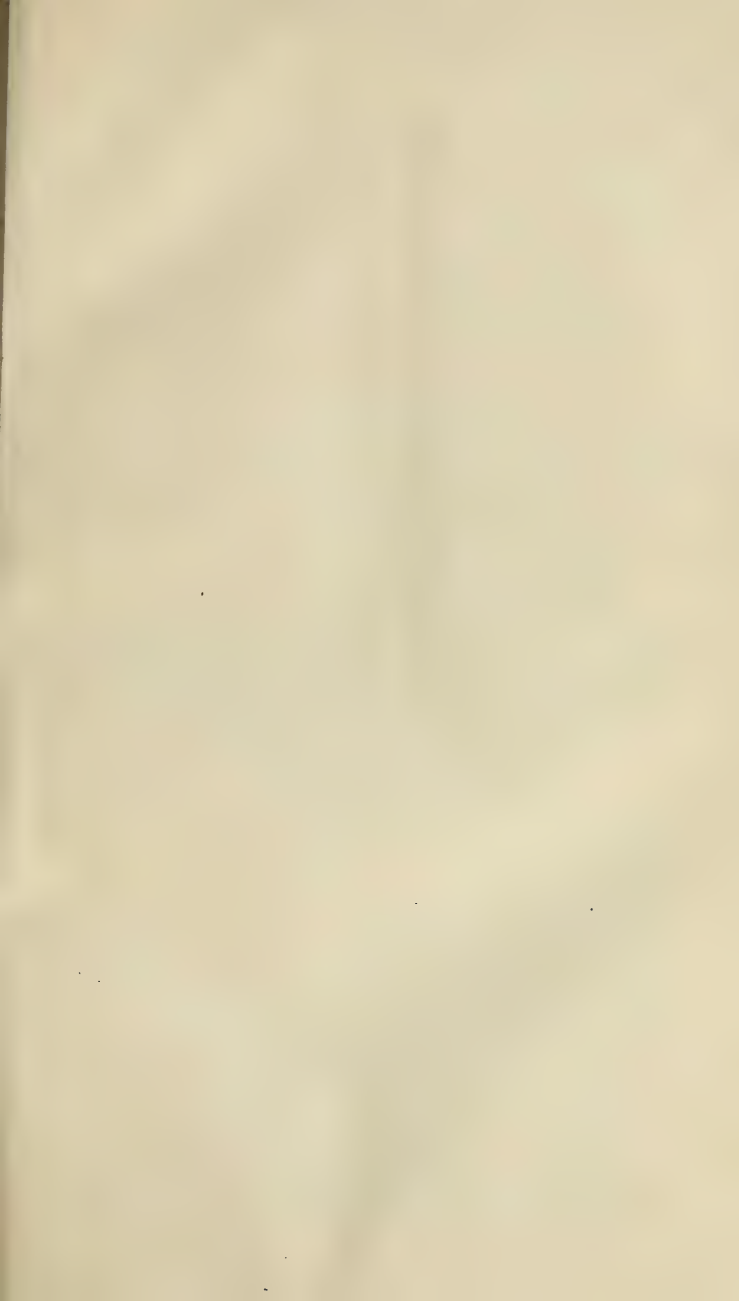
bear special reference to our fair and lively friend's experiences of Life on the Eastern Frontier, when she proceeded thither some nine years ago.

We have further to announce, on behalf of the Publisher, that, in consequence of the hold which the *Cape Monthly Magazine* has taken of the public mind already all over South Africa, it will, from and after the 1st July, appear in new type, with improved paper, and in larger form. We may further add that, for our own part, every effort will be made to vary the arrangements and increase the interest of the periodical. Among these arrangements we may state that one gentleman, who more than any other we could mention is competent for the task, has kindly agreed to furnish Monthly Notes on Colonial Agriculture, which will embrace every point of special interest obtainable from the agricultural journals published either in Europe or elsewhere.

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THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OUR NOBLE SELVES!

IF there is one thing more than another, for which the people of the Cape may be said to be remarkable, it is infirmity of purpose. Fickle and lazy, they no sooner have taken a step in one direction, than they throw down their tools, to hunt after some "Will-o'-the-wisp" that has tickled their fancy and lured them from work. Unstable as water, at one moment they are up in the clouds with lively anticipations of prospective profits from silk or cotton, at the next bemoaning their hard fate at having to toil at all! To start all kinds of projects and then neglect them as soon as launched; to sow the seeds of prosperity and then blight a likely crop by apathy and want of care; to call various branches of industry into life, only to disgust those who may have been induced to embark capital therein, by refusing to go a step further in their honest development, are all conditions of being so characteristic of the Cape, that they may now be safely regarded as normal and peculiar to our soil.

And yet there were once giants in the land, who having put their hands to the plough never cared to look back; who could gaze fearlessly into the future, and forecast much of the good fortune that appertains to the exercise of perseverance and clear-headed enterprise; and who were able to lift into light much of the surrounding barbarism, and give an impetus to social progress—the vibrations of which are even now to be felt, though feeble and faint.

It is mainly, then, to the persistent and long-continued efforts of such men as John Fairbairn and John Montagu, that our Colony is indebted for that partial increase in material wealth which dates from their arrival here. The direction in which these men laboured was the diffusion of knowledge, the repression of crime, and the dissemination of sound views as to finance and reproductive public works.

They took the world as they found it; nursed no theories of political perfection; thought less of the abstract than the real; and were bent upon making this country great, happy, and prosperous. The exact point at which we have diverged from the course of action laid down by them may not admit of accurate definition; but it is not very difficult to see, that our ways are not their ways, and that while politically we may fancy ourselves even in advance of the mother country, we are practically at a dead-lock in all that relates to internal development and general progress, ever since they ceased to lead us into action!

Never perhaps has any Colony been so well served in every department of Government, as was the Cape during the nine years' reign of the late John Montagu. It was owing to his powerful mind and energetic measures, that the Colony relieved itself of embarrassing debts, and utilized its criminal classes, by opening up mountain passes and making roads with convict labour. Within nine years of his landing he caused the revenue to attain £100,000 in excess of what it was when he first took office as Colonial Secretary; while in less than three years after his arrival he quite extinguished a debt that seemed almost hopeless to other financiers, and actually dangled a surplus before the eyes of astonished Africanders, where hitherto they had seen nothing more substantial than rows of figures and promissory notes. Morning, noon, and night he laboured hard in our service. Sparing no trouble, and literally working himself to death, his short life here was a monument of unflinching devotion to duty, and a standing protest against that half-hearted, slovenly mode of doing business which has now become so fashionable.

It may, therefore, not be unworthy of inquiry as to what manner of man this could have been, to have striven so hard and done so much within so limited a period.

Of the late John Montagu it might truly have been said, as was said by Florizel to Perdita—

“My desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my wishes
Burn hotter than my faith.”

With a mind eminently practical, and more than sufficient to cope with questions of his day, he thoroughly believed in the great capabilities of this country. He sincerely desired to make it prosperous and full of hope. He applied all his powers towards its *real* advancement, and even during the Constitution crisis never wavered from opinions, which were alike honourable to his judgment and detracted from his

popularity. And when, finally, his health succumbed to the unceasing cares and anxieties of his position, he had the satisfaction of leaving us a heritage of ideas, which long before this ought to have been brought to fruition.

If ever the Colony is to justify his good opinion, it cannot do better, under a new and liberal Governor like Sir Henry Barkly, than review the imperial ideas held by Mr. Montagu on emigration, the tenure of land, and the subjugation of native races—views which are fairly open to criticism now, in consequence of changes which have since crept into the colonial policy of Great Britain, and which require to be studied to see their bearing upon our future successful existence.

The post, therefore, of Premier under a Responsible Government is not likely to be a very easy one. To be at the same time firm to duty and wholly popular, to prefer justice to interest, to take a determined line and stick to it, to influence one's colleagues against their conviction, and impress them at once with your genius and force of character, are qualities that demand first-rate men for their political exercise, and can only be exercised in this country by thoroughly well-trained and independent men. No mere scribbling machine, content with official routine, and unequal to bold departure from red-tape precedent,—no mere trimmer in debate, now trying this way and now that, and trusting more to accident and to tact than to honest exposition of his views, will ever succeed in following in the footsteps of John Montagu. The task now before the coming man will be nearly the same with what it was before others in 1843, and we here propose to ventilate some matters which we think worthy of future debates on our relation with the mother country, and our duty to ourselves.

If England possesses any colonial policy at all, it amounts to this, that under no circumstances will she assist in subjugating native races, *except by absorbing them into the ranks of labour*. The day for improving aboriginal tribes off the soil by war and brandy has happily gone by. England is quite content to buy our raw produce, and sell us manufactured articles of her own; but she will be no party to annexing more territory, and maintaining large garrisons in English-speaking colonies, except for her own convenience. The protection of the English flag is only to extend to such places as may be of vital importance to her commercial interests; and she is clearly of opinion that we must fight our own battles abroad, and do our utmost *not* to provoke our sable neighbours to quarrel with us.

Here, then, is a problem for all real colonists! How are you going to keep out of debt and mischief, and make yourselves prosperous at home and respected abroad? The answer may be found—partly by looking at facts from an English point of view, and partly by replacing native customs and laws with more civilized rules of life and action.

According to Downing-street, the Cape Colony is an expensive luxury, pretty and lively, but very extravagant in her demands for protection, and always in hot water with her neighbours. She produces comparatively little, manufactures next to nothing, and is too lazy to work the soil of which she has plenty and to spare. She flirts about with her gold and her diamonds, gives herself excessive airs about her silk and her cotton experiments, and won't take the trouble to bring her best treasures to market. Although she raves about soldiers, and is always ready to faint at the thought of their removal,—she scolds them and abuses them as if they were not half so useful as policemen or volunteers. In a word, England regards us as a bit of a nuisance, but likely to be useful some day, when she wants a run in the country for her large and increasing family.

On the other hand, we think ourselves badly treated, because no one comes to see us, or take notice of our amateur performances. In vain we advertise our wares—nobody wants them. Our wine is returned upon our hands; our wool is the worst to be got; everybody laughs at our cottons and silks; and even our beautiful horses are stigmatized as undersized “screws,” and hairy-heeled “mongrels.” Clearly we are in everybody's way, and must look the difficulties of our position fairly in the face.

Now, if ever any Colony is to thrive, it must truly begin at the beginning; and the circumstances favourable to Colonial growth may be here briefly stated to be

1. An industrious *Native* working population.
2. Assimilation of Native laws and customs to our own.
3. Moderate subdivision of land.
4. No squatting permissible.
5. Rapid intercommunication by roads and bridges.
6. Compulsory State education for all classes.

At present our Kafirs, Fingoes, and black fellows generally, are living a slothful, pastoral life, retained within certain limits of territory, and requiring every ten years, more and more room for themselves and their herds to increase and to multiply. This constant overcrowding is full of peril to the public peace, as there is no outlet for

native energy, *except in cattle-lifting or fighting*; and as on an average 100 cattle are only worth about £400, the wealth of a native community—*holding cattle as wealth*—must always be limited by the amount of space required for this pastoral wealth to be *reproductive*. Upon a moderate calculation, a tribe of 2,000 natives, in possession only of 1,000 wives, would have locked up a capital of £32,000, by purchasing each wife for say eight head of cattle at £4 each. This would not only deprive the country of £1,600 per annum as interest on the privilege of marriage, but would represent a corresponding waste of grass, fodder, and soil, in the grazing of these marriage presents. Now, let anyone acquainted with our border races give us the precise number of black cattle depastured almost uselessly among 100,000 Kafirs, and what their capitalized value would be if reduced to money, (on the presumption that each native owned ten at least—say, 1,000,000 at £4 each, £4,000,000 or four millions), and we shall get some clear idea of the enormous loss of interest undergone by people who are strong, active, able-bodied, and most intelligent; and who literally take nothing out of the ground beyond the milk educed by their cows, and a few mealies and melons raised by their squaws. The only way to get our native races to work is to subsidize their Chiefs, and induce them to substitute *payment by coin* for payment by *cattle* in all financial transactions for the future. At present there is no coin in Kaffraria, and it is easier to steal cattle than to go without a wife, so that if the Chiefs could change the custom, a very powerful leverage will have been obtained. To get this money, a Kafir in search of a wife would be driven into the Colony there to exchange the labour of his vigorous body upon civilized lands, provided with civilized tools, and subject to civilized modes of living, for wages, say 1s. 6d. without rations. At this rate, in two years, he will have earned by the sweat of his own body, at least £36, where otherwise he would only have acquired eight head of cattle; and probably the possession of coin will induce him to practise in his native soil the arts and culture acquired while travelling through the country in search of employment. The money thus received as payment from the farmer and others would either be spent on food, drink, raiment, or what not, and be again placed in circulation; or would be hoarded up by the younger class of natives for the purpose of buying land and wife as a safe *agricultural* investment. Either way, he has fairly exchanged his labour, strength, and skill in furtherance of civilized wants, *and for payment in cash*, and both the labourer and his master are

the better for the frequency of such transactions. Once let our native races be saturated with the *love of money* as hitherto they have been with the *love of cattle*, and Kafir wars, like Fingo troubles, will become mythical. Their restless habits will then find ample scope in tramping about in search of suitable work, and the supply of cheap labour ought rapidly to lower the price of the necessities of life, by causing extensive further tillage of the soil, with proportionate increase of yield, and so make this a favourable field for European emigrants as *employers* of cheap labour on cheap land, and with a likely prospect of bettering their social condition more rapidly here than elsewhere.

The idea of bringing natives to hire themselves out under their own headmen has been already to some extent realized in Australia, where the natives of the Sandwich Islands are engaged for a term of two years, under agreements drawn up by Government officials, and countersigned by their own chiefs. These men are very willing to learn, and make capital farm servants, and in many instances, at the expiration of their engagements, have returned, bringing their wives with them, and announced their intention of casting in their lot with the colonists of Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand. Of course, nothing can be done without the co-operation of the chiefs; but men like Mr. Brownlee, Mr. Austin, and Mr. Shepstone, would have no difficulty in explaining to them how much their position as landed proprietors and capitalists would be improved through getting rid annually of the more turbulent spirits,—by making them perform the grand tour of the Colony, picking up money, knowledge, and peaceful habits of life as farm labourers—for a limited period. The policy of the chiefs hitherto has been to raise large bodies of warriors, and to attract to their kraals the scattered remnants of weakened tribes who have been overthrown and eaten up by more powerful neighbours. The more they increase the more land they require; and the whole Colony would be overrun in twenty years by hordes of savages and troops of black cattle, if we were weak enough to relax for one moment the vigilance with which we watch their proceedings both in and out of Kafirland.

Hitherto all our Kafir wars have been the result of tribal pressure upon the limits set to the extension of *pastoral habits*. Under the restraint of our forts and our frontier defences, they have fretted and fumed until they have considered themselves strong enough and numerous enough to make a combined attack upon the whole of our line of border, and in many instances they have not been so readily

repulsed, owing to our numeric inferiority. Now, however, that the skin kaross has been discarded for the woollen blanket, and that the possession of hats, boots, jackets, and shirts is not considered beneath the notice of our coloured gentry—even the threatened withdrawal of troops has not been sufficient inducement to their lust for cattle, to provoke them into more bloody frontier wars. And the present seems a fitting time for introducing changes into their native laws and customs, so as to assimilate their barbarous code of justice and morality to our more humane and civilized system. Even in India, it has been considered expedient to associate native gentlemen with English magistrates as paid justices of the peace. The laws are thus more thoroughly administered in a spirit of equity, and the natives themselves are getting more thoroughly satisfied with a jurisdiction which respects their prejudices, and wins them to a higher point of view in settling their differences.

The views here put forward are doubtless crude, but to men of the stamp of John Montagu or Sir George Grey, were they still in our midst, they will perhaps recommend themselves as being in harmony with the avowed policy of Great Britain, not to help colonists in their battles with native neighbours, but to assist them by *loans at low rates of interest*, in opening up the means of rapid communication, and employing the blacks in the peaceful and fairly paid work of cultivating the soil, and weaving their own happy future by honest exercise of handicrafts. The encouragement of emigration from England, Germany, or Scotland, of men with youth, brains, and capital, is doubtless desirable enough; but until we solve the difficulty of securing abundance of *cheap* native labour for these emigrants to employ upon their properties, it would be idle to advertise either the salubrity or the fertility of the Colony. Wherever money is to be made, there men will always be found sufficiently venturesome to risk their health; but few men are foolish enough to risk their money, unless they see a reasonable prospect of employing it, with decided advantage to themselves. And therefore until this question of making labour *pay* be answered to the satisfaction of both employer and employed, we are only whistling to the winds to talk of becoming a great country.

We are thus brought face to face with the fact, that the want of money is the chief hindrance to the regular employment of labour all the year round, and that all the best land is now locked up in the hands of poverty-stricken proprietors, who are unable to *fully* work it. Most of this land is mort-

gaged for at least three fourths of its negotiable value, to such capitalists as are content with the beggarly return of six per cent. interest on their money. The private money of the Colony, instead of being advanced upon speculative risks, is tied up to a very great extent upon real estate. There is a want of enterprise in the community that keeps us fettered within restrictions of trade barely sufficient for our own wants; and a farmer, without any free capital to develop his energies literally requires the whole of his so-called property to earn a support for the members of his family and pay the trifling interest on his mortgages. He scarcely has any surplus produce to sell. He is driven to keep his head above water by the shabbiest expedients. He pays his labourers not in money but in kind. He advances wages in winter that serve to take all enthusiasm out of servants in harvest time; and requires hundreds of acres of good land to lie fallow, because he has not *the means* or manure wherewith to renew its strength, or to put as much into the soil as he takes out of it. For men of this stamp, an Encumbered Estates Court is as much required here as it has been proved to be in Ireland; and it would be a real blessing if they could get rid of their estates, and *rent* much smaller farms in future, applying such capital as they possess to necessary improvements and a better class of implements. Every step taken by such men shows their infirmity of purpose and want of capital. If they have to plant trees, they do it in a half-hearted style that invites failure. If they have to conserve water, they are sure to make a mess of their dams by being stingy and over-economical in the building. If they want to rear stock, they will starve them with cold, and shrink from the expense of erecting sheds and suitable means of protection. If they mean to grow wine, they are certain to spoil the best vintage in the world by indiscreet haste and inferior machinery in the manufacture. For a year they will throw themselves ardently into the silk and cotton-supply questions only to abandon them in the next. The growth of olives and the production of mohair are absolute sources of certain wealth, if properly conducted; but who is there to cultivate any of these varied products when it pays better to do nothing, and trust to Providence and a kind Government for everything? The want of money is everywhere felt. There is no circulation of coin. There is no spirit of adventure. The game of speculation is played out. Industry and perseverance have no charms for us; and the land lies exhausted waiting for the labour and the capital that are always promised us, but somehow never arrive.

It is time that our statesmen grappled fairly with these symptoms of agricultural and material paralysis by seeking in other lands for that money, for want of which we are languishing and ready to give up the ghost. Let us convince England that our frontier hordes are willing to supply the labour, and we need not be afraid that the mother country will hesitate to oblige us with a loan of a million or two upon the security of the very land which we are now unable to bring thoroughly under cultivation. If it can be shown that Kafir wars can be avoided for the future, and that peace and goodwill will be the firstfruits of a more generous policy to our long-suffering and by no means wealthy white proprietors of land, a problem will have been solved which will go far towards cementing the union of Federal States, and ensuring for us a brilliant return for the outlay here suggested.

Shortly stated, a loan of two millions advanced by the English Government upon selected mortgage bonds, bearing interest at four per cent., and passed upon encumbered property to the extent of not more than two thirds of their appraised value, would at once set free a large amount of private colonial capital, which the industry and thrift of active capitalists would soon force into the market again, so as to secure higher and more remunerative rates of interest than can reasonably be expected from it when locked up in mortgaged land. By this advance, the English Government, through the agency of our State, would not contend with the perils of trade and speculative property, but would get four per cent. as a return for loans, which are amply secured by a preferent bond upon actual land, and would enable our moneyless landed proprietors to employ the difference of interest to their own immediate advantage, instead of paying a higher ground rent than is in any way necessary. It need scarcely be said that reduction of rent by one third is really an addition to one's actual income, and the consequences upon a large scale may be very important to native races, by furnishing the ready means of out-of-door farm employment for thousands, and by at once creating a sum of £40,000 in excess of present figures in our revenue. The details of such a loan, it need scarcely be said, do not require to be here set forth minutely; but enough has been sketched out to show that in this manner, with the power of foreclosing upon idle proprietors who are backward with their rent, the English or the Colonial Government would soon become the chief holder of land, and be enabled to again divide and subdivide these properties,

and put them up to auction at annual public sales, instead of allowing these estates to revert to the old and present race of mortgagees, who both spoil and neglect them while in their keeping. With the introduction of 10,000 young and stalwart natives into the fields of both provinces, and at money wages not less than 1s. 6d. per diem, there would be an expenditure incurred by the Colony to the extent of £180,000 per annum. At four per cent. this would be the interest of over five and one half millions of capital, and it is needless to add that the money thus spent upon wages would be again restored to landowners by the extra produce raised, by new industries fostered by well-supplied markets, and by weaning the natives from their stock-lifting propensities; just as the accession of James the First to the English throne converted the thievish Scots into the most thrifty of peaceable citizens.

The moderate subdivision of landed property is loudly called for in this Colony, by the apathy and poverty of people who have inherited large estates, and encumber the soil with their penny-wise and pound-foolish system of agriculture. The best land is tied up in such a way that it can neither be effectually worked, nor economically sublet. Upon it we grow just sufficient for our table wants, and no more; and it is almost useless to hope for increased energy and improved modes of working the soil, except the proprietorship pass into the hands of new arrivals with both pluck and capital to work it to advantage.

Another great evil of our large estates is the system of squatting, which we tacitly permit, by allowing labourers to rear wattle-and-daub huts on our grounds, and exacting neither rent nor a fair day's work in exchange, or in recognition of our rights of ownership. So long as Sambo can rear pumpkins upon land which costs him nothing, and let his wife and children grow up idle around his mealie patch, can we be surprised at the barbaric ignorance of our coloured brethren, and their love of ease and laziness? On no account ought he to be exempted from rent, nor should he be paid through the tommy-shop. He has a right to his money *when he has earned it*, and he is fairly called upon to pay rent for the use of what certainly does not belong to him. For want of enforcing this doctrine of cash payments, we are yearly put to very considerable expense, which might otherwise have been avoided, and our gaols are filled with easy-going criminals, who tend to bring justice itself into contempt and disgrace.

The want of free communication tends also to add to the expenses of bringing raw products to our markets, and in a

young Colony like our own becomes a matter of vital importance in settling the price of our staple commodities. We are, however, so content to jog on along our old-fashioned and heavily paved roads, and convey our products to our ports across miserable tracks and dangerous drifts,—that we no longer regard it as a hardship to be beaten in the race for wealth by younger and more pushing communities in Australia and elsewhere. With the most perfect complacency we refuse to subscribe to the spread of telegraph and railway lines, and have never ceased to regret the share we have taken in the formation of those gigantic follies, the Breakwater and Docks! Let us hope, a time is coming, when with increased opportunities of securing knowledge and education to the young people of all classes in our midst, we shall be prepared to do more justice to the vigour of *Anglo-Saxon* ideas, and train up our children to follow in footsteps which have always moved in the van of history. The time is fast approaching when the State will have to compel us to go to school, and learn the simple alphabet of political economy and national wealth: when want, misery, and destitution will have to flee from a soil which is rich with the promise of much that is good, and more that is valuable,—when men of all creeds, classes, and colours will join in the hope that religion may become a social and mental necessity, and not a battle-ground for sectarian differences and hostile exhibition,—when the essence of good government will be found to rest with the free exercise of public opinion, and a liberal vote of confidence in our rulers,—and when, in short, the people of the Cape of Good Hope shall thoroughly be made sensible of the fact that we ought always to go hand-in-hand with each other; and never waste our time, our substance, and our health by running after every new thing, and systematically neglecting the social requirements and material interests of our noble selves.*

* In our introduction to the first volume of the present series we stated that we would gladly give insertion to political discussions, provided that they were conducted with breadth of view and freedom from petty partizanship. The article above is quite of the kind we referred to. From the pen of a gentleman who, though no professional politician, thinks keenly and writes forcibly, it suggests ideas which our practical statesmen would do well to consider, and, as opportunity offers, to reduce to accomplished facts.
—Ed. C. M. M.

A COASTING CRUISE TO KAFIRLAND.

WE left Port Elizabeth in a small schooner of about thirty tons burthen, bound for the St. John's River, or the Umzimvubo, as the Kafirs call it (the river of the Sea-cow or Hippopotamus). We started with a fair breeze from the north-west, our little vessel bounding gallantly before it. Soon we reached the Bird Islands, a small group of low-lying and almost bare rocks, situated at the south-eastern extremity of Algoa Bay. These islands were at one time valuable for their guano, the deposit for ages of the birds that still frequent them in large numbers; but now the original deposit having been removed, they are of little account. On the principal island a light-house has been erected, a great boon to mariners either entering or passing the bay—for besides the ill-fated *Doddington*, relics of which are still to be seen, the Bird Islands have undoubtedly proved the destruction of many an unfortunate bark. Passing between them and the mainland (the channel is about seven miles wide), we were gratified with a fine view of the shores of Albany, sloping in green undulations back from the sea, dotted here and there with rich clumps of bush, and again varied by extensive fields of waving corn, which at the time of our passing were fit for the sickle, while their yellow tinge blended harmoniously with the deep green of the surrounding bush and meadows. Away we went, however, our breeze still continuing, past Point Padrone, the north-eastern extremity of Algoa Bay. Shaping our course a little north of east, we kept closely hugging the shore, and as long as daylight continued feasted our eyes on the bright and varied scenery, so refreshing after the parched-up surroundings of Port Elizabeth, where of late years it had been our lot to reside. But darkness soon shrouded these objects from our vision. We passed the Kowie, and towards morning East London, where we found a number of vessels at anchor—the still unspent darkness, however, preventing us seeing farther. As daylight increased, the fine undulating coast, between East London and the Kei broke upon our view, along which we gently glided with a failing breeze, until we reached Cape Morgan, a bold bluff rising grandly from the sea, and which forms the westernmost point of the bight into which the Kei finds its debouchure. Here our first unpleasantness began. Hitherto it had been all plain sailing, but now the breeze before which we had run so gallantly gradually died away, until

our little bark had scarce steerage way. She drifted with the current until we had well opened the Kei, when a counter-current caught her, which sent us back as quickly as we had advanced. This Irish mode of progression continued during the entire day, now advancing a little and then again losing ground, as the different currents caught our little ship, almost at each reverse getting into closer proximity with the shore than was altogether pleasant to contemplate, as we watched the fury of the Southern Ocean breaking in thunder against the cliffs. Should our little ship touch one of these jagged rocks, or get amidst that tumult of waters, which seemed scarce a stone's cast from us, then farewell to the hope of again setting foot on dry land. However, after a time, what with backing and filling, and numerous other nautical manœuvres, we succeeded in escaping this dire calamity, and in fairly weathering Cape Morgan, drawing gradually off the mouth of the Kei. But here, as if the Fates were against us, our farther progress was stopped. A fresh breeze from the south-east began to spring up, directly in our teeth. There was no help for it now—either cling to the shore where we were or run out to sea, a not very pleasant alternative in our cockle-shell of a craft. We might run back, it is true, to East London, but that was little better, neither did we like the idea of losing ground in this way. Our captain, an old salt, determined on maintaining, if possible, the distance he had won, and hoped to hold his own by trusting to his ground tackle. Creeping in therefore into as much shelter as the high land on the eastern side of the Kei could afford, both our anchors were dropped in about eighteen fathoms water, where we hoped to hold out until the south-easter took off. We did so, and rode out a pretty smart gale for three days. Three weary days they were; our little craft was like a cork in a mill stream, as often under water as above, and without a dry spot to hide our heads in. We amused ourselves the best way we could by catching fish, and I daresay had we been so inclined we might have loaded our little vessel gunwale deep during the time we were at anchor there. With all our discomforts, there was much in the scenery to repay us. At night, especially, it was both striking and grand. It was the season during which the Kafirs burn their luxuriant and dry grass. The high bold coast, accordingly, at night presented a series of the most magnificent illuminations. The fire now shooting up along the side of a ravine, then capping a high hill in flames, while the eddying columns of smoke circled and

curled around, the very presentment of universal destruction. Even amidst all our discomforts while thus at anchor, huddled together as we were on the wet deck—for only dire necessity could compel us to betake ourselves to our little hole of a cabin—sheltered under the lee of our weather bulwarks, if their slight protection deserved such a name, being barely eighteen inches above the deck, we often lay coiled up for hours admiring the magnificence of these natural “bonfires,” and watching with eager delight as the tongues of flame shot hither and thither in all the grandeur of uncontrolled power.

We, however, were not destined to be longer detained. The south-east died away, and we immediately began to look for its opponent, the north-west. No gentle zephyr is a north-wester upon our coasts. He comes with a howl and a bluster, as if resolved to pay back in one great gust the resistance his south-east antagonist had hitherto shown him. Down it came upon us, with a rush—we managed to secure one of our anchors, but the other was left at the bottom of the sea. Our little ship darted off with the speed of a race-horse, and apparently independent of all control. A little time, however, made matters better, the wind settled down into a stiff blow, and with square sail and trysail set to steady us, we bowled along at a brisk rate, capping the giant waves like a duck. Soon a new source of excitement arose. The baracouta—a fish somewhat similar to the Cape snoek, but of much finer grain—were observed playing around us, darting about in the broken water, and as the light caught their polished backs, displaying all the hues of the rainbow, and glistening in the sun like myriads of diamonds. This is a favourite fish among the seamen of our coasters. No sooner, therefore, had the baracouta made their appearance than our crew, composed of old hands, made preparations for capture. The appliances were simple enough, a piece of white or red rag tied to the hook and towed astern was sufficient to attract the curious and unwary fish, and as the decoy glinted from wave to wave, it was eagerly pursued and seized. The excitement soon became extreme; a very little time served to cover our deck with scores of these fine fish—our little bark rushing all the time, as if to escape destruction, while the wind howled after us as if gasping for its prey.

We passed Mazeppa Bay, a fine bight offering pretty safe anchorage, except when the wind blows directly from the south, which it seldom does. This bay was at one time used as a trading station by a Port Elizabeth merchant, and

got its name from the vessel he principally employed in the traffic. It is now seldom visited. Early morning brought us opposite that extraordinary freak of nature, called the "Hole in the Wall;" we were quite close to it, and had a fine view of the waves dashing and rolling through its natural arch. It consists of an immense mass of rock, rising sheer from the ocean to at least four hundred feet in height; and is detached from the mainland by a channel of about one hundred yards in width. At a distance this is not visible, and the rock appears to form part of the coast. About its centre an arch has been hollowed out, and as it fronts directly south, the sea pours through it with tremendous force, causing a thundering noise, heard many miles inland. When seen from a distance with the white foam dancing around, it has a most singular appearance; whence the name given by the old East India traders—to whom it was a land-mark—of "Hole in the Wall." Onward, however, we bounded, passing finally, and while daylight lasted, the mouth of the Umtata, a fine river which could be easily made navigable, the entrance being deep and easy of access. As the darkness of night settled over us, we approached our destination. But the coast here has been so thoroughly surveyed, and the soundings and bearings so carefully laid down, that even in the gloom, with scarce a mark to guide us, we were enabled to take up our anchorage in perfect safety off the mouth of the St. John's River, simply by following the soundings laid down on the chart.

So far we had finished our voyage safely, and not altogether disagreeably. We had now to undergo another test—to cross the bar at the entrance of the river,—a feat not at all times easy to be performed, but fortunately in our case attended neither with difficulty nor danger. Next day we found the bar smooth, and with some little exertion succeeded in entering. A strange contrast to our late pitch-and-toss life. Here we found a large basin, deep and as smooth as a mill-pond. Let the sea rage as it would outside the bar, within, scarce a ruffle disturbed the polished surface of the water.

The entrance to the St. John's River, like all our African rivers, is, as I have mentioned, obstructed by a bar composed of sea-washed sand and alluvial deposit, and hence of a very fluctuating character. After the summer floods, it often attains the depth of from fifteen to eighteen feet at high water, and again becomes silted up to eight or nine feet, the channel at the same time becoming narrower. The channel is generally, however, nearly straight, the drift

along the inside current from the westward being somewhat turned aside by the bold headland which forms its western extremity; on the eastern side a long spit of rock also protects it. Hence it is mostly the alluvial deposit carried down by the river that obstructs the entrance. This accumulation could be easily prevented, did it become a place of commercial importance. The approaches to the river have been carefully surveyed by our Government, and are well marked by the bold headland Cape Hermes, so called after the surveying-ship of that name. This headland rises steeply from the sea, and is a conical hill of about eight hundred feet in height, clothed with the richest verdure from base to summit, with here and there clumps of natural bush. It serves to protect the anchorage from the westward; and as there is good holding ground, vessels can ride outside the bar, in comparative safety. The wind seldom or never blows home; and in case of a heavy sea setting in from the southward, vessels at anchor can easily slip and run either to the east or westward without incurring much danger. Inside the bar the river is deep and broad, protected on every hand by the surrounding high grounds. The most remarkable of these are what are called The Gates, two precipitous cliffs rising sheer on either side to the height of over 1,200 feet. They appear as if the mountain mass closing in upon the coast had here been rent asunder, opening a way for the rolling flood of the river. The geological formation on either side seems perfectly to coincide, and as far as we could observe the marks of stratification, appeared nearly on a level, leading the imagination to suppose that a giant hand had after cleaving the mountain shifted its two sections bodily backwards. The foot of these cliffs, where soil has accumulated, has become clothed with fine forest trees, among which the ironwood and Umzumbeto, or native ebony, were conspicuous, varied by the dark-green foliage of the Kafir plum and other under shrubs. The effect, as we lay in our little vessel beneath and between these immense mountain crags closing and beetling over us, was extremely curious. I well recollect some time afterwards being startled and astounded by the magnificence and grandeur of a thunder-storm in the same locality. While the lightning played high above us along the face of the naked rock, the thunder rolled and reverberated as the sound was caught and thrown back from crag to crag until it culminated in a deafening roar that fairly confounded the senses. These Gates have indeed a singular appearance. The crag on the west side of the river is the loftier of the two, and the more precipitous. At

one part, on its northern face, it rises plumb, as a masoned wall, eight hundred feet. This particular spot is a place of some historic celebrity, and many a fearful tragedy was enacted there in times gone by. It was the Tarpeian rock of the Amaponda tribes, and the spot especially selected by Faku their great chief in the days of his greatness for wreaking his savage cruelty on his helpless prisoners of war. Many are the poor victims who have been plunged headlong into eternity from its beetling brow. At one time, if report can be credited, he precipitated no less than eight hundred of his Zulu captives from its summit, the execution going on from morning till night amidst the most savage festivity. The ground below still gives evidence that Faku was no niggard of his victims, for it is a perfect charnel-house of decaying bones. These terrific scenes have, however, long since passed away. Yet the natives record them with pride, and point out the rock as the scene and evidence of their great chief's tremendous power.

The scenery along the river as far as we ascended is exceedingly beautiful and interesting. After passing The Gates, the high land falls back considerably, forming a fine amphitheatre, backed on either hand by gracefully swelling hills. The river also widens into fine reaches, at some places several miles across, contracting as the hills encroach on it and then widening again. And as we glided up with a gentle breeze and rising tide, our experience was altogether strange and exciting, finding ourselves thus floating on the bosom of such a noble stream in what we had hitherto considered riverless South Africa.

About the centre of one of these reaches a most extraordinary rock pops its head above the water. It was at one time the scene of a rather ludicrous mishap to a venturesome hunter from the Colony. He had gone alone in a small skiff in search of sea-cows, or hippopotami, and falling in with one near this rock had succeeded in hitting it. The wounded animal turned with fury upon the aggressor, who had no alternative but to fly the best way he could. He plied his sculls with vigour, but his pursuer was close upon him, snorting with rage and pain. To gain either bank was impossible; his only chance was to get on the rock if he could reach it. With difficulty he did so, and had scarcely got himself fixed on it when he saw his frail bark crushed to atoms between the ponderous jaws of his pursuer. But still he was not safe; the keen eye of the animal caught sight of him; it made the most desperate attempts to reach him, but thanks to the time-polished and sloping surface of

the rock, as well as the animal's unwieldy form, the huge beast failed in success. Poor Jeffrey used to declare afterwards that the animal, in its desperate attempts, came often so near his precarious seat that he felt its breath upon his face, and as he had not an inch of moving space, the spit terminating in a sharp point, he had more than once given himself up for lost. The animal at last left him; but his case was not much improved. The only means of maintaining his position was by clinging fast to the apex of the rock, and unless soon rescued he must perish from exhaustion. Fortunately, a boat from one of the trading stations discovered him, and relieved him from his uncomfortable position. The rock still bears his name.

The hippopotamus still frequents this river and the neighbouring stream of the Umtata in considerable numbers,—in fact, so much so as to have driven the natives from their banks. A favourite food of the animal is the Kafir sugarcane and young mealie plants; and while the natives occupied the banks of these rivers, their gardens were the scene of nightly depredations by the sea-cows. In former years the Amapondas used to dig pit-falls to entrap them, but of late, either from the increasing effeminacy of the people or from having a superabundance of land elsewhere to cultivate, this has been given up, and the banks of the rivers are deserted. We have seen many remains of the pit-falls dug by the earlier inhabitants. They were of the usual form often described by travellers in Africa. The ground was hollowed out like an inverted basin; in the centre a sharp stake of some hard wood was usually fixed, and the opening being carefully covered over, the unwary animal treading upon the slight covering was usually precipitated upon the stake, where, if he was not transfixed, the inverted sides of the hole sufficiently prevented his escape and rendered him an easy prey. While we were in the neighbourhood of the river these animals seemed to make a small island about twenty miles from the mouth their principal place of resort. It was overgrown with tall reeds, succulent grasses, and roots which evidently were favourite food.

Often on a fine evening we have observed numbers passing up the river to this resort, popping their unshapely heads every now and again above the surface of the water with a tremendous snort, and then immediately disappearing. In the morning they generally returned seawards, and seemed to delight during the day time in basking on the sandbanks near the mouth of the river. Frequently we attempted to waylay them on their island home, but with no avail, and

after passing more than one weary and watchful night, in the hope of a more intimate acquaintance, we always returned home spoil-less. In fact, they appeared to be of an exceedingly wary disposition, and particularly disinclined to cultivate the acquaintance of man, whether white or black. They also seemed to possess a keen perception of his neighbourhood, especially on land, and therefore gave him a wide berth. On the water it was different, and woe to the unfortunate boat that happened to come in their way. More than once have I seen whale-boats lying in the stream, bitten half through by one gnash of their ponderous jaws. In our own case we had rather an annoying encounter with one. We were coming down the river, our boat laden with dried hides, when in the neighbourhood of the island above mentioned, suddenly our boat received a severe bump from some opposing obstacle that nearly sent our steersman overboard. We were not at the time dreaming of a sea-cow, and thought we must have caught upon a snag. We were not left long in doubt; an angry snort from the animal as he poked his nose above water to breathe told us the cause of our disturbance. He seemed as much disconcerted as ourselves, and made off as quickly as possible. Whether his head had come in contact with the boat while rising to take air, or whether, which is more probable, he was asleep when we ran against him, we could not tell. Anyway, we soon discovered that we had the worst of the matter,—the bottom of our boat was completely stove in, and we were fast filling with water. Thanks to the hides, which had been stuffed flat under the thwarts, we were prevented from sinking, and gained the bank with no greater mishap than a good soaking. Our journey homewards of about ten miles was, however, anything but agreeable, as we had to force our way through a continuation of brakes, briars, mud, and mire, putting us in a precious mess before we reached our place of shelter. This shelter, our then abode, was at one of the trading stations, of which three existed at the time of our visit. They were situated from ten to twelve miles above the mouth of the river, and so far any vessel that could cross the bar could easily sail up, even although she had not a leading wind, as there is plenty of depth of water, and even room for tacking. About fourteen miles further up, the river is crossed by a bar of rock, which forms the first drift, and here the high road from the Colony to Natal crosses. Still further up, these bars occur at intervals, forming beautiful cataracts and cascades, holding out to the utilitarian a magnificent prospect of illimitable water-power should the circumstances of the country ever require it.

JOOST VAN VONDEL.

AMONG the poets of the Netherlands—and their name is Legion—Joost van Vondel holds the highest place. His name is familiar in the mouths of his countrymen as a household word, yet his writings have been, of late years at least, comparatively neglected. He never was, and never can be, the poet of the people, like homely, honest *Father Cats*. If the *Paradise Lost* of our own Milton is little read, we need not be surprised that the works of Vondel have few intelligent admirers. Loud in his praise, his countrymen assign him equal honour with the greatest poets of antiquity, while very few indeed know more of him than his name, or are acquainted with more than a few familiar quotations. The publication of two complete editions of his works, and the erection of a statue to his memory, a few years ago, are hopeful indications of reviving interest in this prince of poets.

Vondel was born on the 1st of November, 1587, at Cologne, where his Anabaptist parents, who formerly resided in Antwerp, sought refuge from the persecuting fury of the Spaniards during the period of their domination in the Low countries. Little is known of his early years, more than that he assisted his father in a hosier's shop at Utrecht. On the establishment of the Dutch Republic, the family removed to Amsterdam, and carried on a lucrative business. His father dying in 1608, Joost succeeded to the hosiery establishment, and soon after took Maaiken de Wolf to wife.

Vondel's first essays in versification were made when he was but a child. He had acquired facility and skill in composition at the time of the acrimonious controversy between the Remonstrants and their opponents, and wrote some satirical verses on the subject, which attracted much attention. The publication of *Palamedes*, in 1625, established his reputation as a poet, and brought him into notoriety as a patriot. Its allusions to the melancholy fate of the Grand Pensionary Barneveldt gave offence to those in power. The sale of the work was prohibited; such copies as could be seized were destroyed; and its author, after suffering much persecution from the political party whose wrath he had provoked, was glad to escape further punishment on payment of a fine of three-hundred gulden. The work passed through thirty editions in a very short space of time, and from this period Vondel's pen was never idle while his right hand retained its cunning.

In a tragedy entitled *De Maagden*, published in 1639,

those theological proclivities first manifested themselves which led him to forsake the Anabaptists and to join the Church of Rome. Much to the regret of his friends, Hooft, Brandt, and Westerbaen, he took this step in the following year. The fraternal intimacy which had subsisted among these distinguished men suffered in consequence of Vondel's excess of zeal for the Church in whose bosom he had sought rest.

Vondel led the quiet life of a well-to-do shopkeeper for many years, selling stockings and inditing immortal verses; but business languished after the decease of his faithful Maaiken, and his latter days were embittered by the misconduct of a spendthrift son, who wasted his father's substance with riotous living, and brought him to poverty. The gray-haired father felt—

“How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.”

At seventy-two, the Poet was thankful to undertake the duties of an inferior clerk in an Amsterdam bank, on a mere pittance. He held this situation ten years, and was then, in consideration of his advanced age, allowed to retire, retaining his salary. Neither age, nor grief, nor poverty could quench the fire within. *Jephtha*, one of the best of his tragedies, was produced at this period of his life. When he died in 1679, he was upwards of ninety-one years of age.

Vondel is best known by his tragedies, of which he wrote thirty. Of this number, twenty-one are original, and nine translations from Greek and Latin authors. It has been remarked that they owe their chief attraction to the choruses with which they are interspersed, many of which are exquisite lyrical effusions, and display the loftiest flights of Vondel's genius. His masterpieces are *Lucifer* and *Gijsbrecht van Amstel*. The former of these possesses the greatest interest for English readers on account of its Miltonic character.

We are indebted to the late W. R. Thomson for an excellent translation of this sublime poem. Those who compare the extracts now given with the original will probably think *Lucifer* more attractive in an English dress than in the antiquated garb of the seventeenth century.

The picture of Eden and the happy pair who tenanted its bowers, as it is presented to us in *Lucifer*, has no equal save in the pages of Milton. The two poets drank at the same fount of inspiration, saw with the same eyes the same visions of beauty, and dipped their pencils in the same warm and glowing colours.

The angelic powers who bow to Lucifer's commanding intellect and soaring ambition await the return of Apollyon from the new-made earth :

" Him Lucifer
Sent, his fit messenger towards earth, to spy
And nearer mark man's happy home."

Apollyon tarries too long amid the blissful scenes which meet his gaze, and Belial is dispatched in search of him. His approach is at length announced :

" He rushes upwards through the spheres ; the winds
Fly not so fast ; a trail of light recedes
Where with strong wing he breaks the clouds : he nears
And scents the breath of heaven, where brighter day's
More glorious radiance greets his flight. The stars,
Far in the depth of space, trim their pale light
To view his upward course, and deem the sight—
So glorious 'tis—no angel, but a rushing fire—
Godlike, omnipotent. No meteor shoots
So swift through space."

Apollyon shows the flowers and fruits of earth fresh plucked ; tells of her mountains and her streams, with all their beauty and their hidden wealth :

" The starry robe of heaven
Grows dim ; now earth displays a rocky womb,
Where green and gold blaze brighter. Nature's wealth
Seems gathered in one lap on earth."

Impatient to know more of its inhabitants, Beelzebub bids the messenger describe

" The form and being of the creatures found
In that fair region."

Fresh from these scenes of innocence and joy, the enamoured spirit answers :

" Who would angel be
When he sees creatures which surpass us all !

Had I not thought
Of duty's call, I had forgotten heaven
In Adam's bowers.

Poor
Is solitude like ours. The mystic tie
Which hallows earthly love, unknown in heaven,
Proves us deformed ; and heaven has now no joy
Since woman reigns not."

The enthusiasm of Apollyon excites still more the curiosity of Beelzebub, who demands that he should more clearly picture this fair bride. "'Tis vain!" Apollyon cries,—

"'Tis vain!

Let the sun paint her. Nature's touch alone
Can show her as she is. Both bear in them
Perfection of all beauty; he in form
More noble, bold, majestic,—born to rule,
Sole monarch: she, all gracefulness, to please
Her lord; limbs delicate and softly round;
With purer, richer colours tinged; with eyes
Gentler, love-speaking; and her luscious mouth
Breathes sweeter music.

Search through heaven;
The brightest angel pales before the dawn
Of earth-born woman.

No seraph beams,
In heaven's most holy circle, with a sheen
Bright as that creature's with loose floating hair
Spread like a veil of sunbeams, dropping pearls
And diamonds round her, as she moves; she walks
As in a mist of light; day brightens where
She comes, and, gladdened, magnifies the charms
Of God's last, fairest work."

In the second act, Lucifer appears, "God's morning star," and with him, Beelzebub. Both alike filled with jealous hatred of the dwellers in Eden, whom God honours and bids all angels honour, they take counsel together how they may best frustrate His plans, secure their own supremacy, and, if need be, "defy the Omnipotent to arms." With biting taunts, Beelzebub incites his ambitious chief to open rebellion.

"Lay down thy sceptre, for
A lesser now usurps thy crown, or soon
Shall wear a brighter; yield those morning beams
And starry glitter to this sun; prepare
To hail him with loud songs, triumphant shouts,
And godlike pomp. The face of heaven is changed,
And stars, expectant, rev'rent, hide their beams,
And, darkling, worship this great dawning light.

Lucifer.—Never! no, never! while I shine.

Beelzebub.— There speaks
Great Lucifer. I see him chase the night
And shadows from the empyrean vault. Where he,
Prince of the Dawn, bright Morning Star, first Light,
And Governor next God, appears, fresh day
Smiles glorious; and his crescent beams shall ne'er
Fade or be dimmed.

Lucifer.— I shall defend
My vested sway, nor yield to any force,
Or earthborn show of violence: then yield,
Yield all who will; no backward, coward step

I'll ever take ; this is my home ; nor woes
 Distressful, curses e'er shall daunt me or
 My spirit curb. I'll brave the storm, or fall ;
 And if such fate awaits me, robbed of state
 And honour, with this coronet still pressed
 Upon my brow, this sceptre, I shall fall
 And drag with me a trusty, faithful band
 Of noble vassals, and full thousands more
 Who cleave to me. Such falling honour brings
 Renown eternal ; and far better, Prince
 In lower spheres, than second, or still less
 Here in the hallowed light of heaven. Thus hope
 Still comfort lends ; I fear no darker ills
 Or hindrances."

It is impossible to read the admirable translation from which these passages are taken without being struck with the remarkable similarity of the conceptions of Vondel to those of England's great epic poet. The suspicion of imitation or plagiarism on either side cannot be entertained for a moment. *Lucifer* saw the light fourteen years before *Paradise Lost* was printed, and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that Milton was at all acquainted with the writings of the poet of the Netherlands. Owing to the translator's familiarity with, and unconscious imitation of, the style of *Paradise Lost*, the resemblance appears the greater to English readers. Be this as it may, Holland is as justly proud of her Joost van Vondel, as England is of John Milton. To her sons, also, on these southern shores, "who speak the tongue that *Vondel* spake," his should be a name which they will not willingly let die.

R.

LIFE AT THE CAPE.

BY A LADY.

LETTER VI.

Gardens, 16th December, 1861.

* * * It is really getting almost too hot to write ! and the children are now so troublesome and fretful with the heat, that I am greatly disposed to carry out James's suggestion, that every nursery should have a deep well attached to it, in which to suspend in baskets all fractious youngsters

—so at once to cool and to quiet them. As it is, I have begun to act upon the plan, invented by the Dean's wife, of putting them regularly to bed at noon, so as to give them a chance of sleeping till three or four. This will bleach them, no doubt, poor things, but it will at all events save them from *slow* starvation, as they will scarcely touch anything but fruit now; and the doctors say that the fruit season kills more young children than the wet winds or excessive heat. The Dutch, I must tell you, rise so early that a twelve o'clock dinner is honestly earned after seven hours dawdling about, and then they have a long "siesta" in their darkened rooms: after which coffee and cakes, tea and "*comfâât*," until it is time to go to bed again at ten, so that evidently English habits must now learn to give way to Colonial Dutch. * * After a particularly warm day, when the slightest exertion makes you hot and "stickey"—it is very enjoyable sitting out under the verandah, and inhaling the delicious cool atmosphere of the glorious evenings. Then, when the moon is brightly shining, you can read your book, and even newspapers by its light, and on still starlight nights, when Sirius and Jupiter are sufficiently large and bright to glint their glittering rays on the sea; and when the dazzling Southern Cross is blazing with its constellations and "pointers," as I have never seen stars blaze elsewhere, you can place a naked candle on a table and read in the open air, undisturbed by any flickering of the flame, or anything more unpleasant than a moth. These pure, clear nights are simply *heavenly*; and if I was not afraid of the cold and dew, I could almost make up my mind to sleep out on the stoep. * * * *

In the way of interesting sights, you cannot conceive what a fine thing it is to witness a thunderstorm breaking upon Table Mountain, *at night*. Of course, there is a terrible cannonading,—but the flashes of lightning give such lurid glimpses of towering peaks, and steel-gray rocks—the thunder-clouds keep rolling on so steadily like advancing waves of angry lions—while the echoing ravines and caves reverberate with sound, that on all sides hell seems to gape, and darkness grow deeper, at every successive crash. One of our servants comes from St. Helena, and the effect of peals of thunder upon this poor lad's nerves for the first time was almost ludicrous from his abject terror, and very evident inexperience of such heavy artillery practice in his own island home. Up in Natal, where thunderstorms are *very* frequent, scarcely a summer day passes, without some noisy interruption of this kind to the noon-day sleepers; but then

the soil is full of iron-stone, and the heat there, I am told, is something tropical and frightful. * * * *

Another curious effect of the heat is the mirage on Robben Island, and the coast opposite us. Here, in broad daylight, you will be deluded by seeing the island lifted higher and higher out of the sea, until it suddenly parts like a stranded ship, and floats away into the oddest shapes;—quite small bushes above high-water mark are magnified into enormous giants of the forest; wastes of white sand dance in the sunshine like rippling swift-flowing rivers,—while a few sparrows taking a sand-bath in the beach-road at Green Point, will suddenly turn into long-legged herons, stalking about solemnly in blue shallows and swallowing fish. Then perhaps, on top of this, there will come a sudden fall of the thermometer, and in a very short space of time, out of the sea, a tremendous fog-bank will come sweeping down with broad white wings round the town, until everything is clasped in a chilling circle, which sets me coughing, and provokes sore throats. Yet, wonderful to relate, in spite of all these changes, there is but little sickness here. * * *

A propos of fogs—only yesterday morning I beheld a very curious sight. As we were returning from an early ride round the Kloof, there was a thin mist brooding over Table Bay, which effectually converted all the hills and peaks above a certain horizontal line into a number of detached islands; but as the sun increased in power, the *seeming* line of white sea gradually ebbed lower and lower, until at last the real beach came into view; and the upheaval theories of geologists were strikingly reduced to practice. * * * *

26th December.—Thank goodness—the last few days have been cool! Our Christmas day was not a very lively one, as colonists regard it religiously, and reserve all their merriment and romping for the New Year, just as we do in Scotland. The cathedral was very nicely decorated with wreaths of silver leaves, japonicas, pomegranate blossoms, and stained everlasting flowers, and the effect of the scarlet upon grey and green was very pretty. In the afternoon I looked in upon the Dutch Reformed Church, which boasts a dome of enormous span, resting simply on the four walls, without any central support whatever; but beyond this, the building and the service are equally plain and unattractive. The church bells were clanging furiously the greater part of the day, and altogether the scene was as thoroughly Scotch as the strictest Sabbatarian could have desired. At the same time, I have no doubt but that people

were also quietly enjoying themselves in various nooks and corners and partaking of champagne and bottled stout, with fruit galore. Wine and dessert are so very cheap and varied here, that he must be a very poor creature indeed who cannot now provide himself and friends with figs, peaches, plums, apricots, strawberries, walnuts, and raisins, to be washed down with "hanèpoot," pontac, frontignac, or sweet Constantia ports and sherries, at something less than two pence a glass! Within a few weeks more we shall have abundance of grapes and watermelons—with bananas and pineapples grown at Natal—and cherries perhaps from the Cold Bokkeveld, so that picnics may then readily become the order of the week, and all idea of labour be thrown to the winds.

Here, as elsewhere, people are kinder than ever at Christmas time, and I am sure if I could only accept one quarter of the engagements offered us, I should be well occupied for the next three weeks in enjoying Cape hospitality. There is something very catching in the off-hand way in which friends put themselves at your service, and if I stop much longer in this country, I suspect I shall find myself one fine day inviting the whole garrison to a perpetual round of feasts at my expense. When you consider that everybody keeps horses—that the price of wine, of forage, servants' wages, and the many etceteras of housekeeping are exceedingly cheap, it really costs comparatively little to entertain. Much that wealth can give in England can be procured here at a very reasonable expense, but I am afraid that it is not so easy here to amass fortunes and earn large incomes. Good wine costs less than one shilling, but then the shilling is very slow in coming. The keep of a horse rarely exceeds £2 a month. Grooms are well paid at £2 to £3, and made to look after three horses if necessary. If the people were more energetic and industrious, I think the Cape Colony would soon become very thriving; but the apathy of all classes, *both high and low*, is simply astounding. The women and children do literally nothing. The men just potter about *pretending* to work, and by one day's wage of half a crown can live upon snoek and rice for a week. There are no settled trades nor regular industries. From year's end to year's end they all just eke out their lives, neither toiling in sun or shade, and only spinning out yarns about the hardness of the times. Why, if the Cape could be bodily exchanged for Ireland, what a change would not soon come over it by the mere introduction of British blood and brains *with capital*. As a friend of mine quaintly observed last night: "Nothing but a severe frost every now

and then is wanted to make the Cape prosperous, for it is impossible to make people lay up against a rainy day or an old age of want, when want and rain are such perfect strangers to them." In the mean time, it is a very great pity that they are so lazy and wanting in enterprise, as they are as easily pleased as poor Paddy, and very good-natured, and seem to know how to spend their money like gentlemen. * * *

Wynberg, 4th January, 1862. * * * The intolerable heat—80° in my bedroom—has at last sent us here. It is a very pretty place, but *shamefully* neglected. Everything seems tainted with decay; and yet there are few villages in England to compare with it, for natural beauty of position and surroundings. Not very long ago, this was the favourite haunt of Indian officers, and when full of dashing equipages and stylish turn-outs must have been a lively place of residence. At present all the nice cottages are tumbling to pieces; the gardens are choked with weeds and brushwood; the roads and bridle-paths are worn down to their foundations; and melancholy may be said to have claimed Wynberg for its own. Beyond a couple of wretched old boxes on wheels called omnibuses, and a dozen or so of overworked horses grazing upon the extensive commonage, there is little to remind one here of either the road or the turf. And yet the influx of twenty families, of moderate fixed incomes, would soon convert this charmingly laid-out village into something very prepossessing. The orchards and gardens only want a little more looking after to make them full of fruit and flowers; and the trimming of the hedgerows and the shady avenues, and a general tidying up of the streets and watercourses would soon put quite a new life into the old place. The queer old tumble-down cottage of eight low rooms, in which we have now gone to burrow, is hidden away in a fir plantation; and if you were not supplied with a clue, would be very difficult to find on a cloudy day. We have long narrow avenues extending in every direction, and I almost defy the sun to touch us with a freckle. Here we let the children race up and down the whole day; and though the thatch is very ragged and mangy, and half the glasses are wanting in the windows, yet a couple of tradesmen will soon alter the aspect of things, and I mean to give a *fête champêtre* every week, so soon as the pump can be got in working order, and the well cleared of its rubbish. Here in a perfect wilderness we mean to work like Trojans in making ourselves comfortable, and astonish the natives by an exhibition of English energy, in cutting down trees,

ripping up weeds, and making this cottage in a wood one of the wonders of our small world. * * *

18th January.—We have been here just a fortnight, and oh, what fun it has been to receive visitors and explain our plan of action to them! “And did your husband *really* dig up the whole of that field? and did you *really* put up those curtains yourself? and do you *really* mean to have a flower garden here?” and so forth, are questions constantly dinned into our ears, until I sometimes fancy I must have outraged all the proprieties, by trying to realize the life of a backwoodsman, but ——— bids me work on steadily, saying, “The life is low, but so is the rent, and what on earth does it matter, so long as it keeps us in health?”

Our pomegranate hedges look very pretty indeed now they are clipped a little. The bright scarlet flowers contrast nicely with the dark green foliage and make them no bad substitute artistically for holly. The thicket of quinces has been well hacked about and most of the neglected creepers are set running again upon fresh supports. All the rose trees have been pruned, and in a short time we shall look quite gay. The fences of prickly pear too are thronged with bright yellow flowers, and woe to the unfortunate wretch who tries to force his way through their thorny shields, to steal our pumpkins.

And what about our neighbours? Well, we have some rough diamonds near us, especially an Irish surgeon, whom we called in to extract a tooth from our cook, but who made us laugh so immoderately at his original mode of proceeding—kneeling on the floor—that he broke his key as well as her molars, and then wished to be paid for the *double* injury! A true son of Erin is poor Dr. ———, but you never heard a man tell a story so badly, or take so long in the telling as he did. He hummed and he hawed, stumbled and rambled to such an extent that it was a wonder, like the old woman’s pig “he ever got home that night.” * * *

His competitor in the village is a wonderful specimen of the old school—courtly, urbane, and full of old world politeness. I heard he was nearly eighty years old, and had fought at Trafalgar with Nelson, and must in his youth have been a remarkable man, and yet—will you believe it?—this white-headed old gentleman came to see us in his carriage, wearing thin patent leather boots, and jaunty, well-cut trowsers, strapped down tightly over them, and bearing his years as if he were in his second youth, instead of close upon his second childhood. Of course, he was full of village gossip, and promises to be a most valuable acquaint-

ance; but what a fate, to be picking up crowns at his time of life! It shows what a healthy place this must be. * *

22nd January.—There is no doubt about it, but that Wynberg is very quiet, not to say dull. After the various omnibuses have started off with their male cargoes in the morning, the village is very deserted till five o'clock, when the husbands return again; but as the sun sets here sooner than it does in Cape Town, there is always an hour or two of comparative twilight, during which people ramble about a good deal. Like most hill villages—Wynberg is made up of straggling groups of houses with large gardens and verandahs, dotted about everywhere, over a richly wooded area of nearly a mile, and in guide-book fashion, it might fairly be described as a connecting link between the garrison and the Naval station at Simon's Town, largely producing fruit, flowers, and babies in great variety; with its local industries confined to crochet, knitting, and mild tea-table gossip. The chief trade is in vegetables, fish, and roadside hostelries; and one or two general dealers are enough to meet all demands.

The great glory of Wynberg is its shady avenues. These extend in every direction, and are delightfully planned for horse exercise; and as the country all around is cut up with sandy paths, leading, however circuitously, to some pretty vineyard, château, or farm, you have only to keep cantering on to ensure a fine view sooner or later. We make up riding parties, and scour the hill sides and flats, away over the Black River, to Kirstenbosch, Constantia, Kalk Bay, and even as far as Blueberg sands. With a fine cool sea-breeze blowing in your face, with your horses dancing like canoes under you, and a wide prospect to be had for the trouble of putting on your habit, can you be surprised if we enjoy our life here amazingly? I am getting quite fat upon all this exercise, and acquiring quite a colour again; and as soon as I can muster up courage to look a photographer in the face, I must send you a portrait of myself and "Sunbeam" to bear practical evidence upon this point.

Grapes just now are coming into season, and so are water-melons, and you would be surprised at the cheapness of fruit. Fancy getting six to eight large bunches for sixpence; melons, according to size, range from three pence upwards; and the luscious green and brown figs, at four a penny, are bigger than a baby's fist, and are as cold as ice when eaten early in the morning. The whole day long we are munching fruit; and the roadside groups of natives feeding *al fresco* are just like transcripts from Murillo's pictures. What with cheap fish and cheap fruit, I could

give you a capital family breakfast for less than a shilling, and, I need scarcely add, there is always enough for one's friends besides. * * *

24th January.—The best of Wynberg is that it is so centrally situated. Whenever Simon's Town Dockyard is joined to Cape Town by telegraph and railway, Wynberg will certainly grow into a large town, as it is the centre of the best wine districts, and admirably convenient for both soldiers and sailors. The present tenants are not a very sanguine race, and in reply to all cheerful views of the future, merely shrug their shoulders, and say, "time will show." How can it be otherwise with people who cheerfully put up with Cutting's line of broken-down omnibuses, and jog and jingle into town every day, without a groan, over dislocating roads and at eight miles an hour, exposed to draughts, dust, and a degree of stuffiness in those ancient arks that would create a revolution on the Bayswater Road! Here you may meet fat Malay matrons, jammed side by side with unctuous officials, and mal-odorous nurses reeking with cocoanut oil, who almost poison our merchant princes. Our local millionaire, though he owns half the village, is made of too tough a fibre to start a gig of his own, but he wisely sits close to the door, and monopolizes the first whiff of such air as ever struggles in to ventilate the vehicle. On the roof young Africa stretches its long limbs, and smokes sadly and solemnly all the way into town; and though the inside passengers are polite enough in all conscience to such ladies as venture to travel with them, woe betide the unfortunate damsels who enter such headachy precincts, and expect to preserve their tempers as well as their dresses from being crushed and despoiled by the way. Whenever my dear old friend, Mrs. S— (I have only known her a week) has occasion to do a little shopping, she always puts on an old bonnet on her head, and carries a smart new one in its box on her lap, so as to neutralize the dust; and then she pops into the first shop where she is known, and emerges like an elderly butterfly, quite spruce and gay, upon the town. Can you conceive anything more ridiculous than a solemn party of gentlemen in *shocking bad hats*, sitting half benumbed in one of these drafty vans for more than eight miles, trying to converse in short, spasmodic jerks, pitched in a high key, and then all of them rushing into Cairncross's tart-shop to find their best beavers wherein to transact their business, and again doff them on their return journey? And yet ——— assures me that this is a sight which can be seen any day by an observant traveller; it

provokes comparison with the humblest of railways at home.

Our village at night is musical with the croaking of frogs, the maddening horns of the fish-cart drivers, and the barking of discontented dogs, baying "their monstrous melodies to the moon." A quiet game at whist, however, has brought us in contact with some few pleasant people who are musically inclined, and so we escape sometimes from the jarring discords of the animal world to the soothing strains of Mozart and Beethoven. The contrast is delicious, and I am quite sure the only way to really enjoy good music, is to taste it over a cup of good tea—flavoured with village scandal—and partake of it as we do with open windows, and our chairs ranged in the moonlight. Ah, my dear ———, why cannot we do in England what they do in France, and very often have "a feast of reason and a flow of soul" without putting ourselves to such frightful expense and trouble over our parties, our "drums," and our balls! A few choice sandwiches, some good lemonade, cakes, fruit, coffee, tea, and harmless pleasantries, and surely our accomplished women ought to succeed as well in England in entertaining company as kind-hearted, simple souls succeed in this obscure corner of the world. It is not the will nor the power of pleasing, but the manner that is wanting. We lean too much to show and display. We vie too much with each other in extravagance and plate, until all enjoyment is banished from the heart of the hostess, and the guests make silent comparisons, instead of talking and laughing, as we meant them to do. As Froissart long ago said—"Why do we amuse ourselves so sadly?" Why cannot we drop in of an evening quietly upon each other, and exchange experiences of thought, of reading, of sentiment, or of travel, without fussing so terribly about dress and previous notice? Where the French converse freely, we stare at photographs, and the result is we may be very well informed, but we are awful slow coaches. Cannot we change this? I mean to try. * * *

28th January.—I must now give you an account of last week's round of dissipation. We have been "assisting" at a birthday feast at Newlands, which was very well worth attending. At three p.m. a fat old butler in white cotton gloves, and with a face shining as if black-leaded, announced dinner to be served,—and the founder of the feast, with a grinning young Sambo at his back, waving off the flies with a bunch of ostrich feathers, took his place at the head of his hospitable table, and glanced with pardonable pride at the goodly

array of viands and olive branches ranged round the board. We mustered eight-and-thirty souls! What boots it to tell of the curries and ragouts, the joints and entrées, the poultry, the pastry and game of the first course,—of the jellies and custards, puddings, tarts, and curious confectionery of the second,—or of the endless display of grapes and berries, figs, peaches, pine apples, and melons, at the dessert; of how one mixed his guavas with his sherry, how another used salt with his orange, and a third sprinkled pepper over his musk melon, sipping his claret at the same time. Suffice it to say, it was nearly six ere all the proper toasts were honoured, and the gentlemen joined us. Then there was a general cry for the musicians to strike up and “*spuil a bietjie*.” Speedily a clever stringed band came to the front, and fiddled away at whatever was called for, *entirely by ear*. Jigs, melodies, and polkas followed in rapid succession. Then a supply of beer was served out to them, during the consumption of which the younger folk sent off urgent dispatches to their dancing neighbours to come and join them, and then dashed with the utmost zeal into the circling waltz and fatiguing gallopade. Then the servants—male and female—pressed forward to see the fun, and being descried, were ordered by the old squire to stand forth and dance away for their master’s amusement, while the old people placidly looked on and enjoyed their pipes and coffee *à la turque*. The new arrivals brought with them fresh musicians and vigorous limbs, and so master and valet, maiden and maid, footman and groom, and pages of high and low degree, in inextricable confusion, went footing it and capering it over the smoothly-mown lawn, until even the coarse grass broke out into a violent perspiration, and the falling dew drove the company within doors. Nor would they stop here! Their dancing blood being thoroughly up, a ball-room was soon improvised by moving all the heavy furniture out of the great hall, and submitting its highly-polished oak floor to the indignity of being trampled and jumped upon by stalwart cavaliers and heavy boots, and having its lustre smirched by the ponderous Balmorals of more than one buxom wench! In dancing at the Cape, there is no mincing the matter, no solemn pretence of being pleased, no spasm of the lip and inward groaning of the spirit, but real, downright, honest, unrestrained play of limb and of countenance, producing a wholesome perspiration and developing a hearty appetite for supper. And as with the masters, so with the servants in the capacious kitchen, where the sable attendants plunged and curvetted, pranced and leaped,

shrieked, laughed, slapped their hands and soles and knees, and indulged in such eccentric gymnastic feats amongst their demented selves, that it seemed as if Bedlam had broken loose and no keepers were to be found for love or money.

About ten o'clock somebody started the idea of hunting up porcupines, and in a few minutes the courtyard presented an assemblage of the most villanous, ill-bred mongrels possible to conceive. Yelping and howling, and gnashing their teeth, and making night hideous with their cries, they were soon slipped on to the *spoor*, and started off in pursuit. A number of gentlemen followed the chase in the moonlight, and finally brought the vermin to bay close to an old out-house, where, ——— says, he made a truly gallant defence worthy of a better beast. The row that now ensued as he stood, fronting the dogs, with all his bristles or quills on the *qui vive*, protesting against such abominable treatment, was something excruciating; and such a hullabaloo was made, that no one was sorry when one of the youngsters put a stop to it, by giving the porcupine a slight tap on the nose with his stick, thereby laying him dead at his feet. * * *

COLONIAL MEDICAL STUDENTS.

THOSE who mark the signs of the times in our colonial society notice how few Cape lads go now-a-days to Europe for professional study. The causes are few and lie close to the surface. The *res angusta domi* may be one; but the alienation of young men from their own homes and country for a term of years, during which they most need the silken restraints of refined female society and the purifying influence of daily intercourse with their mothers and sisters, is really that which deters a father from consigning his son to the contingencies, many and sad, of a student-life in Europe.

The supply of ministers of religion to the Dutch Reformed communities is amply provided for by the Theological College at Stellenbosch. No doubt their views are too limited, like the basin in which the secluded village lies; but the machinery is in active operation; some complain of the inferiority of the article produced; they say—

Amphora coepit

Institutui; currente rota cur urceus exit? *

* . . . When you began,
A handsome Vase was on the plan;
But *this*—is but a Pitcher.

Friends abroad say much the same of our colonial wines; yet they improve by age, and their acidity is not so bad, when the digestive system becomes accustomed to it. Well, that Church is pretty well closed to *exotics*, and the Colonial Bar is full; shall I say, bursting? Tap it; let off the watery and windy elements; there is solid matter remaining, enough to do the business of this generation. *One* profession remains,—the medical: the reinforcements are not equal to the demand of the Colony. You expect to find an invitation for our colonial youth to enter the lists; but the unpatriotic notice over the door of the committee which holds the keys of medical life and death, runs—"None but persons educated abroad enter here."

Many a parent is disappointed of the cherished wish to educate his son for the practice of medicine, and many a promising lad is condemned to an uncongenial sphere of life, because there is no way of examining and licensing colonial students of medicine who have no European credentials.

In this, as in most other things affecting their social advancement, the colonists show no true self-reliance: we have a certain overweening conceit of what we could do, if and when the conditions that follow the *if* are within our reach, self-confidence is gone: that hydra-headed monster, "The difficulties, So much trouble, Don't see the way out," fed to satiety by inertness and apathy and repose in governmental arms, crushes by his *vis inertiae* the nascent project. We have just enough conceit to form fitful plans for real colleges; for quick transport; for silk-culture; for cotton-growing. *Parturiunt montes*: the colonial accoucheur too well knows the result.

If the Church and the Bar can be supplied from colonial institutions, why should the medical profession be closed to our young men? When the country districts are crying out for duly qualified men, when they are overrun by quacks and itinerant pedlars, whose drops and ointments are warranted to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, from a compound fracture to a stomach-ache, why are no facilities provided for the training of medical students within the Colony?

Provision ought to be made, in the case of colonial medical students, for

1. An entrance examination, as in Europe.
2. Practical instruction in compounding and dispensing drugs.
3. Attendance on the medical and surgical practice of a general hospital.
4. Attendance on courses of lectures in medical science, anatomy, midwifery, and chemistry.

The first three are *at once* within the reach of students : and there can be no real difficulty in securing the fourth.

The third-class examination in literature and science conducted here by the Board of Public Examiners is almost identical with the matriculation examination of the University of London, which is accepted by the College of Surgeons in England in lieu of its own preliminary examination of candidates for its fellowship ; and is wider in range and more thorough than that usually required in Europe of all medical students before commencing their professional education.

Are there, then, proper facilities in the Colony for young men to go on and prepare in theory and practice for the special functions of the profession ?

What the incipient medicus wants first, is an opportunity of practice in compounding and dispensing drugs, and then in dressing, and similar initiatory training for the simpler surgical operations. The diagnosis of the various forms of disease, and clinical observation of, and instruction in, approved modes of treatment, follow in course.

Apprenticeship for a definite period (for three months, at least, is required at Edinburgh) to duly qualified apothecaries, or actual attendance at the laboratory of a public hospital or dispensary, would give him this practical knowledge. A period of not less than twelve months might fairly be required ; but a more stringent examination of apothecaries claiming to be qualified to take apprentices would also be required by the Medical Board. In fact, the present admission-test of apothecaries is too low.

And do not our public hospitals offer sufficient and varied training ? It is commonly said that colonial experience is too restricted ; that the student would have little opportunity of acquiring the facile hand, the quick eye, the firm nerve, the delicate manipulation which are essential to surgical operations. This is no doubt true, to some extent ; but it will be found from the statistics which I shall adduce, that the range of experience in treating disease is not so limited as might be expected in a small population, where factories requiring the appliances of machinery are rare.

In the two hospitals in Cape Town the number of cases treated during the year 1869 (including those of the Lock Wards) was 1,425 ; in the Provincial Hospital at Port Elizabeth, the Albany Hospital at Graham's Town, and the Native Hospital at King William's Town, the numbers were 577, 173, 285, respectively. The diseases were varied enough for the general practitioner. I shall not collate every form of disease, as the classification in the several hospitals is different, and it is very difficult to secure exact-

ness of classification without correspondence with those from whom the returns of cases emanate. It may suffice to give the following table :

1869.		Cape Town.	Port Elizabeth.	Graham's Town.	K. W. Town.
Rheumatism		60	20	18	16
Fevers		83	25	9	10
Leprosy		28	—	—	—
Lunacy		54	—	—	—
Diseases of liver, kidney, and skin		30	37	30	24
Diseases of eye		8	17	6	19
Diseases of Nervous	} System	55	—	10	16
„ Respiratory		48	10	7	20
„ Digestive		74	5	21	16
„ Circulation...		13	12	5	3
Fractures, wounds, ulcers, tumours, &c.		77	117	18	68

One of the requirements at Edinburgh of candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine and Master in Surgery (M.B. and C.M.) is evidence that he has attended for at least *two* years the medical and surgical practice of a general hospital which accommodates not fewer than eighty patients. Such a condition may be fulfilled in this Colony. Our appliances may not be so good ; but in this way we should improve them.

What else the medical student requires to qualify himself for a well-arranged examination within the Colony must be provided by professorial lectures on such subjects as anatomy, physiology, midwifery, and some other departments of medical science.

With the co-operation of men so eminent in their profession as Stewart, Shea, Ebdon, Abercrombie at this end of the Colony, Fitzgerald, Atherstone, and others in the Eastern districts, there could be no difficulty in providing for an annual examination of candidates for the colonial licence to practise medicine.

It rests with the Colonial Medical Board to shape the scheme, and to arrange with the Government for the services of men qualified to lecture in each department. As soon as it is clearly defined what service with an apothecary, and what attendance at the hospital and at lectures are required of young men, there will be no lack of candidates for admission to the medical profession ; and though many imperfec-

tions in such a colonial medical course may be ferreted out, it will be a very great advantage to send forth to the country districts men who know the treatment of the forms of disease prevalent among us, and who know the language of the patients whom they are called upon to treat.

These brief remarks will, I hope, lead to the serious consideration of the anomalous position which is occupied by the Colonial Medical Board, which never tests the alleged qualifications, even of foreign candidates, but after *inspection* of the credentials which they bear recommends the issue of the Government licence. Some practitioners in the Colony have never had their qualifications registered at all. And who is responsible for the *identity* of men bringing diplomas from every school of medicine in Europe?

Let the advent of well-qualified men from Europe be encouraged; but let their qualifications be thoroughly sifted. Whilst the Colony throws open the profession to all qualified men coming from recognized institutions abroad, surely it is the height of folly, if not of injustice, to bar our own sons altogether from admission unless they can produce a certificate from some one of the legion of medical schools registered in the *Government Gazette*, many of which are equally unknown to the civilized world either by name or by fame.

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THE PASSING OF 1870.

The midnight hour that draweth near
Will surely end the dying Year—
O but the time is weird and drear!

The Year's wan brow with pain is knit,
As o'er it light and shadow flit,
And on it "Seventy" seems writ.

There as he lies he makes no moan;
He looks as carven seer in stone
Within some ruined chapel lone.

Ah! as I watch thee, failing Year,
I shudder with a sudden fear,
And know that other Twain are here.

On either side of thee they stand,
Each on thy breast doth lay his hand
With solemn gesture of command.

And he who stands upon thy right,
Whose head is aureoled with light,
Is Michael the Archangel bright.

And he, the watcher by thy bed
On the left side, with glory fled,
Is Satan the Accuser dread.

And Satan speaks: "This son of Time,
Steeped to the very lips in crime,
Is not for Michael's care sublime;

"But he is mine, he bears my mark,
His every hour, in light or dark,
Was in my service spent,—dost hark?"

But Michael, with his glorious eyes
Fixed full on Satan's, thus replies:
"The same thou say'st of each that dies.

"In vain to me this vaunting tone;
We stand before the Eternal Throne
Of Justice. Make thy charges known."

Then Satan, mockingly: "Why waste,
O Michael, breath and time,—nor haste
To where thine archangelic taste

"Can find a nobler task than, here,
To wrangle o'er the wretched bier
Of this most God-forgotten Year?

"Well, if thou wilt, thou formalist,
Have all detailed, prepare to list
While I the tangled skein untwist

"Of all the dark, unhallowed acts
That stain this Year—the damning facts
Which thine official mind exacts.

"It matters not where one begins,
When, any way, one laughs and wins;—
I'll take the seven deadly sins.

"I say, then, never Year was yet
So crammed with these; so reeking wet
With blood—so foully blotched and set

“ With fleshly lusts—so torn and rent
With anger—so with lies besprent—
So vile with every gift mis-spent,

“ With every form of fraud and guile,—
So thronged with thefts—and all the while
So glozed with mock-religion’s smile.”

And calmly Michael: “ Never Year
Was wetter with the priceless tear
Of penitence and godly fear.

“ For murder, has not life been saved
In peril? Self-denial laved
Poverty’s feet—while those enslaved

“ By self-love fell? For greed of gain,
Has there been no refreshing rain
Of alms? And has no heart been fain

“ To succour truth beset with lies—
To follow right with steadfast eyes—
To love the Christian Mysteries?”

“ Aye, aye,” saith Satan, —“ ‘ To the pure
All things are pure;’—thou dost endure
To smile on what one less secure

“ Would shun with loathing. Let us turn
To those huge sins that crush and churn
This year to dross for hell to burn.

“ What deem’st thou of the hideous strife
That makes the best of Europe’s life
Mere matter for the butcher’s knife;

“ That brutalizes every power
Of mind and frame to serve the hour
When Carnage claims her bloody dower?”

And Michael answers: “ Not to thee,
O Satan, is it given to see
How the deep Heavenly alchemy

“ Makes golden, in War’s searching flame,
Dull ores of earth: how not the same
War leaves mankind as when it came.

“ Thou findest but the death and sin
Which thou dost seek; but, far within
Those bitter husks, God sees begin

"The strivings of the life that yearns
For things Divine, from self that turns
To where Love's Sun unsetting burns.

"Is War's fruit only heaps of dead—
Hands that with brothers' blood are red—
Despairing souls uncomforted?

"No! Through the lurid fire that glares
Around War's path, a million prayers
Rise like still stars on evening airs.

"And War's keen falchion shears away
A thousand strangling growths—to lay
A nation's heart bare to the day.

"New light, that fills awakened eyes,
Reveals sweet troops of charities
Unseen beneath the languid skies

"Of Peace misused: a myriad hands
Are stretched to heal; through wasted lands
Move gentle ministering bands

"To solace pain, to succour need,
To bind bereavèd hearts that bleed,
Departing souls with prayer to speed.

"Thinkest thou, Satan, when the Lord
Bids War's dread angel bare the sword,
There lives no purpose in His word?"

"Michael," scoffs Satan, "verily,
Most subtle is thy casuistry,—
Why didst thou never whiten me?"

"Great pity is it that thy pains
Should all be lost,—for yet remains
The very blackest sin that stains

"This devil's Year, for me to name,
And make thee yield him up for shame,
A faggot for the lowest flame.

"What say'st thou when humanity
Assumes Infallibility?—
Unto my poor capacity

"It seems the very crowning crime
On all the sullied scroll of time—
A blasphemy supreme, sublime.

"All yields to this: aye, even *that*—
When Reason's harlot goddess sat
Enthroned in Nôtre Dame—falls flat.

"To claim Christ's office, make Him dead
Who is the Church's living Head,
Was not enough: that madness led

"To this, which incontestably
Impugns the Fount of Deity,—
Yea, robs the very Trinity.

"What was the sin that lost me bliss
And my high throne, compared to this?
For greater place I strove—to miss,

"With myriads more;—but when claimed I
Attributes of Divinity?—
Ah, thou art silent sensibly!"

On Michael's brow a sadness falls,
As on some stately minster's walls,
When, sunlight fled, the owllet calls.

With close-held breath and eager glance,
I watch his kingly countenance,
While lies the Year in speechless trance,

As dead already. The dim lamp
Flickers and wavers in the damp
And heavy air. What measured tramp

Sounds muffled on my awe-struck ear,
And ever closer draweth near?
The foot-fall of the coming Year!

The Watchers move not. Michael's face
Is heavenward turned. Opposing grace,
The Accuser holds his chosen place.

I cannot bear it! Heart and brain
Throb dull beneath the aching strain
Of this suspense.—With sudden pain,

I hear the clangour of the bell
That tolls the midnight hour!—and tell
The strokes that sound the passing knell

Of a lost Year. "Not so!" I cry:
"O Michael, plead with potency,
Lest Satan claim the victory!"

One breath of keenest air—a moan
That may be prayer:—the Three are gone!
The New Year standeth here alone.

ACROSS THE GOUPH.

It was the time of drought and of distress. The farmers throughout the Gouph were trekking from place to place to satisfy their famishing flocks. The heat of the mid-day sun was then something terrible, and the horses in the cart were puffing and blowing in the most frantic manner. The heavy English mail bags had been strapped in wholesale fashion all over the clumsy vehicle, and one could only marvel at the way in which the poor animals succeeded in dragging it along. But the Karoo roads were then in very fair order, and the whole concern spun over the dreary flats at a rate of eight or ten miles the hour. And well it might!—for both horses and men seemed perfectly convinced that the sooner they shot through the better, as nothing was visible but plains of miserable scrub, with here and there a little koppie by way of variation. In the drought there was scarcely the faintest shade of green anywhere, excepting only when now and again we slipped suddenly down the banks guarding the dry beds of so-called rivers, and where streams of yellow water might be seen to flow for an hour or two after the summer thunderstorm. There, indeed, appeared the graceful form of the beautiful mimosa. But when the opposite bank has been surmounted, and your eyes have been cleared of dust, and you have brushed away the small stones which have been deposited upon your lap by the rapid action of the cart-wheels, you cast the usual glance about and see nothing as before, but small brown bundles of dry sticks,—skeletons of Karoo bush,—every little knot but a few inches high, and each distinctly separated from its neighbour by many square yards of red and black boulders. It looked much as if in the dark ages of Africa successive showers of red-hot stones had been thundered down upon the doomed country! Streaks of white, here and there, represent the bones of oxen which have perished by the way, the horns upon the bleached skulls frequently continuing to point upwards above the hollow eyes, the latter appearing to stare at you as if they meant it! The very lizard, as it dashes across the hard road, seems anxious to quit the district. And then the grating noise of the korhaan, with its long slender neck and yellow eyes, flying just like a goose, affords a hint that possibly nothing but a goose would live there. As we pass over a small eminence, a string of lanky ostriches are suddenly disturbed, who turn their heads and look inquiringly at us, and then disappear as sud-

denly as they came. An old crow, dressed in inky black, with the broad band of snowy white about his neck, sweeps along before us as if wondering what we were about in his domains.

I really began to wonder myself. And yet experience, and a belief in the law of compensation, have taught me since to acknowledge that great advantages are to be derived from a short residence in the Karoo. Like everything else, it has its shady side; but there is a bright one also. In ordinary seasons, and when drought and scarcity are forgotten, inhabitants of the inland villages are fully recompensed for their state of isolation, and that without any appeal to gold or precious stones. Hot?—of course it is, but for all that, the climate is one of the finest in the world. In good times, the sheep-walks are unparalleled for profitability. The soil is wonderfully fertile where there is anything like a command of water. Dressing it does not require. These are no mean advantages to the farmer. There is none of the relaxing climate peculiar to some of the coast lands, and to which men attribute the dullness of beautiful George, and the dreaminess of its pretty relation, the Knysna. Although dry and oppressive, at any rate the Karoo atmosphere does not remind you of being in a vapour bath. It will tan the skin and almost curl the hair, but you may, for all that, be persuaded into liking it, provided you do not rush into such an extreme as to occupy a seat in an open cart during a time of drought, and travel through the Gouph in the month of January! Upon the occasion alluded to our horses gave in shortly after noon. It was cruel to proceed without a rest, so we outspanned for a while amid the stones. What are we to do for an hour in the blazing sun? Not an apology for a bush,—not the sound or sign of any living creature. Yes,—there is that black sexton of a crow, just hopping away in his glory from a bundle of bones, and ready to do justice to ours also had he but the chance. We sat down within the shadow of the cart, and before very long were aroused by the solemn roll of some distant thunder, usual in these parts after a hot summer's day. We were warned of a coming change. How suddenly the heavens grew black! Huge drops of rain began to patter over the dusty road. What a fearful flash of lightning! And here comes a cloud of dust,—the old crow sailing away before it, well knowing how to manage. The next minute, and we were off again, trotting along the road in a fearful torrent of rain, and the hard soil of the country was, in a very short time, covered with water, and innumerable little streams

began to intersect the plains, and to make their way to the bed of some distant river.

As night closed in the clouds dispersed, and we arrived at a destitute-looking farm-house many hours from Beaufort West. The building was as brown as the earth upon which it stood; and as the darkness had set in, I could only discern it by the light of a dismal fire which some waggoner had kindled close by. The screech of our post-horn echoed in the keen night air, intermingled with the yelling of half-a-dozen white curs and the rumbling of our cart-wheels, created quite a change for an unfortunate passenger after the painful dullness of the day just gone. We dashed away to the right, and made a graceful curve before coming to a dead stop before the door. It so turned out that we arrived very opportunely, for at once I had the pleasure of seeing for the first time a Boer family washing feet before supper. I declined joining in the ceremony, concluding that I had had water enough upon the road for that day at any rate; and as the pan went round with the regulation allowance of doubtful-looking water, I wondered how history could be so unjust as to term this nation the great "unwashed."

A youngster who had nothing to do with the supper was summoned from outside to come in and ask a blessing, and ten minutes afterwards Gert was recalled to express thanks in appropriate verse for what he had *not* received! Poor things!—well meaning enough, but how thoroughly original! I really believe that, in their own way, these simple and untaught farmers do their best. What has oftentimes particularly struck me when present in their houses has been the implicit obedience of the children to their parents. Want of outward respect for elders is a thing I do not remember ever to have witnessed amongst a set of people who cannot be said to enjoy any educational advantages. Certainly there was a schoolmaster at this house,—a poor unfortunate Englishman, who had deserted from his regiment at the Cape,—one who apparently did anything but credit to the name. There was something the matter with one of our new horses, so I managed to get a few minutes' chat with him, as he came in to polish off the remains upon the table. The farmer had engaged him to educate his children for three months for the sum of fifty shillings, with board (but no washing!) After that period he rather expected, he said, another kind of engagement might be made, as his employer's daughter had taken a fancy to him, and there was a chance of his settling down there altogether. He appeared to welcome the idea; but there was a tinge of sadness about his speech which

seemed to imply that he was about to sacrifice all his future prospects upon the altar of necessity. How many hundreds of similar cases there are!

Any one who has passed rapidly in an open cart through these wild wastes in the dead of night, when nothing is to be heard but the tramp of the horses' feet and the jingling of the cart,—when the very driver has ceased to speak, and has fallen asleep,—his head rocking to and fro, now this way, now that,—when you have exhausted all you had to think about, and the mind stands still, and you begin to doze too,—knows how transformed all around appears. As you roll along, with half shut eyes and stagnant brain, you can imagine yourself at times passing down the main street of some great city,—the mottled ground on right and left representing either rows of magnificent stores and warehouses, divided by lanes and streets, or beautiful country seats surrounded with parks and groups of trees, and here and there a pretty lake with boats upon its bosom. Now appear lines of neat cottages with well-arranged gardens before them, the little gates in front of each standing all along the road side. There rises the huge cathedral, with its lofty spire and gothic windows; and imagination will almost carry you so far as to persuade the careful listener to hear the distant pealing of the church bells, as you leave them far behind. But all was in the dead of a dark night,—all were fast asleep. They were indeed “deserted villages”—

“All which, in sweet confusion, sought the shade.”

This was my last journey through the dreary Gouph, a region which I, for one, believe will ere long be found rich in mineral wealth. It is said that in by-gone ages the Gouph was partly under water,—that living creatures of another kind floated over its surface. Fossil remains are scattered thickly throughout it. Under my table for years have lain the immense bones of an extinct species of lizard or crocodile—much larger than those of the ox—with which the Gouph abounded in ages gone. How would one of these old fellows now stare could he arise for a little hour and behold the change come over his world! In the place of a lake with sparkling water, with its islands of green and luxuriant herbage, he would now see nothing but scorched-up flats of broken stones, and not a drop of water to quench his thirst!

GOING TO BE WIGGED.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.

THE Royal mail steam-ship *Cambrian* had been advertised to leave Table Bay for England on the 15th September, 18—. Passengers had been requested to be on board before 4 o'clock. Punctuality was a known virtue of the company to which this vessel belonged; so exactly at 4 p.m. she fired a parting gun, then cleared the shipping, and steamed swiftly out of the bay. She carried Her Majesty's mails, a full cargo, and a goodly number of passengers.

At ten o'clock that night, if any one with sufficient curiosity had peered into cabin No. 27, by aid of the flickering lamp an individual would have been seen gazing wistfully over the side of the topmost bunk at a medley assortment of small boxes, parcels, carpet-bags, and portmanteaus which encumbered the six feet by four of the cabin floor. That day had been an exciting one to the individual in question, and he was indulging in one of those hazy reveries which are apt to fill the brain of common-place mortals when they have leisure to ponder over whatever has been to them "out of the common." An intensely selfish thought was present amidst these sleep-precursing reveries,—an idea so thoroughly characteristic of number one, that he could not help repeating it aloud, "Thank the prophets, I've got this hole of a cabin to myself." He gave one more glance at the medley assortment on the floor; and happy in the thought that despite the ills of his situation, he was yet better off than his voyager brethren, he turned on his back, and was just within the regions of the land of Nod, when a burly man, fierce in moustache and military in look, entered the narrow precincts. The occupant of the top bunk watched him. The intruder gazed scornfully on the littered floor, and prepared for action. Sundry of the boxes he piled on top of one another, and with a vigorous effort a large portmanteau was lugged out into the passage. He then began to undress, and once or twice he fixed his eye on the top bunk, endeavouring in a light that made seeing a bare possibility to trace the human features therein. Having succeeded in catching the eye of the disappointed occupant he uttered a military fiat, "Hullo, young fellow, we must send your van-load of

packages down the hold to-morrow." This was all the good-night vouchsafed to the upper bunk. The bottom bunk turned in, and soon rendered night hideous by that due quantum of nasal sound which medical men prognosticate as one of the sure results of a hearty supper.

A variety of circumstances had thus dispelled the hazy dreams of the top bunk, and he felt in that unenviable mood which is best described as "slightly chawed." The music of the warrior who lay taking his rest beneath him was particularly disagreeable, his selfish idea had exploded, and his goods and chattels were to be forcibly ejected. Well, on reflection, he'd better not say much about it; this was his first voyage, and what his neighbour had said was perfectly true—he was a "young fellow."

It does not require deep knowledge of proverbial philosophy to be made acquainted with the fact, that when a man is found in an unusual position he has some object in being there. Both these individuals were carrying out part of their destiny, and their occupation of the bunks of cabin 27 was the means employed at arriving at a definite object. The "warrior" was going to attempt the reduction of an Indian liver by a two-years' residence in England. The "young fellow" was a Cape student about to enter at one of the Inns of Court with the intention of qualifying for the bar.

The men and women of this world are agreed that the record of an ordinary sea voyage is one of the most wearisome things in existence. It becomes a perfect humiliation to the flesh to wade through the tiresome details of your thirty-six days of purgatory. No storm to freeze the terror, no gale to raise mountain-crested waves, no shipwreck to land you naked and hungry on a desolate coast. Even the poetical idea of lying as "idly as a painted ship, upon a painted ocean" is dispelled by the dull thump of the engines. You are not without the pale of society, for you are expected to appear in a black coat to dinner. The sight of a sea-gull affords speculation for a day, a strange sail disturbs even the card-table. St. Helena awakes our historic memories, and we visit Longwood, and moralize over the vanished Napoleonic glories in the proper and perfunctory regulation fashion. The Island of Ascension takes us next ashore, and we are respectably frizzed by a burning sun while surveying the turtle ponds and rambling towards Green Mountain. With thankfulness we approach the end; a tingle of satisfaction is felt on shipping the pilot, and making for Plymouth.

Great tears of joy are said to have rolled down the cheeks of Warren Hastings on again seeing his native land. We were not affected in a like degree. Our Cape friends had imbued us with the idea that we were to land amongst a set of sharpers; and it behoved us to keep our weather-eye free from moisture.

On landing at Southampton we recalled the words of old Major Bagstock, and determined to be dev-lish sly and wide awake. Had we not inner pockets sewn to our waistcoats,—were we not cautioned as to our handkerchiefs,—and had we not been all attention when Van Dyke on his return to the Cape described that adventure of his in the railway carriage with a meek-eyed clerical! Perhaps you have lived many years in London, and met scores of fellow-colonists, but did you ever hear any one of them admit that he or she had ever been gulled, or had their pockets picked? Not one. No, Sir. They are all too sharp, precious sharp, wide-awake,—in fact, in a Bagstockian sense, “dev-lish sly.” Just ask them how much they paid cabby for taking them from Waterloo station to their hotel. Turn up the regulation fare and compare it. Clever as Major Bagstock imagined himself to be, we all know he was terribly taken in at times, and had even his “toughness” stretched on Dombey’s failure. You have not been knocked down, and garrotted, and robbed, and left penniless, gentle colonist—but every man’s hand has been in your pocket for all that. It was at Southampton we discovered the difficulty of Bradshaw. He may have gained immortality by the publication of his guide books, but it is as tedious to look up his information as to discover any special passage in the Pandects. By dint of perseverance and much thumbing we found that at three p.m. we might leave, and barring accidents, arrive in London at six p.m.

At the appointed hour you once again become the property of your luggage, and bowl along through the green fields of old England,—fields as green and beautifully verdant as the gazer; rattle over the tops of dingy houses; catch a passing glance of crowded streets; look incredulous when you are told that is St. Paul’s—What? Bless me! How disappointed. It was to have stood out a very Table Mountain in your imagination. Is that old Father Thames? Dirty old Father. Ah! this is the river some fond parents imagine their hopefuls will set on fire.

Does this come up to your preconceived opinions? You are confounded at the noise, bustle, and crush at the terminus; ’tis only by a vigorous effort that you recall the name of your selected hotel. You have now emerged from your colonial

pool, and have a new lease of life in this great sea. Blessed be Joey Bagstock for his wrinkle. Turn to cabby with a commanding air and order him to an hotel. He is not to take you for a green-horn, so add the precise address. Was that a smile of pity which lighted up his hossy countenance? He doesn't answer; but if eyes can convey meaning, these orbits seem to say "Won't do, young fellow." A huge caravansera swallowed us; we were received by an imposing official, the clerk checked off a bed-room near the sky, and our name was entered in the hotel book; we lost part of our individuality, were ticketed and numbered, and known by the figures. "Letters for 520," "boots for 520," "520 dines in the coffee-room." Having reached your journey's end, you are now to realize that Sam Slick was perfectly correct when he declared that "colonists are the pariahs of the British Empire." They have no place, no station, no rank. You verily feel like an outcast in Fleet-street, or Holborn, and miss the friendly nods of your native city; but it is a great thing to be shouldered into a salutary idea of your nonentity. What must be the feelings of a colonial governor when hustled and jostled in a London throng? without a single nod of welcome, or respectful salutation, such as were his wont in the far-off land over which he ruled. "London takes the nonsense out of a man." You may have been a tip-top sawyer in your little capital; but there you awaken no sympathy in the breast of any single person,—your existence is a matter of no moment to any one but yourself. The very first feeling you have to realize is one of intense loneliness, and you may rest assured that loneliness in a crowd is one of those things that no fellow can understand until he has experienced it. The Capeite labours under peculiar disadvantages. There is no special coffee-house or reading-room set apart for things purely South African;—there is no central spot of attraction to the stray waifs,—no focus where information can be obtained, or well-known faces met with. Every other colony has its place of resort, its haven where the local papers are filed, the blue-books docketed, and all necessary works of reference at hand.

We never, in London, discovered a shop dedicated to the sole sale of African products. We did come across a Cape wine-cellar in Berlin, which fired our patriotism and induced us to stand unlimited supplies of Constantia and other drinks, to the great joy and profit of the proprietor. If there had been such place in London, we would have set off and watched for a Cape face, and pumped him concerning the momentous question of lodgings. As it was, we went out to

the hunt alone. The adventures were strange; we were obliged to inwardly confess that we were not up to the recognized terms. At last we fixed on a West End first floor, and set off for our household goods. The reminiscence of the hotel bill is, even at this day, anything but satisfactory. The dignified waiters bowed their acknowledgments, and we were soon engaged in dragging out our Penates, and making our new quarters as comfortable as circumstances would permit. To the unsophisticated mind of the pure Capeite nothing is so difficult as to grasp the rapidly varying tone of thought that exists in so large and busy a city. His ideas have been accustomed to dwell complacently for a week or two on the most trivial events of colonial life; his stock of current topics has been lingeringly drawn out, and impressed on his memory by constant repetition to every one in his circle; the mechanism of his mind has been taught to revolve slowly, and he finds the rush of ideas somewhat bewildering. It takes some time before you can accustom yourself to swim with the current, and breast the ever-changing scenes that present themselves to your judgment. We all remember the story of the English traveller who, landing at Calais on a bleak, wintry day, jotted down in his note-book the remark, "everybody in France has a red nose." If your powers of generalization at all resemble those of the aforesaid tourist, you would say that everybody in London was in a hurry.

Sight-seeing may be deemed a pleasure; but the world has got into a way of "doing" the lions, which inflicts a large amount of bodily pain upon the inquisitive stranger eager to behold the wonders. The handy-guides chalk out twelve days of misery. On the evening of the twelfth day you are supposed to have seen everything worth seeing. You may have seen everything, but generally you confuse the Monument with the Tower, and retain most indistinct notions as to whether you saw Nelson's cocked hat at Greenwich or at Madame Tussaud's. The 'busses are said to be a great and cheap institution, but to a new-comer useless. The conductors talk a Babylonish jargon, and re-christen their stopping-places according to their lucky fancy. It took months to discover that "Ele-faarsle," or "Rollocks," meant "The Elephant and Castle," or "Royal Oak." We tugged at the oar of sight-seeing for weeks, got accustomed to the "streetcries," voted the organ-grinders and the beggars a bore and a nuisance, began to find our way about without having recourse to the advice of a policeman, and knew something about the theatres and concert-rooms. No one is allowed to

vegetate. In the midst of our peregrinations we had dived down the portals that lead to the Temple, secured a copy of the regulations, and made ourselves masters of the fact that a hideous preliminary examination was staring us in the face. This species of test, now so much in vogue, is the bane of your student's life. Periodically you find yourself face to face with several grave gentlemen, who proceed to catechize you on points of a most abstruse nature. The gradations of "funk" you pass through are enough to embitter your existence; and when you reflect that although you had the serenity of an angel or the cleverness of Old Scratch himself you might be shipwrecked in the hands of the stern Council of Education, you tremble for your safety, and are apt to indulge in the Mussulman's blind belief in an inexorable fate. Your geometry cannot span the huge orbits of the examiners, and like the Turk who believes his doom is written on the iron leaf in the moment when he entered the world, you close your books, and rush on the examination crotchets with undivided will—"Whate'er is fated, that will take place." If you are plucked, then 'twas so fated; and the immense mind of Jove is not to be transgressed to allow a puny member of the Upper Temple to suck the sweets of success.

The temperature of the examination room was perfectly equal, yet how differently it affected the examiners and the examined; how the twenty-seven men shivered, and quivered, and shook—how calm, and unexcited, and comfortable appeared the two bald-headed spectacled gentlemen. The English language, the Latin language, and Constitutional History were bitter cups for our digestion. Cicero was contorted, Virgil outraged, and the Constitutions of Clarendon underwent strange mystifications. Late in the evening spake the bald-headed oracles—one or two gentlemen were requested to favour the examiners with another interview, the others were presented with a roll of parchment. We had fought our Ligny, and received the baptism of law. Our shivers gave place to a glow of satisfaction; immediately our importance and self-estimation became multiplied by that unknown quantity which algebraists call an *X*. Verily, we had commenced to float our youthful minds in law. Now that it was past, we spoke lightly of the danger. After all, it was not much. If the knife-board of the 'bus that conveyed us to the battle in the morning could have given tongue, it would have described our shivers and shakes as something awful, considering the warmth of the day.

Go now, "successful one," and search for two good honest

and true householders. Lure them into becoming security—just a matter of form, one of the old customs, based on a precedent as ancient as the first-known conservative. Merely a kind of suretyship. Supposing you run off after eating innumerable good dinners, with a strange forgetfulness of the common bill, well then, your two householders will have to pay the piper. Light your lamp once more, and get the bull's-eye turned on two barristers. They don't know you from Holofernes—never saw you before, and do not want to see you again. These men will come down and vouch for your respectability. After supplying the Treasurer with a full and true account of yourself as to birth, parentage, age, and occupation, and paying for rolls, preachers, gowns, and the thousand and one other imaginary supports to the respectability of your Inn, you are informed that all necessary information will be found in the consolidated regulations. Dining term begins to-morrow night. Good morning. Eureka! you're a member of the Inn. * *

RECOLLECTIONS OF E. M. ARNDT,

THE POET-PATRIOT OF GERMANY.

BY W. H. I. BLEEK, PH.D.

THE unity with which the Germans arose to meet the great danger which threatened them last summer was astonishing to the world around,—at all events, to those who had not followed the gradual working of the national mind. To those observers who only saw the continual rivalries and dissensions of the different States, and their jealousy of the one strong Power which alone could be their leader,—who remembered how in former days, France, when fighting German Powers, had always found allies in Germany itself,—it was incomprehensible that the very people who four years ago had been at war with Prussia should now without hesitation join her in combating the common foe. This feeling of a common national cause, in the light of which every foreign, and particularly every French, aggression is considered as a *casus belli* by all German lands, in so far as they possess any political independence, has been aroused and stimulated by the joint efforts of poets, historians, political and other writers; but by no one has it been represented with such intensity as by ERNST MORITZ ARNDT, and no one, therefore, has become so deservedly the representative

prophet of German unity as the author of the German Fatherland Song. It is, therefore, but natural that attention, out of Germany should just now turn to him, and that in more than one English Review we should find some notices of his life. It is not my intention here to relate his history, or to give an account of his influence as an author and politician; but it may have some interest for the reader to hear what by my own personal experience I have known of him.

For more than thirty years, Arndt was one of the most intimate and constant friends of my parents, and to us children he was one of the most impressive characters. As he was almost a quarter of a century older than my father, and nearly sixty years of age when we first went to Bonn, it is only as a fine old man that I can remember him; but he retained a high degree of youthful strength and freshness to the last. I see him still before me,—a middle-sized, strongly-built figure, somewhat stooping in the last years of his life; a fine head, with white hair and whiskers, meeting beneath the chin; a healthy colour, bright eyes, easily lighted by pleasant friendly welcome or in angry remonstrance; a firm mouth, and a strong voice, which could never be lowered to a whisper. He was one of the manliest of men, and retained his powers of mind and body to an exceptionally advanced age. Not long before our last meeting (when nearly ninety years of age), he had been seen up in the apple trees in his garden; and a long journey of fifty or sixty miles had recently been performed by him on foot. Neither his eyesight nor his hearing failed him, and his grasp of the hand was still vigorous. To this unimpaired bodily strength was joined a mind as clear in its purposes and as enthusiastic as ever. He was, as regards this latter quality, younger than many of us; yet it was for no vain fancies that he strove, but clear objects. It was his tenacity of purpose, the faithfulness of his inner life—his adherence to the best ideas which he could conceive—which mainly distinguished him, and gave to his character its marked originality. To all this was added a wide experience, rendered highly interesting by intercourse with a multitude of different distinguished persons, by accurate observation, and by travels in different countries at an early age. He was a most cheerful companion, full of anecdotes, which he could relate most tellingly; but the background of his character,—his hatred of lying, frivolity, and loose-mindedness—was always clearly perceptible. In his words he neither minced matters nor spared persons, however powerful they might be. But he

could discriminate; and whilst blaming them for wrong or foolish actions, he could yet understand and appreciate their good qualities. It was only occasionally that his patriotic feelings obscured his judgment. He could rarely hear the name of Alexander von Humboldt mentioned without complaining that he had no patriotism; and in support of this he would generally end with an account of Humboldt's having used his influence with the King on behalf of some Frenchmen who had been convicted of actions directed against the safety of the Prussian State. This and similar proofs which he believed he had of Humboldt's want of patriotism, he used to recite, and would become quite angry at any praise bestowed upon the great philosopher, who (as well as Napoleon) was born in the same year with himself, and whom he did not long outlive. There can be no question that Arndt was a good hater, as he was an ardent friend and lover; and to us of the younger generation, who could not quite realize the reasons and causes of his hatred and his love, he may sometimes have appeared prejudiced; but his honesty of purpose, his straightforward carrying out of a few simple principles which were ingrained into his whole being, elevated even what might otherwise be narrow and old-fashioned.

A peasant's son,—he was not ashamed of his origin, but rather prided himself upon it, and regretted only lest any of the good, strong qualities of the peasant should have been lost by him. How often did we see him at work in the orchard which lay before his house, or meet him coming up from the Rhine, in a peasant's blue linen blouse, with a broad old-fashioned, shadeless cap upon his head. He would then kindly address us, and tell us to be brave. This orchard (which extended from the brook that runs along the high road to Coblenz to his house) was a delightful wilderness, and, as such, distinguished from all neighbouring properties. The brick house, one of the earliest erected in the Coblenz Strasse, was built by his orders, and was very simple and substantial. A quaint old German inscription on a marble stone over the door invoked a blessing upon the house. The sitting-room looked upon the Rhine, which flowed about a hundred paces distant. To this river Arndt had also to pay tribute; for, his youngest son (whom I can still remember as a play-fellow near my own age) was drowned, as a boy, when bathing there,—a grief which cast a lasting gloom over the deeply-feeling father. Arndt's own study was upstairs, the largest room in the house, having also a view of the river. He always kept the key of this room himself, and would never allow any one of the servants to enter and

disturb his books and manuscripts. I believe he dusted them himself. On one or two occasions I think I have been within this sanctuary, from which, during more than forty years, he sent forth different pamphlets and books, many of them of an ephemeral nature; but all imbued with the same character and sentiments, which by their solidity and tenacity made a lasting and powerful impression upon the national mind. During more than twenty years of this time it was only by means of a few occasional pamphlets that he addressed himself to the public. As is well known, a few years after he had been appointed Professor of History at the Bonn University, he became suspected by the then reactionary Government. His papers were seized, and he himself forbidden to lecture. It was a most unwarrantable proceeding. He used to tell some amusing stories of the inquisitors who had searched his papers in the expectation of finding treasonable matter. Among the papers were some of Baron von Stein, who had been a Prussian Prime Minister, until outlawed by Napoleon. There were some manuscripts containing proposals of Stein's for a general rising of the people, in order to throw off the French yoke. Upon one of these, the King (Frederick William III.) had written the following marginal note: "A few leaders shot, the thing will end," meaning that the French, by shooting a few of the leaders, would soon suppress such a rising. The King's words were, by the stupid inquisitors, ascribed to Arndt, and supposed to indicate the measures to be taken by the revolutionary party, with whom they thought to identify Arndt. He would frequently follow this anecdote by a few remarks upon the character of the King, whose honesty, personal courage, and God-fearing yet by no means bigoted ways, were too much in unison with Arndt's own character not to be appreciated by him, whilst the King's main faults appeared to Arndt to be a certain narrowness of view, and an inability to rouse himself to a bold and courageous course of action. Arndt said that the King had always to be pushed into any bold measures by the energy of his Ministers.

It was only after the death of Fredrick William III. that the prohibition against lecturing was removed by his successor, who, as Crown Prince, had always shown himself to be the friend of Arndt, and who used to visit him when he came to Bonn. In many other ways, also, the new King showed his friendship; but nothing could compensate Arndt for twenty years of enforced inactivity. He was then already more than seventy years old, and before long we not unfrequently read in the catalogue of lectures to be held, that

Professor Arndt, on account of extreme old age, would not lecture. One of his courses of lectures I was, however, fortunate enough to be able to attend. It occupied one academical hour (*i.e.*, three-quarters of an hour) every week, during one semester or half-year. It was very interesting to hear the old man expound his views of comparative history,—I believe that the subject was the Comparative History of Peoples. The remarks upon the character and the evolutions of the different nations were accompanied by effective sketches of their leading men, interspersed with much personal anecdote. Some of this might be of dubious authority,—for Arndt was not exactly schooled to historical criticism, in the same manner that a pupil of Professor Ranke's would have been; but much curious and otherwise inaccessible information had been gained by Arndt during his stay in the capitals of Northern Europe, and in his intercourse with the leading people there. His language was outspoken, and many of his remarks would not bear repetition before a mixed audience. Among these was, for example, his analysis of the character of the Empress Catharine II., and his account of how from a virtuous German Princess she became, at first through no fault of her own, what she is now chiefly known to us in history. One anecdote, however, relating to the origin of the present Imperial family of Russia, may be given here. The Empress Elizabeth desired that her destined successor, the Grand-duke Peter (afterwards Peter III.), should have a son and heir. But, unfortunately, his wife (the said Princess Catharine) only gave birth to a still-born daughter. The wrath of the Empress was feared, and the attendants at once obtained a boy just born from the foundling house. This happened to be a Finnian child, and he afterwards became the Emperor Paul.

The revolutionary movements of 1848 naturally met with little sympathy from Arndt, although he was a strong defender of the rights of the people. Revolutions, he acknowledged, were occasionally necessary and salutary; but he considered that it was a bad thing for a nation if it was frequently obliged to have recourse to them. But the movement of 1848, which had commenced in France, was rather wild in its nature and indefinite in its aspirations; and it was connected with the humiliation of a King who had always shown himself to be Arndt's friend, and who, however vacillating and unpractical in his plans and doings (and Arndt did not blind himself to these grave faults), was well-intentioned, and capable of high and noble ideas. Yet the unification of Ger-

many, which was one of the chief aims of the national movement of that year, was too much identified with Arndt's whole being, to allow of his remaining inactive. He was elected as one of the deputies to the first (and, as yet, the only) Parliament of the whole German nation in which almost all German lands were represented—those under Austrian as well as under Prussian sovereignty, and all the minor States, and even such as were still connected with foreign States in personal union, namely, Schleswig-Holstein, Lauenburg, Luxemburg, and Limburg. At Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the Paulskirche, Arndt was one of these representatives of the German nation. He rarely spoke; but he generally was seen leaning against a pillar of the church, "as a faithful old German conscience," he used to say. From that assembly Arndt was sent with a number of other deputies to offer the crown to the King of Prussia as Emperor of Germany. I happened to be in Berlin at the time (April, 1849), and well remember the arrival of the deputies, and their drive through the Leipziger Strasse, we students cheering them; but the reception on the part of the population was, on the whole, a cool one. I had then occasion to go and see Arndt, on behalf of an old friend (with whose husband he had stayed in old days, when hiding under an assumed name from the wrath of Napoleon)—to tell him that a room was prepared for him. I found him with the other deputies (amongst whom were most of the leading characters of Germany) in a hotel "Unter den Linden." He was naturally somewhat excited, and asked me to tell Mrs. R. that he would come and see us all when he could; but that he could not come and stay with us, as the deputies had determined to remain all together, in order to be ready for eventualities.

As is well known, the King, at the last moment, declined the offered crown,—and the union of all the German lands (exclusive of Austria), which appeared to be so near then and so easily achieved, was indefinitely deferred, and is now only achieved as the result of great wars. But, looking back upon these times, it appears to me probable that the Imperial Crown, as the symbol of German union, would have had to be defended by wars, even more extensive in character than those which we have seen within the last half dozen years; and subsequent events soon showed that the then King had by no means the firmness which would have been requisite to carry him victoriously through such trials. Even Arndt had soon to admit that it was a wise thing on the part of Frederick William IV. to refuse a crown which he would have

been unequal to defend with the sword. But the immediate result of the refusal was that the Unionists (the constitutional liberal German party) were defeated; and that everywhere reactionary movement and particularism lifted up their heads. It was then that Arndt wrote his poem *Ihr Könige gebt Acht!* (Ye Kings beware!), in the last verse of which he threatens the Kings with extinction, if they do not listen to the voice of the time, and recognize its signs.

“Erbebt! erkennt die Zeit, die Gott der Herr gemacht!
Wollt länger ihr im Stolz erblinden,
So haut euch Gott aus allen Winden—
Ihr Könige, gebt Acht!—
Die deutsche Acht und Aberacht.”

Gloomy days indeed were coming for all patriotic minds, when the imbecility of the Prussian Ministry led to the humiliating day of Olmütz, and when reactionary measures were almost everywhere employed to curb the natural progress of liberal institutions, and to suppress the tendency towards a union of the German nation.

With all his loyalty, and, in fact, just on account of it, Arndt felt it bitterly, and although it did not break his heart (as it did that of his friend Dahlmann), although he still kept up the hope of better times, he yet felt too sorely not to express himself strongly.

It was at a time when these reactionary movements were at their height, that I was one night, with Arndt, at the *Doctorschmaus* of a friend who had that day taken his degree as doctor of philosophy. The present Crown Prince of Prussia was then a student at the University, and about a dozen other German Princes were also at Bonn. My friend had, on account of the important official position of his father, as well as his own social talents, been very intimate with this assemblage of Princes, and had, as a matter of course, invited them to his *Doctorschmaus*, and, as far as I remember, almost all had come, accompanied by their governors. There were also a number of professors, and a few other young friends of the newly-made doctor. We all sat at a long table, in one of the rooms of the Golden Star Hotel. Towards the end of the evening, Arndt rose, and sang a song of the old “*Landsknecht*.” It was the first time that I had seen him do such a thing; and I shall never forget the loud, though somewhat hoarse, voice of the singer, who was already more than eighty-three, and the manner in which he there sang this thoroughly democratic song, which was evidently displeasing to some of the aristocratic guests, although only one or two had the bad taste to interrupt him,

and thereby to irritate him into a stronger repetition of the most striking portions of the song.

Before two years had passed, I was on my way to South Africa, and it was only when ill-health sent me home, in 1859, that I saw him again a few times. I found that he still took the liveliest interest in all that I could tell him, and particularly wanted to hear all about Sir George Grey, and whether he was not only an able politician, but also a good, true man, and one who had high aims and interests at heart. I had asked him to give me, for Sir George Grey, a copy of the poem "*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland,*" written in his own hand. In a few days he brought this to me, and explained how it differed in some respects from the usual version, but that he had given us his own original lines. This precious relic is still in Sir George Grey's hands. A few months later, when, with two sisters, I had taken refuge in the south of France, to escape from the cold of the European winter,—we heard from our mother how Germany had celebrated Arndt's ninetieth birthday on the 25th December, 1859. Numerous gifts from corporations and individuals, from friends and acquaintances, from many who had never seen him, and even from some who did not disclose their names, streamed in upon him, brought either by congratulatory deputations or sent by post. Numerous letters, and, I believe, 200 telegrams from all parts of Germany, from Kings down to students, poured in upon the aged man. My mother had been the greater part of the day at his house, and her description of the day's events was very interesting, but unfortunately I have not now her letter to refer to. A few weeks later, on January 29, 1860, our mother wrote to us as follows: "To-day, about noon, our dear old faithful friend Arndt has gently fallen asleep. You know how, on his birthday, he was inundated with congratulations and gifts. He seemed to have got happily over all this, and he was not to be prevented in every case from sending answers, in such a manner that he daily took from ten to eighteen letters to the Post Office. I saw him but little during these last weeks, as he was very much occupied. But he is said to have been particularly cheerful and lively, and in several parties (in the circles both of nearer and of more distant friends) to have been in the highest spirits. Thus also at F.'s (I believe it was his last evening out), where he is said to have been especially charming, talking much regarding death and eternity, and in so beautiful a manner that I believe L. (a daughter of the house) noted it down. Already on the 19th instant, however, Mrs. Arndt mentioned in the *Nähverein*

(sewing meeting) that her husband was not quite well. On the 21st instant, she was to have come to me to the reading (of her brother Schleiermacher's letters), but about noon she sent me word that she did not like to leave her husband. On Sunday (January 22), he was a little feverish; but he would not see a doctor. Mrs. Mendelsohn saw him on that day; he was lying on the sofa, but conversed very cheerfully with her, and could not be prevented from bringing downstairs a poem, and reading it aloud to her. That night, however, he had a violent attack of fever with shivering fits, in consequence of which Siegerich (one of the sons) prevailed upon his mother to send at once for the doctor. On Tuesday, Arndt wished me to go to see him on his sick-bed, and spoke to me in his usual affectionate and animated manner. During these days he suffered much pain from a paralytic attack (Hexenschuss) in the back, which pain, however, soon ceased. Afterwards, it is true, he groaned and sighed often, talked a good deal, and was during the last two nights, and even in the day time, haunted by feverish fancies, in which his poetical nature and childlike pious mind found expression. Yesterday evening Dr. Velten expressed his fear that paralysis of the lungs might occur, which was indeed the case in the course of the night. Towards noon (on the following day), the breathing became fainter and fainter, and about twelve o'clock his eyes closed of themselves, and he had breathed his last. A quarter of an hour before I had been there with Mrs. F., and left in order to send a telegraphic message to Trier, to Karltrév, (the eldest son), to whom I had already written of his father's illness. Mrs. Arndt had herself written to prepare Nanna (the only daughter, then at Kiel, in a very delicate state of health); and the change for the worse, which came on so very quickly, early this morning, was at once telegraphed there. Dr. Velten calls the illness a gastric fever; the over-irritation of the nervous system having probably caused him to succumb more quickly. During these latter days I have been frequently in the house, also again this afternoon and evening. Dear Mrs. Arndt is, in her quiet way, sweetly grateful, and even glad, that he has not had a long illness to go through. Leubold (another son) and Siegerich have helped her faithfully in nursing him; and this morning, about 10 o'clock, Roderich also arrived from Cologne. They think that his father still recognized him and uttered his name. The real heavy hours are yet to come for the dear wife. Just now it gives her some comfort to show us all the beloved countenance, a fine sight, with the magnificent

forehead. Professor Schaaffhausen was also there, and requested to be allowed in the interest of science to take a cast of the face."

Then, in a letter dated January 31, my mother wrote as follows:

"As you may imagine, great sympathy is felt throughout the town (for Arndt's family), as also near and far. It is to-day eight days since he sent for me to his bedside and desired to be left alone with me. I thought at first that he wished to tell me something about his wife. But he only said, as he has often done since your father's death: 'You must keep up bravely, have good courage, and live long on account of those belonging to you.' * * * * With that he gave me his faithful hand, and grasped mine as firmly as ever. * * * * Mrs. Arndt keeps up with her naturally strong character, but she keenly feels it all. His dear remains look beautiful, as he lies there in his velvet coat, with a laurel wreath (made by your sisters and F.'s girls) round his white head, many other beautiful wreaths covering him. Mrs. Arndt likes to gaze at him, and to show him to those who wish to impress the beloved features once more upon their memory. Karltrév arrived last night from Trier; and the burial is to take place to-morrow. The Rector and Senate (of the University) have undertaken the arrangement of the funeral. From Nanna, also, a letter has been received; she is somewhat better. Were she in good health, she would be the best support of her mother. The poor old lady will have still to live through many hard and bitter experiences."

When I visited Bonn last year, I found Mrs. Arndt very infirm, although still keeping up bravely. Only one son was with her,—her two eldest having died since her husband's death, as well as her daughter, who outlived her father but a few months. Mrs. Arndt's own death took place this year (1870). She lived to the last in Arndt's house, which, as well as the garden, looked quite as of old. They were however purchased by a national subscription soon after Arndt's death, so as to be preserved in remembrance of him. A magnificent statue, by Afinger, is placed on the "Alte Zoll;" it faces the Rhine, that noble river which Arndt had so strongly vindicated as Germany's stream—not her frontier.

THE BURIAL OF NAPOLEON I.

THE following particulars of the burial of the Emperor Napoleon I, at St. Helena, though perhaps familiar to some, may be read with a revived interest at the present time. A few days ago they were related to me by a carpenter in Cape Town, who fifty years ago was an apprentice in the Island, and who assisted in preparing the Imperial coffin.

The corpse of the Emperor was carefully embalmed, and lay in state at Longwood, dressed in the well-known green uniform with its many decorations, long jack-boots, cocked-hat, and sword. The heart was enclosed in a silver vase, and placed between the knees. The first coffin was of tin, and lined with white satin. This was encased in another of polished Honduras mahogany. The third coffin was of lead, enclosed in a fourth of Spanish mahogany. It was upon the second of these coffins that my informant was engaged, and he still possesses part of the plank from which it was cut. The grave was dug ten feet deep, and as the ground was wet and swampy two dwarf walls were built up at the bottom; across these, iron bars were laid, on which the coffin rested. Dwarf walls were again built up on each side of the coffin; these also supported iron bars, on which a stone slab was placed, so that the coffin lay in a dry roofed chamber of masonry and iron work. The grave was filled in with lime, stones, and earth, and a plain flat stone without inscription alone marked the exiled hero's resting place.

When the body was to be removed in 1840, instead of attempting to dig down through the concrete mass which filled the grave, a shaft was sunk at the side at some little distance, and a tunnel run along till the coffin was reached. When the coffins were opened, the body was found to be perfect, with the exception of the tip of the nose. The outer wooden coffin was broken up, and the fragments distributed among the crews of the three French vessels engaged in removing the remains to France. Of the second sepulture in a temporary niche nearly under the dome of the Hotel des Invalides in Paris, or the final entombment still later in the magnificent Mausoleum right under the same great dome, honoured as it is by the commemorative and attendant statues of the greatest Marshals of France, from Turenne downwards, it is unnecessary to speak.

J A. H.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THE only point of our original programme in which we feel that we have come short of our engagement to the public is the promised Literary and Scientific Review of new publications from month to month. During the past six months we have in this respect done what we could ; and whatever shortcomings we plead guilty to, we attribute to a very agreeable and satisfactory cause, viz., the admirable bounty of our correspondents in contributing articles of far greater interest than any merely critical notices we ourselves could furnish, and for which we have accordingly been scrupulously anxious to furnish room. There are several points, however, on which we would have liked to say our say in this number if space permitted. Besides the many new books of recent publication, we would have wished to note something about the remarkable coincidence of the display of *Aurora Australis* and of *Aurora Borealis* in the opposite hemispheres of the earth on the 24th and 25th October last, and their correlation to telegraphic phenomena simultaneously developed, both at the Cape and in Europe. We should also have liked to say something, further, on the admirable address delivered a few days ago by the new Astronomer Royal, Mr. Stone, F.R.S., at the South African College, and whose accession to the ranks, or rather at the head, of Colonial workers in the cause of Science, and for the diffusion of general and high-toned knowledge, we very heartily welcome. The limits of printers' space, however, are almost as inexorable as those of fate, and we must accordingly submit to silence.

The following note from Professor Guthrie speaks for itself :

" Allow me once more to trespass on your space so far as to explain my meaning more fully, as X seems not yet to have quite understood me.

" Having *defined* equality of magnitude, I could not *assume* it to be a case of logical equality. The express object of A 1, C 2 was to show that mathematical equality, *as there defined*, was logical equality also, *i.e.*, that the predicate was co-extensive with the subject. In my choice of axioms and definition I may have erred ; but having so chosen, I had no other course.

" Yours, very truly,

" F. GUTHRIE."

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

IN ROME.

NOTES OF A COLONIST'S SOJOURN.

IN TWO PARTS.

I.

THOUGH her ancient glories have dwindled and her supremacy has ceased to be, Rome still holds sway over the hearts and fancies of mankind. No other city tempts so many wanderers within its bounds, and casts such a spell over the minds of those who once sojourned there. Athens may boast greater perfection of surroundings in mountain, sky, and sea, and greater beauty of architectural relics in sunburnt marbles and pillared temples. Paris may point exultantly to her gorgeous palaces and her *riant* streets, now, alas, in such dire peril of destruction. Naples, Venice, Genoa, and Florence have all their own individual and undisputed charms. But Rome alone claims from all men and all minds unstinted homage. Again and again, with unslacking ardour, the traveller turns his footsteps Rome-ward. The eagerness which I felt in 1862, when first I entered the Eternal City, was as nothing to the ecstasy with which in '69 I passed once more across the Tiber and stood again in silent rapture under the dome of St. Peter's.

Rome is so many-sided a place that it would be vain in the compass of the space at my disposal to convey all the impressions formed during a two months' residence there. A few passing pictures of scenes which most attracted me are all that I can venture to give.

Writers have agreed to regard Rome under its two aspects, as Imperial and Papal; as Past and Present; as Pagan and

Christian. Many prefer the one to the disparagement of the other. Dickens, strangely enough, cared little for the Rome of the Church, but found infinite pleasure in the Rome of the Cæsars. To my mind both are equally attractive, whether regarded from a scenic or a moral point of view. If the spectacle of Rome, the mistress of the world, was a sublime one, surely the spectacle of Rome, the centre and metropolis of Christendom, is no less majestic and affecting. The influence of the Vatican is no less far-spreading and world-embracing than was that of the Capitol or the Palatine.

When one who has dwelt there looks back to Rome, it comes before the mind as a city of narrow, unpaved streets, of high irregular houses, of innumerable churches, and of countless priests; as a medley of dull and ugly façades hiding magnificent interiors; of decaying palaces, filled with the finest masterpieces of art; of other palaces a-blaze with marbles and gay with frescoes; of beggary and squalor lurking amidst ruined temples, or basking luxuriously in stately gardens and spacious squares; of fountains, whose crystal waters sparkle everywhere in the sunshine; of stinks, whose pungency it is quite impossible to avoid; a city of strange contrasts and vivid colouring, yet shadowed, so to speak, by the vastness of its memories and the solemn presence of its Church.

Of that Church, as the most conspicuous feature of Modern Rome, let me speak first. Few writers are a day in the city without making one pilgrimage. From the Corso, the Babuino, and the Pincio—quarters most favoured by the foreigner—we pass down the Via Condotti, a curved and narrow street, where pedestrians are kept in a continual state of excitement by the fear of being overdriven. Shops full of rare Roman jewellery, exquisite mosaics, cameos, marble models, plaster copies, and imitation pearls, line the way. Banks of noble nosegays hem in crowded comers. Beggars beset the carriages. Baggy-breeched Zouaves swarm at every turn. Vendors of savoury messes add to the all-pervading odours. Along the parapet that skirts the Tiber, whose brown waters move sluggishly along, peasants and children lie outstretched, or lazily munch beans,—the very incarnation of sloth. We cross a bridge flanked on either side by pedestals bearing colossal statues of the Apostles, carved in marble three centuries ago. Above us towers a vast circular mass of masonry, unbroken by an aperture, built eighteen centuries ago by Hadrian for his tomb, and now converted into a fortress. Under its frown-

ing walls chestnuts are being roasted peacefully enough, and many maimed, blind, and halt lie in wait for alms.

More fountains splashing,—oh! so pleasantly, in the sunlight; shops full of images, charms, and saintly relics; the appearance of a vast edifice in front crowned by a swelling dome. We are surely in fairyland. Around stretches a forest of pillars, 284 in all, enclosing a majestic piazza. From the centre shoots into the air a tall Egyptian obelisk. On either side a fountain—surely the loveliest in the world—spurts joyously into the sunshine a rainbow-tinted jet of spray. We descend and walk slowly through this enchanted place, round which the shadow of the obelisk travels gnomon-wise daily. Above these encircling colonnades are ranged tall statues of all the Church's saints, while crowning the façade before us—150 feet above our heads—stand colossal effigies of Christ and the Apostles.

Ascending the broad and well-worn steps, and passing through a lofty portal, we reach a magnificent vestibule, large enough and rich enough in its ornamentation to be mistaken for the church itself. At either end mounted figures of Constantine and Charlemagne close the vista: 468 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 60 feet high, this marble-clad hall is a fitting approach to the basilica. Shut your eyes for a moment as you lift the heavy leathern curtain and step within. Now open them. Before you in all its solemn vastness and dreamy splendour spreads "the most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the use of religion." So most truthfully spake Gibbon a century ago.

There are those, nor are they few, who affect to sneer at the architectural qualities of St. Peter's, and to decry its excellence. I am not one of them. To my senses it is the most religious of edifices. It uplifts and yet subdues one by its vastness and its harmony. A solemn hush seems ever to pervade it, as though passionate words could never be spoken there. No outer sounds penetrate its depths. The voices of the priests or of the choristers in any of the chapels are only heard as a musical hum in the far distance. I had long looked forward with unutterable longing to the moment when I should introduce my companion to the ennobling influences of this majestic temple. Remembering my own sensations eight years previously, I wanted to see what effect the first experience of St. Peter's would have on another South African mind. The result more than bore out my previous impression and expectation. Awed and silent we trod that marble pavement, traversed these vaulted aisles, and stood under that soaring dome. With hearts full

of reverence and worship, we English Christians bent before the marble shrine of the martyred apostle, and lingered under that marvellous canopy,—

“Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing,
. . . Swelled vast to Heaven.”

St. Peter's is a place of which one never tires; throughout its precincts perfect repose reigns. No change of climate is ever felt within these massive walls. On days when the Tramontana was blowing fiercely and no warmth was to be got out of the smouldering embers which filled our cheerless fire-place, we were wont to spend hours in St. Peter's in mere enjoyment of its delicious atmosphere. In summer, when the sun blazes hotly without, its cool shades are equally as pleasant. Space, air, harmony of form and colour, ennobling associations, musical echoes of choral sounds mellowed by the vaulted distances of the building, an ineffable sense of satisfaction with the surroundings of the moment, are among the never-failing enjoyments of this glorious edifice. There are times of rarer gratification, however. Go there on a festal day. By eight in the morning the central nave is already filled with a motley throng. Peasants from the Campagna and the hills are there in crowds. Evil-looking men from the purlieus of the city, who look capable of any crime, haunt the aisles. To all the cathedral is open. No beadle bars the way; no policeman waves a barefooted beggar back. At nine o'clock the crowd is numbered by tens of thousands, yet there is no bustling, so vast are the proportions of the building. The clangour of a martial band rings through the church, and heralds the advent of two or three regiments, who march up the nave, and form a line two deep on either side. More music is heard, and a great procession enters. Ecclesiastics in every garb, officials clad in liveries of every colour, texture, and cut; hundreds of mitred bishops, followed by a group of cardinals, ambassadors, and princes, all in the robes and costumes of their order; lastly, a chair borne aloft on the shoulders of men in mediæval attire, bearing on a gilded throne the Pontiff of the Catholic World, the venerable successor of St. Peter. Pio Nono is a man of portly presence and kindly countenance, with a bright, intelligent eye. These processional exhibitions are said to be much disliked by him, and the expression of his face seemed to indicate considerable discomfort. As he is borne along, the armed soldiers fall on their knees, and the multitude of

spectators bend low as the Holy Father blesses them. Some time elapses ere the Pope has traversed the building from end to end, and been enthroned under the Confession of St. Peter's, overshadowed by the hangings of crimson velvet hung with bullion, that drape the upper end of the basilica on festal occasions.

Of the three hours that follow, it were vain to speak. A high ceremonial mass is a complex performance not easily describable. There are prayers, prostrations, genuflections; there are chauntings, intonings, and incensings; there are changes of celebrants, invocation of relics, and disrobing of His Holiness the Pontiff. Exquisite music is warbled from a latticed choir. Clouds of sweet incense float around the high altar, and enwreath the bronzed and gilded columns of the lofty baldacchino. At other altars in the side chapels mass is also being celebrated, and the murmur of multitudinous prayers mixes with the hum of the ever-shifting multitude. Suddenly the tinkling of silver bells is heard, the chief celebrant is seen uplifting the golden casket of the Host, the soldiers, who have stood inertly like wooden figures until this moment, fall prostrate on their knees, and fling their arms upon the floor, and all the rest kneel reverently while the solemn invocation proceeds. Nothing in the experience of Divine worship can exceed the awful solemnity of this sudden silence, nor the exalted enthusiasm which succeeds when the silver trumpets and the unseen choir peal forth a jubilant chorus.

During Lent, the Friday vesper services in the chapel of the choir attract large concourses of listeners. Nowhere else have I heard such divine strains as those poured forth by the choir of the Cathedral on these occasions. Grey-haired men are seen singing with the sweetness of seraphs. For nearly two hours the ear seems listening to the music of another world. By the time the service—all its complicated parts executed with the precision of clock-work—is over, darkness is creeping on, and as one dreamily passes out into the main body of the edifice, its heights and depths, crossed and softened by shadows, seem more majestic than ever. The firefly-like lamps that have burnt incessantly for centuries around the Apostle's tomb gleam brightly in the gloom, and the whole scene "breathes religion."

There are 300 other churches in Rome, and each has some one or other distinguishing characteristic. Some are dingy with age or decayed under neglect. Some seem seldom, if ever, entered by a worshipper. But in all there are rare art treasures, and the evidences of past devotion. Many

vie with St. Peter's in the magnificence of the polished marbles that line the walls and surround the shrines. It is this profusion of real marble that first strikes the stranger fresh from the naked simplicity and cold plainness of Protestant churches. I am one of those who think that art and riches cannot be better expended than in decorating the temples of Christian worship. Outside the walls of Rome is a basilica dedicated to St. Paul. One of the earliest churches was here built over the supposed burial-place of the Apostle. After fifteen centuries of service this edifice was burnt down in 1823. The present structure has been erected in its place by the joint contributions of the different Catholic sovereigns and princes. It alone is worth visiting Rome to see. On either side of the nave two rows of polished granite columns divide the aisles. Every square foot of the walls and the ceiling is covered with marbles, mosaics, and paintings. The canopy over the altar is upheld by pillars of oriental alabaster; portraits of all the Popes, done in mosaic, each taking a year to execute, surround the cornice. Outside, the building looks like a barn. Inside, it transcends, by its splendour of decoration, all description. In this respect the Catholic Church differs much from Protestantism, whose architects too often lavish all their efforts on the exterior.

There are other respects in which English Christians may take example from Roman Catholics. There is perfect freedom in all their churches to all classes. No pews or benches crowd their interiors. The prince or the peasant, equally, can help himself to one of the rush-bottomed chairs that are piled up in some convenient corner, and place it where he likes. The doors are ever open, not shut inhospitably at all but stated times. Whenever impulse or opportunity may lead a worshipper to church, its doors are open and its priests are in attendance. The portal of St. Peter's, full as it is of priceless treasures, is never closed. No ostentation of millinery marks attendance at mass. The Roman ladies of all ranks when they visit church are clad in black dresses and veiled. Once I saw a ragged beggar, who in England would have been turned contemptuously from the door, enter a church where an Irish monk was preaching, and take his seat in a front row of seats, where highborn English ladies were outspreading their velvets and satins. Whatever others may say to the contrary, I never saw any irreverence or levity exhibited by Roman church-goers of any order.

Another glimpse into a church interior before I pass on to other aspects of the city. It is the feast of St. Clemente,

one of the most ancient celebrities of the calendar. On this occasion the subterranean church, recently excavated, is lit up and opened to the public. Wandering through these dim and fusty vaults, it is hard to realize that one is present in what is probably the oldest Christian Church. Below this, however, there has lately been discovered an older edifice still, which is believed to be a Roman building of the republican or imperial period, used for purposes of Christian worship by the first converts. The darkness down here is intense, and one is glad to escape to the airier aisles of the upper, though still underground, church, where queer, stiff figures done in mosaic may yet be traced upon the walls.

After inspecting such evidences of the early existence of the Faith, one is well prepared to enjoy the intellectual treat that follows, when Father O'Burke ascends the marble pulpit, brought up from the church below, and discourses upon the history and associations of these ancient temples. Of all preachers I have heard, this lean Irish monk is at once the most eloquent and the most logical. Though full of the fervour of his race, his rhetoric seldom becomes florid, but is rigidly kept within classical and studied bounds. His reasoning is clear and compact; his sarcasm severe, though measured; his delivery cool and yet intense. Such intellectual treats as were his discourses I have never had before or since. On this occasion the theme and the surroundings were worthy of the man. Long before the appointed hour the marble enclosure of the choir was filled by eager English-speaking listeners, who helped themselves to the rush-bottomed chairs provided for their use, and got the best place they could for a comfortable enjoyment of the good Father's oratory. Presently he appeared—a tall lank figure, clad in the white flannel gown and black cord of his fraternity, crowned by a worn, melancholy face, young in years, but yet worn by thought and feeling. Ascending the old marble pulpit where fifteen centuries ago, at a time prior to the Dark Ages, some fiery denouncer of the growing corruptions of the Church may have stood, the preacher started at once, without prayer or preface. He began by recalling the supreme associations of the place, beginning with the earliest existence of the Christian Church in Rome, when Clemens Flavius and his household met secretly with the Apostles to worship the Christian's God in the subterranean chamber below. Roman Consul, Senator, Patrician, but yet one of the first martyrs for the Faith, this man's life in itself afforded a fine theme for

an orator. With him, however, lie buried his nephew, Clement, 3rd. Pope of Rome, Ignatius of Antioch, and Servullius—the beggar whose soul was, according to tradition, received by miraculous manifestation into Heaven, while he sate in the cloister outside. Two of these saints were given to beasts in the Coliseum, another was thrown into the Black Sea. All these incidents were told in graphic language by the fervid father, who, beginning with a beautiful description of prayer—its institution, divine purpose and mystic meaning, painted in fine language the devotions of the early Christians in that buried city, and amidst the scenes then surrounding us. The four saints whose death we were commemorating represented, he said, the apostolicity, the papacy, the episcopacy, and the catholicity of the Church. He lauded the Church's care for the poor through all ages, and inveighed in words of bitter sarcasm against the contempt of poverty in England. Considering that a large portion of his listeners were English Churchmen, his invectives against what he called the Pharisaic attributes of Protestantism—such as the closing of church doors at all but stated times; the purchase and appointment of church-room by and for the rich; the separation of religion from the pursuits of week-day life—were as bold as they were scathing. It is impossible, indeed, for a candid mind to avoid making comparisons on these points, which are not favourable to systems of worship in England, and the idea often occurred that it would do all English Protestants good to hear Catholicism expounded, not from their own pulpits, and their own point of view, but from its own priests and under the solemn influences of its own resplendent and venerable shrines.

Sermons of such a character are sure to be patiently listened to, especially as they are delivered apart from any service to audiences untired by a long preceding ritual. Prayer, praise, lessons, and preaching are not all heaped on together in Roman churches, and I cannot but think that the result is more patient and faithful attention to each. When Father Burke vanished from his marble rostrum, the shades of evening were beginning to fall, but most of the congregation lingered, strolling about the edifice. Presently the Prior of the order of Irish Dominicans, to whom the church belongs—Father Mullooly—entered the apse, followed by a long train of monks, who ranged themselves round the semicircular tribune and chaunted vespers most beautifully to the delicious strains of an organ in some unseen loft. In the centre, sitting in a marble chair worn

by many centuries of use, was the beaming Prior, in aspect a very image of benevolence, stout and rubicund as needs be, but singing as heartily as any of the rest. Daylight faded; dark shadows crowded into the church; the feeble light of a few tapers gleamed fitfully on the forms of that cowed and shaven concourse; the musty air of the ancient basilica beneath crept into the place; the golden caskets containing the bones of the martyrs glittered in the light of the altar candles; the monotonous cadences of the chaunts rose and fell dreamily through the edifice; all modern life seemed for the time extinct, and it took no stretch of fancy to suppose oneself back in the middle and monastic ages.

Multiply and vary such scenes indefinitely. Now an Italian priest pouring forth a torrent of rhetoric amid the blazing marbles of the Jesu; now a priest carrying the jewel-laden Bambino in a carriage to the bedside of some dying child, and all the street-goers in the Corso kneeling reverentially as the sacred image passes; now a vision of old women, and young boys, and strong men, toiling tediously on their knees up the holy staircase, while an organ above inspires their zeal with cheering strains; now a sickening glance at the faded frescoes on the walls of St. Stefano Rotondo, representing with horrible fidelity, in life-size portraiture, the sufferings of the early martyrs; now a pilgrimage to Michael Angelo's great impersonation of Moses, whose face of majesty is made grotesque by the protrusion of two horns from the else king-like countenance;—a never-ending inspection of church interiors, no one of which deserves omission, and all so fraught with the offerings of wealth and art, that they almost cease to charm,—these are amongst the recollections, borne back by strangers, of Rome Ecclesiastical.

Thirty years ago, the Roman Carnival was one of the sights of Europe. Now it may be witnessed to greater advantage in almost any large Italian city than in Rome. Last year the better class of Romans marked their disapproval of the Papal rule by abstaining from participation in the sports of the festival. Still it was a sight worth seeing. When the narrow length of the Corso, walled in as that street is by lofty palaces and houses, is tricked out in the gold and crimson draperies that hang from every balcony and window, it presents a gay and festal vista such as the eye can scarcely see elsewhere. But to see those windows and balconies, about four of the afternoon, crowded with fair faces, bedecked with bright dresses and brighter eyes, to see that roadway thronged with an ever-shifting mass of

figures clad in the grotesquest and gaudiest costumes; to watch the perpetual cannonading kept up between people above and people below, each hurling at the other handfuls and scoopfuls of powdery confetti, that burst when they touch you; to note the carts and carriages filled with motley groups in strange fancy costumes; to mark how the fairest eyes look out for the bravest forms, and deal out to such most mercilessly their tiny avalanches of lime; to hear the laughter, the screams, the shouts, the ceaseless din of innumerable voices all at work together, and to find through all no trace of angry feeling, no glance of angry eye,—is to witness a scene which, albeit foreigners contribute so largely to its aspects, is nevertheless one which words are feeble to describe.

On the last day of the Carnival, after all the processions and the confetti-throwing, and the bouquet-hurling, and the horse-racing—barbs tied to the tail doing the work of jockeys—are over, all the population go again into the Corso, after night prevails, bearing lighted tapers, and for an hour or two amuse themselves with trying to blow out those held by others. This pastime is also joined in by the occupants of the balconies, so that the long street seems ablaze with monstrous and numberless fireflies. Woe to the wight who wears at this time a tall hat, as he will be made literally, as was the writer, the butt of all the dead bouquets that have accumulated during the week. Oxford undergraduates at Commemoration are not more merciless towards the wearer of a white hat—no, nor half so—than is the Roman populace towards the hapless owner of a black one in the night when the *moccoli* are paraded.

After all these twinkling tapers have suddenly vanished, as they do when the clocks strike half-past seven, all good Roman households betake themselves to supper, and bury the memory of the Carnival in a rare carouse. As Lent, with its forty days of abstinence, begins with the morrow, it may be imagined with what zest this banquet is enjoyed. Lodged in the fourth floor of a private house in the Babrieno we had an opportunity, not always enjoyed by English sojourners, of participating in this festival. Returning tired and hungry from our rambles, we were feasted right royally by our simple-minded but kindly-hearted “padrona,” whose pride in the abundance of the repast was only equalled by his plump old sister’s delight in our enjoyment of it.

The three chief streets of Rome converge with such exactitude towards one centre—the beautiful Piazza del Popolo—that the Egyptian obelisk springing from the middle

of it terminates the vista of each. Beyond rises the massive and sculptured gateway of Michael Angelo ; but not thither do we direct our steps. Turning to the right, by broad and sloping walks, zigzagging gently up the hill, guarded by marble balustrades, and skirted by garden shrubs, we ascend to Monte Pincio. This is the Hyde Park of Rome. Small in extent, art has done its best for the place in vegetation, fountains, statues, obelisks, and antique relics of the past. In no part of the city does the gay present so jostle the grave past. At one corner you look down the lofty walls of ancient Rome. Pigs are scavengering below ; cattle are tethered in enclosures ; but far beyond these prosaic proofs of modern life, the eye rests on Soracte and the Sabine hills. Glancing round, the roads are thronged by a ceaseless circle of chariots and carriages, and the walks are crowded with promenaders. Here may be seen the most sumptuous toilettes in Europe. Royalties and nobilities innumerable here take their airing. Energetic republicans from the far West swarm everywhere. Papal Zouaves in baggy breeks stroll jauntily through the crowd, and by the variety of their speech testify to the catholicity of the Church and the loyalty of her children. Dark-robed priests glide more stealthily about, with keen eyes, watchful of all that passes. Tourists armed with the veritable Murray, and gestures indicative of a desire to take it all in a hurry, impart a matter-of-fact air to the brilliant scene. After the military band has fairly started, the crowd gets denser and the conflict of tongues more deafening. The carriages are so thick that they can only move at foot's pace. Many a fair face may be seen holding court with a legion of cavaliers around. Probably in no other city is such an assemblage to be seen within so small a space, as this which gathers here twice weekly during the season.

A murmur—a movement—a hush—and all of the crowd that are on foot, with few exceptions, uncover and fall upon their knees. The good old Pope has come for his wonted constitutional. Emerging from his scarlet coach, with its three sentries behind—an antique edition of the Lord Mayor's chariot—His Holiness walks briskly along, attended by a goodly group of cardinals and priests. In his long white cassock and scarlet hat he looks a fine old gentleman, tall, portly, and with an eye full of intelligence and kindness, well worthy to be, what he is no longer, a sovereign pontiff. As he goes along with three fingers uplifted he mutters blessings upon his prostrate children, who, whatever they may think of his rule, seem fond enough of the man.

The Holy Father has walked vigorously once round the gardens, and been driven off in accustomed state. The sun is hanging low over St. Peter's, whose dome looms grandly in the west. Let us step on to the projecting parapet and gaze our fill of this glorious city. At this time of the day it undergoes a transfiguration. No sunshine that I have seen anywhere equals the marvellous glow which precedes a Roman sunset. At our feet spreads the circular space of the Piazza with its central obelisk, telling us of Rhamses who first raised it, and Augustus who brought it hither; with its groups of fountains overshadowed by marble statuary; with its four churches, and its attendant palaces, all harmonious and befitting. Beyond shimmer the yellow waters of Father Tiber, across whose banks the majestic piles of St. Peter's and the Vatican tower under the Janiculum. Round southward stretches the modern city, a confused but picturesque mass of domes, spires, columns, roofs, and towers, not marked, as would be an English town, by a dull and wretched uniformity, but so full of individuality in detail that a day might easily be spent in studying it. Further yet the accustomed eye catches suggestive peeps of bits of architecture, which tell it that there, in more remote seclusion, are the vestiges of Ancient Rome. Amidst the multitudinous crosses that gleam from Christian churches may be seen the low cupola of the Pantheon with its tale of twenty centuries. Through all rises the hum of many sounds—behind, the brave strains of the band, the gay clatter of the multitude—in front, the murmur of the busy city and the tolling of countless church bells calling worshippers to vespers; over all, the ineffable splendour of the sunset, and the grandest associations that history can recall! No wonder that Rome is still more than ever the shrine of the world's pilgrimage.

All great Italian towns may be called cities of palaces, and it is but fitting that Rome should more especially deserve that title. You meet palaces everywhere, overshadowing narrow streets, with the designs of Palladio, Bramante, or Bernini. They are all more or less alike. Ground floors with windows heavily barred, and often let out to shopkeepers, mechanics, or restaurateurs. Upper floors let out into apartments. Rare old pictures yet hanging on the mouldy walls, or fragments of sculpture lurking in lonely corners. Some of them are still kept up by their princely owners in considerable state. The Borghese is a huge pile, with probably the finest private gallery in the world—thirteen spacious saloons containing eight hundred masterpieces of art. In the Barberini, you may gaze for hours upon the

unspeakably pathetic beauty of the Beatrice Cenci. In the Colonna there is a vast saloon lined with painted mirrors, in its way more brilliant than anything in the Louvre. Pompey's colossal form towers above one in the Spada, and one thinks with some amount of awe that at its base—

“Which all the while ran blood,
Great Cæsar fell.”

But without naming more of the seventy-five private palaces that are enumerated by the Guide-book, let us go to Monte Cavallo where, in front of a colossal group, in which the handiwork both of Phidias and Praxiteles is recognized, stands the Quirinal. Since the Pope was besieged there in 1848, he has not occupied this magnificent pile, formerly the pontifical abode. All, however, is just as he left it, and you wander through its endless saloons and galleries with a sad sense of desolate weariness. A more pleasing stroll is that through the contiguous gardens, where one is lost amidst a maze of tall close clipt hedges and a bewildering succession of sparkling fountains. Below there is a wonderful grotto, where an organ is played by water-power, near an allegorical group, representing Vulcan in his smithy, and where, when a tap is turned, the visitor is enveloped in the spray of innumerable unseen water jets.

But beyond all these stands supreme, the very throne of art here in Art's capital, the Vatican. You enter this marvellous museum by one of two magnificent staircases, both leading out of St. Peter's; the chief of eight other splendid flights and of two hundred smaller ones. Around you, under one roof, spread more than 4,000 rooms. All that taste and money could do to enshrine art fittingly has been done here. Long, cool, arched corridors, lined first by mortuary inscriptions from the Catacombs, and then by busts dug up out of the dust of buried cities, gradually lead you to, and prepare you for, the marble glories beyond. Among this vast throng of cold white faces, there is one, undistinguished by any special prominence, but yet so marvellous in its execution and so noble in its character, that few eyes pass it silently. The “young Augustus” alone is worth going to Rome to see. Of the rest it is useless to begin to speak. Are they not known to all reading people! And justly so. What the idea of the carver of the Laocoon might have been none can say; but the lessons his work imparts, of noble contention for others' sake with earth's ills and passion's fires, make it a preacher whose sermons never tire. So too with the Transfiguration, where alone, of

all the pictures I have seen, Christ's face wears the radiance of Divinity.

In wandering through this wilderness of art, one is forced into contrasts between English and Italian ways of doing things—by no means flattering to the former. Here all the arrangements are delightfully harmonious. There is no crowding, no incongruity. Air and light, sufficient yet subdued; space, coolness, and perfect cleanliness prevail throughout. The finer works are left to speak for themselves with nought to distract the eye. The Transfiguration, for instance, has a wall to itself, and like other great pictures in Rome, is hanged, so as to catch the best light. What disappointed us most, and the experience is a common one, though not always admitted, was the Sixtine Chapel. To an artist the details of the Last Judgment are, as we could see from the ecstasies of a little French painter, enchanting, but the whole vast performance seems fragmentary and unpleasing, while the overruling figure looks aught but godlike. In the minor frescoes on the ceiling and the walls there are figures and faces that one would fain see more easily than is possible at such an angle and altitude.

Like all else in Rome, the Vatican grows upon one. You go there again and again with ever deepening desire. In these halls and corridors, silent but unchallengeable witnesses carry conviction to your mind of the truth of history. Inscriptions over the tombs of the first Christians; busts taken from life of Greek philosophers and Roman Emperors; porphyry baths brought from ancient Egyptian tombs; manuscripts written when our present era was in its infancy; mosaic representations of the Dark Ages; bronze figures in which the gilt of Hadrian's artificers yet gleams brightly; sarcophagi in which the bodies of the Ptolemies may have reposed; stiff angular paintings which bespeak the rise of art before Perugino; walls on which the sublime fancy of Raphael and his pupils has depicted the birth of philosophy and the arts; these and a hundred like evidences link one to the world's past, and fill into one's life just that background of retrospection in which colonial associations are so deficient.

SOUVENIRS DU CAP.*

By the merest accident we have come across this work, which, from a French point of view, conveys a most striking and original impression of life in a colony. The book, although four years in print, has hitherto been a sealed volume to the Cape public. It has apparently been written for the express purpose of making known in France something of a colony which, as the preface states, "by its antiquity, its physical characters, and the diversity of human races which it contains,—by the different *régimes* to which it has been submitted,—the curious events of which it has been the theatre,—the progress which it has made in the science of colonization,—and by the remarkable degree of development which agriculture and trade have there acquired, deserves in more than an ordinary degree to fix the attention of the economist, the geographer, the ethnologist, and the historian!" Naturally, as was to be expected from the author, the style is lively, the sketches graphic, and there is a studied moderation in the expression of adverse opinions, which is the rarest quality in a foreign traveller, and especially a Frenchman abroad!

After a voyage of five weeks, attended by the usual amount of pitching and tossing, sea-sickness and storms, and, as M. Haussmann neatly puts it, "by the consumption of rhubarb tarts, bread-puddings, and boiled legs of mutton, washed down by sherry manufactured in London—four things very dear to Anglo-Saxon palates," our author makes up his mind to plant his foot on our shores, "quite disposed (as he says) to find that all is of the best upon the best of possible land." He therefore approaches us for the first time in that happy frame of mind towards south-easters and the demi-monde, when "the land-breeze which raises these dusty whirlwinds is to us a gentle zephyr, and the Hottentot Venus which advances towards us upon the jetty in the shape of a big and fat Mulatto girl, with powerful charms, appears to us as graceful and charming as the Venus of Milo!"

But, of course, he is soon undeceived, and naturally complains of want of organization, centralization, and the usual grievance about police regulations for our markets, supply of meat, &c., &c., before he has been many weeks in town.

* "*Souvenirs du Cap de Bon Esperance*," par A. Haussmann, Ancien Consul de France au Cap. (Auteur du "*Voyage en Chine*").—Clichy Maurice Loignon et Cie.—1866.

The first thing that strikes him is our bad municipal management; and surely nothing can be more true than the following account of our Cape Town streets and their defects of drainage :

“ The streets of Cape Town are regularly laid out,—very long for the most part, and sometimes pretty wide. They cross each other at right angle, but are imperfectly paved, and very badly kept, covered with a thick layer of dust in summer, of mud in winter, and with many nuisances in the way of filth and garbage all the year round, especially in the central parts of the city, where drainage is difficult. . . . The city is lit up with gas. . . . In the old Dutch streets, each house has its stoep,—that is to say, a levée of slabs of stone, wide as a pavement, which is placed before the front of a dwelling, and which is often bordered by a railing or a low wall. It is here that the good citizen of Cape Town, fond of gossip and fresh air, loves to lounge or walk about during the summer evenings for the purpose of observing and keeping himself well posted up in all that occurs in his neighbourhood. These ‘stoeps,’ and the flights of steps to houses, have prevented up to the present the introduction of ‘trottoirs;’ but it is probable that modern civilization will make them gradually disappear, as it has not spared the double rows of fine trees, with which—following the Dutch mode—most of the Cape streets were planted in former times.”

Nor is this all,—for he goes on to say, grumbling :

“ As to regular markets for articles of daily consumption, such as food, fish, fruits, and vegetables, there are none in the city; but at four or five in the morning there is held outside the town, in an enclosed square a little way off from the Castle, a kind of market, where the farmers take their produce, which in general never reaches the consumer except at second hand, and at an advance upon the price. The best provisions are kept for the ships of war, who buy them at a fixed rate. Those destined for city consumption are exposed for sale in the shops of certain butchers, who for the most part get rapidly rich, and who are not submitted to the control of the police. This would be opposed to the ideas of individual liberty which they entertain in an English colony, and especially in that of the Cape, where the maxim of *laissez faire* is practised in all its purity, and with a long-suffering patience that the sellers ought to bless. The vegetables and fruits are sold in stalls of doubtful cleanliness, chiefly in the occupation of Malays. As to the fish, they are delivered partly on the beach, in the full glare of the sun, on the

return of the fishermen; partly in the city, where the Malays carry them about in two-wheeled carts, announcing themselves from afar to their customers by the rough blare and disagreeable noise of a species of tin trumpet."

Who that reads this passage will not at once recall to memory those horrid, dirty fish-carts which at nightfall are so frequently to be met with even now in our streets and suburbs, and the villainous row made by the young imps, who keep on blaring away with lungs of leather upon their battered old tin trumpets as they drive from place to place? What other country but ours would put up with this nuisance for an hour, or its kindred aggravation of hawkers screaming their wares mid ear-splitting cries of "*Kreef! kreef!*" "*Snoek! snoek!*" all the day long, and abstain from giving these annoying vagabonds into the charge of the police? If hurdy-gurdies and brass bands try the temper of poor Mr. Babbage, what would he say to all the noises in full blast around us—day and night—at the Cape?

M. Haussmann appears to have been a diligent attendant upon the Parade sales, and seems to be quite of Dr. White's opinion, that all our epidemics spring from the sale of damaged cargoes, for at page eleven of his "*Souvenirs*," he remarks that "the flour, tea, coffee, and sugar consumed at the Cape are very often the proceeds of damaged cargoes sold at public auction, and are generally of sufficiently bad quality. The unfortunate inhabitants of Cape Town seem condemned to refuse trash." Again: "The means of living are at present very dear at the Cape, which was in former times renowned for the cheapness of everything. Certain Frenchmen settled in this country for over a quarter of a century remember buying an entire carcase of a sheep for 2s. 6d. (3 fr. 10 cent.), which price they now have to pay in 1861 for two kilogrammes. An egg costs at the Cape from two pence to three pence, that is to say, from twenty to thirty centimes; an ordinary pound loaf 3d., a pound of beef from 7d. to 1s.; and everything else in proportion. But whilst in the great cities of Europe one has the satisfaction at least of being generally well served when paying dear, at the Cape one has the two-fold nuisance of paying dear and being very badly served."*

From this it will be seen how much mischief can be done to the reputation of a colony by the grasping policy of our butchers, bakers, and greengrocer tribe, who do—or, at all events, then did—their best, by high prices

* We may just note in passing that the prices for all such articles as are mentioned above are now reduced to about one half.

and incivility; to drive away from our shores some of the very best foreign customers, who might otherwise be disposed to spend their money with us. The French chiefly go to Madagascar and to Mauritius now for much that we can abundantly supply, if we would only take it into our heads to study the comfort and convenience of others. Poultry and live-stock generally could be reared here at remunerative prices, and meet with a ready sale, were it not for that foolish and exclusive system inherited from our Dutch progenitors, which causes us to enhance prices by reducing the quantity offered for sale. There is no earthly reason why Koeberg and Zwartland farms should not produce thousands of fowls and ducks at 6d. a piece, and again make Cape Town the great half-way house of the world. The lethargy of our agricultural people and of the peasantry proper ought long ago to have been dissipated by the steam whistle and the boon of railway communication, had we not been hugging ourselves with illusions, which foreigners cannot be supposed to respect very much, and which look truly ridiculous when set forth in print by duly accredited consuls.

That M. Haussmann can think as well as observe is well shown in page twelve, where he indulges in the following apposite reflections :

“The frequent droughts, the sickness which during some years prevails among cattle, the disproportion which shows itself between farm produce almost stationary and a population increased by a number of emigrants, whom the agency charged with their forwarding in England has done the injury of choosing oftener in the class of artisans and domestic servants, than in that of agricultural labourers, are some of the principal causes of that scarcity and dearth about which the older inhabitants of Cape Town seriously alarm themselves. The wages of servants, house-rent, the price of horses, have followed the ascending scale of those of the commodities of life. The horses of the Cape, so highly esteemed by connoisseurs, and of which the origin is due to a cross between the English and the Arabian, could formerly be supplied in any numbers, and be reared at a very low figure. From £15 to £20 sterling was the price of a good saddle-horse. You now pay from £35 to £50. The purchases made at the Cape for the Indian army by the Remount Agency, temporarily established in the Colony during the Sepoy Mutiny, took out of the Cape five thousand excellent horses. There is now a deficit which will be felt for some time, and which will considerably raise the price.”

Our author dismisses most of our public buildings and churches with a few words of dignified contempt, making especial fun of that nondescript edifice in Hottentot-square, which he thinks will always look theatrical, and which he is surprised to hear is now dedicated to Saint Stephen. He is, however, greatly pleased with our Library and the Botanic Gardens, and wishes every French colony were equally well supplied with such pleasant places of recreation.

“The most remarkable building of Cape Town is, without contradiction, that which encloses the Museum and the Library. It is a vast structure of an elegant architectural design, with peristyle; but of which the façade—still unfinished at the moment when we are writing these lines—requires additional funds, which the Colonial Parliament has only lately most obstinately refused. This building, which stands between the Cathedral and the Botanic Gardens, abuts upon the last. On entering by the principal doorway, to which a large and beautiful flight of steps leads you, the visitor finds himself in a sort of vestibule, decorated with some pictures and statues. To the right is placed the Library, whilst the Museum occupies the left wing of the building. Let us commence by visiting the Museum :

“Above some glass-cases devoted to birds and the lesser quadrupeds are placed trophies of Kafir and Hottentot weapons. At the bottom of the hall, behind hippopotami, zebras, lions, and tigers, an almost naked Kafir warrior, armed at all points, and his wife, in the full dress of the country,—that is to say, a little more draped,—attract the visitor’s attention. They are wonderfully lifelike.

“Not far from the apes and the lions, one is surprised to perceive in a glass-case a sort of brown overcoat, or uniform, which the poet Lord Byron wore when serving as an officer in a militia corps. But what somewhat lowers my national *amour propre* is to see ostentatiously displayed between ourang-outangs and crocodiles two enormous boots of a French postilion !

“To take us from the Museum to the Public Library, we have only to cross a hall. Cape Town ought to be proud of its splendid collection of 30,000 volumes which it possesses. What colony is there of ours which is able to offer a similar intellectual feast to its inhabitants and to passing strangers ?

“The reading-room has truly a magnificent appearance. Lighted by large and beautiful windows, of which one half looks upon the Botanic Gardens, it presents to the reader all

desirable comforts. . . . Above the reading-hall extend two long galleries, to which they have banished the Greek and the Latin books ; and at one end is placed a beautiful full-length portrait of the Queen of England, presented by Her Majesty.

“ Some private rooms which are at the end of the Library contain the precious collection of works which the former Governor of the Colony, Sir George Grey, presented with a rare delicacy to his old subjects some time after leaving the Cape. This truly royal gift, which is valued at 300,000 francs, is composed of a certain number of very rare old books, of manuscripts of great price and value, and the whole of a library inherited long ago by Sir George Grey, who, as an ardent and clever collector, has completed it by numerous purchases and acquisitions.”

We must condense our further extracts from this interesting book for fear of flattering our national vanity too much ; but we have nowhere met with a more truthful and graphic account of the Botanic Gardens and its joyous *habitués* than in the following description on page 18. After thanking Mr. Julius Mosenthal and Mr. Goldmann—former Consuls of Austria—for their kindness to the officers of the French Navy who touched at the Cape in 1855-’59, and praising the hospitable manners of merchant dwellers in the Gardens, he proceeds :

“ Any stranger, a simple lover of nature, will find much in the Botanic Gardens wherewith to feast his eyes in the way of rare trees, beautiful flowers, and graceful fountains ; whilst the botanist will there meet with a valuable collection of plants from every quarter of the globe, to study.”

“ Side by side with the gigantic blue-gum tree of Australia rises the magnificent Norfolk Island pine ; close to the palm of the tropics, the banana and the tree of the traveller (*l'arbre du voyageur*) droop their long and massive foliage, and the flowers of Europe, the rose, the lily, and the tulip, flourish side by side with their South African sisters.

“ The width of the Gardens, which is considerable, is not in proportion to its length, but the arrangement of its shrubberies, its flower beds, and its grass-plots has obviated as much as possible all inconvenience. A main central walk divides the Garden in its whole length, and this again is crossed and relieved by a number of shady side-walks in every direction. Several conservatories and one or two good-sized basins filled with aquatic plants produce a very pretty effect. The tired promenader will meet with seats on

every side. It is a wonder, however, if these benches are sufficient on the days when the band of the garrison at Cape Town makes itself heard in the Botanic Gardens, where it has the privilege of attracting once a week numerous amateurs of both sexes. Upon these days the visitor is able to pass in rapid review, both instructive and interesting, the elegant population of Cape Town. However little it may be to his taste to devote his gallant attentions upon the more lovely portion of humanity, his gaze will be entirely taken up by the fair promenaders, who are here the most ardent admirers of open-air music. Some by their graceful style and carriage (*à la désinvolture gracieuse, aux traits vifs et riants, à la riche et brune chevelure, a la mise coquette*), by their arch and lively play of feature, by their wealth of brown hair, by their coquettish get-up, are easily recognized for the charming daughters of the Colony descended from European stock. They belong to the old Dutch families established for many years in the Colony. Others, again, by their more classical though not more elegant air, by their more sedate style of walking, by their more composed and thoughtful features, by their lighter shades of hair, are the amiable daughters of Great Britain,—handsome birds of passage, who have followed either their parents or their husbands to the Cape.

“What especially pleases the eye of the stranger is the beauty of childhood under an African sun. Nothing can be more graceful or more ravishing than the little girls who romp about before him in joyous mirth. Under the beneficent rays of a Cape sun, these fresh and lovely little creatures attain, like the flowers, to a richer and more perfect development than ever they could have done, doubtless, under the pale sun of England and Holland.”

Before concluding our brief notice of M. Haussmann's “*Souvenirs du Cap*,” we must not lose sight of the fact that his work has been especially written for the purpose of showing Frenchmen what people are doing in distant portions of the world in the way of making colonies self-supporting. He does not presume to set us right upon everything. He is keen enough to see what great natural advantages we possess; and if throughout his work he incidentally lets out how very rough and neglected are our roads, how make-shift our bridges, how very much inclined we are to take things easy, he is not unmindful of the very great amount of true liberty that we possess, nor of the undoubted progress we have made in the art of holding our own. Doubtless, more pluck and more capital would spur us on to

more united efforts to reclaim the wilderness, and turn this great country into a worthy province of the mother State ; but in the absence of these, he gives us credit for many social virtues, which can scarcely bloom with equal vigour in colder latitudes, and which are truly racy of our soil. Hear his sapient remarks upon the merits of the English colonist :

“ Some words concerning the Englishman at the Cape. He has a good deal of energy and decision in his ways. You recognize in him the representative of progress—his manner is generally wide-awake. All proclaim in his person that kind of civilized mission with which each intelligent son of free England considers himself as charged in distant countries, and especially in the British colonies. A man of action and of resources—submissive in all his actions to that admirable civil discipline and respect for law, so general among the English, so rare, alas ! among other nations, he never demands from his Government that guardianship—so indispensable to certain colonies. He never demands plans of organization, subsidies from the Treasury, and periodical assistance. He in general is sufficient for his own needs. His energy, his commercial enterprise, his common sense, his untiring activity, stand to him in the stead of capital, when he has none, and ordinarily suffice of themselves to create a career—an honest competency, and often even the attainment of a rapid fortune. If he knows how promptly to procure, and with a wonderful ability, some considerable advantage for himself,—he knows also how to dispense it honourably, and to enjoy the fruit of his labours without indulging, nevertheless, in the expensive follies of outrageous luxury or extravagant vanity. British generosity manifests itself at the Cape on every occasion. Is there any unfortunate to help, any benevolent institution to set going, any practical proof of recognition or public sympathy to be furnished,—at once subscription lists are covered with thousands of signatures. And it is never for trifling sums ; it is by ten pounds and by twenty pounds sterling, that they are in the habit of giving, without either being, for the matter of that, millionaires, or anything like it.

“ The *esprit du corps*, the good feeling between persons of the same profession, the putting aside, more or less sincere, of private interests in the face of the common weal—such are some of the characteristic traits most honourable to the English at the Cape. Neither at home, in private life, nor in trade, any more than in public life, do you ever come across that sad tendency to envy, the jealousy of vain people,

the criticism, slander, calumny, &c., which are, perhaps, in our days, the greatest moral and social curse of other nations. If from the Cape, we turn our gaze upon some little British community established in China, or in South America, we shall there find equality, union, cohesion, and good-will existing among two, three, or four hundred persons, whilst so few as ten or twenty emigrants from some other European country will have much trouble in not giving us a continual spectacle of every species of disunion and of hate. Why then do these magnificent colonial creations of England so surprise us?

“The citizen of Great Britain, with that admirable common sense which is his chief great characteristic, quite understands that the general interest involves, includes, backs up, and always assures his private and particular interests, whilst others too often have done wrong by imagining that their particular interests ought always to be struggling with and be in opposition to the general interest.”

Of course, after all this generous admission of our good qualities, it would be scarcely possible to forbear from giving us also a quiet slap in the face for our impotent and somewhat ridiculous exhibitions of partisanship in the national quarrels of others, and M. Haussmann, with admirable irony, sums up our evil deeds in the following passage:

“The envious and evil characters in an English country are accustomed in managing everything for themselves, to direct principally their bile and jealousy, full of hatred, against the stranger; and we will be able to cite in support of this assertion, and at the same time as an instructive example, the malicious lies and calumnies of which certain newspapers of the Cape lately allowed themselves to be so prodigal against friendly nations and their governments. We also retain a perfect recollection of the eager delight with which the pretended victories that some journals of the Cape attributed in 1859 to the Austrian army over the French army in Italy were welcomed by these publications, and by the majority of our dear and excellent allies in the Colony, great friends of the Italians, who by a single rapid evolution, for all that, were eager to array themselves on the side of the battalions really victorious, and to applaud more or less sincerely their success, according as they became quite convinced that it was the French, and not the Austrians, who were the victors.

“It is this spirit of union which renders *self-government* possible in the majority of English colonies; it is this which

gives to *public meetings* the importance and piquancy which are assured to these sort of reunions—deliberating on details, under all the circumstances in which some great commercial or political question is brought to the surface. It is this same spirit which inspires the speeches by which good humour, the sentiments of friendship or of benevolence, admiration, and the gratitude of the English are allowed expansion in national or public holidays, in great public or private assemblies. It is well to remark, *apropos* of this, that if France is the country of great orators, no other nation possesses more than Great Britain, men capable of expressing in public a sensible opinion in a manner both simple, becoming, clear, and intelligible,—a talent which I have observed at the Cape, even among young people who can have scarcely left school.

“The English have carried to the Cape, as with all their other colonies, the manner and customs of the metropolis. Just as in London, the merchants have their country residences, where they exhibit that perfect sense of rural comfort which distinguishes their compatriots in every country. The English dinner-tables in the Colony are furnished just as in England. The same luxury of silver-plate, the same abundance of viands, roast and boiled,—of vegetables and puddings,—the same custom of neighbours challenging each other by a friendly signal to drink a glass of sherry,—the same habit of passing the bottle in claret and port at dessert,—even the same fashion of ladies rising, and leaving the gentlemen alone after dessert.”

Our author devotes a considerable portion of his work to the description of our mode of amusing ourselves by riding, dancing, pic-nics, &c., and of all of which we are by this time tolerably well tired. He mourns very feelingly over the absence of theatres and places of public amusement, and looks upon public lecturers as benevolent fairies specially sent to us from above to save us from excessive *ennui*. He then has a good word for Masonic Lodges and boarding-houses generally, makes a passing allusion to the good service done to the cause of temperance by old Sergt.-Major Mackay, and has a good deal to say about the gradual blending of the Dutch and English national elements in our heterogeneous population.

Skipping a good deal about the Malays, and their customs, we now pass on to matters, where we must confess we don't quite agree with our worthy Consul, about the noisiness of Cape Town and the fickleness of its proverbially fine climate. He says sourly :

“During the lovely summer evenings—on Saturdays and Mondays especially (for the official calm and dullness, so thoroughly English, of Sunday, necessarily demand a noisy compensation the night before and the day after),—numerous native bands, but especially of Malays, perambulate the streets up to a very late hour, singing to old Dutch airs, and whistling or playing quadrille music on a kind of accordion. It is a real nuisance to a quiet citizen fond of sleep that, to all the noises of the night which happen every moment to disturb his rest, and which combine together to increase his trouble, are to be added the frightful barking and howling of hundreds of vagabond dogs. These animals, which swarm in the streets occupied by the blacks, but which are also frequently without any masters, are sometimes noisy enough to be the means of saving us from the roaring of wild beasts!

“If to these annoyances of Cape Town you add the filthiness of many of the streets, the crying and shrieking of thousands of children, free of all control (for no portion, perhaps, of vigorous boyhood among the lower and middle classes is more vulgar, more noisy, more obstreperous, and more insolent than that at Cape Town), you will still have but a feeble idea of all the nuisances to which a stranger just arrived from Europe will find himself exposed.

“The climate, of which he has heard so much as to its excellence and beauty, will seem thoroughly to give the lie to its reputation. In winter there will be deluging rains, in summer frightful south-east winds, to confine him every now and then to strict seclusion. These winds exercise a most unpleasant action on persons of nervous temperament. They make you feel stiff, dejected, and unable to shake off a certain amount of langour, do what you will! The duration of south-east hurricanes seems submissive to certain mathematical laws. They generally last from three to six days. Far from refreshing the atmosphere, a strong south-easter is often followed by a remarkable increase of heat, caused no doubt by a development of electricity.

“The dust which the summer winds raise is one of the greatest plagues of the Cape. It blinds you—penetrates into your ears, your nostrils, your mouth; you feel it crackling ’twixt your teeth (*vous la sentez craquer sous vos dents*). You try to protect your eyes by means of veils, or large glasses covered with fine gauze, which, although but imperfectly protecting you, fulfils the office of a sieve, and at least prevents the grains of sand and the little pebbles hurled by the wind from injuring your eyes. As to the

houses, they are overwhelmed by clouds of dust ; the doors, the windows, and sashes are well shaken, and they cannot very well do without pegs and bolts to lessen the horrible rattling so especially inconvenient during the night.

“To give an exact idea of the climate of the country, I think I cannot do better than submit to the reader the following table of meteorological observations which I drew up in the year 1859 :

Time of year.			Degrees of heat at noon.	
			Max.	Min.
January ...	4 days of rain.	9 days of wind.	33 deg.	22 deg.
February ...	3 " "	10 " "	30 "	22 "
March ...	1 " "	7 " "	29 "	21 "
April ...	4 " "	7 " "	25 "	17 "
May ...	10 " "	3 " "	24 "	14 "
June ...	11 " "	3 " "	18 "	14 "
July ...	11 " "	2 " "	17 "	12 "
August... ..	14 " "	9 " "	17 "	13 "
September ...	8 " "	7 " "	21 "	15 "
October ...	10 " "	9 " "	25 "	15 "
November ...	7 " "	12 " "	26 "	17 "
December ...	3 " "	6 " "	27 "	22 "
Total ...	84 days of rain.	86 days of wind.		

“I ought to add, that during the four winters that I have passed at Cape Town, I have never seen, even during the coldest nights, the thermometer descend lower than eight degrees above zero. The sudden changes of temperature which characterize the climate of the Cape exercise a grievous influence on the public health. To them are attributed colds, chest complaints, and rheumatism, which are the most common affections of a country whose character for salubrity has been greatly exaggerated.”

After the very convincing tables to the contrary put forth by the Army Medical Returns, and quoted in the article upon “Our Climate” in “The Cape and its People,” it would be like twice slaying the slain to attempt to argue an evident *bon vivant* and tender traveller like M. Haussmann out of his dislike to the air of Cape Town. But, *en passant*, we may state, that he is quite in error in supposing that the Cape citizens are at all shorter lived, or less comfortable, than the town people of either Italy or France, in spite of our many local disadvantages.

Our space warns us to draw this notice to a close. We, therefore, beg to recommend the general reader to procure for himself a book which in a lively and impressive manner sets forth our local, social, and physical peculiarities in sufficient detail to make us blush for our manifold shortcomings. The discoveries of gold and of diamonds may lead to very great changes in our community, by causing thousands of intelligent foreigners to cast in their lot with ours; but they will not succeed in effecting half so much real good as will be produced among us, by our taking careful note of what travellers say of us to their own countrymen, and striving to the best of our native ability to raise this our Cape Colony to the height for which its capital geographical position has so admirably fitted it.

RECENT ECCLESIASTICAL LAW-SUITS.*

THE recent Synodical Meeting of the Dutch Reformed Church has wrought the settlement of two vexed cases of ecclesiastical discipline, which brought the Church into painful collision with the courts of law, and have excited an interest far beyond the limits of South Africa. The party constituting the majority in the Synod has thought it well to imitate the discretion of the French Emperor at Sedan, and after offering as stout a defence as it thought it in its power to do, has laid down its sword with much dignity and grace. We think it has acted wisely in not attempting any open opposition to the verdict of the civil courts. This we say in no spirit of party triumph, for we are looking on from the position of an interested outsider. We should be sorry to see the Church curtailed in the exercise of its rightful spiritual privileges, or subjected to a weight of State control, which, however it may suit the taste of some Christian societies, is foreign to the genius of Presbyterian and Reformed Churches all over the world. It is not unreasonable

* The writer of this article reminds us in a private note, that in our introduction to the first number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* we stated that "we had no intention to exclude the occasional handling of topics involving general politics or ecclesiastical polity, provided only it be conducted in an unobjectionable spirit." We are quite prepared to redeem our engagement. Our contributor in the same note says that he has tried to write in a fair and friendly spirit towards all parties. The tone of his article throughout gives sufficient proof of this. We only add that our contributor writes in every respect as an outsider, whose stand-point, geographically at least, is far removed from that of any of the combatants in the ecclesiastical fray—however warmly and earnestly he feels upon the questions at issue.—Ed. "C. M. M."

that a Christian Church should insist on the right of deciding at ultimate issue who are to constitute its own membership, a claim which involves the sum and substance of Church discipline. Neither, on the other hand, do we think the sacrifice would be great were the Dutch Reformed Church rid of her present State connection, even at the cost of surrendering all her State emoluments. But we think, as many in the Synod seem to have felt, that to attempt any open opposition to the verdict of the civil courts would in present circumstances be premature and useless; that, whatever the action of the Judges may have been, the Church has itself to thank for a good part of its difficulties; that it not only allowed itself thoughtlessly to drift into a scrape which it could easily have avoided, but that having awoke as out of a dream, it finds itself, as to its internal and external relations, in a condition which calls loudly for improvement, and that, therefore, before finding fault with parties outside, it ought to commence by setting its own house in order. If we have interpreted the decision of the Synod rightly, and may accept it as a promise and guarantee of intended steps of enlightened progress in the future, we think the Synod has acted wisely and well.

Looking back from the end of these troubles to their beginning, they remind us of one of those gloomy clouds which sometimes arise unexpectedly to darken the moral, as they do the physical sky, and after lowering for a time dark and threatening overhead, the cloud bursts, and, lo, it descends in a shower of unexpected blessing. We shall proceed to mention one or two of the services which these events seem fitted to render.

The first is what we shall call their educative influence. It is a well demonstrated fact of history that no important principle either of religion or of politics has ever come to be rightly understood until it has been made the matter of keen and prolonged controversy. Opponents of earnestness and ability must take up opposite sides of discussion, and with honest, sturdy blows, winnow out the wheat from the chaff.

Nay, more, if the principles be of a practical kind, they do not become embedded as vital truth in the heart of a people until they have become matter of trial and sacrifice. Now those important politico-religious questions which occupy the border ground of the respective provinces of Church and State are comparatively new in South Africa. They have been exhaustively discussed on the arenas of England, of Scotland, and of Holland, standing out as they do in the history of three centuries on many an impassioned and many

a blood-stained page. They seem to be well understood in the United States. They have, as recent ecclesiastical movements show, been attracting much attention in the Australian and North American colonies. But in South Africa they have seldom been brought forward in any practical bearing. During the discussion of this question a parallel has been frequently looked for between the Synod at the Cape and the Church in Scotland. For our part, we must say the parallel which occurs to us is only the little folding camp-stools which may be seen beside the wagons at many a country *nachtmal*. They are almost identical in make and pattern with that interesting relic so piously preserved in the Scottish National Antiquarian Museum, the stool which Janet Geddes hurled at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh in the Old Church of St. Giles, on Sabbath, July 23, 1637. But since that day the Reformed Churches of Scotland have asserted their liberties on many a well-contested field, while the Reformed Church at the Cape seems only now commencing.

Now it is of no small value, viewed simply as an exercise of mind, that people in this country should be forced to attend to this class of questions. What is the amount of religious liberty that a Christian Church ought theoretically to claim? What is it that lawyers and legislators of the time are disposed to allow? What is it that any given Church by civil enactment actually possesses? And what practical steps ought it to take to secure its rights? It is no evil that men's minds should be long and anxiously concentrated on such questions. It needs no prophet to predict that, as a result of these events in the Dutch Reformed Church, much more attention will be paid throughout her congregations to the details of Church procedure, that her domestic affairs will be brought into much better order, and that her intelligent members will be led to many important reflections, to be treasured up and brought forward as practical rules in years to come. Benefits like these are, to our mind, no bad return for years of anxiety, heavy legal expenses, and even the humiliation of temporary or apparent defeat.

But in referring to the educative utility of these events we look further than the society immediately concerned. These things possess interest for every class of our population; nor are the members of the Bench, the Bar, the Legislature, at all above profiting by the lessons they furnish. If any section of Christians be aggrieved in conscience by the state of the law, the law ought to be altered for their

relief; and apart from any change of law, it is a notable circumstance how, in this class of cases, the minds of Judges, without the least intentional wrong-doing, become biassed by their personal political and religious sentiments. They would probably be more than human beings if it were otherwise. Hence the law reports are not wanting in inconsistent, and sometimes in contradictory, decisions, as will be obvious to any one who takes the trouble to look into the matter. And it is a fair field for the exertions of the Christian Church, and indeed one of its highest duties, to instruct public opinion on all the questions of religious liberty, and disseminate such correct and reasonable views in the mind of the nation as shall tell with effect both on legislation and jurisprudence.

The only other point we shall attempt to notice is the light these late decisions cast on the character and the value of the civil Ordinance under which the Church stands. This notable piece of legislation was entered into twenty-seven years ago with the best intentions by the several parties concerned, and certainly inaugurated for the Dutch Reformed Church what was a great improvement on the state of things which previously existed; but we do not scruple to say it is now a thing out of date, an encumbrance, and a real source of danger to the Church's liberty. It places the Church to which it applies in a really worse position than that of the several other Churches which stand on a free and purely voluntary footing, and that in several respects. In the first place, the Church is subjected to the humiliation of accepting as a favour from the State what natively belonged to it on the broad principle of toleration. Nay, it enjoys less than it would otherwise have had, for its action is cramped and confined within the letter of a legal contract. Examples in point were clearly alluded to by several speakers in the Synod. And further, whether it does or does not give the civil Judge a right to put a finger into the Church's pie, which, apart from the Ordinance he would not have—in the late actions the Judges disowned this right in words, while again it was hinted that it might, after all, be exercised,—the Ordinance at least serves to blind men's eyes on the point, and give a show of right for such interference. We would ask any admirer of this Ordinance, supposing it really did confer any rights and privileges not enjoyed by other Christians in the land, whether this would be a right state of things,—whether it ought to continue, and would be likely to continue with the consent of other bodies of Christians?

We can understand the members of the Dutch Reformed Church greatly fearing the state of confusion and disintegration which would follow the withdrawal of their Ordinance. And it would perhaps be too much to expect that anything shall really be done by the Church itself to get rid of it. Especially the older clergymen, who stood by its cradle, and have spent their life under its shadow, can scarcely do otherwise than think well of it. But whether any action be taken by the Church or no, we are convinced that its term of life cannot be long.

In speaking of the withdrawal of the Ordinance we are naturally led to think of the withdrawal of the ecclesiastical grants. It is not our purpose to discuss the wisdom or expediency of this latter policy, but merely to state how these two things seem to us related to one another. Their connection is very close. Not that there is any logical necessity that, if the Ordinance were withdrawn, the grants ought to cease; but that this is far too good a weapon for the advocates of the Voluntary Bill to overlook. We shall expect to find them meeting any petition of the Church for dispensation from the Ordinance by a steady refusal, until she agree to resign her grants. Without, therefore, presuming to foretell the future, the signs of the times seem to indicate that in a longer or shorter period all these grants shall cease, and that then this ecclesiastical Ordinance, as a thing of the past, will find a decent death and burial.

L. N.

IN THE DESERT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY FIRST JOURNEY."

CHAP. II.

THE fourth of January, 1856, is a day memorable in the annals of our quiet neighbourhood as the beginning of troubles. One of my oxen was reported to me as diseased. I caused it to be destroyed at once, and, to my dismay, a *post mortem* left no doubt that the fatal lung-sickness had commenced its ravages. Precautions were immediately taken to prevent its spread among the few cattle belonging to the natives, but too late to be of any avail. I incurred the odium of having introduced this dreaded disease, and it was only on leaving the country, nearly three years afterwards, that I ascertained that a fatal case had occurred.

before my arrival. The discovery of this fact, which had been carefully concealed from me, afforded me great relief, for it showed that, in this matter at least, I had been "more sinned against than sinning." I had always been at a loss to account for the outbreak of *pleuro-pneumonia* among my cattle, being convinced that it could not have been communicated at any place through which I passed on my journey to the Bath.

A panic seized the people, and all who were able to do so, fled. No wonder, for flocks and herds constitute their sole wealth, and, with the exception of the precarious produce of the chase, their sole means of support. There is no corn in all the length and breadth of that barren land. Thousands of the Bondelzwarts never tasted bread. Milk is the staff of life, and consequently the loss of cattle is the greatest evil which can befall these wandering tribes. Neither is there any coin as a circulating medium. One may literally say: "Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'twas mine, 'tis his;" and alike useless to both. Bereft of cattle, a man is poor indeed.

The annoyance, inconvenience, and loss to which we were subjected, owing to the disease which now raged, will be seen in the sequel. I could not object to any reasonable precautionary measures which were taken; but people in a panic are not always reasonable, and it is not pleasant, under any circumstances, to be placed in quarantine, or "put under the pledge."

Our cattle-post was situated about ten miles from the station, and possessed the advantage of a spring, which, though weak, never entirely failed. Here the chief part of our flocks and herds remained in the care of a couple of Damaras. During the absence of a missionary, several families had persisted in squatting there, and the number of sheep and goats had much decreased. In reply to our demand for an explanation of the extraordinary mortality, we were told of ravening wolves, and assured that all the ills that ovine flesh is heir to had concentrated themselves on our devoted flocks. Had the victims been heard, they would have told another tale. The death-rate fell to a mere trifle per cent. when the squatters were removed. Damara herdsmen are much preferred to those of the Hottentot race, and numbers are found in every part of the country, who have been kidnapped by the Namaquas and are held in slavery by them.

Our chief herdsman, Katchepea, was a stiff, sturdy, and honest man, though appearances were at one time against him. Maggea, his wife, was the very picture of obeseness

and good humour, "a little, round, fat, oily" child of Eve. It was a treat to see her waddle along in all the pride of a clean voerchitz gown, on her periodical visits to the Bath; not so great a treat to come in contact with her person, plentifully dusted as it was with powdered *buchu* leaves, with whose perfume mingled the effluvium of the putrescent jackals' kidneys suspended from her neck, which were supposed to impart physical strength. He was not necessarily a fop who stepped hastily aside when Maggea came, with her combination of odours, "betwixt the wind and his nobility." In Kuraae's wife I recognized an old acquaintance whom I had last seen as a gawky girl of seventeen or eighteen, in the service of a valued friend whose husband had recently died. At that time Marie was the occasion of a ludicrous fright to an estimable lady residing in the same family with myself. Our dwelling was connected by a narrow passage with a cottage in which the missionary's widow was accommodated. Fearful shrieks were one night heard to proceed from this part of the premises, and, hurrying to the spot, we discovered our fair friend, and this sable, semi-nude damsel, locked in each other's arms, so firmly that it was with difficulty they could be separated. Feeling their way cautiously, with outstretched arms, along the dark passage in opposite directions, they had suddenly encountered each other midway, and closed instinctively in an agony of terror. Our friend shrieked as only ladies can, and Marie, uttering no sound, hugged the frail form of her pale sister with such constrictorial energy as almost to squeeze the life out of her.

Marie's mistress had just lost her husband. He sickened at the Bath, and, after a long and distressing illness, died in a wagon on the banks of the Orange River. Talk of trials! We ought to be ashamed of ourselves that we ever open our mouths to complain of the petty inconveniences which we have to endure. Picture the wife toiling through the wilderness with a dying husband and her helpless little ones; closing his eyes and watching his corpse on the river's brink, amid a silence which was not broken, only deepened, by the dirge-like murmur of the stream; taking her last look at the shroudless and uncoffined dead, as the wagon bore him away for sepulture to the station he had left; waiting day by day, alone with her orphans, until a distant grave had been opened and closed—a grave over which she might never shed a tear; struggling across the mighty river, and pressing on, unaided, over nigh six hundred miles of weary travel, till she reached a resting-place where she might

indulge the luxury of grief! Think of a trial like this, and hush your murmurings!

Jan. 21.—Encouraged by my achievements in partridge-shooting, I thought myself capable of greater things and aspired to nobler game. Taking with me three men, I rode a dozen miles and waited for sunrise and sport. After scouring the country for several hours, I handed my double-barrel to one of the men and turned my steps homeward in disgust, leaving two of the party to try their luck a little longer. We had not proceeded far before we had a couple of springbucks in sight, which it seemed possible to reach by creeping cautiously from bush to bush. Using all the arts of an accomplished deerstalker, I got the unsuspecting animals within range, and, after the usual preliminary process and palpitation, fired. Opening my eyes as quickly as I could after a fearful recoil of the weapon, I was just in time to see my intended victims bound unhurt away. Of course, the fault was in the gun! Had I retained my own, I must have bagged a buck. Idiot that I was, to think that I, or any other man, could kill at fifty yards with a condemned tower musket. Brown Bess was never meant to kill. Anyhow, it was a signal failure, and I confined myself henceforth to humbler sport. The men I left in the field returned late at night with a gemsbok, which weighed upwards of two hundred pounds and proved a welcome addition to our larder.

Feb. 21.—Simultaneously with the birth of a child who for years bore the *soubriquet* of "Tottie," fell the first few drops of rain which the parched plains had seen for many, many months, to be followed on the morrow by a cooling shower. We gave the babe, by-and-by, another name. The christening over, the women—who professed a special interest in her—seized the basin which was our make-shift font, and contending for the first draught, drank the water to the last drop. How they came to attach peculiar sanctity or virtue to that which we had never taught them to regard as *holy*, I cannot tell. It shows how easily childlike love and reverence may glide into superstition.

March 25.—Mission work being to a very great extent interrupted by the panic which had scattered the people in all directions, it became necessary to follow them in their wanderings. Orders were given a week beforehand to have Arab, Vrolijk, and Lustig ready for a journey. Several days' notice must be given when a horse is wanted, as the animals roam at large anywhere within a radius of fifty miles. We may not see them for months, when grass and water

are plentiful, but they are compelled to resort to the Bath every other day in seasons of drought. The fine tawah grass, which never loses its nutritious properties, suffices to keep them in good condition; stables they are ignorant of, and would resent fiercely the touch of a currycomb. Fat, sleek, and lively, with blood and bone in due proportions, it was a pleasure to mount any of the three animals which were ready at the appointed time. It was nine o'clock on the Tuesday evening when we started; I, and Adam with a led horse. The night was bitterly cold. The hours dragged heavily along as we watched stars rise and set, and "great Orion sloping slowly to the west." The dawn was welcome; so was the coffee, drunk out of the tin mug in which the water was boiled and the beverage made. Stirred with a stick, 'twas nectar.

Having ridden briskly all night, at eleven in the forenoon we reached Karies, where about a dozen families of natives were temporarily located. Avoiding the proximity of the huts for reasons alluded to in the foregoing chapter, the remainder of the day was spent in the shade of a friendly wagon, in such intercourse as might be profitable to the people of my charge. After night-fall, when the flocks were all folded, and the lowing of the cattle was hushed, and the silent sky was spangled with stars, men, women, and children gathered around a blazing fire, and worshipped Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and listened to "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." Early the next morning, we rode on twenty miles further to Gooroo'ghoop,—“the withered forehead,”—where I found a native teacher and a considerable number of people, with whom I held a religious service at midday, under the shade of a huge mimosa. My guide refused to take a much nearer route on our return, on account of a tiger which was said to infest the plain, and to have given chase to a couple of horsemen a few days previously. We therefore rode to Wortel by the way we came. After resting there a few hours, we rode hard all night and reached home at eight o'clock on Friday morning, having ridden upwards of two hundred miles during the short time we had been absent. Arab proved himself worthy of his name, and indulged in such frisky freaks as we drew near home, that my equestrianism was fairly put to the test. My *achter rijder* crawled about for days, vainly endeavouring to conceal his sufferings and escape banter. Ah me! Adam would have the laugh of *me* now. I question if I could mount fourteen hands without the aid of a *louping-stane*. Poor fellow! I heard only a few days ago that he

had been accused of murder, and though not guilty of more than justifiable homicide, had been stripped of all he possessed and banished. He is a Colonial Hottentot of respectable family; and a half-breed is regarded with anything but favour by a Great Namaqua, who has as much pride of pedigree as a Spanish grandee.

April 24.—My next-door neighbour and *confrère* resided at a distance of seventy miles with a part of the Afrikaner tribe. These people are descendants of the notorious marauders with whom Moffat commenced his missionary career half a century ago, at a place called Jerusalem. One cannot but wonder at the taste, or want of taste, displayed in the application of a name so hallowed in its associations to a collection of wretched Hottentot huts. A glance at the map, or at any list of mission stations, will show that this absurd practice is common all over South Africa; as is also a species of toadyism which seeks to flatter a generous contributor or influential director by bestowing his patronymic on an obscure station, rendered the more obscure by the substitution of a fancy-name for the one by which it is generally known. It was with horror that I learned, on my return to the colony, how narrowly my name had escaped immortality by being connected with half a dozen pondoks which some foolish friend had dubbed Blank-dorp. Adam gave me a serio-comic look when I signified my intention of visiting Blijde Verwacht. It was evident he had not forgotten, and anticipated a recurrence of the suffering consequent upon hard riding on our last journey. He was, however, too faithful a servant to allow a tender cuticle to stand in the way of duty, and at four p.m. we were mounted, I on my favourite Arab, he on good old Jack. In a couple of hours we had left the Zwartkop behind, and were cantering merrily over the vast unbroken plain which lies between that singular mountain and the 'Aams River. Offsaddling at midnight, I threw myself down for a few minutes' rest, and rose in greater haste, for the ground was covered with a prickly plant which rendered a recumbent position far from agreeable. Hoping to shorten the distance by taking a little-frequented route, we went astray, and did not find our way out of the thorny thickets of the 'Aams until three a.m. After half an hour's sleep in the sand, we pushed on to Blijde Verwacht. It was "sweet to hear the watchdogs' honest bark," though they bayed anything but welcome as we drew near; and at daybreak we disturbed the peaceful slumbers of our worthy friends by knocking loudly at their door and demanding admittance. Had we

come with burglarious intent, we might easily have effected an entrance some other way, for the windows were slight wooden frames covered with calico, though which an inquisitive bullock occasionally thrust his head, or a hungry one devoured. The welcome was worth the wearisome night-ride, and the hours glided swiftly by in such social intercourse as is rare in the desert.

It seemed to me that the lines had fallen to my host in pleasant places, compared with my own. It is true, his cottage was small, rough, and unplastered, but it was agreeably and airily situated on rising ground overlooking the Keig'naap, which empties itself—once in two or three years perhaps—in the Orange River, a few miles off. Very dry the Keig'naap was whenever I visited that part of the country, though I found standing pools of water nearer its source. A lofty flat-topped hill rises abruptly on the eastern bank of the river, and a long line of such trends away in a westerly direction,—their level summits appearing thickly fringed with the kokerboom, in all the fantastic shapes it is apt to assume. Groves of mimosa and other trees growing luxuriantly on either side of the river add to the picturesque beauty of the scene and afford delightful shade. Gardens, containing mealies, pumpkins and tobacco, indicate a fertile soil and something like industry on the part of the residents. In this respect the Afrikaners and Bastards are far in advance of the Bondelzwarts. My people were seized periodically with a gardening mania, and for a few days all was excitement and bustle. Old spades would be hunted up, a cow slaughtered, and a deputation appointed to wait on the missionary: "Mijnheer, we are going to cultivate our gardens; we have got beef to strengthen us; will Mijnheer please give us a little tea?" And so they would sit down to eat and to drink, and never rise up to work. By the time the cow was consumed, and the tea-leaves exhausted of all flavour and colour by repeated infusion and decoction, their zeal had evaporated, and never a sod was turned.

I preached twice on the Sabbath to attentive congregations in an edifice which cannot be spoken of as dilapidated, for at the best it had been but wattle-and-daub, and now the daub had disappeared. The walls allowed every wind of heaven free access to the interior, and, as if that did not suffice for ventilation, the pulpit had no canopy but the sky. The pulpit,—well, a low brick wall, about nine feet in length, built across one end of the *kerk*, formed at once a pulpit and a pew, where the members of the mission family were the observed of all observers. One of our brethren, distinguished for his

linguistic attainments, used to occupy this hovel before the cottage was erected. It was while sleeping here that he was bitten by a serpent, whose bite is believed to be deadly. A messenger was dispatched to the Bath for assistance, and in the meantime, as the case was urgent, the native doctor was called in. What strange remedies were employed I cannot tell, but an emetic seems to have been the most powerful, if not the most efficacious. The physician took the linen cap which had graced his venerable head night and day, unwashed, from time immemorial, boiled it in water to extract its hidden virtue, and administered the decoction. In ignorance of its nature, the draught was taken, and the effect alluded to was produced. It is not for me to say whether the patient's recovery was attributable to the prompt treatment of the native doctor, or to the tender care of those to whom the sufferer's life was precious as that of an only child.

May 9.—The trusty Katchepea brought in bows and arrows which he had taken from a couple of Bushmen caught lurking in the neighbourhood of the cattle-post, and whom he accused of having eaten one ox, and intending to kill and eat another. As I afterwards ascertained, the poor creatures had neither done nor intended to do wrong. They found a dead bullock and feasted on it; that was all. Armed with an old musket with which I furnished him for the occasion, Katchepea set off "drest in a little brief authority" to capture the thieves. Deprived of their weapons, the men were obliged to give themselves up to justice. Very mild justice it was, as I administered it; a gentle caution, their bows and arrows returned to them, and—"this was the most unkindest cut of all"—two sticks of cavendish applied to the palms of their hands, and left there. Strange beings! and either of them if he had dared to lift his restless eyes so high might have looked me in the face, and said, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

May 20.—No deaths from lung-sickness having occurred for some time, I took stock, and found that of upwards of a hundred head of cattle belonging to the mission, myself, and the Damaras, only fourteen survived. Having now but five draught oxen, I could make no use of my wagon until a native offered me for sale an old cow which had been accustomed to the yoke. With the aid of this antiquated beast, for which I felt it necessary to apologize when a stranger criticized my team, I was able to fetch a supply of firewood, which was only procurable at a considerable distance. It happened at times that I had to act as wagon-driver, with Kol, or Kena, for leader. As I could never crack the long

whip, and seldom hit the beast at which I aimed, I contented myself with whirling the lash over their heads, and made up by shouting what I lacked in skill. A fall backward over the wagon-chest was no uncommon *finale*.

July 16.—Our stock of corn was exhausted, and must be renewed from Lily Fountain, upwards of two hundred miles distant, where provision was always kindly made for an annual supply. Obtaining the loan of a few oxen from an Englishman to whom I had shown kindness, we started together for the colony. It would have been too hazardous an undertaking to face the Kamies mountains with such a team, and I resolved to proceed first to the copper mines, and endeavour to procure there what I needed. It was pleasant to hear the rippling of the water as we forded the Orange River, which, when swollen, had cost us so much trouble to cross in our leaky boat. It was pleasant to set foot again on soil where we were not aliens, for the shore on which we trod was British ground. I felt so elated at the thought that had I possessed David Miranda's voice I should forthwith have astonished the baboons, who watched us from the hills, by singing God save the Queen! I longed to do something extravagant, so completely did I share the enthusiasm of the women of Sheffield, who declared their readiness to shout, Long live Victoria! "till they sprained their ankles."

Postponing any such loyal demonstration to a more convenient season, my countryman and I wished each other joy, and our gracious Sovereign every blessing, over a sober basin of tea, and resuming our journey reached Concordia on the 25th, and Springbokfontein the following day. At each place I met with very great kindness and hospitality; the greater as I was a stranger, and looked anything but clerical in duffel jacket, corduroys, and wide-awake. At the latter place I had only to mention my difficulty, and as much corn as I required was at my disposal, to be replaced when convenient. This was no isolated act of kindness, but in keeping with the known courtesy and liberality of the gentleman in charge of the establishment.

I was ready to leave the village early in the afternoon, but the person to whom I was indebted for oxen had many acquaintances, and the driver with which he furnished me succumbed to vinous influences, so that neither appeared at the appointed hour. Kena and I secured the cattle to the yokes at sunset, and contrived to kill a large calf for consumption on the homeward journey. Had some of my good friends seen me in the dusk of that Saturday evening on

my knees—"Very becoming attitude, I am sure, for a minister; he could not be better employed than in thus preparing for the sacred duties of the approaching Sabbath;"—on my knees, with arms bare to the elbows, and hands smeared with blood, skinning and disembowelling the carcase, I had assuredly been sent to Coventry,—the awful sentence ringing in my ears:

"Go, hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs!"

The driver staggered up to the wagon at midnight, and I saw that I must take my departure with him and the famishing oxen, or be subjected to serious inconvenience and detention. While it was yet dark I aroused the not yet sober delinquent, threw the calf upon my bed, and drove a couple of hours to a secluded spot where the cattle could graze, and weaker brethren would be out of the reach of temptation. On the appearance of my countryman in the after part of the day, I was the more satisfied that I had acted wisely in acting promptly. We waited three days on the borders of Bushmanland for Kol's return from Lily Fountain with the letter-bag, which I was anxious to receive, as opportunities of communication with the colony and with "home" were rare, occurring about once in three months. Kol disappointed us and we proceeded to the river, the steep and clayey northern bank of which proved too much for our ill-matched oxen, and detained us half a day. We got over the difficulty by unloading the wagon, and reached home on the 7th of August.

And now to relate what occurred during my absence, in illustration of life in the desert. On arriving at home I was at a loss to account for the unusual seriousness which pervaded the whole household and imparted a subdued tone to an affectionate welcome. The cause was not long concealed. It has been already said that the station was almost deserted. Two or three huts were all that remained, and these were at a considerable distance from the mission-house. One of them belonged to the Chief, who had not returned from the copper mines, which had attractions for him as well as for others. I had been about ten days absent, when my wife was surprised by a visit from two Namaquas, who had off-saddled at the Chief's hut. They made many inquiries about my movements, and were anxious to know what herdsmen I had, &c. As they were disposed to be impertinent, my wife got rid of them as soon as possible. They returned in an hour's time and stated that a Damara woman then on the station, whose husband was in my service, was a runaway slave, and that

they intended to have her, dead or alive. My wife advised them to remain until I should return, but finding the next morning that they were taking steps to accomplish their purpose, she sent to let them know that she would not allow the poor creature to be taken away without my consent. The men were enraged on the receipt of the message and approached the house, flourishing their guns, and making other threatening demonstrations.

No more was seen of them until Saturday evening, when, hearing frightful screams, my wife rushed out, followed by Adam, Kabariep, and Jan, the woman's husband, and saw poor Mambora in the power of the two Namaquas. One of them was beating her cruelly on the head with a cudgel, while the other, who had his clasp-knife ready to cut her throat, was taking off his trowsers lest they should be spotted with blood. On the approach of the party from my house, the attention of the Namaquas was diverted from Mambora, and seizing their guns, they attacked Jan, who fled and hid himself among the rocks. Mambora took advantage of the diversion, and, favoured by increasing darkness, crept under a bush and lay concealed until all was still. Sorely bruised, and weak from the loss of blood which had flowed freely from wounds on the head and elsewhere, she crawled on her hands and knees to her friends at Looris Fontein. It was believed that she was dead, but the men, dispatched in the morning to ascertain her fate, traced her to her place of concealment and brought her to the mission house. Her gratitude knew no bounds. With the tears streaming from her eyes, she fell on her knees, kissed my wife's hands and feet, pointed to heaven and vowed to serve us as long as she lived. My wife bound up her wounds, secured her and her husband in an outer room, and kept two armed men on guard, night and day, until I returned. I found, in addition, a double-barrelled gun by my wife's bedside, ready for an emergency.

The blood-thirsty miscreants, thus baffled of their prey, were furious; swore they would have their revenge, and lay in wait, day by day, to avail themselves of any opportunity that might present itself. As soon as my wagon came in sight, they thought it advisable to decamp.

Mambora was past the prime of life, tall and erect. Neither advancing age nor grotesque attire impaired the regularity of her features or the symmetry of her form. A heathen—many a time have we watched her kneel on the ground, and with uplifted hands and eyes pray to an unknown God. Did not He, whom she ignorantly worshipped, hear her prayer? Alas! hers had been a cruel lot. In her

native land she had had a husband and sons and daughters, as dear to her as your dearest are to you. She saw them all shot down by these Namaquas; and, not content with butchery like that, the wretches took the sucking child from her breast, cut it in pieces, *small* pieces, before her eyes, and dragged her away in bonds to be their slave. These were the fiends from whose clutches my wife rescued her. And both of them engaged in a marauding expedition in Damaraland the following year, and perished,—pierced through and through by Damara spears!

CAPE DOCTORS.

FROM time to time there have been grumbings and growlings in the newspapers as to the alleged shortcomings of our Colonial Medical Committee. Again and again they have been charged with senile incapacity and obstructive conservatism; but it has been reserved for a writer in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* to put the climax upon the heap of absurdities penned about the duties of this well-abused body, by a proposal to turn them into examiners for a colonial medical degree!

What next is our Colony to be called upon to produce? In the face of the fact that we cannot pay the salary of a decent law lecturer to ensure legitimate lectures to such Cape Town students as aspire to the barren honours of a colonial barrister's gown; and as if emulous of the specimens of colonial-born ministers turned out of the Stellenbosch Theological Seminary, we are called upon to countenance a scheme, which, if adopted, will tend still further to *lower the minimum* of professional talent available at the Cape, and cause a spirit of wide-spread discontent among the numerous Cape students now working in Europe.

According to Delta, the Cape of Good Hope is miserably deficient in duly qualified medical men. "The reinforcements are not equal to the demand of the Colony. You expect to find an invitation for our colonial youth to enter the lists; but the unpatriotic notice over the door of the Committee, which holds the keys of medical life and death, runs—'*None but persons educated abroad enter here!*'"

The same writer goes on to say: "Many a parent is disappointed of the cherished wish to educate his son for the practice of medicine, and many a promising lad is condemned to an uncongenial sphere of life because there is no way of

examining and licensing colonial students of medicine who have no European credentials. . . . If the Church and the Bar can be supplied from colonial institutions, why should the medical profession be closed to our young men? When the country districts are crying out for duly qualified men,—when they are overrun by quacks and itinerant pedlars, whose drops and ointments are warranted to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, from a compound fracture to stomach-ache, why are no facilities provided for the training of medical students within the Colony?"

There are so many fallacies contained in this brief extract, that in the interests of the public we propose to glance at this statement of a social grievance, and to demonstrate at once its hollowness and falsity.

And first, as to the choice of a profession. If ever a father has need to study the tastes, habits, and character of a boy—in their entirety—not to take one group of good traits and ignore others, but to judge his son solemnly, seriously, and truthfully, by the light of his own antecedents when young, and by that law of transmission of personal qualities which we know to be the pride and the curse of our race, it surely is when he proposes—not to expose him to the temptations and trials of early youth,—but to commit him to a career from which there is no drawing-back hereafter, without loss of self-respect and honour. It is owing to this mistaken zeal for social status that so many young men are condemned to be strangled in their bonds, and forced to dance in the fetters of an unsuitable profession for which Nature perhaps has physically and thoroughly unfitted them, though otherwise able and skilful in their calling. Nor is this by any means a sentimental grievance. It strikes at the root of scientific mediocrity, and is the cause of the very slow progress made in real medical knowledge all over the world. Two thirds of the workers in medicine and surgery are mere creatures of routine practice, drudging painfully and ploddingly at their daily round, and quite unequal, if not positively unfit—to feel or display any real enthusiasm in the interests of scientific Truth. The pride of their parents has glossed over their want of special fitness for duties which demand a very high range of ability, and has practically shut them out of that very small field of success to which none but first-class men have ever a chance of attainment. In this matter, therefore, of medical education, it is of vital importance that the standard of excellence should certainly not be *lowered*, for, if anything, it should be heightened. The profession of medicine, let the

world say what it will, is a necessary evil. The doctor is a social necessity—for while art, science, and the progress of civilization have robbed of their terrors the bogies of our older childhood, and dispelled by their light the phantasies of bigotry and superstition, yet, following in their wake, have ever and inevitably appeared those vices, frailties, and natural fruits of evil courses which make the physician indispensable. And since this is the case—since the medical confessional had its origin in human passion and weakness, and became an “institution” through our own folly and recklessness, it becomes our bounden duty to assure ourselves that the office is not abused by the occupant through lack of integrity or of knowledge.

Regarded in the abstract, there is no profession more noble than that of medicine. By the study of it, we mean not only the dry study of strictly professional detail, but the subjection of the brain and heart to such culture and discipline as shall develop the intellect, elevate the judgment, and stimulate the moral sense. For want of this most needful preliminary training, the young practitioner in this Colony too often degenerates into a mere automatic mender of humanity. He exerts no vital influence whatever. His motives are not a bit higher than those of his neighbours. His powers for good are limited to written prescriptions. He is a mere mechanical drudge, working at so many shillings the job, and only anxious to get jobs enough so as to support himself and family with comfort and ease.

The many evils consequent upon this present defective state of things, even in Europe, in the selection, education, and final examination of a most important class of men, have long engaged the attention of very able writers and thinkers; but, nevertheless, we conceive that a remedy is to be found, less in penalties for malpractices and empiricism, than by restricting in well-defined limits, the *minimum* degree of mental culture, in default of which the study of medicine shall not be entered upon at all. There is no reason why matriculation in classics, mathematics, and general literature, at the London University, or any of its affiliated colleges, should not be *made compulsory* on intending students; for if it be objected that their numbers would be sensibly diminished by such a regulation, what a commentary is it not upon their present social position and state of ignorance? And though hospitals might suffer for a time, it would stimulate an improved generation to attend them hereafter, and render the roads to competency less clogged by mere pretenders to science.

"Oh, but," says Delta, "if the Church and the Bar can be supplied from colonial institutions, why should the medical profession be closed to our young men?" To which we answer, that if the Church and the Bar are content to recruit from the ranks of colonial stay-at-homes, well and good for the colonists who prefer home-grown articles, and who have to put up with their advice; but for those who have to trust their lives, and their private honour into the keeping of medical men, something more is requisite than the narrow aims and contracted provincialism of doctors who have never left the Colony. What is there in the Cape to extend one's views of life, to excite the higher instincts of our nature, to stimulate the development of those multifarious gifts, which attrition with another world, and movement in a bigger circle, will inevitably give us the chance of calling into being? Are our young men so unworthy of liberty, that their minds must never be allowed to escape from that atmosphere of sordid views, penurious habits, and fifth-rate order of patriotism, which we are in the way of regarding as the *ne plus ultra* of happiness here below? Are these never to expand their mental horizon,—to compete with the youth of Europe, and put themselves on a par with the rest of Her Majesty's subjects? Or do we seriously mean in our selfishness to deprive the most promising of our students of the inestimable privilege of seeing a little of the world as it is, before they attempt to understand it themselves, or explain it to others? As for the plea of expense, it is simply ridiculous. Any young man of good principles and gentlemanly habits will not live in Cape Town much cheaper than he will in Europe, unless he boards with his parents; and even then there are temptations enough here to make £150 per annum not go very much further than it would have done in London or Edinburgh. We make bold to say that the alienation of young men from their homes at nineteen to twenty is everywhere a normal product of modern civilization. If a youth cannot be trusted at that age with the management of a small fixed income for at least three years, either he is a scamp or a fool. If he is really going to marry a profession, he will have a good many more things to think about than "daily intercourse with his mother or sisters;" and it is idle to blind our fondness for doing things *cheap* by dwelling on such ideas, when the fact is that many people are mean enough to try and procure a first-class passport to wealth and good society without paying the fair and proper price for the privilege!

Then, again, as to the alleged scarcity of duly qualified

men in this Colony. By glancing at the Government list of medical practitioners licensed to practise here, it will be seen that out of nearly 150 names only six have omitted to furnish a certificate of the diplomas in their possession. Of these six, at least two—viz., Drs. Christie and Hiddingh—have long retired from business; the remaining four are foreigners, who probably possess documents of value, but are afraid to trust them to the post, or, at all events, have not cared to do so.*

The majority of these practitioners possess both an M.D. degree and a surgical diploma from schools of surgery, British and foreign, and such as are required by the English Council of Registration. It is the duty of the Medical Board to see that these are genuine documents, and to report upon their value to the Government; beyond this they have no powers either to test or identify the owners. As it is, they only examine by a special Ordinance the indentured apprentices of chemists and druggists when they have served their time, and, we believe, are very dissatisfied with their general ignorance of the higher branches of their business. But of this more anon.

London, Edinburgh, Leyden, Aberdeen, Glasgow, St. Andrew's, Paris, Berlin, Dublin, Vienna, Utrecht, Copenhagen, are well represented in this list by M.D. and M.B. degrees, either singly, or in connection with diplomas from the Surgical Colleges of London, Edinburgh, Leyden, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. There are also a dozen or two of foreign graduates from the well-known universities and colleges of Heidelberg, Haarlem, Wurtzburg, Marburg, Gottingen, Jena, Dordrecht, Louvain, Halle, Tobingen, and Studgart. We also observe that one member of the Surgeons' College of Berlin and one of London have secured the *honorary* degree of M.D. of Giessen, which, by itself, is not recognized at Giessen as admitting the owners to set up in practice in Germany, or anywhere else that we know of. This list, therefore, practically refutes "Delta's" statement, that our Colony is in danger of being deluged by shoals of queer fishes from "medical schools equally unknown to the civilized world either by name or by fame."

But, now, mark the inconsistency of this reformer. While he objects to the employment of foreigners (who are in general men of high culture and varied attainments), as graduates of schools *unknown to the world*, he wishes the Medical Board to help him in his plan for opening up the profession to Cape

* Their names are Drs. Albertyn, sen., of Caledon; Pronk, of Kronstadt; Altenburg, of the Bokkeveld; and Harkema, of Worcester.

lads, who are to pick up their professional knowledge when and where they can,—presumably at the Somerset Hospital, with its present staff of a junior resident house-surgeon and a brace of senior assistants; and then, after a year or two of fitful study under mythical teachers of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, to present themselves before a Board, who certainly do not seem to stand very high in the estimation of the public, if we may judge from the many personal attacks made upon them in the Cape journals, and who are certainly not known to the civilized world!

Not that we ourselves look upon this Board as incapable of doing anything—even if it had powers—*which it has not*. Far from it; but we do most decidedly object to the creation of colonial literates, just as much as we do to the licensing of “*Plattelands Heelmeesters*,” or any other inferior grade of men who have no status in their own country.

Presuming, however, that this difficulty could be disposed of, is there any necessity for producing our own medicos at all? At present the members of the Medical Profession have the greatest difficulty in earning a fair remuneration for their labour in towns or in country districts, and very few seats of magistracy can find service for more than two! At Cape Town there are twelve doctors and two homœopathic practitioners; at Graham’s Town seven; at Port Elizabeth five; and at Graaff-Reinet four. The rest of the licence-holders are pretty fairly distributed. In some places, however, like the Knysna, &c., few doctors can earn a fair living, in spite of a district surgeoncy, and it is cruel to lure foreigners with the idea that even a German can live without fees! Of course, quacks will abound, so long as the country people are grossly ignorant of their own interest, and prefer the services of a gray-bearded humbug to the alleged inexperience of smooth-faced but duly qualified graduates; but the quacks do not do half so much harm as half-taught men, who may be disposed to traffic with their trust, and seek a convenient shelter from their deluded victims by flourishing their colonial diplomas in a law court. Considering that a medical man generally can work from twenty-four to sixty-four, and that the bulk of our doctors are middle-aged, it stands to reason that the present supply requires to be very carefully supplemented to prevent a glut in the market. Every year we absorb a dozen or so of young men in the place of others who have retired or have died; and it is directly to our interest that these young men should have every advantage given to them in Europe to keep up the high standard there prevailing, and to force their older and more experienced

confrères here to keep pace with them. At least a dozen colonists are now studying in Europe with the intention of setting up in practice here; and it would be most disheartening to them to find their prospects disposed of by the creation of local surgeons and physicians, should this idea of "Delta" ever be reduced to form.

In the absence of clinical teachers of lecturing ability, of men who are wise enough to be listened to, and of young men foolish enough to attend such lectures, and so forego the inestimable privilege of being fully educated in Europe, we are not very sanguine as to the probability of the idea being carried out; but the very notion of so doing because, forsooth, *we ought to be more self-reliant* (as if we were not stuck up and conceited enough already as it is), is so fraught with evil consequences, that we should be doing injustice to ourselves if we did not raise a voice of warning against so very suicidal a policy, while yet in embryo. What with colonial parsons, judges, barristers, chemists, engineers, and heaven-born dam-makers and road-makers, we bid fair to flood this Colony with a sea of cleverness, which in course of time may raise the country to the very highest pinnacle of fame, but which, meanwhile, is stifling all professions with the dead weight of mediocrity and retrogressive tendencies! What next, and next?

Y. Z.

AMONG THE DIAMONDS.

BY ONE WHO HAS VISITED THE FIELDS.

A WRITER in an English paper very aptly reminds us that Pliny's remark "Africa is always producing something new"—*Africa semper aliquid novi parit*—was never more apposite than now. In almost every age from the days of the old Roman naturalist to the present, human curiosity has been successively excited and stimulated by the wondrous tales of explorers and discoverers throughout this Continent of

Antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills
Whose heads touch heaven.

But at no time did the most marvellous story-teller narrate, or the most dreamy imagination of traveller conceive, such an Arabian-Night vision of unlimited wealth as has been revealed with such startling reality during the past year by the discovery of diamonds and other precious stones in the

great basin of the Orange and Vaal Rivers on the border of our Colony. That territory, which appeared to Capt. Harris in 1836 a "howling wilderness," has proved to be a glittering Golconda; and the trackless plains which until recently were the "undisturbed domain of savage nature," are now being rapidly peopled not only by adventurous, energetic, and industrious men from the settled portions of the Cape and Natal, but by new-comers of almost every nationality and race.

To those who from the stand-point of old colonists, look at the circumstances attending this discovery, so pregnant with a bright future for South Africa, it appears most marvellous that it has only at this time been brought to light. Missionaries, hunters, and travellers have for many years been living in what are now known as the diamondiferous districts; farmers, traders, and natives have pastured their herds and flocks on its *veldt*, and cultivated its soils; and even professional geologists have examined its rock formations, without ever noticing the brilliant gems which were scattered over the surface of the ground, or dreaming of the wealth which lay buried around them. The first knowledge of the existence of diamonds was obtained by mere accident, scarcely more than three years ago. The facts are familiar to many. The young son of a poor boer or farmer, named Jacobs, living on the place "De Kalk," near the Orange River, in the district of Hope Town, collected as playthings for himself and sister a number of the pretty stones common enough in the neighbourhood of the river—agates, quartz crystals, garnets, and pebbles of various sorts. Among these stones there was one particularly brilliant which attracted the notice of the child's mother, who some time afterwards mentioned the circumstance to a neighbouring farmer, named Van Niekerk, who was visiting the family. This Van Niekerk had heard some years before, from Baron von Ludwig, a Government land-surveyor, who was professionally engaged in that part of the Colony, of the probability of valuable stones being one day found in the bed of the Orange River; and he was curious to see the "mooi klipje," as the stone was termed. On asking the children for it, however, it could not be found; but subsequently it was discovered a few yards off from the door of the house, where it had been thrown by some of the little ones who had played with it. Van Niekerk had no idea it was a diamond; but considered it a rare stone which he would like to inquire about. He therefore offered to purchase it from Mrs. Jacobs, but she laughed at the idea of selling a stone, and told him that if he had a fancy to it he might have it for nothing. He afterwards gave it to a

well-known frontier trader, Mr. O'Reilly, who took it first to Hope Town and then to Colesberg, to ascertain what it was. Some persons believed it to be a diamond; but most of those who saw it ridiculed the idea. It was only when it was sent on to Dr. Atherstone at Graham's Town, and pronounced by him to be a gem of the first water weighing $21\frac{3}{16}$ carats, and shortly afterwards reported on by Messrs. Garrard, the Queen's jewellers, in London, and purchased by the Governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, that any faith in the reported existence of diamonds in the country was established.

A regular search for them was then commenced both by Europeans and Natives, chiefly on the farms along the banks of the Orange River, and its tributary, the Vaal. Wherever a bright pebble glistened, or micaceous particles of sand or iron-stone spangled on the surface, master and servant with their eyes bent on the ground, looked for the coveted treasures. The natives were the most successful finders. Many of them indeed appear to have been long familiar with what they termed the "blink klipps" (shining stones), although they had never known until this time that they were of any value; and some Korannas on the Vaal have stated that while children they used them as playthings, and in proof of their statement have disinterred several valuable gems from the sites of their deserted kraals or werfs. After the lapse of nearly a year, it was rumoured that a stone of very great size was in possession of a wandering Kafir, who occasionally exhibited it as a charm in his profession of witch-doctor. This proved to be an $83\frac{1}{2}$ carat diamond—now known as the "Star of South Africa,"—which a Griqua shepherd named Zwartboy picked up on the ground while tending his master's flocks on the farm "Zandfontein," near the Orange River. According to his own story, he had not been long in possession of the stone—on the evening of the day he found it he exhibited it to his sister and her husband, who shared the miserable straw hut which he occupied, and shortly afterwards he sent it by them to Mr. van Niekerk, whose name he had heard mentioned in connection with the first diamond discovered. Mr. van Niekerk was not slow to appreciate the character of the valuable gem placed in his hands, and astonished the Griqua by giving him five hundred sheep, ten head of cattle, and one horse for it; while he himself subsequently disposed of it to a firm in Hope Town for £11,200. Such an extraordinary instance of good fortune following upon the discovery of many smaller diamonds dispelled all doubts which some apparently interested parties had endeavoured to raise as to

the actual existence of any diamondiferous formations in the country, and excited anew those who were engaged in surface searching to more keen and careful exploration.

Hitherto there had been no attempt made at any place to dig and sift the ground, as in the mining districts of India and Brazil, although well-informed men recommended that that plan should be adopted. The Natalians were the first to make the experiment. At the suggestion of Major Francis of H.M. 20th Regiment, then stationed at Maritzburg, a party was organized and equipped under the leadership of Capt. Rolleston to make a search for diamonds and other mineral wealth in the valley of the Vaal River. They reached their destination, now known as "the Fields," in November, 1869. Mr. Parker, a trader, and one or two old Australian diggers who had been attracted to the country by the reported auriferous discoveries at the Tatin, were the only Europeans on the ground besides themselves. The Australians, Messrs. Glenie, King, and another joined with the Natalians and commenced operations at Hebron and afterwards at Klipdrift, where they dug, cradled, and washed the soil, but without any encouraging success. It was not until the seventh of January last (1870) that the first diamond was washed out. At this time they were joined by a party from British Kaffraria under the leadership of Mr. McIntosh, who had originally intended to engage in surface searching only, but who now resolved to follow their example in digging and sifting the soil. The Kaffrarians were not more fortunate than the Natalians for the first month. The two companies, however, agreed to keep each other informed of any good claims which they might prospect, and to join together for mutual defence in the event of the natives attempting to interfere with them. They at length struck upon a rich deposit of the precious stones, which demonstrated beyond all dispute the success of diamond digging in South Africa. Some native Korannas had pointed out a spot at Klipdrift, now known as the "original" or "Natal kopje," over the surface of which a number of diamonds had been found, and there they opened a small kopje or hummock, where they were soon rewarded for their persevering toil. Day after day, the result of their washing was most satisfactory. The finds of the Natal party have not been made public, but it is known that within a couple of months' time they had half-a-tumbler full of brilliant gems; and the King William's Town party in little more than ten weeks turned out upwards of a hundred, varying in weight from one to thirty carats. All this while they kept their own coun-

sel as to the measure of success which they had met with; but some of the traders and other Europeans visiting the locality and watching their operations saw that they were finding diamonds, and soon communicated the fact to their friends in the Free State, Natal, and the Cape Colony. The natives, too, observed with some astonishment the laborious work of the white men, who were, as they said "turning over the hills into the river," and gave hints and threats of their intention to expel the intruders from the ground. The little camp was more than once alarmed at night by the rumour that "the Kafirs were coming," and every man turned out armed and prepared to receive them. These reports of intended attack, however, proved to be false; but the resolute and determined front shown by the diggers no doubt had a good effect upon the three or four hundred Korannas and Griquas located around them; and the additions which almost daily were made to the number of Europeans by the arrival of new fortune-seekers soon set at rest all apprehensions on that score. Many of the latter, on arriving at the river, instead of crossing to Klipdrift, pitched their tents on the Pniel side, where the formation of the ground was quite similar, and found the results of their digging as encouraging as had been obtained by those who were at work over the water. Their continued success has, during the past six months, attracted thither a migration from all parts of the Colony, east and west; and now on the banks of the Vaal, where twelve months ago there were only ten Europeans at work, there are nearly ten thousand, scattered over fully a hundred miles in length of diamond-yielding country.

A journey to this region not many years since would have entitled any person to the honoured designation of "a traveller," qualified him for an F.R.G.S., and secured the congratulations of all acquaintances on his hair-breadth 'scapes "over flood, and field, and desert." It entailed an expensive equipment of wagons and oxen, native drivers, and other servants acquainted with the incidents of travel in the wilderness. And fortunate was the expedition which reached its destination in as many weeks as it now takes days to accomplish it. But the old order is giving place to new; and one of the many beneficial effects of the diamond discovery has been an improvement, which must ere long be still further developed, of the means of transit throughout the country. The Vaal River in lat. 29 S., long. 25 E., lies near the centre of South Africa, far away from the sea ports. Natal is estimated to be distant 440 miles; East London

400; Port Alfred 430; Port Elizabeth 450; and Cape Town 700 miles. From all these places, conveyance to the "Fields" can be obtained; but it is remarkable that at present the most expeditious way of reaching them is from Cape Town.* The Inland Transport Company's carriages, which now run weekly, have brought the Vaal River within eight or nine days' reach of the southernmost point of the Continent—reducing to a mere holiday-pleasure-trip what was once considered a by no means insignificant exploit of travel. How gladly would we have availed ourselves of such a mode of transport had the Company commenced their operations on the occasion of "our first journey." How readily we would have been relieved of the responsibilities of looking after our own vehicle and team, with the consequent daily care for water, forage, and stabling, the avoidance of wrong roads, the dread of a broken axle or a capsize, and the misery of doctoring sick cattle. Yet some advantages were ours, which partly compensated for these anxieties. We could choose our own routes and our own time for travelling. We were free to visit the towns and villages throughout the Midland districts, or to partake of the "kind and hospitable care" which the true old African farmer still freely dispenses to all comers. We could stop and enjoy at leisure the varied and grand scenery of the several mountain ranges by which we ascended to the plateau or table-land of the interior. And passing over mountain and plain and plain and mountain, we could note the geological characteristics of the country. Everywhere we could follow the supposed lacustrine deposits of past ages in the widespread area of sandstone and shale, marking with horizontal lines almost every eminence, even to the height of 6,000 or 8,000 feet, as at the Compassberg; and we could see intersecting these at various points and in various directions, from Platfontein in the Karoo to the Free State and the Vaal region, the craggy-looking hills or columnar ridges of the trappean rocks,—the eruptions of Plutonic agencies which have fused and altered the sedimentary strata, and in whose proximity diamondiferous deposits as a rule are found.

In the neighbourhood of the Orange River, and, indeed, throughout the Orange Free State, these formations are very general, and sometimes present the most irregular shapes. Mr. Wyley, the colonial geologist, in describing them says: "When we see them at the surface they look like walls running

* Since the above was written, we learn that a line of passenger carts *via* Queen's Town has been established, by which the journey from Port Elizabeth to the Fields may be accomplished in seven and a half days.

across the country, or more frequently form a narrow stony ridge like a wall that has been thrown down. The rock of which they are composed (greenstone and basalt) is known by the local name of ironstone from its great hardness and toughness and from its great weight. The origin of these dykes is well known. They have been produced by volcanic agency, which, acting from below upon horizontal beds of stratified rock, has cracked and fissured them at right angles to their planes of stratification, and these vertical cracks have been filled up with the melted rock or lava from below.

. . The perpendicular fissures from which it has found its way upwards are seldom seen, nor should we expect to see much of them, for it is precisely along the lines of these that the rocks have been most broken up and shattered, and the denudation has been greatest." Mr. Wyley's description of them was written in 1856, when he visited Smithfield, where it was reported that gold had been found in thin veins of quartz, which occasionally line the joints or crevices of these rocks. Digging, quarrying, and washing the soil were carried on there for several weeks, but no gold was found; nor does it appear that any other precious metal or stones were observed, although it has since been reported that diamonds have been picked up somewhere in that district. Mr. Wiley also visited Fauresmith,—which, like Smithfield, is about a day's journey north of the Orange River,—and there he describes the formation to be of "the same hilly character, abounding in greenstone," but he had no idea of the existence of diamonds; yet they have since been found there, even on the town commonage; and on the farm of Jagersfontein, distant about four miles, a rich mine has been worked for the last five months, which has yielded hundreds of very valuable gems.

The "diggings" at Jagersfontein were the first we had the privilege of seeing. After a smart drive of three quarters of an hour from Fauresmith, we entered a miniature poort, or opening in the hills, where the homestead and gardens of Jagersfontein, with the diggers' encampment beyond, suddenly burst upon you. It is a pleasant green valley, scarcely a mile across, but stretching away to the north-east for a considerable distance, with marked trap kopjes surrounding it. The imagination readily suggests it to be an old lake-basin, from which the water has long since drained off through the broken island-shaped hills. A small ravine, or sluit, which is now dry, but in winter serves to carry away the mountain torrent, runs through the middle of the valley; and it was there, at a depth of six feet, that Mr.

de Klerk, residing on the farm in August last, discovered a diamond of fifty carats. Along this water-course the diggers are at work turning up and sifting the ground, while their wagons and tents are pitched close by, forming an animated picture, similar to many we have seen on the Green Point Common in the palmy days of the Turf Club. There is a gay, enjoyable, pic-nic air about the camp and its people. Most of them are farmers with their households of wives, children, and servants, who have come to *graaf* (dig) as if it were a holiday pleasure; and as compared with the work required to be done at Pniel and Klipdrift the labour performed here is indeed child's play. The claims, for which a licence of £2 a month is charged by the owner, are twenty feet square, and many of them are excavated to a depth of twelve to fifteen feet. Numerous small garnets and pieces of agate are scattered among the broken stones on the ocherous surface soil, below which there is a layer of calcareous clay, and under that again drifts and pockets of gravel, rich in garnets, peridot, and diamonds. But the precious stones are found at all depths, and there is no rule as to where they may or may not be. We have seen a claim worked down through some twelve feet of clay without a stone being seen, and the digger's labours only rewarded by the find at that depth of the jawbone and teeth of an animal resembling the now almost extinct wolf; while his next neighbour, not a couple of yards from him, has at a depth of eight feet, exhumed big boulders of ironstone, and from the deposit of gravel laying between them, a twenty-five-carat diamond has rolled out at his feet. Such is diggers' luck. Only a small portion of the farm has been as yet operated upon—the number of claims worked at the time of our visit two months ago was scarcely more than forty. The property belongs to a widow lady, Mrs. Visser, who has placed the management of it in the hands of her brothers, one of whom holds the honourable position of chairman of the Volksraad of the Free State. They have made a stupid regulation that no licences shall be given to any but burghers or citizens of the Republic; but this is openly evaded, for many colonists have worked there and are still working with marked success, on claims for which Free State friends or acquaintances are nominally licensed and registered.

A good two days' journey lies between Jagersfontein and the Vaal—over roads which are in some places very bad and difficult, and through rivers whose muddy waters rush past with alarming impetuosity. The topography of the country continues much the same as we have already described, until

the northern side of the Modder River is gained, when the plains stretch out wider and longer, and the illusive mirage paints the distance with glistening lakes, or magnifies the tiny scrub into trees and the hills into various shaped mountains. On these flats, we passed through herds of wild game, chiefly springbok and wildebeeste, whose animated movements as we approached them were most interesting to watch. We also noticed several of the circular depressions, locally termed "pans" which are peculiar to this country. The origin of these affords scope for speculation. Some suppose them to be craters of extinct volcanoes, some the basins of old lakes, while others wildly fancy that they have been formed by the centrifugal force of whirlwinds carrying away the dry soil in clouds; but we think that Dr. Shaw's theory respecting them is the correct one—that the greenstone porphyry which more or less forms a regular ring round them, shows they have been made naturally by internal geological forces. The diamond-fields of Bultfontein and Du Toit's Pan,—which we pass on our way, about twenty-four miles south of Pniel and Klipdrift,—surround one of these interesting formations, and indeed form the slopes which run from the trap ridges above, encircling a wide land basin, down to the "pan" which gives the last-mentioned place its name. The wash of the hills and drainage of the slopes are deposited there, and, being mainly calcareous, incrust and bind together the grasses, roots, and other objects with which they come in contact into a light friable calc-tuff, which forms the bed of the "pan" now gradually filling up, and no doubt rich in its deposits. Within a few yards' distance is the residence of the proprietor, Mr. van Wyk, an unpretending boer-house, where it was once reported the plaster on the walls was found to contain diamonds; and spread out around it, over a space of about half a mile, are the white wagon-tilts and tents of the "diggers' camp." There is no reason to disbelieve the story of the diamond-plastered walls, for the precious stones are found plentifully in the limey surface soil. No deep-sinking is required as at Jagersfontein or Pniel; only eighteen inches of ground is turned over and dry-sifted, to discover the gems, and the finds in proportion to the number of diggers at work have been remarkably good. A royalty of one-fourth of the value of the diamonds found was at first required by Mr. van Wyk, but latterly he has adopted the better plan of charging a licence of 7s. 6d. per month for each claim worked. Here, as elsewhere, the diggers' luck has been uncertain,—some having turned out beautiful stones of 20, 10, and 5 carats within a space of surface soil not more than a couple of yards square,

while others on their whole claims have found only small misshapen "borts," and some nothing at all. A heavy thunderstorm with rain had broken over the camp on the night preceding our arrival there, and in the morning many parties were wandering over the veldt, looking for diamonds washed out on the surface. We learnt that six good stones, varying in size from a quarter of a carat to three carats, were found that day, and one of them was picked up by our travelling companion within a few yards of where we had outspanned.

Bultfontein was formerly part of the same farm as Du Toit's Pan, from which it is only separated by a public roadway, along which the beacons dividing the two estates are erected. The appearance and character of the soil are the same. An extraordinary story is attached to the place, in regard to its present proprietorship, which is worth relating: A year ago, it was owned by a poor ignorant Boer, named Du Plooy, who would have been glad to take £700 for its dry parched acres. On the discovery of diamonds in its neighbourhood, he was visited by a trader from one of the Free State villages, who offered him £1,700 for the farm, which he agreed to accept. This bargain was made on a Sunday. The same afternoon two colonial traders arrived, and hearing of the transaction gravely assured him that it was not legal or binding, having been made on a Sunday, and on the following morning (Monday), they themselves offered him £2,000 cash, and engaged to give an undertaking to hold him harmless in any action for damages which the other trader might institute on account of the previous bargain. These terms the Boer agreed to, and signed a deed of sale, with which the colonial traders at once proceeded to Bloemfontein, and had the farm duly transferred to them. The Free State trader, however, was not to be out-done; he demanded from the Boer the property he had purchased, or the amount which it had been sold for, with threats of enormous damages for breach of contract, loss, &c., and the simple farmer, worried and distracted at the idea of courts of law and prisons, gave up the purchase amount which he had received, divesting himself of both farm and money. At the last circuit court, held at Fauresmith in November, he brought an action against the company who are now the proprietors for cancellation of the sale, or damages equivalent to the value of his property, in which it is needless to add he was non-suited with all costs! For many months past, the present proprietors have employed a few natives to search and sift the soil; and as much as sixty carats a month

have been taken out of a small space near to the dwelling-house. They have always refused to open the farm to the public, as they desired to work it themselves; but at the time of our visit, and since then, diggers on their way to and from Pniel have taken possession without leave of portions of the ground—what is termed in digger phraseology “have jumped the place,” offering to pay a similar licence fee to that charged at Du Toit’s Pan. This most unwarrantable proceeding has been reported to the Free State Government, who are now taking steps to remove the offending parties and to enforce a proper regard for the rights of private property. It will be unfortunate for the interests of the country if illegal acts of the kind are tolerated. There are many farms in the Free State which are diamondiferous, whose owners will never disclose the fact from the apprehension of a “rush,” if diggers are allowed at their own pleasure to enter and work upon private property.

Leaving Bultfontein we are sensible of our near approach to the Vaal by the peculiar contour of the grassy undulating plains, stretching away before us like a gently receding coast line. Hills of trap and clumps of the umbrageous ‘camel-thorn tree occasionally break the monotony of the view. Trains of vehicles are now more frequently met with or passed on the road, chiefly transport wagons with teams of oxen, “dragging their slow length along,” accompanied by small bands of pilgrims proceeding to or returning from the diamantine shrine,—the former all active and hopeful, the latter, with a few exceptions, dispirited and weary-looking, for they are the unlucky ones who have drawn blanks in the lottery. It was painful to see some, ill and emaciated, setting out on foot to walk several hundred miles to the sea-port towns whence they had come a few months before. Their story invariably was that they had worked on without success until their funds were exhausted and they had to give it up, yet if they obtained the means and could return again at a more favourable season of the year, they were sanguine of better fortune attending them. We are not long in sighting the river and its thickly-wooded banks, where it takes a great bend in its winding course near the mission-house of Pniel, a station of the Berlin Society, who are now making a rich harvest from the licence-fees paid to them by the diggers at the camp, some five miles distant. Here, there is an entire change of scene. Instead of swelling flats, we have a succession of rocky ridges flanking the river on both sides,—big bare boulders of

trap and basalt profusely scattered over the ground, and veins of quartz and dykes of metamorphic, conglomerate and amygdaloidal rocks mingled together, in the most irregular manner, suggestive enough of volcanic upheaval and convulsion. Over their craggy acclivities and declivities, and through the heavy red sand in the hollows, we jolt on for an hour to the last ridge, when we suddenly come upon the Central Diamond-Fields—a sight to be long remembered. The Vaal River, a broad, calm stream, flowing gently along, here winds in a curve through the centre of an oblong basin about a mile and a half or two miles in length, and a mile across. On either side, from the water's edge, along the narrow flats, and up the slopes of the hills, and even on their summits, is spread a most motley-looking array of habitations,—tents, wagons, reed huts, canvas, wooden, and stone houses. The hum of a restless crowd and the ceaseless scraping-rattling noise of gravel-sifting call attention to the principal “diggings” on the Pniel side right before us, where the ground is holed and broken as a wild rabbit-warren, and men are moving to and fro with ant-like activity, while under the scant shade of the thin row of trees marking the margin of the river there is a long line of cradles, sieves, and other varieties of washing apparatus in constant motion. Across the water, on the Klipdrift side, there is not anything like the same bustling population, but a partially formed main street, with stores, hotels, shops, and even dwelling-houses, on each side, gives it more the appearance of a town than of a camp. The outskirts of Port Elizabeth towards the South-end over the Baaken's River, or the upper Caledon-street portion of Cape Town, are by no means unlike it. On the top of the ridge immediately behind the street, upwards of two thousand diggers were at work a few months ago, and the “King of the Vaal” and several other large diamonds were dug out there; but it has since been abandoned for the “New Rush,” on the level ground beyond where the Natal party were so successful, and for other places up and down the river. Notwithstanding this, Klipdrift flourishes, and, together with Pniel, will no doubt always continue to be a head-centre of the diamond-digging community.

The first consideration with a new arrival is to be domiciled comfortably, and to secure the necessary food supplies during the term of his stay. There is no difficulty in obtaining both. If provided with a tented wagon or cart, he is free to choose any open space he may fancy to pitch

his vehicle upon; and if he can cook his own meals, the bakers, butchers, and grocers' shops are open for him to purchase all he requires, at an average cost of not more than two shillings and sixpence a day. If he wishes to be free from the trouble of catering for himself, he can put up at a lodging-house or hotel at the moderate expense of four or five pounds a month, or he may, for the night, share a friend's tent, and breakfast, dine, or sup at any of the excellent restaurants on each side of the river. The living is, no doubt, rough and indifferent to some; but it is no worse than has to be endured in travelling through the country, nor even so bad as is experienced in the houses of many well-to-do farmers; and the ruddy look of the majority of the diggers shows that neither hard work nor coarse fare is very injurious to health on the Vaal River. Considering the conditions of a camp life in a warm climate, and the difficulty of securing attention to sanitary matters, it is surprising how little sickness has hitherto occurred here. Diarrhoea, affections of the stomach, and fever are the prevailing complaints; and one of the most fruitful causes of these is the muddy water of the river, which is freely drank in its impure state, instead of being cleansed of its vegetable and animal nastiness by filtering or boiling. There are, however, only two qualified medical practitioners on the field, and they complain of the lack of professional work in the midst of a population of four or five thousand people.

The intending digger, on arriving, may be perplexed as to the manner in which to secure a claim and proceed to work, but a few inquiries directed to any person he meets will readily obtain for him the required information. The first step is to be registered and licensed by the secretaries of the Diggers' Committee, either at Klipdrift or Pniel, which ensures him protection under the regulations of the several camps. The next proceeding is to choose his ground, which he is free to do on any unoccupied spot, or even on claims which may have been opened and then abandoned for more than three days. The latter is termed "jumping a claim," and there are many instances of parties who were unfortunate on their own grounds being wonderfully successful on those which they took possession of in this manner. On the Klipdrift side of the river there is plenty of soil to select from, but at Pniel such has been the influx of diggers, and the yields there so remarkably good, that of late anything like a favourable claim can only be got by purchase, and prices varying from £1 to £100 have been asked and obtained for them. The most approved locality is on the

centre of the rising ground, a few yards from the water's edge, where diamonds have been found so plentifully as to suggest the existence of a flow or stream of them in the red drift gravel between the trap boulders. Nearly the whole of the surface at this place is honey-combed with pits, varying in size from ten to thirty feet square, and in depth from four to twenty-five feet. There the diggers are at work from sunrise until sunset, throwing up the diamondiferous earth to the surface, whence it is carted away to the river's side to be cradled and washed, or if they possess no means of transporting it, to be cleaned and sifted on improvised troughs and sieves at the claim's mouth, before being examined on the sorting tables. Tools and implements for carrying on this work, as well as goods of all descriptions, are to be had at the stores and auction sales as cheap as in most of the country towns,—sometimes, indeed, at less cost than in Port Elizabeth or Cape Town. Labour is also to be obtained at very low rates,—natives being preferable to Europeans, and the Zulu and Basuto Kafirs far superior to the miserable Korannas and Griquas of the country.

A walk along the margin of the river enables one to realize the mixed character of the population forming the digging community. In the shade of the trees, or, where that is wanting, under rude temporary awnings, men of almost every nationality, of all ages, and of varied social positions, are busily occupied in sorting and examining the pebbly gravel for the precious stones. They are so absorbed in their occupation that they seldom lift their eyes to notice a passer-by; but as we catch a glimpse of their faces, we recognize military officers, legislators, farmers, shopkeepers, mechanics, clerks, and youths fresh from school. Here and there, too, little children are playing about or assisting in searching the gravel; and even neatly-attired ladies may be occasionally seen at the sorting-table. The large majority of the people are colonists. There is scarcely a district from the Cape to the borders of Natal which has not sent a party here; and, as a matter of course, they are as well-behaved and peaceably disposed as in any of our quietest towns or villages. This is the reason why such good order and general respect for life and property prevail. The Free State Government, claiming jurisdiction at Pniel, has appointed a magistrate there, whose canvas-prison, whipping-post, and stocks are a terror to evil-doers; but civil disputes and causes are arbitrated by the Committee chosen by the diggers themselves. At Klipdrift, over which no Government has as yet claimed to exercise authority, a self-elected and irresponsible

“Executive Committee” have attempted to carry on the administration of public affairs, but partly formed of, and surrounded as they are by idling loafers and “bar”-frequenting politicians, their proceedings have been so vagarious as to disgust all the respectable portion of the residents on that side of the river, who are anxiously looking to the colonial authorities for the establishment of a *de facto* Government under the presidency of the British Commissioner who is now on the spot.

It is difficult to ascertain anything like a correct estimate of the actual number or value of the diamonds daily found. Many lucky diggers are bound to secrecy by the conditions of contract of the companies in which they work; others do not wish to reveal the amount of wealth they have about them until they are clear of the place; and thus only a small proportion of the finds are reported in the *Diamond News*. But nothing astonished us more than the quantity of precious gems which we saw on the Fields. There were few persons who could not dip their hands into their pockets and produce some. The largest we had a view of was a beautiful stone of fifty-four carats, the smallest a perfectly shaped one of one grain. After a couple of days our curiosity for diamond-seeing was completely satisfied; we felt it a superfluous labour to gaze at any more. It appeared to us that only a small percentage of the diggers were altogether unsuccessful. The freaks of Fortune, however, are many and extraordinary. Two of the largest stones turned out—each over eighty carats—were found by poor men who had previously laboured for weeks without result, and who were on the eve of abandoning the work in despair. Claims which have been given up as worthless, have in other hands, and at a lower depth yielded handsomely. Holders of pieces of ground have portioned off half of the space to their friends, and the latter have dug out four, seven, and ten carat stones, while the former have only got a couple of tiny ones. One claim on the Pniel ridge has already given, like the famous Natal Kopje, over a hundred diamonds, and the whole of it has not yet been excavated, while another alongside on the same ridge has been worked out and not yielded one. These very eccentricities of luck form the great fascination of diamond-digging. “Hope’s blest dominion never ends” to the most unfortunate labourer on the Fields;—although hitherto unsuccessful himself, he sees his neighbours picking up the sparkling gems, and gets encouragement to persevere in his arduous toil with fresh energy. These remarks apply not alone to the diggings at Pniel and

Klipdrift, but also to the various camps up and down the river, from Hebron, twenty miles north-east, to Sefonell's, sixty miles west. Among the many individuals whom we met who were moving away from the Fields, there was not one, however unsuccessful, who did not express his intention of returning there, after the heat and storms of the summer season on the Vaal River are over, in the ensuing months of March and April.

NOTES.

THE space at our disposal at the last moment is too limited to permit, of attempting anything like a Literary Review. We shall devote it, instead, to as many passing Notes as we can cram into it. Of literary intelligence within the last month, the most interesting announcement is that of the publication by Mr. Tennyson of a new work in the shape of a series of twelve short lyrics, prepared some four years ago as a sort of libretto for a contemplated operetta by his friend Arthur Sullivan. From the specimens we have seen of them, they don't seem like to greatly add to Mr. Tennyson's fame. The Poet Laureate, in fact, has latterly been doing too much in the memorable style of "I stand on a tower in the wet;" indeed, by the demands made on them for the purposes of mere periodical literature, all of our great authors have latterly been writing themselves down to very maudlin stuff. A friend of ours talking to us a few days ago on the subject, made a remark which struck us as particularly happy. "You don't now-a-days get a good, honest, spontaneous outburst as of a Geyser from the depths of real genius. In Iceland, latterly, they have taken to getting up factitious Geysers to order, by pitching stones into the pit sufficient to choke it somewhat and send up a feeble and intermittent spurt of insignificant spray. The Magazines are doing the same sort of thing for the literature of England." The following is represented as "the sweetest and most delicate stanza" in Mr. Tennyson's new poem. The swain has received the long-expected billet from his love, and hesitating to break the seal, he soliloquizes thus:

Two little hands that meet
 Clasped on her seal, my sweet!
 Must I take you and break you,
 Two little hands that meet?
 I must take you and break you,
 And loving hands must part—
 Take, take—break, break,
 Break, you may break my heart.
 Faint heart never won;
 Break, break, and all's done.

As compared with the splendid "Bugle Song" in the *Princess*, or the delicious lyrics in the *Idylls*, this is poor and puerile trash indeed.

Intense interest was felt among scientific people in Europe and America

in connection with the Solar Eclipse in December. Expeditions were fitted out for the Mediterranean by all the principal Governments to enable observers to watch the phenomenon in all its phases as no eclipse was ever watched before. But one of the most interesting facts about it is to find that France, notwithstanding all the terrors of her position in the war, is as keenly alive to the progress of science as ever she was. We extract the following note on the subject from *Nature* :

"At one of the most recent sittings of the French Institute a communication was made by M. Faye on the intended departure of M. Janssen to join the Eclipse Expedition. This celebrated astronomer *was to leave Paris in a balloon constructed for his private use at the expense of the French Government*, and which will also carry a telescope, constructed in eight weeks by the most skilful workmen in Paris, and of the capacity of 2,000 cubic metres. The telescope was put in hand a very few days after the 4th of September. The Government appeared so anxious to show the interest taken in the matter that they did not lose a single day after they came into power in fitting up this expedition."

We are glad to observe from the latest papers received, that prominent attention has recently been directed at home to the geology of South Africa. At the last meeting of the Geological Society of London papers were read from Mr. G. W. Stowe, of Queen's Town, on the beds of the Sunday and Zwartkop's Rivers, indicating at least nine separate fossiliferous bands; from Dr. Grey, descriptive of "fossils from Cradock and elsewhere in South Africa;" from Mr. G. L. Griesbach, of Natal, on the geology of that country, "indicating that South Africa and India are parts of a once continuous continent, the area now covered by the Indian Ocean having been the basin of a large series of lakes;" and from Mr. G. Gilfillan, descriptive of his journey across the Orange River to the Vaal.

We note in the latest news that the display of Aurora observed all over South Africa on the 24th and 25th October last, and which appeared so splendidly all over Europe on the same nights, was also seen in Australia,

In a communication from a correspondent at Cradock—which is of too merely local a character to be inserted at length—we find the following interesting passage :

"While proceeding further down the Fish River (in the near neighbourhood of Cradock), a spot was pointed out as being, according to native tradition, the home of the 'Water-maid.' Our informant gave us the following description of the fair nymph, which he said was told him by a Hottentot. Her head and the upper part of the body is like that of a human being, and from the waist downward resembling a fish. She has long invisible hair, and whenever she sees a well-favoured man in the water, by some magic means she casts one of these hairs at him; it fastens on the victim, draws him down to her, and converts him into one of her own species. Such was the fear the Kafirs had of the mermaid, that not till lately would any of them ford the river at that place."

Can any of our correspondents tell us whether notions of this sort are indigenous in the native mind, or have they only been introduced by Europeans?

THE
CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LIFE AT THE CAPE.

BY A LADY.

LETTER VII.

Wynberg, Monday, 10th February, 1862.

* * * What a splendid thing is rest! Next to sleep, there is nothing more delightful than giving yourself up entirely to laziness *for a season*, and dozing the hours away in dreamy do-nothingness under trees that shield you not only from the glare, but also render more fragrant the glorious fresh free air that here fans you into Paradise. I fancy I must have some gipsy blood in my veins somewhere, for after every fresh burst of energy, all I care for is to be thoroughly idle, and rest on my elbows looking out of a wigwam! To watch a black fellow smoking at the door of his "pondockie," is to envy him the supreme nonchalance with which he treats time, duty, and place. Happiness seems to float around him—there is a blissful turning up of the eye-balls, and a suggestive twist of the lips, which speak volumes for his thorough enjoyment of his old clay pipe; and then he is not selfish—but allows his better half to enjoy her short pipe too! Our present quarters are within a convenient distance of a number of huts and mealie patches belonging to native farm labourers, and I have ample opportunities of studying the domestic economy of our coloured neighbours. Their fat little jack-puddings of children run about in the scantiest of shirts, and pick up their dinners apparently just as the fowls do, by clucking over everything eatable they may come across. The moment they see us coming, they scamper away like a lot of kids into these huts and peep out

at us from their dark and well-smoked interiors, like Robinson Crusoe's goat in the cave—all eyes and gleaming white teeth. If you, however, hold up sixpence and say you want to buy some watermelons, out they will all come again, one after another, until the whole family are dispersed over the roughly enclosed garden, looking up the ripest fruit to sell. Each little vagabond shouts with glee that *his* melon is riper than the others, and there you will see them knocking away at the thick green rinds with their knuckles as if they were doctors sounding your chest, until the mother authoritatively steps in, gives the various specimens of melons a good shake to detect a hollow sound, and then runs the blade of a knife a couple of inches into the interior of the likeliest one as it rests upon the ground, so as to pull out a small plug of red pulp as a test of its forward condition. The melon is then twisted off the stalk, well banged about over the head of the noisiest brat to prove its ripeness, and tucked under the arms of the biggest, like a helpless baby in very short clothes, for safe conveyance to our kitchen. You can't conceive how difficult it is for a gentleman to carry a watermelon for you. It is too big for his pocket—too heavy for one hand, and excessively inconvenient for two. It is hard, smooth, and slippery,—in fact, a huge dead pig of a fruit, with nothing to grasp firmly but a ridiculous little tail of a stalk. If you carry it in both arms, you are sure to laugh at your own solemn sense of the trust imposed on you, and let it fall in consequence; but the black fellows just clap it on their woolly heads or shoulders, and walk off smiling, like milkmaids with their pails. Need I say this fruit is delicious. On the hottest day, when the thick rind feels warm to the touch, the pink pulp within is almost as cool as raspberry ice—melting in your mouth, very sweet and delicious, and full of a thin juice,—hence the name. It grows like a cucumber in long trailing plants, with large leaves and a trumpet-shaped flower. I have seen them spread out over the sandy soil for more than twenty feet, and the funniest thing about them is that they grow just as well without being watered as when regularly soaked every day. Of course, the gardens are not very neatly kept—nothing at the Cape ever is; but a favourite device is to plant mealies,—that is, Indian corn, in short rows, about a yard apart, and under their shelter from wind and sun, cultivate beans, peas, onions, leeks, &c. The soil must be good, though it looks poor and white, as the gardens everywhere are full of vegetables, and quite account for the sleekness and sloth of their lucky proprietors. These mealies can be

eaten in two or three ways. When young and full of milk, they are stripped of a sort of silky brown beard in which they are wrapped by nature, and either boiled or highly scorched before a slow fire till they turn brown, and so eaten hot for breakfast. When fully ripened, the cobs are allowed to dry in heaps, and then the grains are easily brushed off the core by a sweep of the thumb, and so made ready for market as food for poultry and cattle, as well as for the natives. Our youngsters like them best raw, and are never happier than when gnawing a soft mealie cob: so that what with pumpkins, mealies, and melons, they are growing as round as young Kafirs, and not a whit less healthy. * * *

Friday, February 21.—The mail still brings us news of this miserable American war. Will they never stop fighting? It is horrible to think of the utter misery which will be the ultimate fate of the poor Southern gentry, after all their trials and privations, in defence of their right to secede. In this Colony people take the deepest interest in European politics, and you would be surprised at the eagerness with which everything is here discussed the moment the arrival of the steamer has caused a lot of extras and supplements to be distributed over town and country. All our sympathies here are with the South, and no wonder. * * * * The death of Prince Albert also has made a great sensation. * * *

To turn to home news, accept my best thanks for the admirable manner in which you executed my troublesome little commissions. Everything arrived in capital condition by the *Dane*, and does credit to your packing. * * *

And so you all approved of the Constantia, Van Rhum, and other cordials sent you on trial? Well, you are not singular in your taste, for I am quite of your opinion that they are *very* nice. The farms which are specially noted for these liqueurs are favourite points of interest to visitors at the Cape, and in many respects are well worth the journey to such out-of-the-way spots. To take you there quickly from Wynberg, we have only to order our horses, and scamper off in the direction of Hout Bay to reach it in half an hour. The route is not particularly interesting, stretching as it does across three or four miles of sandy plain, well clothed with heather and protea bushes; but after a sharp canter you take a turn to the left and enter a long avenue, which leads up straight to the hospitable chateau of Great Constantia. The courtyard here is graced by a number of very fine old oaks in double file, and is bounded on one side by outbuildings, and on the other by a low, whitewashed wall, which encloses large

vineyards, full of short, stumpy little bushes, well furnished with big bunches of yellow and purple grapes. All the vines are planted in long, straight, regular rows, about a yard apart, and are entirely free of props or supports of any kind. You are made welcome to the establishment as a matter of course, the horses are off-saddled and led to the stables, and you are invited inside, there to admire the spacious apartments and enjoy their coolness after your hot ride; or, if not unwilling to tuck up your habit under your arm, and take a survey of the estate, you are treated to a scramble through the vineyards, at the risk of spoiling your palate for many a day, by injudicious tasting of every kind of grape submitted to you, to say nothing of the luscious peaches that almost melt in your mouth. Not to bore you with the details of wine-making, suffice it to say that the Constantia grapes are not picked until they have almost shrivelled into raisins, and that they don't make very much wine every year; but you would be amazed at the extraordinary size of the huge casks and elephantine tuns ranged in order in the enormous cellars, which are very long, very dark, and almost chilly in comparison with the blaze of sunshine outside. Nothing can exceed the hearty good nature with which you are shown round the property by the younger members of the family, who talk a polyglot patois with their numerous daily visitors; and when you think of starting home again, after sipping samples from various brands, and duly admiring their taste, they very considerably invite you into the house again, where you make the acquaintance of ladies who are as pleasant as they are unassuming, and who must be heartily tired of their daily routine of duties in the hard work of entertainment. As the rooms gradually fill with company, you are asked to adjourn to a large saloon, where you find a capital luncheon laid out—an every-day business arrangement, combining hospitality and trade principles, and rendered necessary by the long distance from any hotel. The carriage-loads of strangers who turn up on fine days at all hours of the morning in drags, tandems, carts, and four-in-hand could not well otherwise be accommodated except in this generous fashion; and the people who come in them are certainly extraordinary customers in every sense of the word. May their numbers never grow less.

There was no wine-pressing going on when we were there, but later in the season the big tubs will be filled by a mob of perspiring labourers, who will parody Macaulay's lays as to the must foaming round the feet of laughing boys. Mr. Cloete smiled at the idea of there being either poetry or

fun in the treading of the wine-press, but assured us it was very hard work indeed, and I should think anything but nice to lookers-on. * * *

On our way back we looked in upon his neighbour, Mr. Van Reenen, for the especial purpose of seeing a curious oak tree, which spreads out at about twelve feet from the ground into a huge fork, and here they have set up a table and benches and turned it into a summer house, to reach which you have to ascend a ladder, and enjoy in imagination the feelings of the second Charles under similar circumstances. In every other respect the farm details were the same, but on a smaller scale ; but both proprietors vie with each other in their civility to strangers, and are admirable specimens of the good old colonist, of Van der Stell pattern.

Asto the "Van Rhum," some say it is made out of "naartjee" peel—a species of mandarin orange,—while others tell me it is prepared from certain herbs, only known to the initiated. Anyhow, when well prepared, it is capital, and I am glad to hear Aunt M. so thoroughly appreciated its flavour. * * It is a favourite cordial after dessert, and our old friend Mrs. M—— makes it to perfection.

Thursday, February 27.—We have been having a capital picnic yesterday down by the seaside at Kalk Bay. The day was gloriously fine, and, as is the custom here, we were told to be ready by eight, and bring anything we pleased in the way of dishes and baked meats. Our hostess charged herself with the care of the drinkables, and engaged to call for us in one of Cutting's old omnibuses, with its special team of six lively screws, and a nondescript driver. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, ourselves and hamper were carefully packed into the roomy old ark, and, in the company of at least a dozen young people, we were pleasantly jolted down to the appointed rendezvous. As we had only eight or nine miles to go, we amused ourselves in the usual fashion common to such occasions, and were not sorry when at length the sight of the dark blue sea suddenly burst upon us, with a delightful salt breeze to cool our foreheads as we passed through the toll-gate at Muisenberg. Kalk Bay is a little fishing hamlet, consisting of a few old-fashioned Dutch houses, and a dozen or so of fishermen's huts straggling for a mile between the rocky beach, and the bleak precipitous mountains that rise up almost immediately behind it. It is accounted a very healthy place, and is the favourite resort of well-to-do people, who like to exchange the *ennui* and smells of a hot town for the more bracing breezes and even stronger scents of the sea-side. The scenery, but for the

wide expanse of blue water, is very dreary and ugly. Not a tree to be seen—the bushes stunted and starved, and behind the houses rise up bare brown knolls or “koppies,” highly suggestive of mineral wealth, but otherwise very bleak and desolate. Were it not for the sea breeze, it would be impossible to live here a week; yet for an occasional visit it is full of amusement—the smallest incident going a very long way. Our arrival soon made us the observed of all observers, and I should have taken refuge in the wayside hotel but for two reasons—first, that nobody could be found to join me; and secondly, that the hotel, as usual, would have had little or nothing to give us for breakfast until the boats had come in, and as this would have taken time, we decided upon making a descent upon the coast, and cooking our own meals in *al fresco* fashion on the rocks. Here, then, in a shorter time than it takes me to write it, we found ourselves like a set of gipsies encamped. The horses were at once knee-haltered and turned loose, the servants sent searching for wood and bushes, the old caravan emptied of its contents; and what with coffee, eggs, porter, cold tongue, ham, and chicken, a very admirable *déjeuner à la fourchette* was rapidly improvised. There is nothing to give you an appetite like sea air and an early ride, and you would have laughed heartily at the *bizarre* nature of the articles severally furnished by the members of the picnic towards the feast.

After breakfast we all dispersed in different directions in search of the picturesque,—I, for my own part, going in quest of shells, which I had promised to the children, and which are to be found in great number and variety in queer out-of-the-way nooks and corners. To reach these you have to scramble over rocks that are jumbled about even more wildly than on the top of Table Mountain, only that all the gaps between are full of sea-water, clearer, perhaps, than looking-glass.

Any sand or soil that may once have covered these rocks has since disappeared, and now the waves come and dash their spray high up in the air, almost over the roadway. The noise of the breakers is very great, and yet, after a time so little regarded that, happening to sit down in a cosy little nook, watching the sea gulls and fishing-boats, I must have dropped off to sleep, lulled thereto by the sunshine and the ceaseless roar and dash of the surf,—for I was suddenly aroused by a shower of spray in my face, and a peal of laughter above me. I jumped up, rubbing my eyes, and then discovered the tide to be rising, and that a stronger wave than usual

had almost deluged me, to the huge delight of friends, including my husband—who were enjoying my discomfiture not very far off. Dripping as I was, I remembered the old saying that “Salt water never gives cold,” and, like the little boy in *Punch*, determined to run about and dry myself; so to that end, gathered up my skirts, and strolled on to a little plot of delicious white beach close to the church; and there the shells strewed the sands so thickly, that you could not resist going down on your hands and knees and filling your pockets with flotsam and jetsam of almost microscopic minuteness. I thought of my little ones at home, and so grasped all I could get, especially pouncing upon the prickly sea eggs, and a very delicate dark-blue shell, most lovely and bright, and held by many to be identical with the ancient Tyrian dye. Some of the shells were like coins, and some like screws, but all were gleaming with the lights of opal and mother-of-pearl, and made a very pretty collection indeed.

A little further on brought us to the Fishery, where we found a “most ancient and fish-like smell,” highly significant of rough ways and means of cure. The boats were just coming in as we got opposite to this inlet of the sea. They were laden to the brim with many curious specimens of fish, which were immediately tumbled into dirty old carts, and driven off rapidly to Cape Town for sale. Of course we bought a bundle or two of silver fish, and it was not very long before they were broiling on the embers for our mid-day lunch. Our flow of spirits at this meal was almost as wonderful as our morning appetites, and it must have been many a long day since the echoes of the old cave were so rudely awakened as by our bursts of laughter and of song.

When the day began to get a little cooler, we scrambled down to the rocks again to search for the very lovely and delicate sea-weeds blooming in every little pool, and one of the gentlemen of our party lighted upon a most horrible creature called a “catfish,” but which ought more properly to have been named “a sea devil,” if there be such a thing—as it was all arms and legs, and huge goggle-eyed head. This frightful-looking creature quite cured us of any further desire to dip our hands into the briny pools, as we were told that if it caught anything living in its grasp it never let go till all its limbs were severed from its body. What a pleasant bathing companion to be introduced to!

Down at Kalk Bay the chief amusement is not to bathe but to stand out upon the rocks, with an immense bamboo

rod and line, and catch fish in the broken water. The only place where there is a nice sandy beach is over at Muisenberg, extending from near the toll-gate as far as the strand of Somerset West, and there ought to be a large number of bathing machines drawn up in line, but nothing of the kind is known here. This beach seems to be a favourite place for hauling big nets, and I am told the contents of the seines are enough sometimes to puzzle a naturalist, including toadfish, dogfish, catfish, and juvenile sharks. Extending as it does in a gentle curve for miles, and perfectly firm when moistened by the retiring tide, the Muisenberg beach must be a capital place for a gallop, as you can't hurt yourself if you should fall, and a run-away horse cannot go very far without stopping of his own accord to take breath. * * * Many ladies bring their horses down with them, and two or three riding parties passed us while we were busy getting ready to return. And so as the sun was slowly sloping to the West, we gathered up our traps, our baskets, and our spoils, and, with aching backs and sun-burnt faces, gladly took our seats in the wretched old omnibus—only too happy to reach home, take a warm bath, and so to bed and the land of dreams. * * *

Friday, March 14, 1862.—There is some talk of our going to the Frontier, and as yet I have not half exhausted the various places of interest in the Western Province. We have still to see Stellenbosch, and the wine districts of Paarl and Worcester, and look forward to an early trip to these old-fashioned parts—so capitally described by Lady Anne Barnard. Till then let me introduce you to other more immediate surroundings. Just behind our house are collected huge waves of the purest white sand, which are slowly being drifted from the shores of False Bay by the action of south-east winds across to Table Bay, and threaten to engulf every house that comes within their influence. These sand-dunes are at least twelve to thirteen feet high, and are most extraordinary freaks of nature. For years it puzzled everybody how to fix them, until the late Colonial Secretary hit upon the device of planting them with Hottentot fig—a wild succulent plant, like a lot of fingers moulded in green jelly, and which will grow anywhere; and now many of these hills have retained their old shapes, and are quite covered with this hardy creeper. It is across these hills that the members of the Cape Fox Hunting Club in olden times were wont to chase the nimble jackal of the country, and many a good story have we heard of the extraordinary performances of old Indians in these very unlikely waves of

sand. These "dunes" practically extend for miles to Zekoe Vlei, or Hippopotamus Lake, and across these Flats, in times of old, lions used to range concealed in the thick masses of reed, which stick up stiffly everywhere like the hair of a man who has seen a ghost! These "Flats," too, are dotted with springs or "vleis" (good-sized basins, bearing upon their oily, still surfaces many pretty water plants), and are graced with lovely heaths, dewplants, and an infinitude of bulbs in blue, purple, white, and rose colours. Through them flows a stream called the Black River, which stains everything deep red, and which sluggishly finds its way into the lagoons of Salt River. To scamper across these Flats is like riding on the top of a Scotch or Yorkshire moor, and only for the scream of some excited *kalkoontjie* circling over its nest in the heather, the scene is as quiet and subdued as the heart of man can desire. The view is bounded by lofty hills, at the foot of which are to be found Stellenbosch and Somerset West, and close to the latter Hanglip Point, the scene of the loss of the *Birkenhead*,* with troops. * * *

In three hours you can reach Eerste River by cart from our place, though the new railway soon promises to do it in one, but it takes you a good hour's drive further before you reach Somerset West. This is a very pretty and wealthy little village on the high road to the wool districts, and owes much to its charming position, and the admirable management of its interests by its founder—old Simon Van der Stell. The country all about is cut up into large farms, but the chief of these—both for wood and water—is the splendid farm of old Mr. Theunissen, formerly the summer palace of the famous Dutch Governor, Van der Stell, and built upon a scale of magnificence that has rarely been equalled elsewhere at the Cape. Mr. T—— was kind enough to show us a book printed in 1712, wherein is marked a full plan of the house as it existed in Van der Stell's time. The mansion, which stands in the middle, was then surrounded by a belt of defences of which nothing now remains but the central building. The saloons are of very great height, delightfully cool and well ventilated, and the ceilings made of camphor-wood, just as at Constantia the rafters were made out of trunks of silver trees. In the courtyard stand some gigantic camphor-wood trees, brought directly from Japan some seventy years

* This is one of the few errors as to matters of detail into which the Lady occasionally falls. The *Birkenhead* was wrecked at Danger Point, some thirty or forty miles further along the coast.—ED. "C. M. M."

ago, and now increased to a girth of twenty-four feet, but I am afraid to say how high they are. They are the only ones in the Colony, and are well worth a visit. But what makes this place so pretty is the abundance of fresh water flowing in a deep but narrow stream round it as a boundary. The park-like meadows and gardens are admirably kept and well irrigated, and the sea itself is plainly visible about three miles off, so that it is a residence fit for a prince, with plenty of fishing, shooting, and sea air to please all tastes. * * *

A little further on and the road takes you up Sir Lowry Pass, which is a magnificent mountain road, with frightful precipices on the one side, leading to the Caledon district. The view from the top of this Pass is very lovely, and is grander and more extensive, if possible, than from the Kloof Road. It embraces a range almost as great as from the top of Table Mountain, and, like that, is very weird and weather beaten on the summit, dwarfing even the Lion's Head.

As there is a capital little inn at Somerset West, we stopped here a few days last week, and greatly enjoyed our bathing on the "Strand." Here we found a number of Cape farmers, with their wagons and tents set up on the sands, camping out as coolly as if they belonged to the sea, and accompanied by their families from Stellenbosch and the surrounding districts. The matrons and boer servant girls wore the funniest head dresses and sun-shades conceivable, while the men sprawled about under the lee of their wagons, just as boatmen would creep under their boats at Broadstairs and Deal. As the sands are very fine and the beach shelving, it is a thousand pities nobody has been enterprising enough to start a dozen of bathing machines, so as to improve its great natural capacities as a watering place. * * * *
I am sure they would take everybody's fancy here when once started.

I N R O M E.

NOTES OF A COLONIST'S SOJOURN.

IN TWO PARTS.

II.

AFTER a day spent amidst such vestiges it is pleasant to step out upon a marble balcony and look over modern Rome. In front you see the Castle of St. Angelo, its round mass looking solid enough to defy time, which through seventeen centuries has left few traces on its stone exterior. This edifice is connected by a covered passage with the Vatican, which with St. Peter's and the hospital of San Spirito are the chief features of what is known as the Leonine City—being the northern district of Rome on the right bank of the Tiber—founded in the ninth century by Leo IV. In early ages Anglo-Saxon pilgrims usually encamped here. Now it is but a small section of the capital and the houses in it are mostly occupied by the poorer classes. Henceforth it is likely to have a distinct individuality, however, as the final, and let us hope, the peaceful home of the Pontificate. Nowhere else, however, will you find in such close proximity such a fortress, such a palace, and such a temple.

On a sunny February morning it is delightful, after emerging from the dirty lanes at the head of the Corso, to saunter up the broad gradient that leads to the Capitol. Having gained the top a wide fair space spreads before you. Two noble figures—Castor and Pollux—flank the outlet. In the centre, Marcus Aurelius, bravely mounted in bronze, presides over the scene. In front rises the palace of the Senator with its soaring tower—the future parliament house of Italy. The palace of the Conservator and the museum stand separately on each hand. Enter either of the latter and you have a repetition of the glories of the Vatican. Room after room, gallery after gallery, may be traversed, all filled with the trophies of ancient and modern art. Here bas-reliefs that are in themselves a history, and papyri that go back to the dawn of time, may be studied. Here the Dying Gladiator droops over his lifeblood, and the Bronze Wolf takes one back to the first days of Rome. Go outside again and, turning a corner, look over a low wall. About twenty feet below you, huddled up against the side of the hill, are squalid tenements, and clothes laid out to dry. Here occurred the tragedy of "Hawthorn's Transformation," and this is the Tarpeian Rock.

We have now come to the edge of modern Rome—the Rome of the priesthood and the Papacy. Nay, though churches still rear their roofs and domes all round, we have ceased to regard or to think of them. Here, where we stand, the Rome of our school-boy days reigned in all her glories. Here, when she ruled the world, the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus crowned the height. Possibly this hill, now beautified by the genius of Michael Angelo, may again become the central heart of a free and united Italy. From hence, moving southward, you pass as in a dream. Enter this little church below the frowning edifice. Mute devotees kneel before a barred-off shrine. A monk gives us lighted tapers and takes us down a steep stair into a subterranean cell. It is dark enough and deep enough here, but there is a lower depth yet, into which we peer through a round hole in the floor, and into whose stifling gloom we again descend. In this low, horrid dungeon, twenty feet deep underground, where you can scarcely stand upright, the Apostles Paul and Peter were immured. You are shown and asked to drink from a well miraculously formed when the gaoler needed baptism—so the monk says; you are shown an impression on the wall, said to be that of St. Peter's face when struck by his custodian. Here Jugurtha was starved to death, and the accomplices of Catiline were strangled. It is the Mamertine prison.

Gladly stepping forth from this den of horror into the free fresh air, you see before you a railed and sunken space, full of fragments of the past; a noble arch bearing the name of Severus, groups of columns that have stood before temples, exquisite in their symmetry and grace, shattered pillars lying prostrate over marble pavements, the sumptuous relics of a sumptuous age. This is the Forum of old Rome. You pass on down a broad and lengthened avenue skirted constantly by fragments of ancient architecture, sometimes built into modern churches, sometimes standing alone in their eloquent desolation. You are treading in the wake of conquerors before whom the world trembled, and of triumphs such as modern nations never see. This is the Via Sacra, and yon massive arch, yet perfect in all its details, telling on its entablature its own tale, is the commemoration of the conquest of the Jews by Titus. Advancing on, the signs of modern life get less prominent, the arches of a vast building of the Cæsars' time seem to shame the puny efforts of later architects, and then instinctively you stop—

“ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand.”

Thank God, it stands yet, a ruin it is true, worn by time, but torn more ruthlessly by the plundering hands of the

selfish Cardinals who reared those palaces behind us. Here, too, one has to come again and again before the real immensity and architectural wonders of the place are properly understood. Talk of our modern architecture! What flimsy, gingerbread work our stucco compositions seem in contrast with the masonry of these old Romans. The art of brick-making must in those days have been a pursuit different to what it is now. After eighteen centuries of exposure to man and weather, the bricks so largely used in the construction of this and other buildings, seem hard as adamant. The perfection of its design too—exactly fitted for its purpose—light, air, ventilation, all amply provided for. 80,000 spectators could here watch the sports of the arena, and find ingress or egress with ease and comfort. Of what modern theatre could this be said? Even now the inner galleries seem endless. Occasionally great rifts give glimpses of giddy depths, while through the outer arches the eye takes in framed landscapes of the most suggestive scenery in the world.

The last time we visited this scene was on a day of surpassing purity and beauty. We climbed the restored staircase to the topmost attainable level, and sitting on a stone enjoyed for hours the affecting spectacle. You get no true idea of the proportions of the building from below. Only when traversing its gigantic corridors do you rightly appreciate the magnitude of the theatre. From where we sat the vast interior spread beneath. You can people the mossy arches, hear in your mind's ear the awful hum of the panting multitudes, and see with your mind's eye the mangled forms of martyred Christians wrestling with hungry beasts in the bloody pit. Above, still stretches the rare sky of Italia,—blue now as when it domed in those ghastly spectacles. Through the shattered arches we caught glimpses of other ancient ruins, and saw the Tiber shimmering in the distance. Behind, the Alban hills and Apennines, yet thickly snow-draped, rested against the sky, and the ocean-like Campagna filled up the space. Wall-flowers, sweetly scented, gleamed from every stone, and the many varieties of moss wherewith these time-worn stones are carpeted, softened the footfall, and lent the spell of silence to the solemn scene.

This is but one aspect under which the Coliseum may be seen. From the centre of this pagan circus springs a wooden cross, to kiss which is to claim indulgence for all manner of sins. Hundreds of the faithful daily do this, and kneel before one or other of the altars that are ranged around. At night, sometimes the whole vast ruin is lit up by Bengal and other coloured fires, paid for by subscription—

to my mind a most displeasing freak of modern sensationalism. Of late years the arena has been made the scene of grave political gatherings,—thousands of Roman citizens having assembled there in silent protest against Papal rule. The last occasion of this sort was in September last when forty thousand Romans collected there to form a provisional government for the freed city.

An even more interesting ruin exists in the Baths of Caracalla. Such another day as that I have described we passed here. Sixteen centuries ago this was one of the finest edifices in Rome. Its remains now cover 140,000 square yards of ground. 1,600 bathers could at one time find room and accommodation there. Then its walls were clothed with marbles, its roof ceiled with brass, its walls adorned with superb statuary. It was the type and embodiment of Roman luxury when the luxuriousness of the Empire was at its highest. Although now nought but brick walls remain, they attest sufficiently the magnificence which once invested them. In height, breadth, and grandeur of proportion these shattered halls put our modern palaces to shame. The Mosaic floor is still perfect in many parts, and you can admire the marvellous minuteness and exquisite taste shown in the arrangement of these tinted marbles. Clambering to what must have been an upper floor, you may spend hours wandering about and over the arches and parapets of the ruins. Shrubs and flowering plants of countless varieties wave and bloom here. In places your steps are arrested by a rift which discloses a dizzy depth below. Here you are out of Rome, though not beyond the walls. Close by is the glade where Numa met his nymph. All round may be seen the wrack of the old city. The Campagna rolls away dreamily to the southward, towards where the Alban hills are dotted with the white patches of their towns and villages; a delicious air breathes soft and warm around these mouldering ruins and fragrant flowers; ineffably content, you nestle under the shade of a broken wall, on a soft cushion of moss, and, reckless of a vulgar world, let reverie enthral you.

One of the many noble works for which the world has to thank the Emperor is to be found on the Palatine hill, a great portion of which historical locality was bought by Napoleon in 1861, for £10,000. Since that year the Orti Farnesiani, as these grounds are called, have been the scene of costly and unwearied explorations carried on at the expense of the French Government. Here may be seen, dug clear of the dust of ages, the palaces of the Cæsars,

or rather the walls that encompassed them. Before these operations were begun this was a tangled hill, and nothing more. Now you wander through an immense series of subterranean halls and chambers of enormous size, bearing traces here and there of the mosaics which once beautified these walls, and suggestive enough of their pristine splendour. Not only were here the palaces of Vespasian, Tiberius, and Caligula, with baths, temples of equal grandeur, but on a little knoll you are shown the site of the house of Romulus, and you may still study with ease and accuracy the arrangements and economy of ancient architecture. One of the delightful weekly excursions of the British Archæological Society was spent here, and nothing could be more instructive and interesting than to hear the topography of the place expounded, and the historical associations of the ruins described by one whose life is given up to the investigation of Roman antiquities.

Hire a fly and drive beyond the walls of Rome. Just within them, almost overshadowed by them, is a shady enclosure, redolent of violets and dazzling with carved white marble. Tombs of every design and order crowd the place. Names familiar to our northern recollection greet the eye. On a plain white slab lying in a secluded corner is seen inscribed "Percy Bysshe Shelly. Cor. Cordium." In an older burial-ground not far off, Keat's headstone bears the pathetic words: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." These our countrymen, thus smitten in a distant land, repose meetly amidst the signs of a people that have passed away. Few sounds harsher than the murmur of wind amongst the cypress trees and the flowers mar the sweet solemnity of the scene. On the other side of the walls rises the pyramid of Caius Cestius. From thence onward the straight road passes over the heaving Campagna whose crawling aqueducts still feed Rome, as they did of old, with the limpid water of the mountains. Fragments of tombs and columbaria skirt the way. Here and there humble wine-shops are passed, strange proofs of life in this land of the dead. We dismount at the door of a third-rate church, and, after knocking, gain entrance. Within we are shown a list of relics, including a footprint of our Saviour's, and the arrow with which St. Sebastian was shot. Taking a taper from the good old monk who guides us, we descend a staircase leading up to a side chapel, and dive into the depths of the catacombs. The passages of this underground labyrinth are low, narrow, and inexpressibly dark. How the monk threads their mazy windings is a wonder. All

along are the slabs where the bodies of the early Christians were entombed, but both bones and inscriptions have long since been removed. We are shown the altar where the first Christian sacrament is said to have been administered in Rome, and many another relic as saintly as it is holy. But the still, musty air, intense gloom, and cramped dimensions of these tortuous caverns are terribly depressing. The horror of being lost here, as some have been, is ever present and well nigh intolerable, and the bright free air above is welcomed when we emerge from these funereal depths, as never it was hailed before.

These are but stray glimpses of ancient Rome, as illustrated by her relics. The city is full of such. You are ever coming upon some imperial portico built into a modern wall,—some old theatre or temple of the Cæsarian era buried amidst the prosaic bricks and mortar of the present,—some lofty column telling on its sculptured stones the story of Roman triumphs,—some well-worn pavements trodden twenty centuries ago by citizens of the Republic. Fragments, any one of which would elsewhere attract the footsteps of countless sightseers, are here mixed up everywhere in the common architecture of the city. There are fountains of all ages, and of every conceivable design, shooting forth at all turns jets and cascades of crystalline water. There is the solemn Pantheon, with its vast open aperture in the dome, as perfect now in its proportions as when Agrippa caused it to be built. There are visible in the Tiber, when the river is low, the masonry of the buttresses whereon was built the Sullician Bridge, kept so stoutly by “brave Horatius” in the grand days of old. Nor are these vestiges made less interesting by the incongruity of their associations.

But new times have come to Rome, and the visitor's experiences there in future will not be what they have been. No more detention of trains half a mile from the station, and unexplained imprisonment of passengers in waiting-rooms for hours at a time. No more demanding and retention of passports, and registration of names, callings, and residences, by an ever vigilant police. No more opening of letters by the postal people, and wholesale confiscation of precious home newspapers. Correspondence now will be as easy as six months ago it was difficult. The worthy Irishman at Piale's Library will have no further call on his powers of speech by way of pacifying impatient visitors to the reading-room eager for the latest *Times*. One will be able to write and talk and move and meet without regard for the interference of a lynx-eyed gendarmerie. And yet with

all these restrictions much of the novelty of life in Rome will have gone. To free-born Englishmen, and yet more to colonists, there was a piquant flavour about these yokes and curbs that made them very bearable for a month or two. For to persons innocent of all political intentions, the Papal functionaries, numerous and vigilant though they might be, were polite and helpful, ready to assist a stranger in a passing strait, and by no means the ogres which the popular Cockney mind loves to paint.

Many worthy people cherish the belief that Romanism and science are naturally and irremediably at variance. I do not argue the point. It is enough for me to know that one of the most learned savants it has been my fortune to meet is one of the shining lights of the College of the Jesuits at Rome. One morning, duly armed with an introduction, I went to that enormous edifice—the Collegio Romano—where 1,248 pupils are constantly being trained under the tutelage of the order. Nothing could exceed the politeness with which I was guided through endless corridors and passages, and up countless stairs, to the observatory at the top. Father Secchi, the director, was closeted at the time with the Governor of Rome, but he soon came forth and gave me the kindest reception. Although a priest of the Order of Jesus, the padre is a polished man of the world, a fluent English speaker, and a fellow of our own Royal Society. His learning extends over all branches of science, and his observatory possesses a wonderful apparatus for self-registering every moment the minutest change in the atmosphere. There are only two other such in Europe; and our own country does not possess either. Passing upward still he showed me his magnificent telescope, and then emerging on the roof of the tower he spent half an hour, first in explaining his theory and arrangement of lightning conductors, and then in discoursing about the city. Rome is a bad place for thunderstorms, and in former years the loss of life and property was considerable. St. Peter's was repeatedly struck every year, and the annual cost of repairs was rather serious. Superstition battled against science for some time, but now that the cathedral is protected in the usual way, no damage is done. The conclusion left in the mind after visiting this College is, that if Rome resists science in any way—which, certainly, Father Secchi does not—it is not from ignorance. Her most earnest sons, however, hold that science, when reverently dealt with, can only serve to sustain the Church.

Life in Rome, to persons who are not too proud to economize or too rich to need to do so, is both cheap and pleasant

—two qualities that don't often go together. Not in the palatial hotels, however. There, during the season, the traveller must meekly expect to be fleeced inordinately. Go forth, however, in search of "appartimenti," and, if wise, hunt for yourself. There are plausible house-agents who will do the work occasionally, but they are in league with a favoured "clientele." After climbing up about fifty flights of Roman stairs, dark, dirty, and forbidding, and when hope of being satisfied was almost extinct, we came upon two rooms on the fourth, but not the top floor of a well-placed house, where we found all, and more than all we wanted. Our saloon was softly carpeted, and so large, that thirty-eight chairs and half a dozen tables still left large spaces free. Our chamber was equally spacious and comfortable. Our windows overlooked a leading thoroughfare, resonant at all hours of the day and night with many sounds. From these same windows, in half an hour, we once counted three hundred priests pass below, on ordinary avocations bent. For these rooms we paid only £1 a week, or £8 for two months. All other charges were in proportion. Rome abounds in places of refreshment, where breakfasts and dinners can be had at all prices from sixpence upward. Carriage facilities are equally moderate. Two people can hire a comfortable open fly, such as London knows not, at 8d. the course, which means anywhere within the walls, and at 1s. 5d. the hour. A two-horse carriage, holding five people, can be got for 1s. 3d. the course, or 1s. 10d. the hour. Light refreshing wine can be purchased in large flasks from the Campagna at rates I scarcely like to name. The only things that are dear in Rome are all imported commodities, and on them you have to pay such fancy prices as an oppressive dogma and a rapacious dealer combine to exact.

The pen would fain run on unceasingly concerning a theme so fertile in recollections. These are but a few of the aspects which the City of Cities presents. Let the last be as fragrant as are the memories of our sojourn there. Amidst all the dirt, dinginess, and decay that meet the eye everywhere in Rome, the freshness and brightness, and sweetness of flowers are ever surprising and delighting one. Nowhere else have I seen such prodigies of nosegays as those that are massed at every corner and thrust under one's eyes at every turn. The ragged peasants who vend these posies arrange their flowers with unsurpassable delicacy, taste, and skill. Bundles of violets set in a fringe of maidenhair, with a great camellia in the centre; pansies, lilies-of-the-valley,

anemones, and a host of other floral beauties are tied up with ravishing art, in bunches of divers sizes, from a spray fit for a button-hole to a huge bouquet big enough to fill a washhand basin. I was long puzzled to know where these masses of flowers could be grown, for the Campagna looks too dead a land to bloom with such radiant life. One evening while walking idly along the Pincio, pausing every few steps, as one does in Rome, to look dreamily over the parapet and the city, the secret was disclosed. At the foot of the walled hill, whose brow I was skirting, was a long row of little garden patches, crushed up as it were between the streets and the hill, where, tended with infinite care, were innumerable little flower-beds, set like mosaic amongst the houses. Here, grown by poor but industrious townspeople, the flowers which had so enchanted us had their home.

Outside Rome, in the villas or pleasure-grounds which are so common, but of which I have no time to speak, may be seen wild flowers in rare profusion. The villa Borghese, for instance, just outside the walls, is a paradise in this respect. On Sunday, when its dark avenues, velvety lawns, emerald banks, and winding walks are all thronged by a brilliant crowd, the scene is gay and lively beyond description, with bits of mouldy ruin peeping out here and there to remind one that history travels around, with the rare sky above and the bright sward below, darkened by the sombre foliage of the ilex and the pine trees, and with soft airs whispering unutterable things, breathing through the leaves, and lurking amidst the plashing fountains.

But all good things have an end, as Rome had to us. We entered the city after dark; we left it before the dawn. With slow sad steps we stole down the dark and dirty staircase to the street. With much real regret we parted from our kindly and weeping padrone; the wheels of the carriage raised ghostly echoes as we rattled along the stones in the just breaking light, and caught vague glimpses of familiar buildings and places. After due delays the train bore us northward, past St. John Lateran's array of apostolic figures looming large in the early light; and the portal of the church where the sacred stairs are ascended by the knees of innumerable worshippers; past the battlemented walls, so soon to be hurled down by Italian bombshells; past the outstretching aqueducts, on towards the distant Apennines. The sun rose in a cloudless sky from behind the snow-crested Alban hills, as we took our last lingering look at the lordly dome of St. Peter's, and said, right sorrowfully, Addio to Rome.

WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE GROWN UP.

1.

"When the children are grown up, dear! your resting time will come;
 Past toils will be forgotten in our calm and happy home;
 My head will then be somewhat gray, your brow not quite so smooth,
 But what care we for that, dear! if our hearts retain their youth?"

2.

"Five daughters and three sons, God's gift to us has been!
 The youngest not yet two years old, the eldest just fifteen.
 First one and then another,—they cause you many a sigh,
 Your work all day, your care all night;—they'll be grown up by-and-by.

3.

"You never seek the world without, its glitter and its show;
 To make these loved ones happy is the sweetest joy you know.
 Your books lie long neglected, your pencil and your pen;
 But when the children are grown up, you'll take to them again.

4.

"Our wedding tour, short as it was, I'm sure you'll ne'er forget;
 We got as far as Heemstede, and here we're living yet.
 We have had no time to wander together far from home,
 But when the children are grown up, how sweet 'twill be to roam.

5.

"I never feel quite happy if in other lands I stray,
 My heart is still at home with thee, when I am far away;
 I hurry o'er each pleasing scene and hasten back to thee;
 But when the children are grown up, we need not parted be.

6.

"I'll show you then the places which I the loveliest deem,
 Rhine and Moselle and Clyde and Thames and many a noble stream;
 Winandermere and Edinburgh, the lake and castle bold,
 We will visit them together before we are grown old.

7.

"When the children, dear, are all grown up—nay, look not on me so;
 You smile, and yet your smile is sad, as if foreboding woe;—
 When the children, dear, are all grown up, and that will quickly be,
 The golden age will come again, my dearest wife! to thee."

8.

—The children all were growing up, in order, one by one:
But ere one left the mother's side, there came another son.
“God bless thee, little darling!—with a mother's tender care,
Thou too wilt grow up by-and-by, the common lot to share.

9.

“Fear not; thy mother welcomes thee with all a mother's joy;
As all the rest are growing up, so will her baby boy.”
—Alas, alas! with sudden stroke, God took the life He gave;
The children all are growing up—but on their mother's grave.

R.

NICOLAAS BEETS, from one of whose poems the above translation is made,—as one of a series which have already enriched the *Magazine* from the pen of a writer who so genially appreciates and so faithfully reproduces the spirit of the Dutch poets—is one of the most eminent men of Holland, and at present a minister of the Reformed Church at Utrecht. He was educated at Leyden, where he pursued his theological and other studies from 1835 to 1840. For many years he was pastor of Heemstede, a lovely village near Haarlem, which is referred to in the verses here translated. He received numerous calls to other and larger congregations, which were invariably declined, so wedded was he to the peaceful scene of his youthful labours. Drawn by his eloquence, numbers of visitors from Haarlem and Amsterdam were to be seen every Sunday in the quiet village church of Heemstede. He distinguished himself also by his writings—his *Stichtelyke Uren*, *Camera Obscura*, and other productions of his versatile genius. He was at length induced to accept the call of the Church to Utrecht, and he removed to the University city, where his pulpit oratory attracts crowds of hearers.

In 1852 Dr. Beets was invited by the Synodical Commission of the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa to become one of the first Professors of the projected Theological Seminary. He found it impossible to comply with their request, but marked his appreciation of the honour by dedicating to them an excellent work which he had just completed, entitled, “Paul, in the great epochs of his Life and Labours.”

Dr. Beets has many personal friends at the Cape. To them, especially, the above translation of one of his shorter poems will be welcome.

P. E. F.

GOING TO BE WIGGED.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.

THE next evening as we entered the Temple hall, we found the warder blowing his sounding horn, for half-past five was pealing from the belfry. Already the legal atmosphere is becoming hazy, your euphonious name is entered in the attendance book, and you are busy fumbling for eight and sixpence.

Another venerable custom. This, my dear sir, is to pay for a bottle of fiery sherry wherewith that glorious reserve which is considered the very back-bone of every respectable Englishman is to be thawed. It requires consummate tact to break the ice and get an English gentleman lured into conversation. The benchers know this, and hence the newly-joined has the aid of a lovely Thais, in the shape of a black bottle, to assist in storming the silent outposts of the enemy. Having enveloped yourself in a gown, you feel ready for anything. The air is redolent of roast beef, the panniers are flying about with relays of dishes, and the men are taking their places at the tables. The portraits of Coke and Lyttleton look down admiringly on the benchers' tables. A gallery runs over the entrance door, wherein strangers are sometimes to be seen, watching the wild beasts feed. Coats of arms of defunct celebrities grace the panelling, placed there, doubtless, to stir up the youthful desire for posthumous reputation. It is a great thing to feel that your name may be preserved from oblivion, your "*ego*" is not to be eternally annihilated, and that it lies with yourself to have your insignia hereafter admiringly inspected in the halls of Walhalla.

Whether the practice of gastronomy leads to a proficiency in the theory of law is as yet a moot point. Whatever doubts the student may entertain on that score, it is for him to obey the precedent handed down from time immemorial, and he does not find it in him to refuse so pleasant a method of acquiring the right to a wig. This process of dining forms an essential ingredient in the progress of his legal development; it cannot be recalled without evoking lively remembrances of the hopes and aspirations which crowded through his brain, when he had the pleasure of forming one of a mess at the lower tables; to the briefless, this process

of gastronomy must be the true philosophy of practice, and, like all philosophers, they make a virtue of necessity, and call upon their digestive faculties to support them through the weary years of hopeful waiting.

We had met a fellow-countryman in the morning whose presence was acknowledged with the same boisterous heartiness that is said to attend the meeting of two expatriated "brither Scots." Being a member of the same Inn, he had promised to come down and help us to quaff our induction sherry, and we were in feverish outlook for his well-known face. At last he loomed into Hall, just as we acknowledged ourselves "up a tree," and were beginning to feel very uncomfortable with that black gown hanging like a mill-stone round our neck. He put us in mind of the good Samaritan, who finds you in a miserable condition by the way-side, and takes pity on you, and helps to thaw the general freeziness of the social atmosphere. Dr. Johnson never found himself a foreigner in a strange city, or he would have amended that proverbial saying, "that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." You've been treated like a foreigner, and are only beginning to fall into the ways of your new world. Babylon has not yet set its stamp upon you,—the feeling of strangeness is not yet over,—you are not disposed to call this place "home;" consequently, you rejoice in the presence of a Capeite; turn clannish to the ninth degree, stick to him,—he will put you up to the dodges. Like one of Cook's tourists in a strange city, you implicitly obey the dictates of the cunning one, who has acquired the art, and is up to all the ins and outs of gastronomic etiquette. He tells you to beware of the sherry, 'tis so fiery that, before you're aware of it, it will bring you a cropper. Don't drink the port, 'tis log-wood.

* * * * *

Argyll, in his "Essay on Primeval Man," "declares that man is the only animal that ever employs an instrument to realize any object." The "instrument" for the realization of our object was a fair dinner; six times every term were we robed and sat at the lower tables, looking with awe at the benchers as they came trooping in to their places on the raised dais; six times every term did we hear that stout butler bang the oaken table with a ponderous book, the short grace became as household words in our ears, we acknowledged the panniers as bearers of good cheer to famished mortals. Though we were not roses ourselves, we had the felicity of dining near them. Were these benchers not there to grace the "cheer

the gods provide?" Supposing they did have ten courses to our five, had they not passed through the weary drudgery of discriminating correctly *'twixt meum et tuum*, and were they not entitled to smooth their law-beaten brows with rare dainties? Long-continued study of precedents gives one an immense appetite. Blackstone is a good tonic, and the Law of Real Property is, in more senses than one, the very bitterest of bitters.

The Varsities have granted their *exceats*, and Hall is crowded by Oxford and Cambridge men,—men full of the innocence and thoughtlessness of the boy, others fast emerging into the experience and self-reliance of the man. Generally, the man of one or two terms is by no means delightful to meet; a certain dreariness of attention is visible when he finds you are not in the same boat as himself; he revels galore in the current topics of his College, but becomes apologetic to mere outsiders,—to them "he doesn't speak German, but he plays the German flute;" he may have passed his "smalls," and the egotism of his little microcosm fills his youthful brain with his only stock of conversational ideas. He is not in the "swim" except on College subjects, and disdains to trouble his head with the conventionalities of the outer world. When he passes his "greats" and enters chambers, he gradually sinks all this slangy peculiarity of thought and develops into a most conversational diner, prone to argument, and eager for information. He soon discovers that the world is not exclusively Oxford or Cambridge, and that the Varsities do not give the only tone to London ideas.

The "colonies" are well represented; Milesians with brogues you could hang your hat on; puffy retired officers on three years' leave from India, qualifying so as to fill the chair of the Bunpooter magistracy with greater efficacy. You will note how many of your fellow-students are infinitely superior to you in everything—how hopeless to attempt to attain their range of knowledge—how agonizing to span the distance between your acquirements and theirs. It is encouraging, however, to find that some are on a par with yourself, and just manage to float with the stream. To find your level in so large a body is of itself an education.

The benchers having dabbled their fingers in the rose waters—bang goes the book—thanks are returned—out to the ante-room—great divestment of gowns—wriggling into great-coats—searching for correct hats—lighting of cigars—shaking of hands—green curtain.

* * * * *

Having once resolved to enter the portals and dedicate yourself to the mastery of the law, you feel that you have become severed from the outer world, and are now to act with other motives and other instincts. All education is sympathetic,—none more so than that of the law; so you cannot fail to become imbued with the professional amenities of your caste. We are told that Sir Edward Coke valued Chaucer highly, because the Canon Yeoman's Tale illustrates the statute Henry V. against alchemy. Henceforth you clothe yourself entirely with duties of a grave and elevated character, and prepare for the promotion of the great objects for which laws are established—the protection of right, the redress and punishment of wrongs.

You are a member of one of the ancient guilds or corporations, subject to its special rules and by-laws, regulated and presided over by the benchers, who are not amenable to any direct interference of the law. The only redress which you have from their decision is by appeal to the assembled judges, and that only in the event of disbarment.

They decide on your admission. They alone have the right of calling you to the Bar, and during your studentship and your continuing a member of the Inn, they exercise certain control over your conduct.

Admission is refused to persons engaged in trade, to all who have taken Holy Orders, to those whose names have not been struck off the rolls of attorneys, or who continue clerks to attorneys or barristers.

From time to time they issue orders with respect to the discipline of the members, and there is an unrepealed command to the effect "that no fellow of these societies shall wear any beard above a fortnight's growth." They regulate the special training in learning of the students, and guide the moral and professional conduct of the barristers.

Formerly a student could qualify by merely dining for twelve terms, but, in accordance with the advanced spirit of the age, the benchers decided in 1860 on imposing some test, which, while it left open the portals to those who merely required the qualification as a species of honorary degree, still necessitated considerable attention and diligence on the part of the candidate. Besides the *sine qua non* of keeping twelve dining terms, you have either to attend the lectures of two or more of the readers for a year, obtain the chamber certificate of a special pleader, draftsman, or barrister, or pass a general examination.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the lectures are founded to teach, and the examination to test the efficiency

of such teaching. A student may attend the lectures without presenting himself for examination, and there is no guarantee that the members in any way follow the lecturer. The subjects for the examination are not based on the syllabus of the lectures, and at the end of each legal year there is a purely voluntary class examination on the preceding course of lectures, at which the successful candidate obtains a prize of twenty guineas.

It is perhaps to be regretted that the Inns of Court have not developed themselves into a legal University, and that a proper curriculum is not chalked out for the student. Left wholly to his own resources, he may spend many a weary term, and find that it would have been better for him if he had sought the advice of some older man, whose experience might have saved him much unnecessary toil. To the student intending to practise abroad, the want of advisers, and of a defined course of subjects, causes peculiar hardship. It is a question of considerable moment by what means he should qualify. The general examination embraces papers on Constitutional Law and Legal History, the Law of Real Property, Equity, Civil and International Law and Common Law. Besides a certain standard in each of these subjects, there is a special minimum awarded to the law of Real Property, under which no certificate is granted, no matter how proficient the examinee may prove himself in the other subjects. This entails weary months of labour over the history of the Feudal Law, and its amended application to modern times. You have to grind at authors whose very names bring sorrow to the recollection. To grasp the intricacies of Contingent Remainders, to study the doctrine of feoffments, and ascertain the rights of tenants in tail after the possibility of issue extinct, and to realize that the day after you are examined thereon they will be allowed to fade from the memory, as you are going to a Colony which is blest by knowing them not, it becomes important to ascertain whether you are justified in going so far out of your course, or whether it would not be better to devote all your time and attention to subjects more immediately connected with your future field of action.

If the student were allowed to select the subject in which particular excellence is required, then those members who are qualifying for practice in Colonies where the Civil Law obtains, might feel it incumbent to present themselves at the general examination, and thus obtain some guarantee that they had honestly and faithfully done their work.

As it is, a very small percentage of the men attempt being

called by the examination, the great majority pay their 100 guineas, enter a barrister's chambers, and are enabled to devote all their energies and time to the particular branch which they have decided on practising.

Forsyth, in his "*Life of Cicero*," draws an analogy between the mode of studying law at Rome and the modern system of reading in chambers. The modern student purchases his admission to the chambers of some special pleader, or conveyancer, where he is supposed to learn his future business by copying precedents and answering cases. So at Rome the young aspirant was to be found (but at a much earlier hour than would suit the Temples) in the open hall of some great jurists' house, listening to the opinions given to the throng of clients who crowded there every morning. Doubtless the eloquent soul of Cicero was also vexed at the technicalities of pleading, and his mind grew troubled with the peculiarities of the Roman action. Nearly all the celebrated Chancellors passed one or more years in weary drudgery within the dingy rooms of some special pleader. Here you are brought face to face with the active duties of your profession. Legal questions are submitted to you by the pleader, and you have to decide what law applies to the particular state of facts. But to render this active preparation effective, it is necessary that you have a considerable knowledge of law before you enter chambers—If not, you are apt to acquire a mere acquaintance with isolated portions of law; whereas the work necessary for the final examination will compel the study of law in all its details, and also as a whole.

It will be seen that the Inns of Court do not in any way guarantee that their members have acquired a proper stock of law, or that they have fitted themselves, during the three years of their studentship, by a systematic course of study in the subjects requisite for their profession. A man, ignorant of the very first principles of law, and who has neither the inclination nor the intention of mastering the rudiments of his profession, will experience no difficulty in being called. If, however, he intends making the Bar his means of livelihood, he will find that there is a deal to be compressed and attained in the three short years of his studentship. Probably no one deems it necessary to submit to that long and painful course of study which a Plowden, a Coke, or a Hale considered as requisite. Hale, for two years after he entered his Inn, studied steadily for sixteen hours a day, and even after his call remained among the briefless for many a weary day.

In England the chances are said to be against a man's success in the profession. The competition is so keen, the candidates so numerous, and those who get into large practice so few, that many pass the best years of their life in diligent attendance at Westminster Hall, without ever having an opportunity of showing their abilities.

There is, we believe, no record of any rules laid down by the Inns for the guidance of those called to the Bar. It may be that, after a man has dined in Hall for three or more years, drank wine with the benchers, and signed the roll at Westminster, he is supposed to become immaculate. Breaches of professional etiquette are rare, but lately we had an example of a member being disbarred for overstepping the limits, and doing that which was considered unbecoming a barrister and a gentleman. The French Bar has a regularly drawn code of laws for the guidance of its members. In England the rules of etiquette are not specifically defined. In fact, they are the unwritten laws of the profession, maintained in the breasts of the members, and handed down from generation to generation, expanding and adapting themselves to the vicissitudes of the time.

The fear of forfeiting the good opinion of their fellows is sufficient penalty for the due observance of the generally recognized laws, and it is felt that the interest of the Bar requires a strict observance on the part of its members—first, as to professional malpractices; and secondly, breaches of professional etiquette. It is generally considered that in civil suits no barrister should appear, except when properly instructed by an attorney, but he is allowed to defend a criminal without such intervention.

Very strict lines are drawn between the two branches of the profession, doubtless to prevent the professional prospects of the barrister from being too much dependent on the good will and connection of the attorney. A recent case decided "that a barrister may not, by a special contract made either before, during, or after litigation, bind himself or his client in respect of such litigation." He is also bound to take a brief offered to him, without reference to the merits of the case; he is not to refuse to hold a brief with another, and there is to be no interference on his part with the attorney's choice of a junior or a leader. No man is allowed to solicit briefs, and although it is considered that by the Roman law an advocate might sue for his fees, yet etiquette steps in and declares such a proceeding dishonourable. Lord Lyndhurst was of opinion that there were but three ways of succeeding at the Bar. First, by huggery, viz., cham-

pagne suppers and dinner parties to the attorneys; second, by writing a book; and third, by a miracle. Huggery is now forbidden. Book writing has become too common to bring anyone into notice. The only means of succeeding in these days is to wait and watch for a miracle, but, like the visits of angels, miracles, unhappily, are few and far between.

To anyone proceeding to study in England from the Colony, there can be no doubt that economy will be a great object; the expenses of an English education, except in some rare instances, by no means approximate to the lowest necessary limit. There is as great a difference between the sum a student can live for, and the sum he is sure to spend, as between the amount of work he could do and the study he actually gets through. Some men live as economically as possible; others spend large sums, and indulge in every expensive habit of the age. Everything will depend on the tastes and disposition of the student. He will be influenced in a considerable degree by the "set" he gets into. A young man finds great difficulty in refusing to join in the extravagances which are common, and his companions are sure to affect the scale of living by which he will be guided. It is considered that a man can live cheaper anywhere else than in London; but it is impossible, where so much depends on the inclinations and habits of the student, to lay down any particular sum which should be taken as the medium of expenses.

When the student has finished eating his dinners, and secured the requisites for his call, he is introduced to one of the benchers, who presents him as a fit and proper person to become a member of the Inn. A special call-night is set apart in every term, and after dinner you are robed in a barrister's gown, drawn up according to your precedence, and ushered into the sanctuary of the benchers to undergo the call ceremony. Next morning you proceed to Westminster Hall, are sworn in by the Judges, and henceforth your name is enregistered on the roll of those who are permitted to practise at the Utter Bar. Responsibility now begins to nudge you at the elbow; and, in the words of Chief Justice Erle, "It is of the last importance that your sense of duty should be in active energy, proportioned to the magnitude of the power and privileges entrusted to counsel. The law declares you to be incapable of contracting for hire where you have undertaken an advocacy. Your words and acts will then be guided by a sense of duty; that is to say, duty to your client, binding you to exert every

faculty and privilege and power in order to maintain that client's right, together with duty to the Court and yourself, binding you to guard against abuse of the powers and privileges entrusted to you by a constant recourse to your own sense of right."

ART AT THE CAPE.

"This country, indeed, should be the paradise of painters, for nowhere could you witness more delicate ærial effects, or find more exquisite gradations of colour in rock and bush, sky and scenery than in South Africa. * * One's eyes become fairly dazzled with the excessive purity of the fresh air and sunshine."—(From "*Life at the Cape*" by a Lady.)

WE have to apologize to the charming and genial writer of a Lady's letters from the Cape for the great liberty we have taken with her text; but the above extract so exactly conveys the leading peculiarities of Cape scenery, that in the interests of Colonial Art we are tempted to dwell upon it. Such painters as we have had with us have hitherto confined their pencils to the delineation of particular nooks and points of view likely to be popular, either from natural beauty or association of ideas. There have thus been produced and sold many a pretty sketch and many a graceful landscape; but until the arrival of Mr. W. Hermann at the Cape we have not been visited by any artist of acknowledged ability who could fairly claim to have succeeded in reproducing in oils many of the more striking characteristics for which our mountains and forests may be considered as celebrated. Such samples of this gentleman's skill as have lately been on view at Mr. Barnard's photographic studio must have satisfied the most sceptical that a good picture does not depend for effect upon mere trick or finish. These paintings have been expanded on canvas from the roughest possible sketches in water-colour, and yet there is no mistaking the quality and facility of the workmanship throughout. In the first, as a representation of Knysna scenery, nothing could well be conceived more realistic than the trees and creepers steaming in the morning mists of summer; while the air of perfect stillness with which the forest glade is invested, adds a further charm to the brilliant sunshine entangled in the foliage and blazing across the foreground. There is no humbug in this picture. It startles you with its truthfulness. It is entirely free from amateur crudities or estab-

lished mannerism. It is broadly but firmly painted. The trees and foliage belong to the Cape; the atmosphere and light are especially our own; the sky is decidedly blue, and as clear as it generally is in South Africa. Each lily and fern leaf stands out on its own merits; and if a Knysna elephant were to dash suddenly across the glade, we should instinctively climb up into that yellow-wood tree, and lay out on that strong projecting branch until all sense of danger was over. Nor is this all its merit. Such a picture is not alone an art treasure, but it is a bit of condensed patriotism. It is typical of that perfect freedom to which we are bred in this country, and which imparts an additional zest to every lovely aspect of nature, because it is instinct with true colonial liberty. We are not here cramped with the restraints of old world fences and game laws. We are free to move in any direction we please, and so long as we could have such a picture hanging on our walls, we could cheerfully sing with Lovelace—

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for their heritage.”

In quite a different vein is its companion picture conceived. Although bearing marks of hurry and want of finish, it is far more poetic and suggestive. It represents the bushy sides of a mountain, between which is framed a wide expanse of the Atlantic. The sunshine is streaming down on the sea in a flood of nearly vertical white hot light, and the eye of the spectator is so dazzled by the noonday glare as not to be able clearly to make out where the sea ends and the sky begins. The green tinge of the broken water in the foreground is significant of the height at which the view was taken. The broad effect of light on the gleaming horizon is so cleverly managed as to produce the sense of the illimitable, which all ocean studies should awaken; and clearly points to the early afternoon, when there is an absence of haze from both offing and beach. The heavens are boldly depicted of that lovely intense azure, flecked with a few gauzy, phantom-like clouds—(*floating in space*, not plastered in white daubs against the sky)—which are peculiar to Camp's Bay and its vicinity; while the middle distance is still more vigorously grappled with, and its cool, dark blue depths are rendered almost purple by the hot contrast of glowing rocks and warm-tinted shrubbery, against the miles of ocean ruffled by breeze and tide, which are

clearly charging across the pathway of the sun. To a superficial observer this painting may seem forced and unnatural, but it is in reality wonderfully true to nature. The sun is neither setting nor rising. It is directly overhead. The *genius loci*—the touching loneliness of the Kloof Road—strikes one forcibly. Not a trace of animal life is introduced to break the current of one's thoughts. The bushes are made to yield the least possible shade. The rocks and stones are hot with the noonday sun. The aloes stand out stiff and dogmatic; everything is made subservient to the main design of concentrating the attention upon the offing, and carrying one's thoughts and hopes *beyond*. Although the picture was exhibited without a frame, and had the further disadvantage of being placed against a white-papered wall—thereby exaggerating optically the brighter colours introduced into the composition—the mere fact of looking at it through a small roll or tube of paper, so as to exclude surrounding objects, was sufficient to bring into startling prominence all the more salient features of the landscape. This is due to its having been painted out-of-doors, and is the strongest test of its being really excellent and true to life.

As we are given to understand that these pictures are likely to be exhibited at the Royal Academy this year, we look forward to their impressing English critics very favourably. In fact, we may state that they were seen and highly approved of by Mr. Lee, the Royal Academician, who lately paid us a visit in his yacht the *Kingfisher*; and that their owner, Mr. T. B. Bayley, of Wynberg, has commissioned the artist to paint him ten more pictures on any subjects he may choose. So that if the whole series are equally well done, at least one gentleman of fortune at the Cape will have the exquisite gratification of having nurtured rising talent, and provided a fitting home for thoroughly colonial works of art.

In addition to these, it is no secret that Mr. Bayley has lately become the fortunate possessor of some exquisite bits of English scenery by F. Lee, R.A. They are very clever and characteristic, and are rich with the peculiar beauties for which that painter has made himself famous. We hope ere long that the public may see them exhibited, as good pictures are scarce, and have always a refining effect upon national taste.

In this connection the present, moreover, seems a fitting time for suggesting that possibly we may yet succeed in establishing a Colonial Gallery, wherein to collect for public instruction such examples of good masters as may serve to

educate the rising generation in the principles of art. Mr. Tennant has already promised the gift of Burleson's *Cupid and Psyche*; and it is well known that Deane's *Irish Cabin* and Bough's *Fog on the Thames* may be purchased at a moderate price from their holders; while Portman's *Death of Barendz* should certainly not be allowed to go out of the Colony. But of all this more anon.

Now that poor Bowler is no longer with us, we have no entirely professional artist to minister to our wants; and if we may judge from his *débüt*, we think a long and successful career may readily be predicted here for this gifted gentleman, who has left his Fatherland to study our scenery, and who may possibly yet be induced to take root in his temporary home by other and stronger ties than mere love of Nature and of Art! We wish Mr. W. Hermann every success in his career.

HOW WE SPENT A LONG VACATION.

WE had been fagging—Harley and I—at our German all the session, working steadily through *Don Carlos* and *Faust* with much zeal and patience, and persuading ourselves that we had at length got a fair hold of the language. But one day our satisfaction in the new possession was rudely shaken. A good many Hungarians were knocking about the country, sharing more or less in the sympathy which the eloquence and courage of Kossuth had roused in the hearts of Englishmen. And one fine evening in the early part of June we were accosted at our College gates by one of these Hungarian exiles. The poor fellow spoke in broken English—he seemed to know only a few sentences, framed exclusively with a view to charity. Here was a chance for us! *Sprechen Sie Deutsch?* we exclaimed together. And *Deutsch* the fellow began to speak, with a fluency and energy that completely crushed us. It was all we could do to make out the drift of his oration; and when it came to our turn to reply, we were speechless. For the life of us, we could not put together a decent sentence in German, and were only saved from ignominious retreat by finding that the man could speak Latin with the ease and precision which, though common enough on the Continent, are rare indeed in England. With the courage of despair we trimmed our sails to this change in the wind, and in a few minutes were out of sight of land. Lord Dufferin's famous Latin speech before the Icelandic Bishop was Ciceronian to the reckless style in which we questioned and answered our accomplished exile.

That evening we supped in Harley's rooms. He was evidently vexed and chagrined at our discomfiture. In fact, he was thoroughly out of temper, sitting with his feet in the grate, taking short and savage puffs at his huge meerschaum. At last he broke the silence—I had given up the attempt to make him speak, and was turning over the well-worn leaves of his *Faust*—by jumping up and saying "I'll spend the vacation in Germany. Will you come?" Before we went to bed that night, we had sketched out our plan for the long vacation, and agreed to meet at Great Grimsby, on the Humber, on the last Saturday in June, then and there to take the steamer for Hamburg, and thence find our way to one or other of the German University towns.

We met on the railway platform at Lincoln, and travelled together to the Coast. The railway runs down to the pier, and we had nothing to do but step on board. The day had been one of those rare ones that sometimes mark the English summer—clear, calm, cloudless. The sunset was such as one seldom sees out of England. Long lines of delicate cloud-land seemed to rise slowly out of the Western horizon as the sun declined, and marshalled themselves into ranks, like the hosts of some great army waiting for their king. And as he neared them, suddenly the whole West seemed to grow into splendour at his touch—not the fierce, fiery, short-lived glory of a tropical sunset, but the soft, rich, lingering splendour which is only seen where the air is humid and the twilight long. We were standing on the paddle-box of the steamer, watching the slowly-fading light, when Harley turned round and said,

"How is it that there is always a feeling of sadness mingled with one's delight in such a scene as that?"

"I was just trying to analyze the very feeling of which you speak," was the reply. "Certainly, the feeling is very different from that with which one watches the sunrise. The fabled Memnon-lyre must surely have struck a joyful note as the first beams of morning struck the black statue. And I suppose it was some feeling like that you speak of which led to the later addition to the original legend, that the tones at sunset were melancholy and mournful."

"Yes," said Harley, "there seems to be in it something of that vague and nameless regret to which Tennyson has given such exquisite expression in his

Tears, idle tears—

Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

But that scarcely seems to reach the root of the matter. Surely the vision of beauty and grace cannot in itself cause sadness. It can only be the contrast of such perfect tranquillity around us with the tumult within us that gives pain. All this beauty seems to reveal a world with which our nature is at such 'strange strife.' And then——"

At this moment the steamer's bell rang, and we were requested to leave the paddle-box. The motley crowd^s of passengers began to make their arrangements for the night. Carpet-bags were exhumed from piles of heavier luggage, and travelling-caps and rough pilot-jackets took the place of decorous beaver and broadcloth. The German element seemed to predominate on board,—gold spectacles, meerschaum pipes, and a style of dress of which no English tailor would have accepted the responsibility. But the striking feature was the perfect ease with which they accosted and conversed with each other. While the Englishmen stood aloof, wrapped in the traditional insular reserve, these Germans, who half an hour ago had never met, were chatting and smoking together as though they had met daily for years. I have no intention, however, of describing either the voyagers or the voyage. A fair run of forty-eight hours across the smoothest of seas brought us into the quiet waters of the Elbe. Passing Glückstadt and Altona, we landed on the Hamburg Pier about sunset, and after the usual confusion with porters, hotel touts, &c., we found ourselves comfortably established at a large hotel fronting one of the many beautiful squares of this splendid city. After a bathe, and dinner, and a hurried drive through the city, we settled down to our first attack on the "Continental Bradshaw." At first it seemed almost hopeless to expect any order out of such apparent confusion; but a little patience soon began to yield satisfactory results, and we found that Bradshaw in red boards at 3s. 6d. was as open to reason as his much-reviled cousin of the British Isles in yellow paper at 6d. The result was that we were to start at six o'clock next morning for the university town of Halle, on the Saale. A friend and fellow-student of ours—Peter—had just settled down at the University there, with the intention of spending a year or two in the Theological Classes and ultimately graduating in Philosophy. He met us at the station, and carried us off to Madame Hüller's lodging-house, where he had engaged rooms for us. Even in the subdued light of the summer evening, we could see that Peter had already taken the first step towards conformity to Teutonic manners and customs. His hair was cropped to a uniform length of

an inch or so; and when he faced the light we could perceive a short stubble on his chin and upper lip, to which he occasionally raised his left hand, as if to assure himself of its reality. A few minutes' drive brought us to Madame Hüller's, where we found the old lady herself waiting to welcome us. She was the very ideal of a hostess,—fat, fair, and *fifty*, dressed in serviceable dark-grey, with short skirt, as if girt up for perpetual action, and on her head an honest night-cap, deftly fastened by broad tapes under her ample chin. After briefly announcing her intention to be a mother to the two young Englishmen, she showed us upstairs to our rooms—a good large sitting-room and two bed-rooms. For this accommodation we were to pay each 1 thaler 20 sgr. (5s.) a month. Breakfast and tea or supper would be ready for us at any hour we chose, morning and evening; but dinner we must find elsewhere. These were the rules of the house, and, of course, we accepted them at once. Harley ventured to make some allusion to a bath, but the old lady did not seem to understand him, and left the room without speaking. We heard afterwards that she considered Harley shortsighted, since he had evidently failed to notice the washing arrangements in his bedroom. These consisted of a porcelain jug, holding about a pint of water, and a small-sized flat pudding dish. Clearly the good woman's notion of things did not include a tub of cold water. After ordering our supper—brown rye-bread and cheese, and such coffee as they make only on the Continent—we “turned in,”—that is, we lay down on one feather bed and covered ourselves as well as we could with another. Next morning we went forth to “do” the town. This was soon “done.” A queer, old-fashioned, narrow-streeted little town it is, somewhat smaller than Cape Town, with few buildings of striking, and none of beautiful, appearance. The University is a huge rectangular pile, with no pretension to style or elegance. The session was to close in about six weeks; and our plan was to attend two or three courses of lectures during the remainder of the session, and then spend a few weeks in travelling. As Madame Hüller's was a regular student's boarding-house, and as we had brought with us introductions to some of the Professors, there would clearly be no difficulty in getting to know something of German University life.

In two or three weeks we felt thoroughly at home in the place. The student of the German University is an eminently social being. If he has not the polish of an English student, he has far more naturalness. He wears his heart on his sleeve, and takes far less pains than the average English-

man to conceal the natural kindliness and generousness of spirit which they have in common. Accordingly, we were very soon on familiar terms with a goodly number, of all sorts and conditions, from the dashing youngster in his first semester, who undertook to show us where the best Bairisch beer was to be had, to the grave and thoughtful student of theology and philosophy, who was to take his doctor's degree at the close of the session. It was the theological faculty of the Halle University that was most famous, and attracted the great bulk of its students, though the philosophical and classical fame of Erdmann and Bernhardt filled their classrooms also with eager students. Tholuck and Julius Müller (the latter a brother of the eminent classical scholar and historian of Greek literature) were the great names in the theology of Halle. The latter had just published his *Christliche Lehre von der Sünde* (Christian Doctrine of Sin), which at once gave him a foremost place among the scientific theologians of Germany. The former had been for many years the recognized leader of religious thought in Halle. In addition to his eminence as a theologian, he was well known throughout Germany for the remarkable personal influence which he exercised over young men. From the very beginning of his connection with the University, it had been his constant practice to spend two or three hours each day in walking, and he was always accompanied by a student or two, whom he had asked on the previous day to join him. On these occasions he would enter into familiar conversation with the student, and gradually lead him on to state his difficulties and open his heart as to a friend. He thus acquired an influence which was productive of great and lasting benefit. There were few of his students who did not refer with enthusiasm and gratitude to the advantage they had derived from the wise and fatherly counsels of their venerable friend. We had not been long in Halle when he invited us to join him in a walk. I shall not soon forget the charm of his conversation. It was perfectly simple, without a trace of affectation. Among other things, he gave us a sketch of the change in the spirit and tone of the University since he became connected with it. I was a young man, he said, when I became Professor of Theology,—orthodox in my views, and determined to maintain the divine authority of the Bible. But the whole University, with very few exceptions, was avowedly rationalist, and the few who shared my views and made me their associate, were, intellectually, the most insignificant men in the place. You may imagine how galling it was to my intellectual pride, and my pretensions as a scholar, to have none but these inferior men for my

companions. But I remembered—I am giving his own words—how the Saviour had been associated, not with the learned and cultivated men of His day, but with the ignorant and outcast. And I took heart, and toiled day and night for my Saviour. He has blessed my labours beyond even my highest expectation; for whereas on my coming here there were not more than four or five Evangelical men, I do not know at the present moment among the hundreds of theological students in Halle more than half a dozen professed rationalists.

Tholuck's lecture-room was worth seeing, with its crowd of young *Theologs*. There would be, perhaps, seventy or eighty at a lecture. As you entered the room, a few minutes before the Professor came, you might fancy yourself in a guard-room, from the noisy talk and the vigorous puffing at the long pipes, which it was no breach of discipline or etiquette to smoke till the lecture commenced; but the moment the Professor appeared at his desk every voice was hushed, the pipes were laid on the tables, and the note-books brought out, and for an hour there was no sound but the low and somewhat monotonous voice of the lecturer and the scratching of pens. Now and then, if the lecturer proceeded faster than the pen could follow him, his speed was checked by a few distinct and vigorous hisses from the students' benches. To be hissed during a lecture is regarded as a high compliment. As the Professor closes his manuscript, the confusion of tongues returns, and the long pipes are resumed.

The session ended about the middle of August, when we had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremonial of graduating. A student of high reputation as a scholar was to be admitted to the degree of Doctor in Theology, with the highest honour. There are four grades,—a simple pass—"Sustinuit" and nothing more; "*Sustinuit cum laude*;" "*Sustinuit magnâ cum laude*;" and "*Sustinuit summâ cum laude*." The ceremonial was not in any way impressive,—in fact, rather tiresome. The candidate, in swallow-tails and white kids, stood for several hours on a low platform, with a railing round it—(we could not help thinking of a prisoner in the dock). On one side were ranged the Professors of the Theological Faculty, and on the other three or four of the candidate's friends, who came to make a show of opposition to the Theses which he had published and offered to maintain against any disputant. Of course, each of the friends had carefully prepared his objections, to which the other had as carefully prepared his rejoinder. At length everyone declared himself satisfied, and the ceremony ended with a Latin speech by the Dean.

Among our acquaintances there was one to whom we took

a great fancy at first sight. His name was Feuerbach, and he was just completing his second year in Theology. We met him first, I think, at the swimming-baths on the river—an establishment we never failed to visit at least once a day. We were watching Tewart, an English acquaintance of ours, whose early physical training had been neglected, going through the process of being taught to swim. In a moment of weakness he had engaged one of the big amphibious bath-keepers to give him lessons; and the poor wretch was at that moment dangling, with a broad girth round his chest, from a rope attached to one end of a long pole, the other end being in the clutch of the merciless giant. The water was just over his depth, and poor Tewart, after being held a minute or two with a tight rope on the surface and told how to strike out with arms and legs, would suddenly find the line slacken and himself slowly settling down in spite of all his plunging and kicking—to be drawn up, with infinite panting and spluttering, and floated once more like a great human frog foul-hooked by some Polyphemus of an angler. I suppose it was our common appreciation of the ridiculousness of the scene that induced Feuerbach to make some little joke at Tewart's expense. In a few minutes we were chatting together familiarly, and he left us with a promise to spend the evening with us. He was a thorough specimen of the German student—full of life and fire, with a rich and vigorous imagination, utterly careless of appearances, and concealing under a boisterous and reckless exterior a good deal of sound scholarship and fine feeling. As the session was by this time over, and the students were trooping off in all directions, it was high time to form some plan for our travels. Our new friend entered heartily into the discussion, as we sat over our Bairisch in the shady gardens of the Wittekind, to which at his suggestion we had adjourned. The conclusion was that we should start the following Friday for a walking tour in the Harz mountains, Feuerbach undertaking to be our “guide, philosopher, and friend,” on the excursion.

We met him on the appointed day, at the little town of Cöthen, a few miles north of Halle. His appearance told us in a moment that he was ready for a start. He was attired in a loose jacket reaching to the hips, trowsers of strong greyish drill, with stout shoes and coarse worsted socks, and a student's cap. The smallest of knapsacks was suspended across his back—its sole contents, we afterwards discovered, were a pair of socks and a toothbrush. He was in high glee, not merely in the prospect of a pleasant trip (at our expense), but also at the recollection of a little

adventure he had met with on the previous evening. He had met at a restaurant a party of Heidelberg students, he said, who had spoken somewhat sneeringly of the Professors at Halle. This, of course, was not to be borne, and Feuerbach stood up for the honour of his University. But the Heidelberger persisting in his insolence, "I had no course open to me," said our friend, "but to send him a challenge. We met last evening, with seconds and swords. This was my share of the sport," showing a slight puncture on his chest; "but I cut off the top of his left ear!" This modest effusion of blood seemed satisfactory to both parties, for they finished the evening over a bottle of St. Julien.

We started for our walk after a light lunch—brown bread and the invariable Bairisch—striking off at once westward from Cöthen. The scenery soon became interesting as we threaded the valleys that skirted the numerous spurs of the hills. Now and then as we passed some frowning fortress or ruined tower, our friend would call a halt, and relate some wild legend connected with it. He had been over the ground several times, and seemed to have all the legends and history at his fingers' ends. And thus we tramped along for several days, eating sparingly of the brown bread and delicious butter during the day, but always making a substantial meal when we reached our goal for the night. It was harvest time, and morning and evening we met parties of women going to or returning from their field work, invariably singing the sweet and simple music of the district, pausing only to give us kindly greeting as we passed them, and occasionally indulging in harmless and pleasant banter. Feuerbach was evidently an old hand at this sort of thing, for he always gave as good as he got. Every day we would stop at some pool in the stream, and enjoy the luxury of a bath, while our friend took the opportunity of washing his shirt and socks. And so we passed through the rustic towns and villages one after another, climbing steep hills to make a short cut, or walking for miles with noiseless footfall through the solemn gloom of pine forests, or trudging along the ridge of beautiful hills, with the foaming waters of the Bode rushing wildly in the valley far beneath. The mere sound of the names, half-forgotten these many years, calls up, vividly enough even yet, the scenes of those pleasant days,—Alexisbad, with its fashionable company of guests, who came to drink the waters (uncommonly nasty they were, tasting, as the great Mr. Weller accurately said, of warm flat irons), and its band of music during dinner, which cost us a thaler extra; Elbingeroode, where the kind farmer's wife gave us the most glorious

brown bread and butter, and felt insulted when we wanted to pay for it; Victor's Höhe, where the modest servant maid insisted on fastening a sprig of the mountain heather in our button-holes; Wernigerode, where we sat under a huge rock, and "had it out" with Feuerbach, whom we suspected of taking us to the most expensive and luxurious inns; money was no object to him, as we paid all his expenses. *Eheu fugaces!* Of Feuerbach I have heard nothing for many a year; and Harley—dear, tender-hearted, brilliant Harley—driven by ill-health from England, has found rest in a grave beneath Australian skies.

Of course we climbed the Brocken, and of course we saw nothing of the Brocken spectre. We reached the hotel on its summit at night-fall, weary and footsore, in spite of the abundant soaping of our socks, upon which Feuerbach laid great stress. The heavy mists that gathered round the mountain as the sun set had well-nigh drenched us, and we were glad enough after supper to turn in, giving the waiter orders to call us before sunrise if there was any chance of seeing the great sight. As we slept till nine next morning, we concluded that the waiter judged unfavourably of the prospects. The visitor's book was duly brought to us for our names and addresses. Feuerbach entered his name in magnificent Hebrew characters. Harley, who was a little out of temper, attached to his signature some disparaging allusion to the spectre of the Brocken; while I simply recorded in addition to my name and home, the fact that *veni, vici, sed nil vidi*. The next day's tramp, with the help of a lift from a good-natured farmer who overtook us on the road with a commodious car drawn by two sturdy nags, brought us towards sunset to the pretentious little town of Nordhausen. Here we were forced to summon a committee of supply—our funds were running very low, and we fancied Master Feuerbach would, in spite of our protest, run us into ruinous expense at some grand hotel. We determined therefore to make for Bielen, a village a mile or two beyond Nordhausen, where we fancied we could spend the night more economically than in a Nordhausen Gasthof. Footsore and weary as we were, we could not but rejoice in the superb beauty of the evening, as we walked beneath the magnificent foliage of the trees that lined the road on either side. The play of the rich sunlight among the motionless leaves, just beginning to yield to the golden touch of Autumn, was something to be remembered. We had reached the village, and were beginning to look about us for our night's shelter, when a sudden shout from our friend announced some grand discovery. In

a moment he was grasping the hand—I am not quite sure that he did not kiss the cheek—of a young man whom he introduced to us as a fellow-student of his at Halle. In reply to our question about lodgings, the stranger simply said “Come with me;” and in five minutes we were sitting in his father’s dining-room. After a brief delay the good man—he was the village pastor—entered, and coming up to each of us with courtly and graceful solemnity shook hands with us and said, “Willkommen.” And welcomed we were, with a simplicity and kindness that were very beautiful to witness. The good mother set an excellent supper before us, waiting upon us with the most frank and cordial kindness, and then showed us to our chamber. After breakfast in the morning we rose to go; but the worthy lady would not hear of such a thing. No, no! you must stay to dinner! And the pastor must show us his church, and we must see the pictures, and hear the organ. Thus it was well on towards evening before we could get away. And at the last moment, as we were trying to express our thanks—very imperfectly we succeeded, between the difficulties of the language and our emotions (Harley fairly cried as he grasped the old man’s hand) the venerable pastor drew from his breast-pocket a small roll of Thaler notes, and begged us to accept them as a loan to help us on our way. It was useless to assure him that we could do without them—he would not take them back. We could return them from Halle. So with another grasp of the good man’s hand we left him. Not a word was spoken for some minutes. At length Harley broke the silence with “Truly, in the image of God created He man.”

A day or two from Bielen brought us back to Halle. On the way we visited Eisleben, the place of Luther’s birth. Singularly enough, this was the only place in Germany where we heard Luther’s tune of the “Old Hundredth” sung in a church. We had walked two hundred and thirty miles in seven days.

It was time now to think of getting back to England. After a hurried visit to the book shops of Leipzig we packed up our traps at Madame Hüller’s. The old lady shed tears as we left her. Harley, who did not care much for her, and who had mounted a fierce-looking Hungarian cap with horizontal brim and could look very stern, declared that the tears were not genuine.

We returned by rail to Frankfort, spending a few hours at the various places of interest on the road; visited the houses of Schiller and Göethe at Weimar; heard the great bell at Erfurt; climbed the Wartburg at Eisenach, and saw

the hole in the wall of the room where Luther threw the inkstand at the devil. From Frankfort we struck the Rhine at Mayence, and followed its beautiful windings to Cologne. Then through Belgium to Antwerp; thence by steamer to London. And as we sat over our lunch, after a frightful tossing about in a dirty steamer, in the snug parlour of a quiet hotel near the Euston station, Harley declared with vigorous emphasis, as he finished his glass of sparkling draught ale, "There's no such beverage out of England."

THE "RATTLESNAKES'" FAREWELL.

Happy we've been a' thegether,
 Happy we've been ane an' a'
 Happy we've been a' thegether,
 In the days tha's gane awa.

"Lives there a man" with soul so void and vain—
 With one idea sauntering round his brain—
 Who finds not mingled with his very gladness
 A feeling sombre near allied to sadness,
 As homeward bound he leaves the genial Cape,—
 Each well-loved friend, *and every ripening grape?*
 No! no! he lives not! Even the hunter fierce
 Who kills the bear where Rocky Mountains pierce
 The azure sky, thence sloping to the shore
 With giant woods that echo ocean's roar;
 Even him, how oft I've seen at break of day,
 Departing fully armed for deadly fray,
 In fondness turn to view the noble tree
 Whose spreading arms have sheltered him and me,
 Mark with exultant pride its graceful form,
 Its beauty, and its strength to meet the storm.
 —With "my mind's eye, Horatio," I explore
 Far greater beauties we may see no more:
 A yet more lingering glance *some* eyes must turn
 When hearts are filled with lambent flames that burn
 In youthful breasts. Ah happy time!—In age
 The "troops of friends" alone our thoughts engage.
 Oh may their goodly forms their shadows throw
 In never lessening size where'er they go,
 On streets of Cape or on the greenest sward,
 Or far Transvaal where lurks the diamond hard.
 Good-bye, good-bye, whatever course we shape,
 We'll ne'er forget how well we love the Cape!

J. B.

H. M. St. *Thalia*, 20th February, 1871.

THALIAN MADRIGALS.*

THE officers of the *Rattlesnake* have not left these shores without marking their sense of the manner in which they have been treated by all classes. Thoroughly hearty and genial in their manners themselves, they have learned to appreciate our colonial frankness and traditional hospitality, and it is therefore no empty praise, but the simple truth, when we say that a finer body of English gentlemen could not well be desired on the Station, or one whose units better deserved the social successes which have attended all their efforts to cultivate the *entente cordiale*, with the Cape Colonists. Their efforts to amuse have always been thoroughly appreciated by the fair sex. In a literary sense they have been equally successful with readers of "Thalian Madrigals,"—a work combining wit, humour, and sentiment in no common degree, and furnishing another striking proof of the versatile talent with which all men-of-war sailors are so generally accredited. The author and editor of these poems were modestly anxious to hide their effusions in the plainest dress and the strictest privacy; but we could not permit so much fun and humour to be confined to a few; and though the brochure has been printed only as a series of *jeux d'esprit* for private circulation among immediate friends, we have the permission of Mr. Bremner and Dr. Hunter to make what use of it we please.

Premising that our gallant poet and editor are on the point of sailing for Old England in the *Thalia*, before weighing anchor they indulge in the following retrospect:

"Yet stay for a moment: I'd fondly gaze,
On hills where the festive buffaloes graze.
All shedding their humps, as the forest trees
Throw freely their leaves to the Autumn breeze.

Sneer not, thou landsman, whose plenty-dulled mind
In buffalo humps no beauty can find;
If that novel pleasure you'd like to know,
To Afric's *West Coast* you should quickly go.

Where the Congo pours his floods to the main,
And the crocodile weeps on the banks in vain,
For a bullock to ease his hungry pain,—
And he bounds up a tree to survey the plain!

* "Thalian Madrigals," by John Bremner, R.N., Q.H.B., &c., &c. Edited and annotated by John M. Hunter, R.N., Associate G. U. Z., &c. Cape Town; W. Foster & Co., Printers. For private circulation.

'Tis sad to hear that crocodile's sigh
Move the plaintive air in his eyrie high ;
He strives to maintain a dignified calm,
Fanning his cheek with the leaf of the palm ;
But his woes will out, and the forest's stirred
With his song to his friend, the humming bird."

Here follows an address (which faintly reminds us of the "Spectre Pig," by Wendell Holmes), wherein the hungry crocodile relates to his friend the details of a skirmish which he had been witness to that morning, between the bullocks and the Tzetze flies, and in which at first the flies got worsted :

"Now up they spring on sounding wing,
And to the charge they go,
As big waves dash with fearful crash
Upon the rocks below.

"But bullocks' hides are tough, I ween,
And strong the bullock's horn,
And many a Tzetze bold this day
To earth is backward borne."

After this the flies are made to hold a consultation, and venture upon new tactics, to the utter discomfiture of their enemies :

"But now the skilful Tzetze Chief
Withdraws his broken band ;
What boots to tell *the smiles they smole*,
To see these frantic bullocks roll
With rage, and gore the sand.

"Whilst they aloof swarm to the kloof,
Where flow the waters clear,
And stones they seek, and *grind each beak*,
As sharp as Uhlan spear.

"Again they form, like wintry storm,
And charge with dreadful shout ;
The bullocks crazed, all fly amazed,
In most disgraceful rout."

The "vanished beef" not only has made the crocodile weep, but caused his mouth to water from sympathy :

"But marvel ye not that his eyes grow dim
With tears, as he views what is left for him,—
That his fare, in fact, makes him slightly wild—
The lantern-like goat, or the Negro child:
Should you dwell long there, you will surely find
There's the same effect on your own gay mind."

Tearing himself from these painful reminiscences, the minstrel twangs his harp to another tune, and passes in review "the scenes we have seen in the halls of the Cape," lightly touching upon our late Governor, and dealing a few playful hits against military and naval bucks when not on the war-path :

"See the host to receive you, *how stately he stands,*
With his seven-bore gloves and his eight-bore hands.

* * * * *

See that pair teetotuming round with such zest,
 With pleasure in each of their features expressed,
Like children asleep on their own mother's breast.
 Those others their faces keep so far apart,
She seems to seek flight, like the timorous hart;
Whilst he to retain her each effort must try,
 They thus take the form of that droll letter Y.
But look out for your toes, you'd better take care,
Like a rainbow on end, here cometh a pair,
 Careering around, destructive they go,
 You can simply remark, ha ! ha ! or wo ! wo ! "

Anybody who has attended the Viceroy's Balls will have no difficulty in settling the originals of these portraits. Let them take warning, and tremble when next they tread those well-greased boards, instead of rampaging about in uniform and armed heels, tearing off skirts and ruffling pretty faces !

There is evidently something concealed behind the song of the "Lover and his Bird," but we leave it to our readers to find out. The lines are instinct with feeling and fun.

"Fly, then, my dainty parrot bird,
 Rest on her breast—dear home of bliss,
 She'll listen to thine every word,
 Perhaps thy horny beak she'll kiss.

"Oh ! tell her that my love is true,
 The words myself I *dare not say,*
 Lest by-and-by I sadly rue,
When asked by her to name the day.

"But oh, fat bird ! poor silly thing,
 Thou canst not fly nor even run,
 For cruel men have clipped thy wings,
 Where Shark's Point scorches in the sun.

"Ye gods propitious ! help, oh, bring,
 Come, brain ! give *some* idea birth.
 Ah ! happy thought, *thy cage I'll sling*
 A pendant 'neath my saddle girth ! "

Apparently ashamed of making fun of "*maidens fair who love in poorer youths contemn*," our author turns to a more lovely sight, and records how, after the *Thalia* has rounded the Cape—

"The rocks are rich in purple light,
The sea-birds wheel in aimless flight;
So still the air, so calm and clear,
That listening now, methinks I hear
The voice of music wafted o'er
By zephyrs from the neighbouring shore;
Or can it be from memory's cell
Those sad sweet notes so softly well?
List! list ye, ere the sounds escape—
The songs of huntsmen off the Cape.

* * * * *

And now the sweet sounds have all melted away,
As gently have faded the hues of the day;
And the gorgeous sunset in marvellous light
Is softly replaced by the splendours of night;
And my heart is as full as it well may be,
To see our old friends in such joyous glee: }
Give us welcome back to our home on the sea. }
For a high 'kalifa' they hold this night,
And the albatross rests in his airy flight,
And wonders why thus in such rapid-like wheels
The fishes *seem all to be dancing* Scotch reels.
His mother holds up *her* young whale o'er the throng,
Saying 'Look at my friends, I have known them so long,
And oh! for my sake let your grandchildren know
Their kindness to us *in the days long ago.*'
The old whale for gladness would stand on his head,
But *always falls down* on his natural bed;
The warm-hearted creature! he tries it again,
But *aye slips through holes in the watery plain!*"

We cannot conclude without drawing attention to some vigorous lines about the "Flying Dutchman" who is of course met in the offing. They betray something more than a taste for burlesque poetry, and are full of fire, though dealing with water and wind.

"Then Van der Decken gently swore,
Yet so intense his will,
The words a rapid pathway tore
Thro' the still air, and fiercely bore
Down to my heart's most inward core
A swift and fearful thrill.

'Donder en Bliksem! must she then never
Hear from me more? The Stygian river
For thousands of years its waters may roll,
But never efface her love from my soul!

My wife! oh, my wife! Goot Got, let me sever
The thread of this wearisome life for ever,
Let my bodiless ghost the power be given
To gaze in her eyes—I ask not *your* heaven.

* * * * *

Away, my good Jansen, my own trusty mate,
And rest not your oars, for the evening grows late—
Away to the mountain; *there white as a shroud*
Where lazy south-easters lie rolled in a cloud,
Invite me a few for our usual play,
For thoughts of old Dutchland have vexed me to-day."

And here we must pause. The inevitable hour has arrived when we all must part; but in saying good-bye to Commodore Dowell and his merry men all, we are not as men who are left without hope. A new set of friends, perhaps equally jovial and without pretence, have succeeded them under Commodore Commerell. If they only take us in the spirit pervading these madrigals, they will briskly keep alive the social flame which is fanned by south-easters and nor'-westers alike; and so permit Messrs. Bremner and Hunter to severally rejoice in the words applied by Tom Ingoldsby on a different occasion,

"*Hos versiculos feci, alter tulit honores.*"

STORMS ON THE VAA L RIVER.

Since I was man

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard.—KING LEAR.

"TRAVEL to-night! Good gracious! you surely do not mean it. And with a lady too! Take my advice, sir; stay where you are. Look at those clouds, sir; as soon as the sun goes down, we shall have such a storm as you never witnessed. Storms *are* storms here, sir; in this country thunder *is* thunder, and rain *is* rain. I would not travel with my wife to-night, sir, for all the world. Don't you do it, sir; don't you do it."

Such was the emphatic remonstrance addressed to us by the landlord of the Boshoff Hotel, as we directed our coach-

man to "inspan" the horses, and were making preparations for continuing our journey. Boshoff is one of the border villages on the extreme of the border republic of the Orange Free State, and lay directly on our route from Bloemfontein to the Diamond-fields on the Vaal River. A cluster of dilapidated houses, a couple of stores, and a church form a centre for the widely-scattered Boer population to congregate at on Saturdays and Sundays, and supply their material and religious wants. A ruinous-looking establishment offers "accommodation for man and beast;" but a few hours' stay there afforded ample evidence that our host could give us only a very minimum of comfort at a maximum of cost; and a glance at the damp, clay-floor bed-room, *sans* chair, *sans* table, *sans* everything but a rickety stretcher, suggestive of the "pestilence which walketh by night," determined us to travel further even at the risk of encountering a storm in the *veld*.

The shadows of eve were falling, and the warning voice of the irate landlord ringing in our ears with *Excelsior* refrain, as we left the village of Boshoff behind us. We looked anxiously at the heavens, which were quite clear overhead, but away on the horizon ominous snowy clouds were rising, indicating a coming storm in the distance. We were hopeful, however, of reaching a farm-house on our way, where, if necessary, we might get shelter. For nearly an hour after sunset, we trotted along comfortably by starlight, the road being well-defined and in passable condition,—our solitude only broken by the sharp crack of the driver's whip, or an ox-wagon crawling along, with whose occupants we exchanged salutations. Then, a distant rumbling noise recalled our attention to the sky away to the north-west, where swelling clouds in dark livery were rolling up and onwards, illumined now and again with flashes of light. Before long the thunder peals roared loud and frequent; ribbons of lightning gleamed before us; a gush of wind moaned around the tent of our cart, and then a torrent of rain poured down heavily. We pulled up with our backs to the storm, our horses with drooping heads standing patiently still. But for the lightning-flashes, an almost Egyptian darkness surrounded us; yet, happily, out of it we caught sight of a fixed light in the distance, which we supposed to be the camp-fire of some equally unfortunate travellers. The road had by this time become a running stream, carrying off in its course all the surface water; and through its slushy track we had to push on for nearly a mile's distance, when to our great delight we found ourselves at a

farm-house, where several wagons and carts were encamped, and a group of drenched and dripping natives were heaping bushes on a blazing fire, which, in spite of the rain, they kept alive.

As we halted, a crowd of faces looked out upon us from the door-way of the house, and to our inquiry if they could give shelter to a lady, there was an immediate hospitable response of welcome. We found the central room or *voorhuis* nearly filled with strangers like ourselves, bound for or returning from the Diamond-fields. It was a curious gathering. There were one or two Bay men, with shining macintoshes and big boots, bearded diggers in corduroy suits from Humansdorp and George, transport-riders from Uitenhage and Albany, a turbaned Arab who claimed connection with the Malay mosque of Port Elizabeth, a Dutch jew-pedlar from Cape Town, and an unlucky Scotch stonemason from Cradock who had spent his all at the Fields and was on his way back to the Colony poorer than when he had left. Our host, a kindly-looking Dutch farmer, treated all with equal attention; while his wife was occupied in filling cups of coffee, and in arranging a recess at the end of the room as a bed-room for the lady. Meanwhile the storm continued to rage; and the scene outside, where we had to go to see after our horses, was as wild as imagination can conceive. All around was aglow with lightning, streak succeeding streak, and flash succeeding flash incessantly, while the thunder cracked and pealed over us, in one continuous reverberating roar. Almost blinded by the dazzling glare, we made again for the house, and had scarcely seated ourselves inside, when a vivid ribbon of electric light seemed to strike into the floor by the door, and a full battery of heaven's artillery burst over the roof. Our host, accustomed as he was to such phenomena, looked startled and turned pale, while his wife nervously rushed to his side and seized his hands, confessing to a terror which more or less affected all of us. The door was immediately closed, and kept so for the night, while we spread our sheepskin blankets on the floor and slept till morning. We then learned that a native attending on one of the wagons at a neighbouring outspan had been struck dead by lightning, and that a clump of sheep had shared the same fate.

All over the Vaal River region during the summer months, from November to March, these storms are of frequent occurrence,—varied occasionally, it may be, by accompaniments of dust and hail-stones, sweeping along with all the fury of a tornado.

On this account, our first few days' experience at the Central Diamond Fields was not of the most pleasant character. On our arrival there, we pitched our cart on a rising ground overlooking the camps and the river. The weather being pleasant and promising fair, we resolved to rough it for the night, as we had often done before, on the bare ground under the star-lit canopy of heaven. Wrapped in a thick *velkombars* (sheepskin covering) we were not long in wooing "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and dreaming of the glittering gems in the earth around us, when the falling of heavy rain-drops direct into our ears made us conscious, about midnight, of a storm setting in. Before we could obtain shelter in the cart we were pretty well drenched; and, compelled to remain there in a sitting posture, any attempt to forget our unhappy condition in sleep was out of the question. For nearly two hours the lightning flashed and the thunder crashed around us as if in mad frolic, while a deluging rain poured over us without intermission. Notwithstanding the fearful character of this exhibition of Nature's elements, it was a grandly interesting sight to watch the brilliant colours and forms of the electric discharges and their varied track against the inky black sky—now forked, now straight, now zigzagged, now in quivering rays and horizontal flashes, appearing and disappearing rapidly as the wink of an eye. And then, after the rains ceased and the clouds rolled up and dispersed, a delicious and exhilarating coolness ushered in the day, which almost made us laugh at the terrors and discomforts of the night.

We were not, however, disposed to invite a repetition of the circumstances, and looked about us for some tenement in which to shelter ourselves for a time at least. The only approach to a covered dwelling we could get possession of was a roomy reed-hut, locally named a "hartebeest house," which had just been vacated by its proprietor, an old acquaintance, who had crossed the river. In this building, something like an Irish mud-cabin, we took up our quarters, and made it as cosy and comfortable as feminine ingenuity with our limited household gear could devise. The midday and afternoon sun had been scorchingly hot, so we welcomed the pleasant cool temperature of the evening as we sauntered along the ridge overlooking the river with Pniel and Klipdrift on its banks. Nothing we had read of in correspondents' letters prepared us for the wonderful sight which the camps presented as darkness was setting in. Myriads of lights gleamed on each side of the river; every wagon, tent, hut, or house among that concourse of 6,000 or 7,000 people had

fires or lamps alight; and looking over these in the gathering imperfect haze an hour after sunset, you could imagine you were far away from Africa,—by some well-remembered old English town, with its miles of gas-lamps stretching along by a broad flowing stream, whose glittering bosom reflected back the numerous rays of light thrown across it. While enjoying this interesting scene, we looked up, and observing the sky above darkening, retraced our steps in the direction of our temporary residence not more than a hundred and fifty yards from us. We had scarcely got a third of the distance when we saw a black wall of cloud advancing, and in an instant we were in a whirlwind of dust which almost carried us before it. In a moment the camps, the lights, and the river seemed to be obliterated, and wild Chaos reigned supreme. Close by where the storm caught us there was a wooden store, which we at once made a rush for, and got safely inside just as the proprietor was securing windows and doors against the gale. There we had to remain for an hour and a half, listening to the fury of the hurricane of wind which rattled and whistled over and around us, threatening at times to bring the building down about our ears. Then the tempest moderated; and getting out into the open air we heard from the occupants of neighbouring houses of damage done,—of premises unroofed, tents blown down, and wagons upset. On reaching our own domicile we found everything in the interior uninjured, but the wind had thinned the reed-covered roof, leaving openings for the stars to peep through, and a certainty of a leaky house if there was any repetition of the thunder-storm.

The following night our worst fears were realized. After sunset there was a threatening sky to the westward, and ere long vivid lightning and loud thunder-peals approached us, followed by rain and hail. Sleep was out of the question; we had to sit in crouching posture under umbrellas, in the driest corners we could get. Outside we could hear the horses kicking and plunging under the smarting hail, which fell in lumps as large as eighty-carat diamonds; and fearing that they would break loose we had the poor brutes brought into the hut to share its miserable shelter with ourselves. That night we will always remember as the most uncomfortable we have ever passed in “thunder, lightning, or in rain.”

CONCERNING AN ART GALLERY.*

CAPE TOWN, usually placid and apathetic, is subject to occasional spasmodic visitations, affecting it socially or politically, as the case may be. These, however, are generally of a mild and transitory character, and speedily subside. Apart from the Anti-convict agitation, which was exceptional, and to be considered rather as a national than a local demonstration, memory reverts to the time when a singular military fever and hero-worship mania pervaded a large portion of our community. This occurred during the reign of Sir Harry Smith, and culminated in the extraordinary delusion of an equestrian statue in honour of the hero of Aliwal and of Boomplaats. This idea, though urged with all the force and energy of the most accomplished writer of that period, was treated as the temporary hallucination of a brilliant intellect, and, like a Will-o'-the-wisp, it speedily vanished from public view. Yet men usually of sound judgment, and not likely to be led away by the allurements of a dreamy enthusiasm, were seen amongst the supporters of that wonderful project. Subsequently we had an elaborate scheme set before us for the building and maintenance of a "Hall of Science," to satisfy the requirements of colonial science, art, business, and amusement! It was a grand idea, and, with some modifications, it was capable of supplying many wants which Cape Town has ever since felt, and is still feeling. People talked about it and button-holed their friends under the trees of the historical and time-honoured Heerengracht (now degraded by an unworthy designation), and all agreed it would be a fine thing to do. Only the question followed, how it was to be done? And those who had button-holed their friends buttoned up their pockets on the first hint of a joint-stock company which would pay no dividends. Thus the "Hall of Science" quickly faded from public view. Truth to say, the design was too ambitious for the time, and it therefore failed to obtain the sympathetic action, or even discussion, which it really merited. But Cape Town has experienced in later years sensational outbreaks of a much more irrational and unintelligible description than that I have just quoted,—notably, the "*Alabama*" *furor*. Whether those who joined in it were ever ashamed of their folly, it is useless to inquire; but Cape Town most assuredly cannot look back to that event without some feeling of shame.

The Sea Serpent apparition between Green Point and Robben Island, never yet cleared up thoroughly to the satisfaction of the sceptical, excited us a little for a time; and the Lord of Misrule has not forgotten to flaunt his cap and bells in the face of a Cape Town mob at uncertain intervals during the saturnalia of a city election.

* The present article came to hand from an esteemed contributor after another article very much on the same subject had been printed. We insert both with pleasure, and particularly for two reasons. The first is, that the one quite supplements the matter of the other; and the second is, that we take it as a happy augury for the success of the proposed Gallery that the idea is cherished so warmly in more than one quarter.—ED. "C.M.M."

The most recent, as also the most rational, though not very widely diffused, excitement we have experienced, occurred lately when the paintings of Mr. Wilhelm Hermann illustrative of Cape scenery, and a few masterly delineations of English landscape by that accomplished artist, Mr. F. R. Lee, R.A., were exhibited to public view in the studio of Mr. Barnard. It seemed to be quite a revival of Art amongst us; and if the occasion could be improved, it would be a consummation highly to be desired. Without assuming any right to criticize the production of professional artists from an artistic point of view, and holding that much injury is done to the artists themselves, and also to public taste, by regarding them from a sentimental point of view, the writer ventures to assert that the study of such paintings as those just noticed is not only a great treat, but a very valuable lesson. A few more opportunities of comparing good paintings with indifferent, and indifferent with bad, and of making acquaintance with the various styles, excellencies, peculiarities, and even defects of artists already known to fame, and of others justly hopeful of future distinction, would be of immense benefit to Cape society. A great deal of astounding ignorance on the subject of art, and a fair share of conceit amongst our amateurs and art writers, would be speedily removed. It was truly comical to hear the opinions of many who inspected the paintings of Mr. Lee and Mr. Hermann last month. Such terms as "hard," "cold," "warm," "broad," "unnatural," "true to nature," were freely bandied about, and one individual pronounced the Forest Scene (Hermann's) to be of the pre-Raphaelite class! Another sagacious critic was heard to observe that the Farm-house peeping out of the trees (by Mr. Lee, R.A.), was a "*schoolboy's attempt*!" This was a rough sketch painted on the spot in three hours, and never touched afterwards in the studio. Most judges consider it a masterly production, and quite worthy of a Royal Academician.

After what has been written in the public journals regarding Mr. Hermann's pictures, any further remarks are unnecessary; but it is not generally known that Mr. Hermann's large picture of Cape Town and Table Mountain could not be finished in time to forward by the mail-steamer of the 19th ult. For that reason it was not shown with the others. Mr. Hermann is now busily engaged in adding to its beauties, and the picture promises to be highly effective, as well as truthful. The painting is on a much larger scale than the two lately seen in Mr. Barnard's saloon. It was intended for the Royal Academy exhibition in London, of this year; but will now be too late. This is much to be regretted, as it is a work which could not have failed to secure notice even in that distinguished circle of resplendent genius.

I will now proceed to explain why I have taken the liberty of trespassing so far on the patience of your readers, and if I venture to proceed a little further I shall hope to be excused. The object of this to paper is propose the establishment of an Art Association for the purpose of collecting such paintings, engravings, drawings, and specimens of sculpture as may serve

to form the nucleus of a national collection for all time to come, and also with the object of making provision for their suitable accommodation and safe custody. It is well known that there are many excellent works of art in Cape Town and the neighbourhood trenching on subjects not exactly appreciated by family people, but yet eminently qualified from their artistic excellence to exact admiration in a gallery of art. Paterfamilias would gladly resign his semi-nudes and nymphs in transparent draperies to their right locale, where artistic merit, and not conventional ideas of propriety, would decide their value. A national art gallery once established, there is little doubt it would receive valuable bequests and donations from many quarters. Some have been already promised, and the trustees of the Public Library would, in all probability, be only too glad to hand over the paintings and engravings they now hold to such an institution. The most important question is that of a suitable gallery or galleries for the object in view, and the site thereof. I shall not attempt to discuss in this place how the funds are to be obtained, or how the future details of locality, custody, and guardianship are to be settled. These matters can only be arranged by a conference of those who are interested in the subject, and who are prepared also to prove their zeal and earnestness in the cause by a test not always infallible, but generally not far from it, namely, *gelt comptant*. B.

SEARCHING FOR GOLD.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF DR. ATHERSTONE AND MR. BAIN.

OUR readers are aware that during the month of January last Dr. Atherstone, F.G.S., of Graham's Town, was commissioned by Government to make a geological trip into the districts of Prince Albert and Beaufort West, with the view of thoroughly testing the alleged discovery of a gold nugget in the Ghoup, and further reporting on the geological and mineralogical aspects of those regions generally. On this mission Dr. Atherstone was accompanied by Mr. Thomas Bain, who, as a Government Inspector of Roads, and still more as the son of his father—the late Andrew Geddes Bain, who trained up every member of his family into almost a geological enthusiasm—was eminently qualified to render the Doctor the most effective assistance. Dr. Atherstone completed his survey so far as the time at his disposal would permit, and returned to Graham's Town some three weeks ago. In due course there will be a full official report, which will doubtless be submitted to Parliament. But, impatient of this, we applied to the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Southey, for such information as might have come in already; and that

gentleman, with his usual courtesy and freedom from anything like red-tape reticence, has been good enough to place the whole of the private correspondence he has received on the subject at our disposal. We had already written to our friend the Doctor for a formal contribution to the *Magazine* about it; but as soon as we got hold of his letters, we determined to make use of them at once—for he writes so charmingly that even in the *deshabille* of private correspondence he is fairly presentable even to the most critical of publics. Our first extract shall be from a letter dated Uitkyk, Ghoup, 16th January, 1871:

"We have just arrived here, and as the 'Ghoup' sun is pouring down his energetic rays through the heat-haze rather too fiercely, rather than risk two sunstrokes (one a piece), we have determined to outspan for the half day, and start on at daybreak to-morrow. We have exhumed two extinct monsters (both 'Ghamka saurians') this morning, one with twenty-two serrated teeth on one half of his lower jaw, and vertebrae $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 5 inches!—and have travelled for two hours in the blazing sun, so I feel almost too languid to write; but I must send you a few lines. I travelled by post-cart straight on to George, where I met Bain, and spent the next day in examining a reported *gold-looking* 'indication' at Ballot's, on the coast—iron pyrites in quartz veins in metamorphic rocks. Then we had such decided statements about a mythical lead mine which our informant had seen himself three months before (!), that we deviated from our road two hours or more, and found the proprietor utterly ignorant of its existence, but his wife assured us she knew there was a lead mine there before she was born, for her father had told her so. We dug three feet in the spot indicated whilst the family went to a funeral! At Riversdale we found the same fossils as at the Kowie, *identical* and apparently in the same kind of shales. We got some good specimens from the quarry, so that if the Kowie rocks are carboniferous, the Riversdale rocks are also the same formation. This is a country in which no blotting paper is required, for the ink dries *faster than you can write*. I have decided the age of the Zwarteberg range by the finding of trilobites, encrinites, spirifers, and other Devonian fossils in the shales, conformable with the sandstone—an important advance in colonial geology, as I hope on my return to connect this range with similar fossils I collected years ago near the Coxcomb and Uitenhage. What a magnificent pass that Seven Weeks Poort is! I never in my life saw such rock scenery. Switzerland is tame compared to it. At Prince Albert, Mr. Collard was exceedingly kind, and rendered us every assistance, and accompanied us to the 'Gats Plaats.' Whilst there I rode down to the Zwartberg, so as to connect my section taken eighteen years ago, from Cango to the sea, with our present line of section to the Nieuwveldt. Now for the *gold nugget* and its probable birthplace. Every one will form his own theory, as I have mine.

"1st. The rocks are all of the reptilian age, alternations of blue Dicynodon shales and sandstones, with an almost uniform dip, without disturbance or fracture or faults.

"2nd. There are no eruptive rocks or igneous rocks of any kind; not even our old friend the 'trap conglomerate'—which at Prince Albert are found two miles broad; and there are no metamorphic rocks—nothing, in fact, usually characteristic of gold-bearing rocks.

"3rd. There is no 'drift' or gravel or 'alluvium' in which gold (or anything else) could be concealed or have been transported from a distance.

"4th. The country is bare of vegetation almost, except in little patches. The rocks can generally be seen with a scanty covering of yellow sand or pounded 'kruisklip,' and bits of quartz and sandstone scattered over the bare rock. The dry river beds are chiefly sandy, with the pulverized rocks of the district only.

"5th. The spot where the nugget was found is in the highest part of the 'Ghoup,' the *watershed* in fact, from which the drainage flows to the eastward into the Meiring's Poort River, and to the westward into the 'Ghamka.' It was found directly in a sheep track, about one and a half mile from the house, near the principal water or rivulet which the farmer Botma reserves for his lambs—where his two little sons every day herd the lambs, one of six years, the other eight; but on the occasion in question the elder brother, Lodewyk, *ætat* thirteen, who usually herds a flock of sheep, herded the lamb flock, and discovered the nugget, without any covering of soil, and as bright and conspicuous as when you saw it. The spot is about forty feet above the dry river bed, which never rises six feet—perhaps not four, and I could see no marks of flood; in fact, it is impossible that it could have been brought down by the river, which here bends to the eastward with a steep projecting ledge, into which the nugget must have been rolled!

"6th. There is not the *slightest doubt* in my mind as to the genuineness of the *discovery* of the nugget, and that there is not the slightest fraud or intention to conceal or mislead on the part of the farmer or his son. Thinking that it was possible they might wish to conceal the actual spot for fear of losing their farm, I asked Mr. Luttig (both brothers accompanied us, with the magistrate, and gave us every assistance) to manage so that I should go alone with the boy to the spot. Luttig and I accordingly rode over and found the lad returning with the sheep, and Luttig drove the sheep home, or sent some one to do so, whilst I went with Lodewyk to point out the spot to me. I had my pocket full of peaches, and soon got on most friendly terms with the little fellow, and am perfectly satisfied that he told me everything connected with the find to the best of his memory. There is no Hottentot on the place. The people are too poor to hire one, and their own little children herd the few sheep they have left.

"7th. We next visited the adjoining farms to see if any igneous rocks existed, or any other indications of gold-bearing rocks, but we found none; the same Dicyonodon formation everywhere, and less quantity to the north-east than at Spreeuwfontein. The quartz at the highest point, like the rest, only strata veins not a foot in depth, but making a great show."

After some further inquiries into the subject, the Doctor sums up the following conclusions as the result:

"1. That the nugget is *not* South African, but, probably, Australian or Californian.

"2. That it was placed there by some person on purpose that it might be found by these poor people.

"3. Or that some rich person, who alone would be the possessor of so valuable a nugget (if foreign), has lost it, and *not yet discovered his loss*.

"So I would recommend you to get possession of the nugget, and place it in the Museum, to be claimed by the rightful owner. Perhaps in this way you may be enabled to 'spoor' out its former history. Some one may see it who can identify it. Luttig will let you have it at its current value, I have no doubt, and it can always be realized if required. He says he will lend it to you. I certainly should like to 'spoor' the

nugget a little further. The spot is quite out of the way of any tramps or travellers. But the question arises, Who can have such an interest as to throw away £9 5s.? There is no one here who can wish to put Government to the expense of a geological survey. The Luttings are fine fellows,—the best specimen of intelligent Dutch farmers I have met. Only fancy my finding Dutch mineralogical and geological and other scientific works in Dutch, and scientific periodicals. One of the brothers has asked me to order an incubator for ostrich eggs. He accompanies me to-morrow to the quicksilver and coal farms, and a spot where a Hottentot some years ago found a gold nugget and lost it (*he knows not where*), out of his ‘bandelier.’”

The next letter is dated from George, 1st February, after the Doctor and Mr. Bain had been to inspect the coal and quicksilver mines in Beaufort West:

“We have just arrived here, and I start at three a.m. for Port Elizabeth; but as Mr. le Sueur, the Civil Commissioner, told me he knew of a coal discovery, which he wished me to examine, and promised to get all particulars on my return, I shall probably remain over one post there. One night and day incessant post-travelling is quite enough. The journey from Port Elizabeth to George, straight on, rather knocked me up. We have been a long distance since I last wrote,—delayed by such apparently incontrovertible statements by three different parties that good workable coal existed a short distance beyond the quicksilver (?) mine, that I thought it would not do to neglect such an opportunity. It was said to have been tried successfully by a smith. We found that it was on the farm of De Wet, on the confines of the Worcester district. Unfortunately, the discoverer had gone to the Diamond-fields without showing the locality, for which he wanted De Wet to pay him. He promised to send samples and all particulars on his brother-in-law's return from the Fields. We then went on to the Beaufort coal, which is anthracitic. A fissure in the mountain, in passing through the shales, is filled with the coal (four inches thick). I believe this is filled from a horizontal stratum of coal in the shale. It is exactly like the Stormberg coal formation in appearance; and as De Wet's coal is in the same line, I hope the seam may be found. We returned by the Gats Plaats, and examined the neighbouring farms, but no more indication of gold-bearing rocks; then through Meiring's Poort to the Oudtshoorn coal, which is lignite and jet. We then explored the Cango and Zwarteberg from twelve hours along its south base. I shall write on my return.

“How do you wish me to write my report? Shall we give a joint report, by Bain and myself, as to the gold and coal, and give the sections, &c., in an appendix? Bain will give a sketch-map of the district (Gough) and our route, which I will colour geologically; or shall I confine myself only to the gold question and Beaufort and Oudtshoorn coal? Bain has got on famously with his geology, and will improve himself rapidly, I feel certain, now that he has such a practical lesson. I am sorry I did not receive your official about Hayward's Swellendam ochres or ores till I reached Oudtshoorn on my return, otherwise I should have been very glad to have examined the Swellendam rocks. It is of course out of the question my returning all the way.”

The latest letter is from Graham's Town, after the Doctor's return:

“I wrote to you hurriedly from George on my arrival there, telling you what we had done since leaving Spreeuwfontein. I started by post cart

that night, and went through to Gamtoos River, finding on reaching Humansdorp that the magistrate had not received the intelligence he expected concerning *coal*, and the rain preventing all exploration. At Gamtoos River I spent the time in visiting the Loorie and Kleine Rivers, where I had found the same blue limestone, veined with white, eighteen years ago, that I had lately traced at the Congo. It is used for making lime, and will also, I think, make good marble when polished. I also found indications of the same lignite bed as at Oudtshoorn, in the same sandy formation, half-an-inch thick, and the *freestone* of Oudtshoorn also. This may be got close to the ebb and flow drift of the Loorie River, from which the blue limestone is about three miles off, and could also be shipped in barges down the Gamtoos River, across the mouth. On reaching Port Elizabeth I found the passenger cart full, so employed the next day in hunting for the Oudtshoorn freestone, which I knew must exist near Port Elizabeth. I found it close to the Zwartkops, where it may be taken in boats, some of the stone going down to the water's edge. This is certainly the finest freestone in the Colony, and the Oudtshoorn church (Dutch) is the finest church I have seen in the Colony, most elaborately ornamented with this freestone,—built entirely of it, in fact; and although two years or more without a roof, none of the most delicate ornaments have suffered the least weathering. It is quite soft, and easily worked by saw or chisel when recently got out, and hardens by exposure—therefore a most valuable stone. I have tried to persuade one builder, Abbot, to use it for the Port Elizabeth chapel, of which the ornamental work is to be *plaster*, and I am in hopes it will be used. I will send you samples of both, and of the marble and jet, when my specimens arrive. Had I found any dykes or igneous rocks or quartz—dykes of any size or depth—I should of course have spent a much longer time in examining the Spreeuwfontein neighbourhood; but the case seemed so utterly hopeless from the appearance, site, and circumstances of the nugget, that it appeared to me physically impossible that it could ever have come there by natural causes. The trap conglomerate of Prince Albert was the nearest igneous rocks; the greenstone dykes were near Beaufort. I see Dr. Sutherland, of Natal, says the trap conglomerate is an *aqueous* conglomerate, and brings in the aid of *ice* to help the transport of the enormous blocks in it! Strange that I should as strongly (I think much more strongly since I have visited the Zwarteberg) bring in *fire* for the same purpose. I could see no trace of gravel or alluvium, in which gold might nestle if it existed in the neighbouring ranges, nor could we find any trace in the river sands or silt. I do not believe with Wyley that gold is confined to the silurian or older rocks, but am convinced it may be found in the reptilian rocks also, if igneous dykes penetrating from below were there to bring it to the surface; but I saw nothing to justify any expense in digging or prospecting. Two Australian miners, I am told, dug down into the gneiss conglomerate *two years ago*, when the Oudtshoorn nugget was found. I saw the spot. The nugget was *Australian*. I hope you will take Luttig's offer and have the Gough nugget placed in the Museum."

In addition to the preceding, we have been favoured by the Colonial Secretary with a letter from Dr. Atherstone's geological companion, Mr. Thomas Bain, from which we give the following extract—differing in some respects from the opinion of the Doctor:

"I dare say Dr. Atherstone has given you a general outline of our proceedings in the Gough, Nieuwveld, Congo, &c., so I shall not trouble you

with a recapitulation. I have sketched in the topography carefully by compass-bearings of the whole tract of country (rather an extensive one) we have travelled through, in order to prepare a map of the coal and gold localities, laying down the geology, &c., to accompany the Doctor's report.

"We got on famously together—worked hard from daylight in the morning till late at night—Sundays inclusive. Indeed, I have seldom met a man with such physical endurance, and one capable of roughing it to such an extent as the Doctor.

"The trip has been of great advantage to me in a geological point of view. The several doubts I had in reference to certain formations and minerals, which no books could satisfy, have now been dispelled by so good an opportunity of discussing them with a man of the Doctor's experience in the localities where they occurred.

"The same coal or lignite which we examined in Olifant's River, I found near Heidelberg the day I returned,—a seam of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. The similarity of the rocks with those of Oudtshoorn induced me to examine them, when I at once found the coal.

"Dr. Atherstone had a suspicion that the nugget was placed where it was found, for an object; but I think he was wrong. We found no clue whatever to anything of the sort. He does not seem to think the great belt of porphyry rock running immediately to the north of Zwarteberg, and almost parallel to it, of sufficient importance to be the indication; but in my humble opinion, I fancy it is. Sir Roderick Murchison has proved beyond a doubt that gold comes from the silurian rock by the agency of heat. We found silurian fossils below the porphyry.

"The porphyry, or trap conglomerate, as Atherstone and Wyley call it, is an eruptive igneous mass forced through the silurian rock and the dicynodon bed, in which the nugget was found; and although the nugget was found twenty miles from the belt of porphyry, it might have been carried there by Bushmen, in the shape of an ornament, and lost in their rambles after game. We found abundant traces of that migratory race in the Gouph. At Spreeuwfontein there is no quartz or anything else to justify any search, but near the porphyry there are veins of quartz, but no reefs, which the Doctor considers indispensable.

"It is surprising how all the people are on the look-out for minerals and precious stones. There was not a house we came to, but there was a great exhibition of specimens of every description. I took six specimens of Australian quartz with me, thickly impregnated with gold, to show the farmers, and from the interest they seemed to take in it, I have no doubt that, if gold is to be found, they will pick it up. We likewise gave them a sort of general instruction as to the best locality, nature of rock, &c., where to look for gold."

P.S., 28th February.—Just as we are going to press we receive a characteristically genial letter from Dr. Atherstone, in reply to the one in which we announced to him the liberty we had taken with his letters to the Colonial Secretary, and audaciously asked him besides for "more!" We simply give the following extract:

"Those private letters to Mr. Southey, I am sure, can't be fit for publication, for they were written—as this is—in a furious hurry, whenever I had a momentary chance of finding paper and a temporary lull in the jolting of the 'travail' and travel—in fact, one's first impressions, in travelling dress, without the dust of the road being wiped off. I really

think it is too bad to publish all the gist of a tale first, and then modestly ask the author to write a story with the part of Hamlet left out 'by particular desire.' However, do as you think right. I mean to send you a sketch, but can't do so for this number ?

We readily take all the blame upon ourselves, and leave our readers to enjoy all the pleasure—of which they have a further instalment to look forward to next month.—[ED. "C. M. M."]

LITERARY NOTES.

WE are more than ordinarily disappointed at having from press of matter to crowd out our Literary Notices for this month, especially in view of the particularly rich variety of new accessions received by last steamer at the Public Library. The following is a list of them :—British Almanack for 1871 ; Dall's Alaska ; Hesekiel's Life of Bismarck ; Wilson and Warren's Recovery of Jerusalem ; O'Shaughnessy's Epic of Women and other Poems ; De Beauvoir's Voyage round the World, 2 vols. ; Chips from a German Workshop, 3rd vol. ; Friswell's Modern Men of Letters ; Milman's "Savonarola" and other Essays ; Maguire's Pius the Ninth ; Which is the Heroine ? 3 vols. ; The English Governess at the Siamese Court ; Country House on the Rhine, 3 vols. ; Maine, Among Strangers ; The Riveira ; Gerald Hastings, 3 vols. ; O'Flanagan's Lord Chancellors of Ireland, 2 vols. ; A Private Enquiry, 3 vols. ; Sharpe's History of Egypt, 2 vols. ; Life of Barham (Ingoldsby), 2 vols. ; Low, the Land of the Sun ; Meade's Ride through New Zealand ; Askaros, Kassis the Copt ; Hall's Book of Memories ; Life of Brunel ; Foss's Biographical Dictionary of the Judges, 1066—1870 ; Kennan's Tent Life in Liberia ; Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. 202 ; Memoir of the Empress Alexandra of Russia, 2 vols. A mere glance at such a rich store as this in every department of literature should serve as a sufficient reply to the grumbings of a particular coterie with whom it has become fashionable to say that the Public Library does not adequately meet the requirements of the public. Of these books one of the most charming is the Marquis de Beauvoir's Voyage round the World, and especially his travels in the Colonies of Australia and Netherlands India. We have been favoured with a detailed review of this work which we are compelled to reserve until next month.—O'Shaughnessy's Epic of Women is a painful book. O'Shaughnessy, we are told by high critical authorities in England, is, with the exception of Mr. Swinburne, the most brilliant type of the new school of British poetry. If so, so much the worse for that school, which though possessed of brilliant lyric genius is in its essence—earthly, sensual, and devilish. There is one poem in this volume introductory to the Epic which is about as daring a combination of blasphemy and dirt, set to exquisite musical rhythm, as could well be conceived.—In the Life of

Barham by his son, there are two volumes of the most delightful literary reminiscences.—Lieut. Meade's Ride through New Zealand, followed by sketches of two cruises among the South Sea Islands, is one of the most refreshing books of the season, redolent of nature, and of the genial picturesqueness and vigour of style so characteristic of an English Sailor.

Another publication of particular interest at the present moment is the "Life of Bismarck," private and political, with descriptive notices of his ancestry, by John George Louis Hesekiel, translated by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F.S.A., F.A.S.L. It is marked by no high literary skill, and is issued as a sort of catchpenny for the occasion. It is intensely interesting, however, chiefly from the private correspondence it contains. The only passage we can give is from one of the many pleasant letters to the Countess when he was sojourning in France in 1862. How different his sojourn then from now! Writing from Biarritz, 4th August, 1862, he says:

"Last evening I reached Bayonne from St. Sebastian, where I slept for the night, and am now sitting in a corner room of the Hotel de l'Europe, with a charming view of the blue sea, which drives its foam between wonderful cliffs against the light-house. My conscience reproves me for seeing so much that is lovely without you. Could I bring you here through the air, we would immediately return to St. Sebastian. Think of the Siebengebirge with the Drachenfels placed on the sea-shore; next to it Ehrenbreitstein, and between both an arm of the sea, somewhat broader than the Rhine, stretching into the land, forming a round cove behind the mountains. Here one bathes in transparent clear water, so heavy and salt that one floats, and can look through the broad rock entrance into the ocean, or landwards, where the mountain chains rise ever higher and more azure. The women of the middle and lower classes are remarkably pretty, some of them handsome; the men are surly and uncivil; and the conveniences of life to which we are accustomed are wanting. The heat here is not worse than there, and I think nothing of it; on the contrary, thank God, I am very well. Yesterday there was a storm, the like of which I have never seen. On a stair of four steps on the harbour dam I had to try to mount thrice before I could get up; pieces of stone and halves of trees were flying through the air. Unfortunately, this led me to retract my place on a sailing vessel to Bayonne, little thinking that in four hours all would be quiet and serene. I thus lost a charming sea passage along the coast, remained another day in St. Sebastian, and yesterday left in the diligence, somewhat uncomfortably packed between dainty little Spanish women, with whom I could not interchange a word. They understood enough Italian, however, for me to make it clear to them that I was pleased with their outward appearance."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Richmond, 11th February, 1871.

TO THE EDITOR: SIR,—As one of the unfortunate *Plattelands Heelmeesters* referred to by the writer of the article "Cape Doctors" in your last issue, allow me, for the information of the writer in particular, and of the public in general, to state that a *Plattelands Heelmeester* has a status

in Holland ; in confirmation of which I beg to enclose an affidavit of Dr. Zeederberg, of Hanover, of which the following extracts may suffice for the case in point :—

“ Having studied his profession in Holland, and resided there for several years, he is fully acquainted with the status of the medical faculty in that country.

“ That although the first two specially mentioned diplomas, *when granted* to the said Hendricus Fockens, entitled him to practise only in the country towns and districts of the Province of Friesland, in Holland aforesaid, he is *now*, by virtue of Article 21 of an Act of the Legislature of Holland, dated 1st January, 1865, authorized to practise *anywhere* in Holland aforesaid ; and is, in fact, placed on an equality and a level with the said deponent and others who studied and took their degrees at the Universities of Holland.

“ That even before the passing of the Act mentioned above, there was substantially no real distinction and difference between the medical qualifications and capabilities of those who, like the said H. Fockens, passed their examinations before the local Medical Boards of the Provinces of Holland and those who took their degrees at the Universities of the same, but that the latter had the right to practise anywhere in Holland, whereas the former could do so only in the respective Provinces wherein they were examined and passed.”

I will limit myself to this, Sir ; and trusting to your impartiality to insert it in your next number,

I am, &c.,

H. FOCKENS.

From “ Observer,” a correspondent at Uitenhage who has had extensive opportunities of studying what is popularly and vaguely known as the Native Question, we have received some criticisms on the plans propounded by a writer in the *Cape Monthly* for January, in an article entitled “ Our Noble Selves.” We have room only for the following extract of “ Observer’s ” letter—which, however, contains the gist of the whole of it :

“ So far as subsidizing the chiefs is concerned and employing magistrates to bring it about, my conviction is, that it cannot and will not be done. The limits of this paper will not permit me to enter into argumentative proof of this, or it would not be difficult to show that the scheme would be utopian. But whilst it would be impracticable as applied to the Kafirs, it would not be less so in relation to the farmers. In the towns there would be no difficulty in obtaining 1s. 6d. per diem, or more, in wages, but in the country, where the majority are wanted for cattle and sheep herds, &c., it would at once bring all farming operations to a close. As a farmer (M.P.), when talking over the subject with the writer said, ‘ to take £36 in money for one man in two years would ruin him (the farmer) ; this would never do.’ The ordinary pay of a herd or shepherd is 10s. per month and food, but the cost of plain food to the farmer is very small, as often he grows the whole upon his own establishment ; yet notwithstanding food has been very abundant during the last few favourable seasons, it has been as much as the farmer could possibly do to carry on his farming operations.”

THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM.

31st January, 1871.

During the period from 1st October, 1870, the following contributions to the Museum have been received, viz. :

A Double-headed Calf, in every other respect perfect, from Mr. R. C. van Reenen, of Stellenbosch. It was, however, so young and immature that the skull fell to pieces in the attempt to preserve it.

A pair of Owls, from Mr. Shaw, Post Office.

Some small specimens of Plover from Robben Island, shot by the Taxidermist, Mr. Butler.

Some Native Idols from British Columbia, presented by Mrs. Dr. Seddal, together with Fossil Coal Plants, and Native Spoons and other implements.

A Hawk, from Mr. Fletcher, new to the Museum.

Specimens of Crystals of Calcite and Quartz, as well as Stinkstein, from the Messrs. Commaille, of Sutherland.

Two Hawks and two Owls, from Mr. H. Atmore.

A Beetle, from Mr. Penketh.

A Black Beetle (uncommon), from Mr. H. Jackson.

An Eagle (*Spizaetus occipitalis*), from Mr. Newdegate, of Plettenberg's Bay.

A Hawk, apparently new, from Mr. D'Arcy, of D'Urban.

A beautiful specimen of the Crane (*Ardea purpurea*), from Mr. Stonestreet.

Also one of the same, from Mr. Wm. Brodribb, both from the Cape Flats.

Specimens of Chalcedony, or Muller's Glass, from the Messrs. Commaille, of Fraserburg.

Several Birdskins, in excellent preservation, from Mr. H. Atmore, viz. :

Accipiter polygonus—*Accipiter rufiventris*.

Turdus Acclimater—*Teununculus rupicollis*.

Eucleptes Capensis—*Picus Capensis*, *Charadrius hiaticula*.

Pycnatus Capensis—*Calens striatus*.

Cypselus melva.

Five Moths and six Butterflies, from Mr. J. H. Bowker.

A box of Birds' Eggs, from Mr. H. Jackson.

Egg of Secretary Bird, from Mr. E. de Villiers, of Tygerberg.

Skin of a Squirrel-like Mouse, found in bees' nests, *Grapiurus Capensis*, and a second box of Birds' Eggs, from Mr. H. Jackson.

A parcel of Moths, from Mr. H. Atmore.

A various Collection of Specimens from the Vaal River and Du Toit's Pan, Diamond region—gravels and rocks, from Mr. J. Noble, illustrative of the surface soils in which diamonds have been found.

Specimens of Gravels of the Diamond regions of Brazil, from Mr. Leeb, the difference between which and those from the Vaal River is obvious.

Selected Pebbles of Chalcedony, Carnelian, and Agate from the Vaal River, presented by Mrs. Dr. Ross.

A splendid specimen of the Pig-faced Baboon, shot by Commander Murray, Royal Navy, at Tulbagh Kloof.

H. W. PIERS, Acting Curator.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

HOW THE DUTCH COLONIZE!

PERHAPS no finer contrast has ever been drawn between English and Dutch modes of colonial management, than is to be found in the brilliant and highly-wrought pages of the very remarkable "Voyage round the World," just published by the Marquis de Beauvoir. In this splendid specimen of French travel there is a breadth of view, a keenness of insight, and such vigorous powers of description, as are seldom met with now-a-days; and at once stamp the author as a man of no common mould, and one of the most vivid writers of the time. No first work that we have ever read has made a stronger impression on our mind as to the special fitness of the youthful author for the task he has undertaken; and when the friends of the House of Orleans decided upon sending the Duc de Penthièvres to the Antipodes, there to observe English ways and manners in a country divested of all aristocratic associations, and untainted by the feudal system, they acted with admirable discretion in their choice of the Marquis for his companion. Strong, active, young, full of energy and cleverness, he was just the man to make light of serious difficulties, and enjoy all the fun and frolic, as well as advantages, of this lengthened tour of two years. Whatever he saw or felt through the day, he faithfully made a note of it in his journal before he went to bed; and it is owing to this laborious but honest mode of recording his impressions that they have now a freshness and a vigour which fairly eclipse Trollope and Dilke, and even charm such exacting critics as the *Athenæum* and *Saturday Review*.

It is not, however, so much with the social and political aspects of our Australian colonies, as they strike the eye of a Frenchman—brought up under repressive systems, and sick with that feverish love of liberty which in France has ever merged into licence—that we propose to deal in our

extracts; but rather to draw attention to the very remarkable policy deliberately adopted by the Dutch in their Indian possessions, for the culture of the soil, and to contrast the progress made in our English colonies under liberal government and perfect political freedom, with the enormous pecuniary results effected by the *forced labour* of Javanese peasants, at the bidding of puppet Sultans, who are bound hand and foot to their Dutch conquerors. To do this effectively, we shall have to quote liberally from a work, which is more lively than a novel, and more exciting than a romance; and which, moreover, has a special interest for Cape colonists, in showing them from what they have escaped by transference of their allegiance from Holland to the Crown of England. At the same time, it would be a curious study to calculate all the advantages which might have accrued to South Africa (had the Dutch retained their possession of the Cape for another century), not only in the way of roads, bridges, canals, and development of the soil, but in the planting of forests, the conservation of water, and the destruction of pastoral habits in our frontier tribes, so as to bend the backs of the natives to the task of growing crops instead of stealing cattle, and so putting a stop to much of our present troubles. Be this as it may, a first entry into Batavia will have charms for us all, owing to the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, the picturesqueness of its streets, and the wonderful animation of its gay and lively crowds, who swarm in thousands, gesticulating, apostrophizing the passers-by, and laughing loudly, in all the *abandon* of slavish blood.

"It is the most bewildering, the most picturesque, the liveliest crowd I ever saw. It would take me hours to describe its thousand colours, the inconceivable specimens of humanity that compose it, its noisy pantomimic animation. But soon we cross a bridge and enter the new town. Oh! what a garden of fairy land, what a verdant paradise this is! Literally speaking, there are no streets in Batavia; there are only splendid avenues, shaded by the most beautiful and luxuriant trees, which form immense long bowers, such as in Europe are only seen in a scene at the opera. The fiery rays of a pitiless sun can only at intervals penetrate this shade, but they deck all that forms it with marvellous hues; the many plumes of the cocoanut tree; the slender branches of the tulip tree, which are all flower, and scarlet flower; bananas, with their green leaves as large as a man; cotton trees, covered with snow-white tufts; the traveller's palm, great fans of the most exquisite grace, from which a stream of a milky fluid springs, if you pierce the trunk; finally, immense banyan trees, from which hundreds of creepers fall straight down, and taking root almost as soon as they touch the ground, climb again to the summit of the tree, twining round it in knotted garlands, only to fall again! One of these trees alone forms a forest surrounded by a curtain, a network of interlaced foliage and flowers, through which children in a state of nature, putting on one side the

hundreds of creepers waving in the wind, *can look at the boats and the swimmers passing along the canal.*

"The greater part of these bowers of the tropical Babylon are, in fact, *only the footpaths* to the "arroyos"—the great waterways, which the Dutch would certainly have formed by hundreds in recollection of their mother-country, if the Malays had not already made them in thousands. Thus the instincts of the white race from the north and the yellow race of the equator coincided. The greatest navigators and the greatest pirates in the world cut up their soil into innumerable islets, and the canals in this town are the veins by which circulates their whole commercial life. Another many-coloured bower therefore to our left, shades the 'arroyo,' on whose opposite shore we are driving. I cannot take my eyes from the innumerable vessels that traverse it; the laughing groups paddling in the water, the tufts of waterlilies blooming there. To the right—through clumps of coffee trees, nutmeg trees, vanilla trees, and tamarinds—we catch glimpses of lawns in fairy-like gardens, and in the distance the white palaces and green verandahs of the European Nabobs. I had seen nothing but these avenues and villas, and fancied myself in some delightful suburb of the city, when we found ourselves at the hotel 'Der Nederlanden,' which, it appears, is *in the centre of Batavia*, so that this blossoming wood is the town itself! I am in such ecstasies with it, I can hardly believe my eyes. By the beard of all the monkeys with long tails or short that I have yet seen, I swear that it is impossible to describe to you my amazement and admiration."

The transfer of the streets of Stellenbosch to Cape Town and the conversion of the oak avenue in the Government Gardens to a waterway will give us some faint idea of the Batavian mode of keeping off the sun; but, alas! when shall we procure marble baths, kiosks, and the colonnades, balconies, and pavements, of which the Marquis so touchingly approves; but there is a drawback to this picture,—for while the half-caste beauties bloom wonderfully under the sun of Java, 104° in the shade, the unhappy Europeans, enfeebled and worn out by the heat, look pale and ghastly, and inspire one with the most profound pity. Literally, the climate is killing them by inches.

"A morning at Batavia consists of a walk, *five or six baths running*, and an appetizing breakfast. In the afternoon, every one sleeps. Towards six o'clock in the evening a little stir begins to be felt,—hundreds of open carriages drive about. The European population, lounging bare-headed, wends its way to the Waterloo Plains, where a military band is playing. * * More than three hundred carriages stand in the shade of the great trees; the national airs, very well played, echo loudly; and officers gallop about amongst the myriads of Javanese in holiday dress, glittering in the most brilliant Eastern finery, upon ponies about the size of a large Newfoundland dog. * * But the thing which has struck us most since leaving the outskirts of Batavia, on our road to Buitenzorg, and which must certainly arise not from a fairy's wand, but from the recollection of thousands of blows from the 'kurbash,' is the attitude of the Malay country people. A white man no sooner appears than all the natives *crouch down upon their heels*, in token of veneration and respect. Not one man has stood upright during the whole length of the thickly

peopled road we have traversed at full speed. They seemed to fall to right and left, as the dust was raised by our flying horses, *as if they had been card figures knocked down at our approach!* Good heavens! if the abuse of influence on the part of the white men is in proportion to the excess of servility on the part of the black, what bounds can stop the rulers whose subjects, already in an attitude of the lowest abasement, dare not raise their eyes towards them! What a capital country population for a Government to have to deal with! Buitenzorg is the Versailles of Batavia. The splendours of the Government Palace are only equalled by the wonders of Nature, which make of it a paradise of delight, with all the comforts of Europe. Its botanical garden has the reputation of being the finest in the world. Thousands of dazzling and exquisitely perfumed plants are not here confined in a narrow space, as in the conservatories at Paris or Kew. This is a conservatory measuring several square miles, with the blue of a tropical sky for a roof, lakes for fountains, hills for terraces, and high roads for passages!"

In spite of all this tropical luxuriance of growth, and a natural beauty as of Paradise, our author again and again returns to the charge as to the horrible degree of servility with which the white men are treated by the natives. The further the Princes proceed into the interior, the more inconceivable does the abasement of the natives become. From the depths of rice plantations, 100 or 150 yards off, their presence is the signal for a general prostration. As they crouch upon their heels, they turn their backs upon their superiors and keep their eyes fixed upon the ground. Coolies by hundreds, who carry their loads at the two ends of a stick, and who had carried sacks of coffee so often as positively to have hollowed furrows on their bare shoulders, no sooner met our travellers than down went the sacks upon the ground and the coolies on their heels. Women with children astride on their hips, at their approach banged the youngsters on the ground, and took to their knees. Everybody, in fact, at once left their employment and brought their astonished faces and gaping mouths to the front of the houses. There they crouched down and crowded together, afraid to move or stare at their visitors. And yet these people are none of them slaves; they are neither bought nor sold; they owe no allegiance to the Dutch, yet they are absolutely at their disposal.

Well may our author, in commenting upon this strange fact (as compared with the sturdy independence of English colonists), remark, that while there is no local tone in Australia, but a new Europe created in a lifetime, of which the study had been to him intensely interesting, because of his intercourse and interesting conversation with men speaking his language, accustomed to his ways, and using his sciences; that, on the other hand, in Java his party were lost in the midst of some

twenty millions of men who did not understand them. There they had discussions on political economy in a Parliament formed of colonists; here it was more like a theatre with extraordinary scenery, and red, blue, and green Mandarins.

"I wanted to talk to these Malays, examine into their hearts and minds, learn their history, study their religion, and find out their wants. But I found that I was only grasping shadows. When on the other side of the tropics, I used my mind; here I can do nothing but use my eyes. But I rather hope that, by setting my mind to it, I shall be able, before I leave this Colonial Empire, to gather a little knowledge, however vague and misty, so as to be able to put before you what I believe to be the moving spirit of this body of men, which is so full of brilliancy and colour, so thoroughly Asiatic, and so wonderful, the sight of which dazzles us each day."

And admirably he redeems his promise by the following succinct and accurate historical sketch:

"The whole of Java, four fifths of Sumatra, three fourths of Borneo, the greater part of Celebes, the Moluccas, Sumbawa, Lombok, Bali, and Timor; such is the Colonial Empire, containing 28,923 square (geographical) miles, of which the limits were determined by the treaties of 1814 and 1824, and possession secured to the bold Dutchmen, whose European dominion only contains 640 miles. Here the genius of Holland was perseveringly exercised. Here, beginning in 1596, the Company established commercial relations, which, as everywhere in India, soon brought in their wake political passions and storms. The 'Fort' rose by the side of the 'Factory.' The merchant who had turned planter, and the planter who had become a soldier, passed from simple treaties concerning the sale of pepper and coffee to alliances with *feeble and friendly Sultans*, to aid them in dethroning the formidable and hostile Sousouhounans. Finally, after a struggle of two hundred years, of which the only motto was, 'Government by divisions,' and which witnessed great prosperity as well as great faults, the Company dissolved, and the Government of the mother country took firmly in hand its insecure and half-ruined work."

"But enough of history for the moment. The past vanishes before the exciting questions of the present. Admiring as I do the energy with which the Dutch system rescued Java from stagnation first, and then from anarchy, I would rather search for the moving spirit of this system, and show you its present results, as well as the causes of the reaction which is beginning to be felt against this boasted and admired code of principles."

"When one has seen, as we have, the sacred respect and blind submission the Javanese offer to all moral authority, and the rapid putting in practice of all that concerns material order; when the eye has lost itself in the most distant mountains in a horizon of coffee plantations, the labourers on which are the inhabitants of numerous villages; when one has travelled for days together over a country covered with fields of sugar canes (some containing several square miles), where thousands of *forced* labourers were at work, each in his furrow; when you know that all this is a Government monopoly; it is easy to understand how, after making good the sum of £1,560,000 for the expenses of administration, £600,000 for the cultivation of coffee, £400,000 for sugar plantations, £300,000 towards public works, £720,000 for the army, £200,000 for the navy, and £640,000 for sundries—in a word, a total of £4,820,000,—

the Indian budget during ten years (1852—1862) produced an average excess of receipts amounting to £2,520,000

"The sum is really fabulous, and no other Colony can show anything resembling it. The traveller who only makes use of his eyes is dazzled by such magnificent statistical results, by the appearance of the roads, the villages, and fields, the excellence of the cultivation, the activity of a people who can produce so much for their masters. The traveller who reflects asks himself by what means at this present time these millions of men are made to work in the sweat of their brow on ground *which they can never possess*, and forced to labour daily in fields whose harvests will be for other men's profits. And yet we are told that these are *not slaves*."

"This has not been the work of a day, but the fruit of a well-calculated, it not a just policy, and of an absolute and despotic authority, against which, however, the Javanese raise no murmur, as it is but a copy of the power of the Sultans before the invasion. *There is the touchstone*; and, to my thinking, this proves that Java is not a 'colony,' since there are no colonists, and the position of a planter has no existence for the European any more than for the native; but it is a splendid 'mine,' minutely regulated by the Government in the smallest details, with the most perfect arrangement for pouring into the State Treasury all that can be extracted from this beautiful island—the most fertile country in the world; or, rather, it is a great 'farm' managed by a small number of *officials*, who have rule over thousands of *forced labourers*."

"The Dutch Government has attained this complete and well organized dominion, so fruitful of remunerative results, by means of political rather than military skill. The essence and theory of this colonial Government seems to be to conceal the European rule, which is never exercised directly, but always *through* a native intermediate official, over a gentle but proud people, who thus keep up the illusion that they *obey only their natural chiefs*; to subdue the appearance of it everywhere before the splendour of the Javanese princes, choosing them from among their rivals to appoint them to their posts, *thereby obliging them to entire submission or the loss of their dignity*; to keep up their former honours and the popular reverence for them, thus maintaining the respect of the people, who obey them as divinities; *to pay them highly*, sometimes giving them as much as four or eight thousand a year, thus pledging them not to revolt; to give them a special interest in the harvest, thus inducing them to urge on by all possible means the labours of their humble subjects; in a word, to keep up the mask of an authority which the Mussulman priest, whose interest is secured by the tithes, holds up to respect as an idol, and in the name of the native aristocracy to employ *a whole people for the benefit of a foreign Government*."

And here it becomes an interesting matter of inquiry, so far as we colonists are concerned, whether something of this kind, though limited in degree, might not have been carried out by us in our dealings with the border tribes, and so broken the power of those haughty Chiefs who, like Kreli, Sandilli, Moshesh, and Macomo, have from time to time raised the standard of revolt, and put us to infinite trouble and expense. The country of the Kafirs, as we know, is admirably adapted for the growth of corn, cotton, sugar, flax, silk, wool, and the breeding of horses; but by constantly

pushing the troublesome tribes back upon quarrelsome neighbours, we have forced the two to combine against their common enemy. With such an enormous back country like our own, extending almost to the Zambezi, it should have been our policy to have taken the Chiefs into our pay, and ruled the people through their agency, it is true, but in accordance with our views of what was good for the interests of the Colony at large. By encouraging the spread of agricultural pursuits and fostering trades, we should have been able to have supported an enormous population, and rendered it physically impossible for labour to command very high prices owing to excessive competition. But we have allowed the opportunity to slip by, and bequeathed to posterity the delightful task of either destroying the black man, or being in turn destroyed by him, unless we can absorb him into our civilian population, and make him work steadily for moderate wages. To see how the Dutch have grappled with this native question in Java and Batavia, let us read the following :

"Java is divided into twenty-two provinces or Residences, containing an average of from 600,000 to 800,000 inhabitants. At the head of each is the Resident (a European official), a kind of omnipotent magistrate, who holds in his hands all the reins of Government, law, military authority, public works, agricultural monopolies, &c., &c.; in a word, he is *everything*,—but he does *nothing* directly. In the same town with him the Regent (a Native official) holds his Court in Asiatic splendour. The Dutch officials always treat him with the greatest deference, and live in perfect amity with him,—a union the more encouraged *in petto* by the Javanese prince, that a word of blame from the next magistrate might at any moment produce a decree from the Governor-General, declaring that Raden-Adiepatie Pangheran, * * * is replaced in the regency of ——— by his nephew, Raden-Kousoumo; and as the latter is equally a prince, and of 'divine origin,' the people will bow with equal servility before their new sovereign. The arbitrary despot venerated by the Javanese is, then, only a zealous servant of the European chief. Is there a trial at law? The Regent presides over a Court of Native notabilities, and asks the advice of a Mussulman priest, of the 'Adat,' and of the Koran above all. But the Resident has already expressed his desires, and he knows that the law will be interpreted according to his will."

"Is there a road to construct or repair? The Resident carries to the princeling of the Mataram race the plan drawn by the engineers of Leyden, and the native Toumongong or Pangheran sets thousands of forced labourers to work at once, and the road is made.

"The same rule holds good throughout the whole web of officials, between the Assistant Resident in the subordinate district and a Regent of the second class; between the Controller and the Native Vedana, between the Vedana and the Chief of a Village. These latter only are elected by the peasants; the reason is easy to understand, and shows the cleverness of the Dutch. The proceeds of the Government property being collected in mass, it is to the Chiefs of the Villages that the delicate

task belongs of apportioning the work between the inhabitants, of seeing the agricultural labours executed according to the orders received, and, finally, of making an estimate of the value of the produce on which is based the tax in kind. How wise and farsighted it is to give these necessary but disagreeable functions to men who possess to a certain extent the confidence of the people, and who are supported by a Council of Mantries or headmen. But this explains, too, why this general system is opposed to European colonization; the Government would be obliged to part with its freely tilled lands, and this it will not consent to for any consideration. Besides, Europeans would hardly submit to such regulations. The very few private plantations which exist in the conquered parts of Java were not established by the Dutch; they have never yielded on this point; but they date from the time of the English, who were generously desirous to found individual estates.

"In short, with a smaller staff than the least subprefecture requires in France, a province containing perhaps a million of inhabitants is governed by a sign or a look. Add two or three secretaries, an engineer belonging to the survey, an inspector of finances and agriculture, a few clerks (principally natives) to keep the books, and you have the whole staff of a Residency. The European officials are, properly speaking, the motive power; the native subordinates, who act as intermediaries, form the mere machine which transmits the movement; but it is a fact that as you descend this official scale, you will find functionaries who are better Royalists than the King. All depends solely on the Governor-General, who has absolute authority in the Dutch Indies. He is at the head of an army, and of a colonial navy which more than one Sovereign State may envy, and has the appointment of the Residents and of all the officials of a great Empire."

"Beside, or rather below, the Governor, is a Council of five members, called the Council of the Indies, but having no power, except of advising. Then, under the modest title of Directors, come the real Ministers in their respective departments. In urgent cases the powers of the head of the Colony are unlimited. He may declare peace or war, and on his own responsibility dispose of hundreds of millions. But all permanent decrees must receive the sanction of the Home Government; and, be it said by the way, this necessity causes delays most prejudicial to the interests of the Colony."

"This power is exercised in a fashion both simple and economical. You will doubtless be surprised to learn that an army of 27,000 men, of whom 11,000 are Europeans, 15,000 natives, and 1,000 Africans has a staff of only two Generals, two Colonels, and at the outside four Lieut.-Colonels. In the Indies, a Captain often takes command of an expedition which at home would be thought of sufficient importance to be confided to a General."

"If this Government reflects the greatest honour on the encroaching, intelligent, energetic, and practical spirit shown by the Dutch in the Indies, it must be acknowledged that the labour has been lightened by the habits, the customs, and even the prejudices of the conquered people, and that the secret of European domination has consisted above and beyond all in keeping up in all particulars the state of society which existed formerly."

Invaded first by the Hindoos, and then by the Mohammedans, it would appear that the people of Java have twice embraced the religion of their conquerors. The result is a calmness and an absence of fanaticism which must make a

nation very easy to rule. They are peaceable agriculturists, greatly attached to the ground, of which they can never be possessors, but which supports them, while from time immemorial it has enriched their masters, princes of the race of Bali, warriors from the Himalayas, merchants of Amsterdam, or Dutch Colonels. How different is the case with our Hottentots, Kafirs, Fingoes, and Basutos, who care nothing for the soil, have practically no religion, and whose god is their belly, and their prophets mere shallow rain-doctors. So long as they have food and cattle, it matters little to them whether they wander on the plains or scorch on the mountains. Their home is with their herds. A future state is a mere myth to their benighted minds; and fealty and homage to white men opposed to their entire moral feeling; but in Java, nothing can be better adapted, if not to colonization, at least to the working of a colony, than the constitution of property established there from time immemorial.

“Under the rule of Sultans, the native prince was the *sole* proprietor of the ground, and had the *sole* right of trading with foreigners. *Private property, therefore, had no existence*; but instead of the theoretical possession of everything by the sovereign, the natural course of events had established not *collective* property, but a *collective use* of certain lands attached to certain villages, which constituted the ‘*dessa*’ on municipality and municipal estates. The inhabitants owed to the local prince a fifth of the produce of the ground, and one day’s work in the week consisting of five days.

“On these ancient feudal rights the Dutch rest their claims. Conquest having substituted their authority for that of the Sultans, it is natural that they should retain these valuable prerogatives. Perhaps without removing the basis of authority, it might have been possible to make the blessings of Christianity flow over this country, which, cast in an Asiatic mould, has remained unchanged for five hundred years. But no—Asiatic ideas have been continued here, and the Colonial Government says to the natives: ‘I am the conqueror of monarchs, and not of peoples. I leave to your sovereigns and their priests their honorary dignities; you will remain as serfs to them and to me, and I remain the sole proprietor and the sole trader.’

“It was equal to saying, ‘Javanese! in these principalities there is but one prince more;’ and, in fact, since then Java has resembled a body already drained by two leeches, the native princes and the Mussulman priests, to whom the Dutchmen join as a third. * * The necessary and fatal result has ensued. Since the primitive period of the rule of the Company, and the transitory Government of King Louis and of the English, Java has passed through two periods between 1816 and 1832, the first of semi-prosperity, the second of terrible ruin. * * Drawn different ways by the native princes and the conquerors, exasperated by the discontent of the people, misunderstood by the Home Government, worn out and exhausted, the Colony appeared in 1830, to be dying of inanition in the hands of those who had so coveted it. There appeared then an impetuous and determined man, with a system prepared which he predicted would extinguish the debt and the deficit, and produce a

surplus of forty or fifty millions—in fact, which should bring the dying to life. This was General van der Bosh, a man made for the occasion; but, as such, he advised violent measures which are only intended for hours of peril and risk, but which are wrong and dishonest when safety is attained, and ordinary labour only is required to maintain a re-established prosperity. The secret of his famous system of agriculture was simply *forced labour*.

“By means of this system, he contemplated endowing the Colony with profitable crops, which should bear a high value in the European market, where alone they could be converted into money. First coffee, then sugar, indigo, cochineal, and tobacco, were not long in producing under his hand unhopèd-for results. The idea was grand and fruitful. For vast ills there must be great remedies, and no doubt he intended that they should be applied fairly; but handled by greedy native instruments, this plan has been in reality the cause and the powerful means of constant extortions practised on the Javanese people.

“In all the mountainous parts of the island, each family is *obliged* to cultivate a regular and elaborate plantation of six hundred coffee trees, besides a nursery of reserve trees, intended to replace any foot of ground wanting to the inspection of the European controller. And the Government proclaims to all the inhabitants of the hill country. ‘As your old masters had the sole right of trading, so it is to me *only*, to the Colonial Government, that you will sell the coffee from these plantations regulated by law; I will pay you for it at a price fixed by myself.’ This price is twenty shillings the picol; the State trader retails this same picol in Holland for fifty-eight shillings. You may suppose, therefore, what immense profits are made by means of this *forced* labour, when there are now (1866) in Java 296 millions of coffee trees, producing 143,000,000 lb., bought at £1,169,113, and sold at £3,386,374.

“To the population of the plain country, the officials of the conquering people say, “Wherever we establish a refinery, you will be *obliged* to cultivate sugar-canes, which will be bought by the European revenue officers *at the price that we fix*.

“The State has no manufactories here, only plantations; it contracts with a manufacturer, advancing him £13,888 for twelve years without interest, and leaves to him the whole management and responsibility of the field labour and the works, taking for its own share two-thirds of the sugar fabricated at a *minimum* price fixed by itself; and leaving to the manufacturer a third of the harvest, which he may dispose of as he pleases, to cover the chances and expenses of his undertaking. Under such conditions, the work must be carried on on a large scale to make any profit. The manufacturer pays to the peasants, who are obliged to labour for him, 5d. the picol of refined sugar; he *must* sell two thirds to the Government at the rate of 10s. 3d., and the Government retails this same picol in Holland for 61s. You see, again, with what rude simplicity the State enriches itself by this second monopoly, when 201,506 native families are set to work in the sugar cane-fields, extending over 253,047 acres distributed round 97 manufactories, where 304,000,000 lb. of sugar are refined worth seven millions.

“Such is the spirit of General van der Bosh’s agricultural plans, which have filled to overflowing the formerly empty treasury of the mother-country. Since 1833 when his energetic measures first bore fruit, the debt has been rapidly extinguished, the annual expenses of the Colony have been entirely covered, and a *constant* net profit, which in some years has been as high as £3,782,320, has in thirty-three years amounted to a total of seventy-two millions. Thus fourteen millions of worthy

simple Javanese have been put under the vice, in the name of their Princes and of their Prophet, and millions of picols of coffee and sugar have been made to flow into the reservoirs of the State."

Now, if in Java the arrangements of the system of agriculture have turned the lands of the Colony into an official farm, where no one tree is higher than another, and no furrow uneven, in Holland the system has become the battle-field of the most excited controversy between Liberals and Conservatives.

Judging the system from its material results, the Conservatives hold it as an article of faith, and refuse to modify it, treating as dreamers and fools the Liberals who condemn it as immoral and unjust. But setting aside the lofty questions of right and justice, which speak loudly for themselves, and looking only at the financial results, the system already seems to offer some field for criticism. It may be true that it has replenished the State coffers; but who shall say that free labour would not effect as much, or more? The monetary question here touches the moral law, and it is idle for the Conservatives to invoke that law, and declare that because the native has within his reach more than sufficient food, and a fine climate requiring neither house nor clothes, he must *be made to work*, and become subject to the hard law which condemns the European to labour for his livelihood. The Liberals, on the contrary, desire to reduce the taxes, and to spend some of the money in the Colony, and on the colonists for schools, religious instruction, &c., &c., instead of sending it all to Holland, as at present. Upon this point, the Marquis de Beauvoir speaks with no uncertain sound:

"It is a melancholy fact that no particle of these accumulated revenues has been appropriated to the moral improvement of these people. At my first entrance into this fairy-like land, I was enthusiastic over its beauties. I knew not which to admire most,—the native splendours of this promised land, or the use it had been put to by man. The excellence of the cultivation, from the rice plantation forming amphitheatres in the valleys, to the coffee trees which approached the summits of the volcanoes: the bustle of an active population,—all, even the instinctive light-heartedness of an indigenous race, born in slavery, and having no hatred for it,—all would have given me the idea of an earthly paradise if the respect shown to white men had not by its abject servility recalled to mind the ignoble dependence of the conquered race. It went to my heart never to see a man stand up before me, but thousands of creatures crouching down in a row, with a humility and an indifference which have been grafted upon a race that was formerly proud, and is still intelligent and industrious.

"Thus the result of three centuries of European occupation, or at least of European influence, seems to have been to lower—and to lower

greatly—the Javanese people in the scale of civilization. If you consider that this gentle, intelligent people, who possess both good feeling and an appreciation of moral beauty, are numbered by thousands, does it not leave a terrible responsibility upon their masters ?

“Finally, as the traveller proceeds in his daily journeys, turning away his eyes in pity from a quasi slave people, and eagerly enjoying the purer sights and charms of this idyllic flowery paradise, he vaguely feels that something is wanting: the want defines itself; he looks around to see if beyond the desolate and ruined Boro-Boudor there is a steeple, a dome, a cupola, a temple, in fact, of any kind, to show that there is a thought of God in this country, which He has so richly endowed. But this satisfaction is refused him. Rarely seen in the large towns, places of worship are entirely wanting in the country.

“The Government contents itself with forty-seven schools, where the trifling number of less than 2,000 native children are educated in a country containing fourteen million souls, and strictly prohibits any society for the propagation of religion by missionaries; vigorously repulsing any attempt at education, or any school which might raise the standard of intelligence amongst the natives. In the interior of the island, therefore, there are few, very few schools, and no churches.

“But it must be hoped that a change will happen before long, and that without any violent commotion this feudal system, which clips so many wings and stifles so many aspirations, may give place to the modern ideas of development, progress, and life. And how easy this would be with a staff which devoted with their whole hearts to this country, yet endure rather than like the heavy rule which they themselves have over the Javanese, and who would guide them with such noble zeal from this intellectual and moral night to the wide domain of liberty, civilization, and Christianity !”

We cannot tear ourselves away from this fascinating book of travels without strongly recommending the subscribers of our Library to insist upon Mr. Maskew's obtaining half a dozen more copies for general perusal. The book has been so highly praised in England that we cannot be wrong in admiring its generous frankness of statement, youthful *bon-homie*, and careful adherence to facts and figures. The author's concluding peroration speaks for itself most eloquently.

“I should like to see in the beautiful fields of Java these strong men working for themselves and their families, not for the treasury of the Home Government; enriching themselves if they are industrious; rising above the common level if they are intelligent; and gathering for themselves, since they have sowed. I would passionately desire for Java that the State should cease to be farmer or trader; to protect a degraded religion and pay its greedy ministers; to set aside from habit or fear a pure, disinterested, and ennobling faith; to keep up the arbitrary power of an aristocracy which has sold itself to, and is made use of by, the Government; and to have policemen instead of colonists; that it should cease to allow nothing to European enterprise; to depend upon excessive personal payment for filling the Treasury at the Hague; to govern a colony in the nineteenth century altogether in Asiatic fashion; and to be from the rising to the setting of the sun, nothing but a new, greedy, and

many-headed Sultan over an industrious nation, capable of freedom, but kept in servitude by ignorance. It should only invade this country to spread the benefits of Christianity and of material and moral progress, and not to repeat the old saying, *Sic vos non vobis*."

"May a new era then open here to European colonists and native labourers; may the one with steam engines and railroads, opening up the interior perhaps better than any timid theories, the others with their strong arms and love of the soil, strive *together* to extract from this beautiful and bountiful earth the treasures which shall enrich both, if liberty and not forced labour preside over their works. We have already seen men, filled with a sacred zeal for justice and duty, claiming for the conquered and hardworked race their share of the benefits of our time. Let them know with what feelings the traveller's heart has throbbed when they spoke of their view of the rights and duties of a mother-country; perhaps the *Sursum corda* which he addresses to them from the bottom of his heart may be to them some comfort and refreshment in the heat of the struggle which they have undertaken."

THE BRITON'S HOMELAND.

A COLONIST'S SONG.

Sons of Britannia ! scatter'd wide
Wherever rolls blue ocean's tide,
Sons of the men who proudly bore
Fair Freedom's flag to each far shore,—
Ye, who yet round the homeland clinging
Hear History's echoes grandly ringing,—
Ye, who on many a distant coast
Your British name still fondly boast,—
Say, shall your ancient country be
Shorn of her rank by land or sea ?

A thousand years have known her name !
A thousand fights attest her fame !
Around her island throne there runs
The blood of myriads of her sons !
The light of Freedom gilds her story !
The Patriot's service seals her glory !—
Fierce is the loyal flame that fires
The worthy sons of worthy sires !—
Nay, never shall our country be
Shorn of her rank by land or sea.

Let but the foeman speak the word,—
Let war's wild shriek but once be heard,—
Forth from the sheath the sword shall spring !—
From land to land the cry shall ring !—
Peace shall her spell impose no longer,
Honour than Gain shall prove the stronger,
Fealty and faith, our strength of yore,
Shall fearless face a world once more ;
Nor ever shall our country be
Shorn of her rank by land or sea.

Hark ! through Old England's world-wide bounds
The shout of love and succour sounds ;—
From vast Acadia's woodland vales—
From far Australia's golden dales—
From India's many-peopled lands,
From Southern Afric's struggling bands—
Wherever English foot hath trod,
Or English knee bends low to God,
They say that ne'er our land shall be
Shorn of her rank by land or sea.

Oh England ! home of homes, we swear,
While we the claims of sonship share,
Whilst thou to us art staunch and true,
Shall we to thee give royal due.
For thee with earth's rude powers contending
Our hearts and arms their strength are spending.
Thy tongue we speak,—thy laws we spread,
Through savage realms thy rights we shed ;
Nor e'er shalt thou, our country, be
Shorn of thy rank by land or sea.

O'erweening foes may band their might,—
Our steadfast Isle stands firm to fight !
Her homes no victor-hosts despoil—
No hostile foot e'er shames her soil.
Deep are the constant seas that lave her,
Close-bound the British hearts that save her—
One arm ! one hope ! one thought ! one soul !
Sworn fast to keep her empire whole !
Nay, never shall Old England be
Shorn of her rank by land or sea !

IN THE DESERT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY FIRST JOURNEY."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Nov., 1856.—The finest mimosa I had yet seen I found on the banks of the 'Hoom at Koorooghas, when in search of a suitable spot on which to encamp for a few days in the course of a missionary tour. Its branches covered a space of two hundred feet in circumference, and afforded an agreeable shade for the wagon which was drawn up beneath them. Hard by was the river, with its dry, white, sandy bed, and thickets of thorn and other trees on either side. Water, neither abundant nor limpid, was to be had in a deep pit at a distance of a few hundred yards, the common resort of men and cattle. In former days, there was abundance of "grass with reeds and bushes;" the lions' favourite lair was here, and all the natives shunned the neighbourhood. The Bondelzwarts boast of their past achievements in lion-hunting, but those who witnessed their conduct in the face of the enemy did not form a high opinion of their bravery. All the men that could be mustered were brought into the field. As soon as the enraged beast stood at bay, every man dismounted in haste and took up a position at his horse's tail. The chief brought up the rear, commanding, entreating his warriors to charge. Hurling at them bitter invective, terrifying them by wild gesticulations, lashing them mercilessly with the *sjambok*, the general drove on his gallant men; the men drove on their horses, until they advanced so far as to warrant the hope that their bullets might, perchance, take effect. Great was their exultation if the foe fell; dire the alarm if he became the assailant. I was stupid enough once to spend a night in watching for a lion, but it is rarely that one visits the country now-a-days. Jackals, hyenas, and tigers hold undisputed sway. The elephants, lions, and camelopards, which were plentiful in the days of Le Vaillant, have disappeared, but the pitfalls which remain in the vicinity of the Warm Bath, show that such large game once abounded.

With the exception of a couple of hours each forenoon, and another in the evening, spent in instructing children of all growths, nurslings and gray-beards, there was little to break the monotony of the long summer days during which I was detained at Koorooghas. Early in the morning my

old acquaintances of the Bath, the Pterocles, visited us in search of water; went through their usual evolutions, and uttered their shrill cries before venturing into the pit from which many were doomed never to rise again. Not that I molested them, but the hungry Hottentot boys did. Now and then a light blue hawk, red-legged and red-beaked, perched shyly near us, watching us with his bright eye, until his curiosity was gratified. A solemn-looking crow, black-coated and white cravatted, as grave and sagacious as many other bipeds who affect a similar style of dress, was never absent at the dinner hour. All day long, often all night too, there was an incessant coo-cooing of doves, not relieving, but intensifying, the tedium of the weary hours. How often I wished for the wings of a dove that I might flee away and escape the song which ceaseless iteration rendered odious, and which no lapse of time or change of scene can divest of its dreary associations. Even as I write, I hear the same vile notes in the pine-grove which affords its grateful contiguity of shade, and exclaim with Harry Hotspur:

“I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on its axle tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as—*turtle-doves a-cooing.*”

Dull as it was, the place was not free from alarms. An elderly Scotchman who accompanied me, in what capacity it is difficult to say, found a comfortable berth at night under the shelter of a neighbouring bush; so snug that Kol and Kena envied him. His attention was arrested one morning by a trail which passed unpleasantly near his sheepskin. He rose in alarm, summoned the Damara boys to a consultation, and with their aid came to the conclusion that it was the trail of a serpent. Kol, particularly, was decided in his opinion that it was that of a yellow cobra. The mischievous rogue! It came out months afterwards that it was he who had cleverly imitated the spoor of the reptile, in order to terrify the Scotchman and induce him to vacate the envied berth. The trick succeeded. The old man ever after shunned the thicket, and could not be persuaded to sleep anywhere but in the open bed of the river, heedless of nocturnal visitants or exposure to the baleful influence of the moon's pale beams.

The chief, with half a dozen families, was located in this sequestered spot. It was by his orders that I had been furnished with the means of transport, and now that I was here, he was so loth to lose me that I found the utmost

difficulty in obtaining cattle to convey me further. The team which was promised, and for which I waited for weeks, did not appear, and my departure might have been postponed to the Greek Kalends, had I not found a man who had his price, and for a consideration agreed to provide me with oxen for the remainder of my tour. Great was the one-eyed chieftain's wrath when he learned that I was about to leave him, the more so as all his diplomacy had failed to obtain from me, or through me, the means of fitting out a hunting expedition into Damaraland. I knew too well that the real object of such an expedition was cattle and slaves. My determined refusal to consent to, or connive at, such an undertaking provoked the chief to such an extent that he henceforth threw all possible obstacles in my way.

I need not enter into the details of this or any of my tours. Going from werf to werf, wherever two or three could be gathered together, there I preached; by daylight, twilight, moonlight, firelight. Wherever half a dozen nude, or semi-nude, brats could be induced to squat quietly on the ground, I tried to fix their restless eyes on the strange characters which grace the first page of the spelling book.

On this particular tour I had an opportunity of observing a custom similar to that described by Sir John Lubbock, in his *Origin of Civilization*, and which he shows to have prevailed among many barbarous nations. If I am not mistaken in its character, it indicates that "marriage by capture" was once the usage of the Hottentot race.

Lo, how the woman once was woo'd;
Forth leapt the savage from his lair,
And fell'd her, and to nuptials rude
He dragged her, bleeding, by the hair.

So sings Coventry Patmore,—a striking contrast to the mode in which the poet brings *The Angel in the House*. The ferocious practice has fallen into disuse under the ameliorating influences which have been brought to bear on these nomadic tribes, but there is an evident trace of it in that which came under my observation at 'Naroup. In what humour she had been wooed and won I cannot tell, but the bride seemed no wise reluctant to be led to the altar, that is, to the wagon chest, which serves ordinarily for cupboard and table and seat, and, on such high occasions as this, for an altar. There the marriage was solemnized under the shade of a tree, with less ostentation, but quite as orthodoxly as in the most gorgeous cathedral. My fee was a joint of mutton, for which I was expected to present the bride with

a few ounces of tea in return. Under the exhilarating influence of that delicious beverage, "all went merry as a marriage bell," until a report was spread that a body of horse men had been seen approaching and were now concealed in an adjacent thicket. The greatest consternation prevailed, and steps were taken to ensure the safety of the bride. It was not long before the horsemen appeared, thirty or forty in number, each carrying a gun. After formal salutations had been exchanged, the leader demanded the restoration of the lady, who, by fair means or foul, had been carried off from her father's kraal. Angry words ensued; the bridegroom's party seized their arms, a sham fight took place, which lasted upwards of an hour, and caused a large expenditure of powder. As the heat became intense, an armistice was concluded, and friends and foes joined in an onslaught upon the two fat oxen which had been provided for the wedding dinner. The combat was resumed with fresh ardour in the cool of the evening; the attacking party lost a prisoner and two guns, and were driven off the field, leaving the lady in the hands of the bridegroom. Negotiations were entered into; the bride's friends acquiesced in that which was inevitable, and peace was made. Another and livelier discharge of musketry; another and stronger infusion of tea; another and more vigorous attack upon the beef, and night's dark curtain fell upon a scene of harmless hilarity.

Christmas Day — Long before respectable Christians think it proper to awake and salute the happy morn, my wagon was dragging its slow length along amid the mountains, and memory was busy with home—the home of early years. I was snowballing in the old-fashioned garden; I was sliding on the ice with Mr. Pickwick, and sharing his fate; I was essaying to skate with Mr. Winkle, and failing as ignominiously. I heard the Christmas carol in the narrow street of the quiet Yorkshire town; and the merry Christmas chime flung abroad from the old church tower, ringing in the frosty air across the snow-covered meadows. I was in St. George's again, stepping along its long-drawn aisles; helping to decorate with holly and ivy our holy and our beautiful house where our fathers worshipped;—alas! that it should be burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things laid waste. I saw as in a dream the forms and faces of the loved and lost—not lost, but gone before. I had visions of many a merry party, of mistletoe boughs, and bright lamps, and brighter eyes, and——Heigh-ho! It's time to outspan.

By eight o'clock we had completed our morning stage, and had time to think of dinner—Christmas dinner. Roast beef, goose, sucking pig, or turkey was alike out of the question. Vegetables were none;

No minced herbs
To mollify the mutton's leathery slice,

with which we must needs be satisfied. The pudding, the indispensable plum-pudding! Kol and I laid our heads together to see if one could not be concocted out of such materials as we possessed. We overhauled our stores, and found no bread, no suet, no sugar, no eggs, no spices—nothing but rice, raisins, and curry powder. It was Hobson's choice, that or none; a pudding we were determined to have, so we mixed our ingredients well together, tied them up in a clean pocket-handkerchief, and boiled them until we thought the process was complete. May you and I, gentle reader, never eat a worse plum-pudding than the one compounded of rice, raisins, and curry-powder, which was eaten with relish and thankfulness that Christmas Day near 'Xamas.

I was glad to be at home on New Year's Eve. We mustered not quite a dozen individuals, including those of my own household, at the religious service which I held and closed at ten o'clock. We had not been long out of church when it was reported that a wolf had been seen. These animals were at times very bold, prowling around the sheep kraal and up to the very door of the dwelling-house, and I was anxious to make an example of the marauder. He was, however, nowhere to be found. It was near midnight when Kena rushed to my bedroom-door and roused me again with the report that the wolf was really there. I threw on such apparel as came first to hand, took my loaded gun and hastened to the river where the shouts of men and the barking of dogs showed the creature to be. It was too dark to discern anything more than the outline of an animal which was holding both dogs and men at bay; but I fired. Mad with excitement, men and dogs fell upon the victim. Some of them to their own hurt, for instead of a sneaking wolf, it proved to be a fretful porcupine which lay lifeless at our feet! My faithful Muchu had suffered severely in the fray; she had bitten while Nero and Cæsar barked. We bore our spoil home in triumph. It was the largest animal of the kind I ever saw, and furnished our New Year's Day dinner table with a dish so savoury as to make us clean forget the scanty fare of Christmas.

January, 1857.—My next door neighbour and I visited each other at long intervals, but our wives had been upwards of a year without seeing any white faces except those of their husbands and their children, and began to throw out significant hints that a little change would be far from disagreeable. Good souls! One cannot but wonder 'at their patient endurance of such a life. The same faces day after day, hirsute or downy; the same dull routine; the same plain fare; the same barren landscape. No shopping; no visiting; no newspaper; no magazine; not even a hen to cackle nor a kitten to cry mew. Not an animal slaughtered, but the mistress must be present lest the butcher secrete the tit-bits; no corn ground, but she must watch Kol, Kena, or Kabariep, lest their jaws and pockets arrest the grist on its passage to the mill; no bread baked until she has kneaded the dough, watched its rise, and consigned it to the oven; no soap made, but her eye must be on the pot for a whole week to guard against the depredations of dogs and domestics who have a decided weakness for half saponified fat; not a cow can calve nor a goat yean, but she must make the acquaintance of calf or kid; not a man, woman, or child on the station falls sick, but she must be ready to prescribe, homœopathically or allopathically, for the patient; not a garment can be made in the house, and not many out of it by the *élite* of Namaqua society, but her hands have fashioned it; and she

Wi her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new.

It is a life of constant anxiety and care—the life she leads. The world hears enough of us, our toils and hardships, our failures or successes, but very little of those who share our lot; who enduring greater privations, display greater patience; and having more to try them, triumph more.

The first opportunity which presented itself we arranged for a family meeting. Sanitary regulations forbade us to visit each other's stations with the oxwagons, which were our only means of conveyance. We therefore pitched upon a point midway, as a convenient *rendezvous*, from which our cattle could be sent off in opposite directions, so as to avoid the risk of contagion. The spot was sufficiently indicated by a camel-thorn tree standing alone in the midst of the prairie which extends to the 'Aams River; the tree itself rendered more conspicuous, if possible, in such an isolated position, by the mass of nests built in it by the Social

Grosbeak, and which much resembled in size and appearance the half of a haystack which had been borne aloft by a whirlwind and deposited amid the branches. The tiny republicans—their motto “Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality,”—were there in thousands, busy and twittering all the day.

The picnic was a pleasant one, but owing to the scarcity of water and the burning heat, could not be prolonged beyond the second day ;

And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.

At least, the ladies did. Alas ! those promises, like many a vow breathed in the hour of tender parting, were destined never to be fulfilled.

February 18.—A report reached me in the afternoon that my old friend, the Scotchman, who had gone out to barter a few articles of which he was the owner, lay dangerously ill at 'Xamas. I made up a parcel of medicine and medical comforts, and sent off to obtain horses that they might be dispatched at once. At midnight a messenger arrived from the chief to inform me of his death. Attacked by fever, and aware that he must succumb, he made an unsuccessful effort to reach the Bath. The discovery of his pack-ox straying in the field led to a search for the unfortunate man. He was found lying under a bush, which had been his only shelter for three days and nights, during the agonies of a burning fever, without a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. The natives placed him upon a horse, but he had not proceeded far when he muttered “water, water !” and died. To complete the horror of his fate, the dogs got access to the hut where the uncoffined corpse was laid, and little more remained of him than of her who perished in Jezreel.

April.—Being by this time furnished with a tolerable team of oxen, I was on the point of starting for the country south of the Karas mountains, when the tidings that my faithful friend Ernest had arrived at Blyde Verwacht induced me to proceed first to that place and then follow the course of the river 'Keignaap upwards, visiting the various werfs as I passed along. The story of the old man's heroic undertaking and of his tragic fate is written elsewhere.* He had already travelled six hundred miles on foot to join me in the desert, believing me to be in trouble, and I was anxious to welcome him as well as to spare him a further weary walk. My journey occupied a month and was by no

* See “THE CAPE AND ITS PEOPLE,”—Article: “OUR VILLAGE.”

means an agreeable one. That I might not alarm those whom I proposed to visit, my cattle had not been allowed to quench their thirst at the Bath. I had consequently to spend the second day in obtaining water for them before we could proceed. Notwithstanding all precautions, when within a few miles of my confrere's residence, a messenger met me, forbidding me most peremptorily to advance. After some delay the interdict was removed, but at that station, and wherever I went, I was regarded with suspicion, which no clean bill of health that I could produce sufficed to dispel. Those only who have been engaged in it, know how pleasant an occupation it is, that of digging down six or eight feet or more into the loose sandy bed of a so-called river, to find, after all, barely water enough for your own wants and none for your cattle; to repeat the operation until you hit upon a more promising spot; to make the pit you have digged accessible for your oxen; to keep back the poor thirsty beasts, so that they may go down one by one; to scoop out the sand which each beast treads in, and wait until the water rises again, so that another may have a chance of obtaining a supply; and to do this again and again, until all are satisfied, or the water ceases to flow. This is one of the trials common to South African travellers, and only referred to that those who live at home at ease may not imagine that a life in the desert is one of unmixed enjoyment. The pleasure of a journey will certainly not be enhanced if it be your misfortune to have untrained or imperfectly trained oxen in your team. The old stager, England or Nederland, knows his place and bows his neck to the yoke. He has no sympathy with the refractory spirit of young Ierland, and looks gravely on while you punish the recalcitrant Deutschland. There stands your driver with his dozen or more riems in hand, ready to throw the noose over each pair of horns in succession. You are anxious to expedite the process, and take your place by the side of Kol, who has driven in the cattle and is doing his best to arrange them in somewhat of a semicircle. One or two are securely noosed; the loop is just passing over the head of Ierland when he breaks madly away. Kol goes off, fleet of foot, in pursuit, while you make the most desperate efforts to keep the remainder in their places. Another is secured; Deutschland's turn comes, and with fire in his eye and tail on end, he too is gone. The rest take fright, and a stampede ensues. You seize the riems of such as the driver has in hand and undertake to hold them while he assists Kol in collecting the runaways.

It is not in bovine nature to look calmly on while their brethren are careering wildly over the plain, and you have to put forth your utmost strength to resist the struggles of the beasts to get free. You cling to the riems with frantic desperation; plant your heels firmly on the ground; are dragged violently along; feel as if you were grasping red-hot iron and your shoulders were wrenched out of their sockets; are rolled over and over in the sand, and start up to see old England's tail wave exultingly in the air. Jacob Faithful's father used to say to his son in all cases of difficulty or disappointment, "Take it coolly!"—which is certainly the best line of conduct in such circumstances as I have described. Ireland, Deutschland, and all such headstrong brutes will yield in due time, cease their vagaries, and become your patient and uncomplaining slaves.

And when the steers, accustom'd to thy sway,
Yield their free strength, and willingly obey,
The well-match'd couple in their collars place,
And balance, step by step, their equal pace!
Off let them draw, unforced, the empty wain,
That lightly marks the level of the plain.

Acting upon the advice of the Mantuan bard, and guarding especially against a cruel and unnecessary use of the lash, to which the native driver is addicted, you will soon have a team of which you may be proud, and which would take you in time to the Mountains of the Moon, and back again.

July.—The stock of corn being exhausted, a supply had to be procured from the Colony. The nearer route to Lily Fountain was said to be by Klipdrift, which we reached in due time; not the Klipdrift of which the world has heard so much of late, where any one who pleases may pick up diamonds. The ford lies on the under side of a ledge of rock which extends more than half the width of the Orange River, whose waters glide over it in glassy smoothness, while for the remainder of the distance it crosses a rapid, where the river bed is formed of large loose boulders. We had accomplished about a hundred yards when the oxen, whose feet barely touched the ground, resolutely refused to proceed. They turned their heads up the stream, and faced the wall of rock as if they fain would climb. A vigorous application of the whip overcame their reluctance to move, but it was now down the stream, and we were soon in deep water. Kol swam bravely at their head; the driver followed in the wake of the wagon, which fortunately preserved its equilibrium. Seated on the fore-chest up to the middle in

water, I shouted loudly to the terrified brutes, who wisely thought of home and struggled to the shore. After a few minutes' delay, spent in shaking ourselves and bargaining with half a dozen Hottentots for their pilotage and assistance, we renewed the attempt and achieved the passage. Upwards of three weeks elapsed before we reached the same ford on our return journey. The river had fallen and we thought it possible to cross without danger to our freight of corn and books. Owing to some alteration in its bed or deviation on our part, we found the depth so much greater than we anticipated, that we had to proceed a considerable distance with the water rushing over the wagon chests. Such a crowd of thievish Hottentots awaited our landing that I did not think it prudent to delay, even to inquire into the extent of the damage sustained, but drove on until we lost sight of the last of these degraded beings.

I must end now, lest my story become tedious as a twice-told tale. It is, in fact, little better, for every traveller has had similar incidents to narrate, and most have succeeded in narrating them better than I. It was on the 20th of July, 1858, that we bade farewell to the Bath. A little while before our departure we were startled by the occurrence of an earthquake. Had I possessed half the vanity of the fiery Glendower, who averred that, in fear of his nativity,

The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward—

I might have supposed that the convulsion indicated a desire on the part of Dame Nature to shake me out of the land where I was an alien, and where three of the best years of my manhood had been seemingly wasted. But I had no such idea of my importance; and as regards the work which called me into that land, and concerning which I have been purposely reticent in these pages, the Lord grant that I may find mercy in that day when every man's work shall be made manifest.

At the close of a toilsome and uncomfortable journey of seven weeks, I was not sorry to see once more the gardens and vineyards and running streams and smiling faces which told me that I was no longer IN THE DESERT.

R.



TWO SONNETS.

I.

Small cares, small duties, mark my daily life,
 Each day is but a copy of the last;
 No ruder shocks disturb of pain or strife,
 And few, though deep, the griefs that mark the past;
 A silent river flowing on between
 Smooth level banks, and landscapes ever green.
 Yet, may be, those "small duties" have a broad
 And high significance, and I am one
 Who holds a high commission from our God,
 To train young souls all evil ways to shun,
 All good to follow. Helpless infancy
 And prattling childhood, boys of ardent mood
 And girls just gliding into womanhood;
 My children these, all claiming help from me.

II.

Think not, dear love, I murmur at my lot,
 And long for more of ease and less of care,
 Thou lovest me, and in that thought forgot
 Are all small evils, 'tis my lot to bear.
 How little art thou changed since that far time
 When, 'midst the primrose hedges and green fields,
 We wandered in our trusting youthful prime,
 Dreaming of what the future years would yield.
 Still is thy love as stedfast as a star—
 The joy and glory of my happy life;
 The hopes we cherished in that time afar
 Were all prophetic. Who so blest a wife
 As she whose pulses with sweet gladness thrill
 To hear the tender words thou speakest still?

NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY A TRAVELLER.

THE study of Natural History is a pursuit most congenial to the traveller, affording agreeable relief from the daily monotony of weary journeys, and giving abundant occupation during the leisure imposed by the frequent necessity of rest, which camp-followers and beasts of burthen alike require. In travelling through the unfrequented tracts of the interior country, some diversion is felt to be imperative—some exercise for the mental faculties beyond the recurring calculation of the number of hours required to reach the nearest water, or the meagre exchange of questions and civilities arising out of accidental meetings with nomad parties of natives. Dr. Livingstone attributes the maintenance of his health, during many vicissitudes, in a great measure to his plan of seeking relaxation from the pressure of immediate and more arduous duties by the study of nature through all her varying aspects, deriving fresh vitality from the stimulus found in the contemplation of the manifold beauties of creation. At times, even the most phlegmatic come under the witching influence of Nature's spell, and are conscious of seasons of quickened sympathy, such as led Keats to say,—“If a sparrow were before my window, I take part in its existence, and pick about the gravel.”

By day, the traveller may adapt to his inland position the rapturous homage of the same poet to the glory of the universe—“The open sky sets upon our senses like a sapphire crown; the ambient air is our robe of state; the earth is our throne; and ‘the wind of heaven, that breathes music through the trees,’ is the minstrel playing before us, able, like David's harp, to bring almost forgetfulness of the tempest cares of life.” By night, grass and bush are spangled with glow-worms and their phosphorescent kindred, which appear faintly to reflect the brighter luminaries overhead; and from his couch, spread under the lee of the wagon, with the blue arch of heaven for his canopy, he sees the camp lighted up by fire-flies, and he listens to the prolonged trill of the night-jars, or the softly-whispered *hoot-hoo* of the lesser owls; while even the discordant notes of the various nocturnal beasts of prey seem to unite in one harmonious concord of sound, as mellowed by distance they fall on his ear

—an exposition of *Grave Harmonics* never imagined by musical philosophers.

Many active and pleasant hours may be passed in pursuit and acquisition of innumerable varieties of animal life; but in the present day, the problem of the derivation of species has attained such prominence that the mere collection of new forms has become subordinate to the aggregation of facts, bearing upon a more precise definition of species. One instance in which the precision of scientific method becomes illustrated and proved by animal instinct may be novel to many of your readers.

At the southern extremity of the Colony, the hyæna-like animal known as the wild dog is rarely met with; though frontier farmers, and those living in the vicinity of the Fish River and Addo Bush, often experience the terrible havoc it commits among their flocks. From the hyænine shape of its ears, and its feet being furnished with four toes only, which is characteristic of the hyænas, the wild-dog was first considered to belong to these, as its former name, *Hyæna venatica*, would imply. But more rigid anatomists, after examination of its dentition, and some other peculiarities of the osseous system, and though the fifth toe is absent, finding that its metacarpal style is present although concealed, have fixed its zoological position among the dogs, under the name of *Canis pictus*. It is a singular fact in corroboration of this classification that the common domestic dog seems to have an instinctive recognition of the affinity, and acknowledges the relationship science has established between him and his wild congener.

Accompanying the wagons of hunting parties, there is generally a miscellaneous collection of dogs, kept for the purpose of running down or bringing to bay wounded game; and when these are hounded on to chase the *wild dog*, it always ends in a friendly and brotherly *réconnaissance*, and after putting mutual interrogations, by means of their olfactory senses, they separate with an air of its being quite a mistake, and without the faintest demonstration of hostilities; though the same dogs evince the greatest animosity towards the common hyæna (*H. crocuta*), which they unhesitatingly attack with deadly ferocity. On their foraging expeditions, the Cape wild dogs—like European wolves—send out fleet skirmishers on the right and left of the pack, and while the main body hurry on the footsteps of the flying game, the outsiders are ready to intercept the victim of pursuit, and thus gain an advantage in distance over the quarry whenever it diverges from its previous course.

Within the Colony the true hyænas, brown, striped, or spotted, come under the general denomination of "*wolf*," which by their savage greed has become a synonymous term for rapacity and destructiveness. Nevertheless, they are only cowardly brutes, and manifest that instinctive dread of man, common to all wild beasts. On bright moonlight nights, it was a favourite amusement for some of the writer's party to place themselves in ambush within the deep shade of bush or tree, at a short distance from the camp, to wait for opportunity of a shot at the hyænas, which after sunset were sure to come prowling round our cattle-kraal. It frequently happened that one of these stealthy marauders would come slouching up from the rearward, alike ignorant of our presence, and unperceived by us, till he had approached within a few paces distance, when at such an unexpected apparition as a human being he would scramble off at his best gallop, exhibiting an intensely ludicrous aspect of terror. By these night ambuscades, we took retribution for the plunder of our sheep-kraal and the loss of our choicest mutton; and also, we thus proved the cannibal propensity of the beasts, as a hyæna that may have been shot in the evening was sure to be devoured by his companions before morning; and from our beds, arranged alongside the camp-fire, we might hear the wretches holding horrible carnival over the dead body of their comrade, laughing, the while, their discordant laugh, with demoniacal glee.

Naturalists have often remarked how, under constant persecution, animals acquire what may be termed an education of experience, and even the lion is not too independent to adopt new tactics when they conduce to his safety. In the far interior, where the lion roams free and unmolested, the bold music of his roar is invariably heard about the time of sunset; and again in the early morning, when he approaches the water to slake his thirst, after a successful night-hunt, or when he betakes himself to his lair, the hills are resonant with the echo of his voice.

But in the nearer Bechuana country, where game is scarce and guns are in plenty, and where the constant passing of traders' wagons has disturbed the quiet of his accustomed haunts, the noble beast conforms to the idea that safety lies in silence; for though his foot-prints may often be seen near the fountains at Lōharon or Boatlanama, and he will sometimes even venture to carry away an ox from a wagon-span, he rarely or never makes his presence known by his roar, which could only have the effect of

frightening off the few timid antelopes upon which all hope of replenishing his larder may depend, or of betraying his whereabouts to his inveterate enemy and persecutor—man.

Many hunters and traders have described the habits of the elephant but probably the most careful account is from the pen of Sir Emerson Tennant, in his work on "Ceylon."

Dr. Livingstone, after describing ("Travels and Researches," p. 589) the stunted or pollard growth of the trees among the Batoka, from the frequency with which the elephants broke them down to within a foot of the ground, continues: "Where they have been feeding, great numbers of trees, as thick as a man's body, are seen twisted down or broken off, in order that they may feed on the tender shoots at the tops;" and that "elephants are said sometimes to unite in wrenching down large trees." With seeming contradiction, however, he states on the same page, "that he has often been struck by the *very little* damage the elephant does in the forest." This animal is singularly variable in its manner of feeding, for the traveller comes occasionally upon patches of high thorn trees where the huge beasts have been regaling themselves, which excite his astonishment by the evidence of the enormous devastation sometimes committed by troops of elephants in their feeding—broken branches and uprooted trees strew the ground, like the wreck left by a tornado sweeping through the forest. At other times they are content peaceably to browse on the twigs and tender shoots of the young trees, or they will stand and daintily pick the wild fruits, one by one, from the branches.

In the feeding of all large animals, it is well known that the bare amount of nutritious matter is not the sole requisite, but that to sufficient nutriment a certain *bulk* of food is equally important to their health and comfort. The bark of various species of mimosa (particularly the *Acacia horrida*) flourishing on the damp grounds bordering the rivers, is a favourite food of the elephant, affording the mucilage and gum of which he appears especially fond, with enough woody fibre to distend his *viscera* to a sense of repletion. Extensive patches of dead thorn bush are sometimes passed through, the vitality of the trees being destroyed, from their bark having been torn off by elephants; and the manner in which they obtain the bark for mastication leads to an observation upon one mode in which the elephant uses his tusks for his own requirements, not previously recorded.

An examination of the stems of trees that have been deprived of their bark, shows them to be scored by deep furrows, made by the elephant stabbing with his tusk against the tree and then ripping up the bark as high as he can reach. By this proceeding his food hangs around in long ribbons, which he quietly munches at his leisure; and the loose ends of the portion left dangling from the stem, being reduced to the condition of tow, are evidence of the patient mastication by which the juices and nutritious matter have been extracted.

H. E.

ACROSS THE KAROO TO THE DIAMOND-FIELDS.

“WELL! I am off to the Diamond-fields?”

“What, you too? Why, you must be mad to think of going at this season of the year.”

Such was the brief colloquy that took place between myself and a friend a few weeks ago; and the uncomplimentary remark notwithstanding, the next morning found me booked per train as a passenger per Transport “Pioneer” for Pniel.

My fellow-travellers consisted of two females, three children, and four or five men. The women and children were to join their friends at the Diggings, two of the men were for an intermediate station, the rest were enthusiastic diggers about to try their luck at the Fields.

On our arrival at Wellington Station, Mr. Durham’s splendid team of ten fine horses were ready, waiting in harness for the Company’s wagon, which was on one of the trucks by the same train. To shunt the truck, span in the horses, and stow the passengers was the work of about twenty minutes, and away we went—the horses a little too spirited at first. A brief stoppage at Van Enter’s, and away up the steep pull over Bain’s Kloof, fairly upon our long journey. If anything will take the fire out of horses Bain’s Kloof will; and as soon as they began to feel the work, the animals seemed to realize the fact that that was neither the time nor place to show off, but for steady work.

After a good two hours’ pull we reached the crown of the mountain pass, and begged the conductor to stop for a

few minutes while the horses had a "blow," and the passengers looked over the magnificent panorama at their feet. And who is there that has gone over that kloof on a clear day, and gazed on the scene before him for the first time, that can soon forget it? I have looked at it for the twentieth time, and every time there is something new; some feature in the landscape not noticed before. To reach the point where we stood had been the work of two good hours of steady ascent, yet we seemed but within gunshot of the village. At our feet—nestled in the ravine—lay Retief's orange grove; it alone is a sight worth going fifty miles by rail to see. Beyond, and lower on the base of the mountain, the town of Wellington seemed, at the height from which we looked at it, like an encampment, the clean white-washed houses looking like canvas tents in the bright sunshine. Away in the hazy distance are the Piquetberg mountains, and right opposite, the Paarl, with its great granite boulders, which a lady writer once compared to the type of female beauty in an unladylike attitude. The valley is dotted with snug farm-houses and green vineyards, the Berg River flowing sluggishly along its silvery white pebble bed, forming a pleasing contrast to the green and brown around.

But, hark! the horn has sounded, and "All right, gentlemen" reminds us that the transport-wagon, like old Time, "waits for no man." Another long spell, but this time down-hill, and we stop an hour at Tubb's wooden shanty, which promises to become quite a famed hostelry. The drive through Michell's Pass surpasses Bain's Kloof for grandeur and picturesqueness. How Hugh Miller would have revelled in a tramp through this mountain pass, tracing the Footprints of the Creator, impressed on masses of sandstone piled in apparent confusion; the stratification here horizontal, there perpendicular, and in no two places exactly alike. Strangers feel a little nervous in passing over this road for the first time, and there are portions of it where, if you feel at all nervous, the best thing you can do is to shut your eyes and don't open them again until you are over. The old farmers delight to point out the former road, and tell of the time when, to get over this mountain, they took their wagons asunder, carrying them piece-meal over, while the muids of wheat were put on the oxen's back—the whole to be re-arranged on the other side. However, these days have gone by, and one can now travel the new road with comfort and safety.

The descent from Michell's Pass is gradual, and owing to the number of sharp turns in the road you come in sight of Ceres unexpectedly. The first sight of the village conveys a favourable impression, which is confirmed as you drive through the street and over its long narrow bridge. Ceres is a thriving place. Twenty years ago, a gentleman travelling along the road on the Bokkeveld, beyond the summit of the Pass, called at a house in appearance like a better-class hut, and asked, "How far am I from Ceres?" "Why this is Ceres," was the unexpected answer. No such question need now be asked. Ceres has prospered in worldly things, and Ceres, like others who have prospered, has no intention of being kept in the background. Ceres asserts her own importance, and is believed; Ceres is to be the seat of the Queen's representative, while her quiet neighbour, Tulbagh, goes to the wall. The transport-wagon stopped at Ceres the first night, and Mrs. Bergman did her best to make our first night on the road as pleasant as a good supper and comfortable bed for the few hours allowed for rest would admit.

The second day took us over Hottentot's Kloof, through the Poort, and on through a flat country to old Jordan's, at Pattatas River, which we reached about five in the afternoon. Old Jordan boasts of being the possessor of the finest pear trees in the Colony. We can testify to the size of the trees, but of the fruit we must leave others to judge. According to our host's account, the Karoo is looking up, business is getting brisk, and Jordan's hotel is to be enlarged by the addition of a room, begun about ten years ago, but which the dullness of times in the Karoo prevented being finished until now! The road through the Karoo is, upon the whole, very good—a hard natural road, but could be much improved with a more liberal expenditure of the Divisional Council funds. Travellers, who expect to find in the Karoo only semi-civilized *Boers*, are greatly surprised to find such men as the Greefs, Luttings, and others, and such accommodation as the genial hospitality of Mrs. Greef and the way-side arrangements of Luttig and Fuller's afford. Mr. Luttig is the proprietor of the farm upon which gold is *to be* found. Mr. Luttig himself is very sanguine of the results; not only Mr. Luttig, but all in the neighbourhood, believe in the existence of both gold and coal in the Karoo. The physical appearance of the Karoo is very singular, and will afford a rich field for the investigation of the geologist. It may have been in the Glacial ages a series of inland lakes, or its singular conformation may be the

result of causes unknown. Scattered over one portion you find large quantities of fragments of black-looking stone, giving one the idea of some huge ærolite having exploded, and scattered its fragments over a vast extent of country. The road from Cape Town to Beaufort is a gradual ascent, carrying the traveller through a succession of basins and low ridges. The Gouph presents the most singular appearance. At one point so strange is the conformation of the country that the imagination pictures the pre-Adamite ages, when the whole might have been in a liquid, igneous state, and the rolling billows had been arrested, and by some mighty agency congealed so suddenly, that the crested waves had retained their form in solid stone. The Kodo Kop is probably the most elevated part of the Karoo, the country about having the most singularly wild and desolate appearance. The eye stretches over a vast plain, bounded in the far distance by the Fraserburg and Nieuwveldt mountains; the hard stony gravel supporting a low scrubby bush, interspersed with a dwarf thorn tree, the light green of the thorns forming a pleasing contrast to the brown and arid ground and bush. The only habitation visible for miles is the wattle-and-daub house where we have outspanned.

Looking round this howling wilderness, the eye rests upon a narrow line of green, the sure indication of the presence of water. On further search, its source is discovered to be a small fountain issuing out of a cleavage in slate and quartz. Now, where does this water come from? Apparently, the spot where the water issues from is the highest for many miles around, and the ground nothing more than a bare stony wilderness; and yet here, in the most unlikely place, issues forth from the rock a stream of pure living water. It is said that the Hottentots know many fountains in most unlikely places, but the knowledge is kept secret from the white man.

At Steyn's Kraal, a few hours' ride from Beaufort, Old Jager's affords a halting-place for travellers. The old man is from the Cape district, and longs to revisit his birth-place, Yzer Plaats, near the plantation on the Flats. Hitherto, the journey seemed hopeless, but now he thinks that some day he will book his place in the Transport wagon, to see the ancestral home once more. The Transport Company's wagons, with passengers, passing to and fro twice every week, seem to bring back Cape Town to their memories, and revive a desire to see the old place again.

On nearing Beaufort, the first buildings in sight are the

powder magazines. In all the country towns, the magazine and Dutch church are the most prominent features. In most cases, the magazine is a square building on an eminence, and the church is a square tower with a barn behind it; in neither case is there any pretension to architectural beauty. The town of Beaufort is rather disappointing. Beaufort has been so much before the public that a stranger expects to see a bustling, business place. On reaching it, you seem to enter an avenue; the trees are thickly planted on each side of the street. The town consists chiefly of one long street, like most of the Colonial towns, built upon a line of road. The town-hall is a pretentious building, surmounted by a clock, which chimes the quarters and strikes the hours for the benefit of the good people who inhabit the houses. The stores are small, considering the amount of business transacted in the town. The dam—once the pride of Beaufort—still exists, but in a state of drought. The townspeople, however, retain a vivid recollection of the effects produced when it overflowed and burst.

The ride from Beaufort to Victoria is exceedingly pleasant. The road to Victoria passes along the base of a remarkable hill, which is nothing else than a huge heap of stones. Not a blade of grass or bush is apparent; the large round stones seem all to be detached; all present a dark-brown crust, as if they had been subjected to intense heat. The hill stands alone in the plain, and if once on a time giants lived in South Africa, the imagination could picture these monsters gathering stones from the surrounding plain wherewith to raise this huge altar, from whose summit the smoke of their burnt sacrifices would ascend to the gods.

The country between Beaufort and Victoria comprises some of the finest sheep-walks in the Colony. The substantial homesteads, the large dams, and immense extent of land cultivated and under irrigation, the properties of such men as Molteno, the Devenishes, and the Jacksons, show what intelligent enterprise will do for a country, and utterly confound the ideas of our English friends who come to this Colony expecting to find nothing but niggers and wild beasts. The long narrow gorge and picturesque valley, through which flows a stream from Brakfontein, deserves more than a passing notice. There, too, is the home of Mr. S. Jackson in a most picturesque situation. Before his door stand three or four magnificent mulberry trees, as large as good-sized oaks, and in the season are loaded with luscious fruit. To Mr. Jackson and his estimable lady

the Transport Company are indebted, for the genuine interest they take in the operations of the Company, and forwarding their endeavours to establish communication between Cape Town and the Fields. The ride from Brakfontein to Victoria occupied about seven hours, over an extensive flat. The entrance to Victoria is through a narrow poort. The road is a kind of causeway, the water flowing on each side, and the town is built between the spurs of a hill. The peculiar situation of the town, separated by a narrow gorge from the plain, would contribute to aggravate the calamity which swept over the town on the night of the 27th February, involving in sudden destruction nearly a hundred human beings. Victoria is well built, the streets crossing at right angles. The houses are large and comfortable-looking; the Dutch church, of the usual type, occupies a conspicuous position in a square. It boasts of several good stores, an unfinished Episcopal church, a good hotel, and has altogether a bustling, business appearance. Victoria forms the centre of a valuable district, and when the Crown lands on the northern border are given out will be one of the leading districts in the Colony. Some of our Cape Town merchants might do worse than pay a visit to this town and establish business connections with the district, for unless one's commercial instincts are at fault, Victoria West will be the principal town in the Midland district.

The next point on the route to the Diamond-fields is Hope Town. It is difficult to imagine why Hope Town was built where it is. The original owner of the farm is still alive; he lives in what was the homestead, and surveys with pride the town that has sprung up on his farm. The only pity is that it ever became anything more than a farm. The town is supplied with water from a fountain and dam, which appear to be private property, and is so fenced by servitudes, that its supply to the inhabitants is very limited. The town consists of one main street and two or three short cross-streets, about a dozen shops and stores, and two hotels. Hope Town boasts of a market-house, part being partitioned off for a reading-room; the only reading available consisting of a few of the Eastern Province papers and one number of the *Cape Chronicle*.

Hope Town, like another celebrated country town immortalized in the pages of *Pickwick*, has its parties—the Blues and the Buffs. To a visitor it would appear that the Blues and the Buffs of Hope Town, in order better to watch

each other's movements, occupy opposite sides of the main street. Certain it is that any proposition emanating from the Blues on the right-hand side of the street, as you walk down from the church, is, as a matter of course, rejected by the Buffs on the left or market-house side of the street. Now it happened once on a time—not a hundred years ago—that Hope Town received solemn intimation that the Governor of the Colony would pass through the town. Hope Town, always loyal, was excited, and Hope Town's magistrate was anxious that the great man should be received with due honours. But Hope Town, less fortunate than Mr. Pickwick's Eatanswill, does not possess a *Gazette* or an *Independent*. The only *Gazette* it reads is that which Government supplies, and the only journal it believes in is our venerable friend of Graham's Town; but it can boast of a smart coloured policeman, who, when the public interests demand the extra exertion, acts as bellman and crier; and, in anticipation of the great event, Buffs and Blues were disturbed at their dinners by the sharp tones of the bell and the policeman's deep voice announcing that "a public meeting would be held in the Court-house that evening to prepare for His Excellency's reception."

At the appointed hour the leaders and their followers met in the Court-house. The worthy magistrate, in a sensible address, spiced with plenty of quiet humour, and a merry twinkle in his eye, informed the Blues and the Buffs that they must sink their little differences, and unite in carrying out the great object for which they had met. The eyes of the whole Colony were upon them, and he felt sure that every man in Hope Town would do his duty. This address was received with loud cheers. By way of uniting, each man began to differ with every other man in the room. It was proposed that the Mayor (Hope Town possesses a Mayor) should inflict an address upon His Excellency. This proposition having been moved and seconded by a Blue, up jumps a juvenile Buff, and proposes that the chairman of the Divisional Council should do so. Somebody suggested that both should do it. The meeting thought this a capital way of uniting both parties. The Blues then proposed that the public should erect a triumphal arch at somebody's corner, round which His Excellency must turn. The Buffs scouted the idea of erecting an arch in a town where neither flags nor flowers were to be got, and proposed that they should place a couple of bales of wool on end on either side of the street,

that a Town Councillor should mount one and a Divisional Councillor the other, each holding the end of a piece of voerchitz, while every window should be illuminated with not less than one farthing dip in each. The next proposition provided for the sinews of war, for even in Hope Town money is an indispensable necessity. On one side it was proposed to raise a subscription on the spot, but this was quickly met by the other side, who sensibly suggested that it would be better to wait until the Governor arrived, and they would then be sure not to waste their money. At last it was agreed that a committee, consisting of representatives of both parties, should arrange the programme, and if they liked they would be permitted to pay all expenses out of their own pockets, for the honour of the thing.

In addition to other good things which Hope Town possesses, it has fixed principles, and holds strong opinions. On some subjects parties differ; on others they agree not to differ. On two opinions they unite. The first is, that Hope Town is essential to the existence of the Diamond-fields. The second is, that the true way for Hope Town to become a great and influential town is to render a minimum of service for a maximum of remuneration.

From Hope Town to the Orange River is about three miles. The river is crossed on a *pont*; and at the time of our party crossing, the pont was managed by a coloured American or West Indian, who had been on board some man-of-war. It struck the ear as strange to have a black man on the extreme border of the Colony giving orders in seafaring language to Kafirs who understood as little of his jargon as they did of the management of the boat they worked. The Orange River at this point may be about three hundred yards wide, running with a deep, swift current; the banks are high and precipitous, rendering skillful management necessary in taking over a wagon and team, as the usual method is to bring the pont end on to the margin of the stream, and drive the horses down the declivity, right on to the pont. At one time we had on the pont the large Transport wagon and ten horses, and at the same time Messrs. Steytler's wagon and six or eight mules—the whole load comprising two heavy vehicles with their freights, sixteen draught animals, and about twenty persons, forming a tolerably good load. The scenery about this part of the river is exceedingly tame; the adjacent country is dry and sandy. Hope Town is hid by low sand-hills, which completely intercept the view of the

Orange River from the town, which lies in a hollow between two ridges. With the exception of a few willow trees deep down in the sides of the banks, there is an absence of the bright green vegetation which indicates the presence of water elsewhere.

A traveller approaching the Orange River at this drift for the first time cannot have the remotest suspicion that he is in the vicinity of the largest river in South Africa, until he sees it flowing at his feet. The country between the Orange and Vaal Rivers consists of extensive plains, relieved by low limestone ridges, which run from north-east to south-west. The soil for the most part appears to be a red sandy loam upon a substratum of limestone, rendering driving upon some portions of the road anything but pleasant; a bump against a limestone rock, alternated by a dip into a sandy hollow, some half a dozen times in as many minutes, may prove agreeable or otherwise, according to the particular sensations produced. The vegetation consists of long grass and bush. The largest tree to be seen is the "Kameeldoorn"—a dwarf thorn tree, with bright green foliage. The soil of "No Man's Land," or "Albania," as it is now called—that narrow strip which lies between the Colonial boundary and the country claimed by President Brand's government—is said to be very fertile, as is the whole country near the Vaal River. The farms are large, and the farmers, to judge by their comfortable appearance, their buxom wives, and chubby-faced children, are well off. For the most part, the farmers—especially the old men—are exceedingly intelligent; and when we remember that this part of the country was peopled by old colonists, who, from political reasons, expatriated themselves from the districts in which they were born, freely surrendering house and land and kindred that they might breathe what they at least, whether rightly or wrongly, considered a purer political atmosphere, we cannot but honour and respect them. Many of these men converse freely upon the present aspect of affairs in the Free State. They prefer their own government, but they yet acknowledge its weakness to deal with a large influx of population from Europe and America, and the necessity of a strong government to enforce laws and maintain private right.

Approaching the Vaal at Pniel, the character of the vegetation and the soil becomes visibly changed. Large round stones and flint pebbles are found scattered about in large quantities. The river above Pniel comes into sight, but

the camp is not visible; the "koppies" rise above the river, at their highest between two hundred and three hundred feet, and the "links" of the Vaal encircle about two thirds of the "koppie," forming nearly a bow. Ascending the steep, stony road, a few wagons and a tent or two come in view; a sharp application of the whip to the leaders and of the sjambok to the wheelers induced a strong pull, and up we rise to the summit, in full view of the encampment. If the road up to Pniel is rough and the ascent steep, Pniel has not omitted to exact a toll. This alone is a sign of progress. The toll paid, a sly peep into the tollman's tent reveals a wonderful quantity of empty bottles—another evidence of the march of civilization, and indicating that diamonds were not the only good things to be found at the Diggings. Traversing a few hundred yards of flat ground upon the summit, you reach what may be termed the main street of Pniel, and commence a descent down to the river side. True, the street is not quite straight, nor are the tents placed in regular file. On your right hand you have a wooden house; on your left a galvanized iron store. Here you see the place where a tent once stood; there stands a half tent—half pondok; that is a roof of rushes and canvas sides; but everywhere you see signs of life and bustle. Every man is intent upon the work in hand.

R. M. R.

CONCERNING SNAKES.

ALTHOUGH one feels a natural aversion to serpents, yet a little information respecting them may not be uninteresting. There are many snakes in this Colony that are very dangerous, whilst others, such as the common black snake, are quite harmless. The puff-adder ranks amongst the most venomous of the snake tribe; but, fortunately for us, he is indolent in his habits, and so sleepy that he may often be heard to snore at noon-day. While travelling one hot day I turned out of the road to a hollow stone which was known to contain water, for a drink, and on alighting from my horse I heard a loud snore. Supposing it to come from some other weary traveller, who, after slaking his thirst, had fallen asleep among the dwarf bushes in the neighbourhood, I went in search of him, and found a large puff-adder fast asleep and snoring heavily. I once whipped a puff-adder with a long whip, to see what effect it would

have on him, and was astonished to see how active he became. He leaped about in different directions to reach me, often raising himself three or four feet from the ground, and then throwing himself towards me in a violent manner, but never attempted to run after me. It is safer to pass by the head of a puff-adder than his tail, because when he wants to reach a person at a little distance he throws himself over on his tail towards his victim.

The spuig-slang, or spitting-snake, is more dangerous than the puff-adder, because, in addition to biting like other snakes, it can spit out its poison like sending water through a squirt. This snake is about six feet long, resembles the brown cobra in colour, with a large flat head, and is very savage. It raises its head from two to three feet from the ground, and can run as fast as a man. Having heard many marvellous stories, to the effect that this snake challenges travellers as they pass his haunts, and when they attack him throws poison into their eyes, I resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity of proving the correctness or otherwise of such tales. One day, as I rode along the public road, I was challenged by a huge fellow, who raised his head in a defiant manner several inches above the low bush that he occupied. I at once seized the opportunity to test his spitting powers, and my companion and I arranged that the one should look the creature full in the face whilst the other threw a stone or two into the bush to increase his anger. This was done, and the moment the snake's eye caught sight of the man's eye, he let fly a charge of poison, evidently aiming at the eye, with the liquid of which the poison infuses itself, and causes death in about two hours. In this instance, perhaps owing to the distance (eight or ten yards), the poison lodged upon the cheek-bone, an inch below the eye, and it was wiped off with a rag. Of course, no injury resulted.

The next snake I shall speak of is the hornsman, or horned-snake; not because it is more dangerous than the various kinds of cobra, but because it is less known than other snakes in this Colony. The horned-snake is short and very thick at the head, which resembles in shape that of a snail. It is slow in its movements, and, because of its shortness, it can conveniently lie in foot-paths, and creep into the huts of the natives. I was once in the neighbourhood of a celebrated snake-doctor, who declared himself to be proof against poison, when a hornsman crept

into his skin blanket, and bit him on the great toe. The doctor laughed at it, although he confessed to suffering considerable pain. It was in the evening, and his friends, who were wont to use his *perspiration* as an antidote, supposing that no poison could injure the doctor, retired to rest; but on rising the next morning they discovered that he had been some time dead.

I will only refer to the habits of one snake more—that is the night-adder, which is very dangerous, because it crawls about in the night, and often bites travellers while sleeping in the field. It will creep into a man's coat pocket, or into a leg of his trowsers, while he is resting, and may be mistaken for a pretty piece of ribbon. I recollect seeing one in a lady's work-bag, which had been left all night on the floor of a new hut, erected by the natives for her accommodation. When she opened her bag and saw the reptile in it, she thought some one had put a piece of silk velvet ribbon in the bag, but on attempting a closer inspection of it, she saw its head rise and its fangs put forth ready to meet her hand. So she closed the bag, and handed it to a young gentleman, who stood near her, to kill the snake. When a traveller takes possession of a bush which is occupied by a night-adder, the snake commences to hiss furiously, thus warning him of his danger, and as he cannot see the reptile, the bush is readily abandoned. But the natives light a fire and seek the hissing foe until they find and destroy him. Although the poison of this snake does not destroy life so soon as that of the spuig-slang, yet its bite is sure to occasion death unless a suitable antidote can be applied.

It is a curious fact that snakes can destroy themselves or other snakes by their sting. A Namaqua told me that he had witnessed a great battle fought by two venomous snakes, which lasted for some time, but terminated in the death of both.

In the spring of the year 1856 a brown cobra took up his abode rather too near my residence to be pleasant, so a man was set to watch his movements, and he saw him crawl out of his hole on to a flat rock to warm himself in the sun. A lizard running over the rock as usual came to the snake, and ran across its body. The cobra instantly threw his head over and angrily bit at the lizard, which was too nimble for him and escaped, allowing the cobra to drive his fangs into his own back. He soon showed signs of uneasiness, gradually became more and more restless, and was dead in less than three hours.

I will now say a word on the subject of remedies.

The natives of the interior have no certain antidote to poison; but, in their anxiety to relieve the sufferer, they try everything that may be recommended by those present at the time. The following are the antidotes generally had recourse to by them: A black fowl is killed and divided, and one side of it applied to the wound for about fifteen or twenty minutes, and then the other; but if a *black* fowl is not to be had, they will not make use of one of any other colour. New milk is also used by many as the only remedy at hand, but is not thought to be equal to the black fowl. When milk is used, it is taken in great quantities. I once saw a man sitting with the bitten leg in a bucket of milk, and his friends bringing him basins of the same article till he could hold no more; but he died during the night. Some tribes use a decoction of the wild cotton plant, which is a very powerful emetic; but it saves but few of those who are bitten by deadly poisonous snakes. But the antidote in which all Namaquas, Bushmen, and Damaras believe is the snake-charmer's or doctor's night-cap! They suppose that it contains a sufficient quantity of his perspiration to counteract the effects of the poison, which mixes with the blood of the person bitten. Hence it is taken in the shape of a decoction, which is prepared by dipping the cap into boiling water; or, it is put into a pan of cold water, and allowed to remain on the fire till the water boils. This liquid is drunk freely by the sufferer, whose friends keep his spirits up with marvellous stories about cures which have been effected with the decoction of the night-cap. Of course, it acts as an emetic, and often tends to prolong life, though I have not known it to cure. On one of my journeys my guide was stung in the leg by a scorpion, and, having no antidote with me, I allowed the "wise men" of the kraal to treat the case. The first thing produced was a filthy old linen cap, for which one of the party said he had given a fat ox; on seeing which, another of the party exclaimed, "All right; he'll soon be better." Boiling water was got ready, the night-cap immersed in it, and as soon as it was cool enough, a liquid (the appearance of which I will not attempt to describe) was brought to the poor fellow, who swallowed it all, that he might derive the full benefit promised. We waited till it had acted upon the "inner man," to the satisfaction of all present; but there was no corresponding relief. I began to feel concerned, and asked if they had anything else to use, when

some gunpowder was produced. I said, "Open the wound and fill it with the powder." This was immediately done, and the man gradually recovered, but continued to complain for about a fortnight. I need hardly say that this added another "feather to the doctor's cap." But before a man's night-cap becomes valuable as an antidote to poison, he has to pass through the following course of training: A young man who wishes to become a snake-charmer, or doctor, is placed with a member of the profession, and serves a kind of apprenticeship. This is necessary, in order to avoid danger to the student himself, as well as to keep up the respectability of the profession. I remember a young man of good abilities commencing to physic himself without the supervision of a practised hand; and the first dose of poison, which was, no doubt, too large, killed him in less than twenty-four hours. The master begins by giving his apprentice a small dose of poison once a week, which soon produces pains in the head and limbs, and dimness of sight. As these disagreeable sensations pass off, and he becomes accustomed to the use of snake-poison, the dose is increased, until the student is able to swallow the whole poison-bag of a venomous snake at once. After this he is supposed to be so thoroughly imbued with poison that others may be benefited through him. But then he has to submit to another test. Two or three men are sent out in search of scorpions, and when they have collected a hatful, they are thrown upon a dry ox hide, provided for the occasion, and the young man is commanded by his superior to undress, and roll about among the scorpions till they have all had an opportunity of stinging him. If this unpleasant test is followed by considerable swelling of the parts stung, he has to continue his apprenticeship for some time longer, and then submit to a second test of the same nature; but if he comes off with only a soreness of the parts pierced by the stings of the scorpions, and does not appear to suffer much pain, he is declared to be a properly-constituted and qualified doctor. I knew a fine tall young fellow, whose ambition led him to aspire after a Namaqua diploma. He passed through the preparatory course, and endured the scorpion test, which nearly cost him his life; but when, on his recovery, he was informed that the test had proved unsatisfactory, and that he must continue taking poison for a longer period, and submit to a second stinging, his courage failed, and he abandoned the profession. When, however, the test proves to be satisfactory, the young man is declared to be a snake-

doctor, and commences business on his own account. He begins by collecting a few herbs which contain medicinal properties, three or four charms, and last, but not least, an ell of calico for a night-cap! This cap covers a greasy head, on which it remains day and night till some unfortunate fellow is bitten by a snake or other venomous reptile, when the cap, which has long since lost its original colour, is eagerly purchased at a high price by the sufferer's friends. The doctor may then again be seen with a clean night-cap, that is to follow its predecessor through the different shades of colour from white to black till it also passes into other hands.

I soon discovered that a more reliable antidote was necessary for persons out of the reach of medical assistance; and as my attention had been drawn to the subject by something I read in an Indian newspaper, I resolved to give ipecacuanha a fair trial, and soon discovered that I was in possession of the desired antidote. I will here relate a little of my experience in the use of this medicine. The first time I tried it was on a boy stung by a scorpion, and I found that it cured him in about half an hour. The next case was a woman bitten in the back by a puff-adder. The wound was close to the spine, and received while sleeping at noon. She also recovered. Since then I have cured people suffering from the bites of many kinds of snakes and venomous reptiles, and have not known it to fail in a single instance. One of the most remarkable cures effected by the use of ipecacuanha powder I will here relate. A reaper on a neighbouring farm was taking a nap at noon under a shady tree, and a puff-adder came and lay alongside of him. As he awoke he pressed against his unwelcome companion with his elbow, and received in return a severe bite in the forearm. The farmer, not knowing what to use, dispatched a messenger on horseback for advice. Under the impression that it would be too late to apply the remedy in the shape of poultice, I mixed about two tea-spoonsful of the powder in a pint bottle of cold water, and told the bearer of it to let his master give it by table-spoonsful till he had used the whole of it. On his arrival with the medicine, it was discovered that the man was lock-jawed, and to all appearance in a dying state. The farmer, however, had the presence of mind to force his jaws open with an iron spoon, and give the medicine by spoonsful. During the evening it began to take effect, and by eight o'clock in the morning the man was able to walk abroad and take his breakfast, and at speedy recovery followed.

The following is the best mode of using this invaluable antidote :

Mix a teaspoonful of ipecacuanha powder with a little cold water; then scarify the part bitten (making two or three cuts through the skin), and apply the same as a poultice. This should be followed by about thirty grains in a wine-glass of cold water as an emetic; and, if necessary, both may be repeated in half an hour. But this is seldom required to complete the cure, as the pain generally ceases in less than that time, and appetite and health speedily follow.

As this is a simple remedy, and is to be found in every farmer's "huis apotheek" in the form of "graauwe vomitiefs," I hope this notice will be of service to some unfortunate individuals who are beyond the reach of medical aid.

B.

AN ART GALLERY FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

AT the close of an unusually successful Art Exhibition held in Cape Town in the year 1859, the hope was confidently entertained that the time might not be far distant when this Colony should have, in addition to annual exhibitions, a permanent Art Gallery of its own—consisting, it may be, of few works, but those few selected with the utmost care. It was then thought that the Public Library would afford facilities for such a collection, and that, if there were the *will*, it could scarcely be doubted that a *way* would soon be found in a community which must not allow itself to be so absorbed in the prosecution of material wealth as to forget that man has mind as well as body. It is believed the time has arrived when it is likely this anticipation will meet with fulfilment. It is only necessary to make a commencement. The elements of success in such an undertaking are extremely simple, and all that is wanted is an initiative—a start. It was thus with the Public Library, which, from but a humble beginning, has risen to first-class importance; and now we have good literature, and plenty of it; whilst its obvious and indispensable concomitant is almost wanting; and yet not wholly, for some of the materials, though scattered abroad, are available, and—like the rays of the sun when concentrated through a lens—have only to be

brought together to shed a genial light on the partial obscurity in which Art in this country is at present involved.

None in this age can doubt the beneficial and ennobling influence which the Fine Arts and associations for promoting them exercise on human nature. If we regard the end of Art as a representation, according to established principles of truth and beauty, of every object discernible by the eye, and every emotion of the mind, who will question its high mission, its civilizing influence; or that it possesses special advantages which are denied to Literature and Science? Art speaks directly to the sense, with an effect infinitely more rapid, powerful, and impressive than any other means of communication. It is, in fact, a universal language, whose meaning is at once intelligible to every understanding. Let us but consider in how many languages the splendid productions of genius are written, and how impossible it is for every one to enjoy their beauties, or benefit by their lessons—while Art is entirely independent of language, and the truth and beauty of natural forms are as intelligible to the humble labourer as to the most carefully educated nobleman. The writer of these pages has seen an accomplished public writer moved almost to tears by the sight of Sassoferrato's *Mater Dolorosa*, now in a private collection near Cape Town; and so universal is the language which Art speaks that even in the wilds of Kafirland the deeply hidden emotions of the soul would be stirred by beholding such a picture. By the historical pictures of Le Brun, Horace Vernet, Gros and Gerard, in the Palace of Versailles, the great events of French history are communicated to all classes of people much more vividly than could possibly be done by books or lectures. This power of Art, as a means of education for all conditions of men, was recognized and extensively employed by the Ancients; and may yet be traced amongst the ruins of ancient cities, and especially in Pompeii, in the beautiful forms given to ordinary domestic utensils, which all bear the impress of the beautiful. Even in this country, more light has been cast on the habits and character of the Bushmen by their own rude drawings in caves and on rocks in various localities, than by all the books that have been written about these people.

The higher classes of society, who, through education and means, command the enjoyment of the creations of the greatest poets and musicians, can more readily endure the want of the ennobling influences of Art. Language need

be to them no barrier to intellectual enjoyment. They can at will refresh the spirit with the verse of Homer, that purest source of all poetry ; or, with Sophocles, elevate it to the utmost height of passion. With Dante they may descend into the awful depths of the *Inferno*, or enter the marvellous and mysterious world of Shakspeare. They may revel in the graceful and inexhaustible humour of Cervantes and Le Sage, the profound philosophy of Goethe, or the charm and pathos of Schiller. The wit of Voltaire will electrify, and Ariosto or Alfieri pour out his bounties for their gratification. The lower classes are almost entirely shut out from these sources of enjoyment. To them pictures afford a means of instruction and healthy, refining influence not otherwise attainable. The poor may stand beside the rich and gaze with equal rapture at Correggio's *Ecce Homo*, or the divine conceptions of a Raphael, a Murillo, or a Hunt. This is just the want which a Public Gallery supplies ; and it has been abundantly shown that the lower classes feel the want of amusements of a more elevated character than those within their reach.

To make works of mind accessible to the people has always been found a powerful incentive to moral and intellectual improvement. An acquaintance with works of Art is of immense advantage to the operative,—makes him a better workman by placing before him examples of the highest excellence ; and, more important still, it furnishes all with a delight independent of position or rank, and calculated to purify the taste and the understanding. A distinguished female writer has said that “excellence will not become less excellent by being diffused, and that the sense of the true, the beautiful, and the pure, will not become less valuable by being rendered as familiar and indispensable to every sentient being as love, light, and air.”

What can be a greater treat than to be admitted to an exhibition of good pictures ? “It is a cure,” says Hazlitt, “for—low thoughted cares and uneasy passions ; we are abstracted to another sphere—we breathe empyrean air—we enter into the minds of the artists whose works we behold, and we look at nature with their eyes—we live in times past and become identified with the permanent form of things.” And hear Leslie : “The love of landscape is a love so pure, that it can never associate with the relishes of a mere voluptuary ; and wherever such a love is native, it is the certain indication of a superior mind. If there are ‘tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and

good in everything,' then surely they are tongues and books that never lie, sermons direct to the heart, and good unmixed with evil; and that man must be hopelessly wicked or wofully blinded by passion who can plan or commit a wrong act while these are addressing him."

Art, if rightly considered, ought to be an indispensable part of a liberal education, and nothing can be more fallacious than to assume that skill and success may not be attained by all in the direct ratio of their general fitness for other intellectual pursuits. It may be called a new faculty, from the power it confers of indelibly fixing scenes, persons, and events, and thus recalling them at will. It enlarges the powers of observation, and increases the enjoyment of a ramble or a journey. Objects which others pass with a vacant mind and a careless look, present to the trained eye a character and an enjoyment of which the uninitiated have no conception. The world has been greatly benefited by the contributions of Art. The uttermost ends of the earth are, as it were, brought under our observation, and the roughest sketch, even, will often present the actual scene vividly to the memory in all its varied details, and suggest incidents connected with the journey during which it was taken.

The immediate purpose of this paper is to ventilate the desire of a few lovers of Art in our community to give it the footing amongst us which it deserves as an important and indispensable aid in the education and refinement of the masses of the people. This is not so difficult of attainment as is supposed by some. There is now amongst us a sufficient number of professional and amateur artists and connoisseurs, besides a host of lovers of art for its own sake, who have only to unite for the purpose of establishing an Art Society under suitable rules of membership, and incorporated by an Act of Parliament, if necessary; so that it may have among other powers conferred, that of custody of works now in the possession of the Public Library and other public institutions; and to make it a permanent and authorized recipient, for the benefit of the public, of donations and bequests in works or money.

The efforts of the society should be directed to the formation of a Colonial Art Gallery in a suitable locale. For a beginning, the Library Committee would, perhaps, not object to place a room at the disposal of the society, in which the nucleus of a collection can be placed, and where meetings can be held at fixed and regular intervals, say once a fortnight, and occasional lectures delivered. In time it may be possible, with the aid of a grant from the Parliament, to

provide a permanent building by extending eastwards the southern wing of the Library building so as to provide ample accommodation for works, of which the following selection may be recommended. Sculptures are of course too costly to be thought of for a long time, but casts may be cheaply procured from respectable London dealers. A selection may be made from the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum, such as the metopes and frieze of the Parthenon in alto and basso-relievo. One of these, representing a group from the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, is the very triumph of Art. The Panathenaic frieze contains some very masterly figures of horses and their riders. "The horses," says Flaxman, "appear to live and move, to roll their eyes, to gallop, prance, and curvet, the veins of their faces and legs seem distended with circulation. The beholder is charmed with the deerlike lightness and elegance of their make; and though the relief is not above one inch from the background, and they are so much smaller than nature, we can scarcely suffer reason to persuade us that they are not alive." Casts of the following ancient sculptures might also be obtained. The Theseus, though much mutilated, is much admired for its striking beauty, and the singular accuracy with which the human form has been wrought in stone. The Illyssus is also very beautiful—it is the personification of the small stream that flowed through Athens, and though also rather mutilated, is a marvel of artistic skill. Then there is the Antinous, a figure of a youth of exceeding grace and beauty, executed with wonderful correctness, standing in a simple attitude, and expressive of melancholy. The Dying Gladiator, a naked athletic figure, reclining on his shield, his weapon broken, and himself expiring from a mortal wound in the side;—the three Graces, a magnificent study of the symmetry of the female form in various positions;—the Venus of Milo, the finest representation of grace and loveliness ever executed, which is (perhaps, alas! we may have to speak of it as a thing that *was* !) in the Louvre in Paris.

"There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality: the veil
Of heaven is half withdrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould."

Byron's Child Harold.

Of other ancient sculptures may be mentioned the Discobulus, the original of which is in the British Museum; the Diana, also at the Louvre; the famous Apollo Belvidere, which is in the Vatican; the Faun; the Laocoon—

“Such passion here,
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,
Seem so to tremble through the tortured stone
That the touched heart engrosses all the view,”—

the celebrated Venus de Medici (Royal Gallery, Florence); the Venus Genetrix (Louvre), a draped figure, possessing a noble simplicity of expression,—the drapery hanging in the most elegant folds, is in itself a study; Hercules, &c. Of modern sculptors, of whose works casts should be obtained, may be mentioned Thorwaldsen, Gibson, Flaxman, Foley, McDowell, &c.

In connection with this branch of Art, and for our encouragement, it may not, perhaps, be out of place to mention what has been done in Melbourne. From a catalogue of statues—busts and bas-reliefs in the Museum of Art in that city—it appears that there is, on the ground floor of the very handsome building devoted to a Library, Museum, and Art Gallery, a room ninety feet by fifty, into which the statuary—previously crowded together in a small room on the south of the building—has been removed. Here are assembled seventy-one pieces of sculpture, including almost all those above enumerated. These represent more than £800 expended in the purchase; but as furnishing means of enlightened gratification and material instruction in the practical branches of art, manufacture, and design, and also as affording testimony of the kind support of the givers, they possess an enduring worth much exceeding their money value.

In a separate room should be exhibited oil-paintings, water-colour drawings, chromo-lithographs, engravings, and photographs—the four latter classes of work being arranged on screens, so as not to be seen in juxtaposition with the oil-paintings and with each other.

The members of the proposed Society should not be discouraged by the impression that they cannot for a long time fill the rooms with works of Art. The gallery will soon assume respectable proportions; and it should be borne in mind that pictures look none the worse for being isolated, and they can be studied with far more benefit when not crowded together. If contributions are invited, they will come fast enough, and

the only trouble that may be anticipated is the presentation of unsuitable objects, and the embarrassment which their rejection will create. With regard to style of architecture, it should be recollected, says Hamerton, "that a picture gallery is, after all, a place to see pictures in, and not architecture; and, therefore, that whatever architectural splendour is admissible, should be quite subordinate to the main object of showing the pictures. If you ask an architect for a design for a gallery, he will sacrifice three out of four of all the pictures you can ever hope to get together to what he considers an imposing architectural effect. He will build you magnificent halls, when, in fact, a large weaving-shed, with the looms out, would serve your purpose better."

The Society should make arrangements for annual exhibitions of works produced in the Colony, and encourage success by awarding prizes and affording facility for the sale of such of the works as their owners or producers may desire to dispose of. The possessors of good pictures should be induced to lend them occasionally for exhibition. There are several who, it is well known, will make donations to a permanently constituted association; and the committee of the Library would doubtless be glad to hand over such of the works they have as the proposed Society might deem suitable. It cannot be too often repeated that unworthy works should be rejected without scruple by a responsible committee specially appointed to receive or refuse offers.

The plan includes occasional lectures, admission of students to copy works, and the ultimate opening of a School of Design, in which would be placed types of the works of ancient and modern sculptors, and interpretations of the development and history of Art. In the meantime, a series of the illustrations used in the South Kensington School of Design should be obtained.

In Melbourne a still further advance was made in 1864 in ministering to the public craving for the productions of the Fine Arts. The wise discrimination of the Government, seconded by the judicious bounty of Parliament, gave to the country the means of beginning the formation of a Gallery of Paintings. Sums of money voted in 1863 and 1864, and amounting to more than £2,000, were entrusted to Sir Charles Eastlake, R.A., for the purchase of paintings, and the result was that about fifteen original oil-paintings were sent to Melbourne. Among these was one by F. R.

Lee, Esq., R.A., who recently visited the Colony in his yacht, and for which he received three hundred guineas.*

The mention of Mr. Lee and his work seems to lead almost obviously to the question of criticism; and as Art loses much of its benefit to the uneducated without intelligent and honest criticism, it seems necessary to deal with the question: What constitutes sound criticism?—or, in other words, what is embraced in the mysterious title of connoisseur? This question involves another: Does connoisseurship imply the ability to execute? The best qualified critic is, undoubtedly, he who combines with an entire knowledge of the technicalities of Art—of what it can do and what it cannot do—an acquaintance with all the appearances of nature and their combinations. A painting is sometimes praised for its “softness,” or condemned for its “hardness.” “I like it because it is bold.” Another says, “It is so beautifully soft,” or, “Those rocks would have been better if they were not so *hard* and *cold*,” and all works are distinguished by them under one or other of these appellations, and estimated accordingly. And thus those who take upon themselves the difficult and responsible duty of criticism will often endeavour to impress the public with an exalted idea of their artistic knowledge by the merciless manner in which they treat works which cost those who produced them the highest efforts of mind and feeling. Furnished with a complete stock-in-trade of terms, a well-appointed battery of technical missiles fresh from the armoury of his Art vocabulary, the critic lays about him with *chiaroscuro* and *impasto*, *breadth* and *warmth*, *pre-Raphaelite* and *realism*; and makes in the eyes of an undiscerning public quite a creditable show of artistic lore, by which mediocre works are trumped up as master-pieces, and the mature productions of experienced artists—approved as such by consummate judges in Europe—are flippantly noticed, or charitably damned with the faintest of praise. The power wielded by these critics is enormous; and the influence exercised upon the fortunes of artists whose reputations are not solidly established is frequently fatal.

* As some interest attaches to this artist and his works, a few of which have been secured by two gentlemen resident here, those who desire to know something of his career are referred to *Men of the Time*, and to Ottley's *Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Recent and Living Painters*. We believe both of these books are in the Public Library.

A melancholy poem appeared some years ago in *Punch*, composed, it was said, by a Royal Academician :

“ I takes and paints,
Hears no complaints.
I'm sold before I'm dry;
When Savage Ruskin
Sticks his tusk in,
Then nobody will buy.”

Here we have an instance of an accomplished gentleman who, having attained by his talents and industry to the highest artistic rank, is reduced at once to poverty by the prejudice or hostility of a critic. Prosperity and happiness breathe in the first three lines of the poem. This was the sunshiny morning of the painter's life. But a malignant influence darkens all. And there is a quaint, touching pathos in the last line, which only a painter can appreciate,—

“Then nobody will buy.”

There are three kinds of judges; the competent judge, who, without being an artist in practice, knows enough of both art and nature, and is sufficiently independent, to form a correct and honest judgment; secondly, the *soi-disant* critic and connoisseur, who goes close up to a picture, and after having smelt it, and taken an observation at it through a tube made of his last trenchant criticism, pronounces it to be decidedly hard, or charmingly soft, praises the *impasto* and the *chiaroscuro*, but finds fault with the aerial perspective, or the foreshortening of that cow's left horn in the foreground. Lastly, there is the simple, unpretending lover of art, who enjoys it sincerely, but knows nothing at all about it, neither traditionary rules nor learned phraseology, but simply his unaffected delight in the picture. Rossetti says: “The debate is always whether the artist or the public is the true appraiser by whose verdict we must walk. The question of popularity, though not of enduring repute, is of course settled by the public, and need not occupy us. The further question has two sides,—that of general intellectual power, and that of ultimate artistic excellence. The former may be determined quite as readily by the public, and with some greater freedom from bias, as they are so little swayed by the bearings of the latter question. The latter belongs almost solely to the artists (among whom we would for the immediate purpose include the small number of men who without being artists in practice, are such in the study of works of art and of nature with a view to art).

They alone know the ultimate excellence of the work, because they alone are conscious of the things needed to be done in art, and the means of doing them. In other words, they have a practical knowledge of style, which is art; and therefore they must inevitably appraise art, as such, with incomparably more knowledge and judgment than the public can. We cannot certainly say that every artist will decide better than any outsider; some artists are bad ones, others prejudiced, capricious, or disingenuous; but in the long run the verdict of their body will carry it."

With fear and trembling, and with a consciousness that I am treading very delicate ground, yet convinced that nothing but good can come of looking the difficulty full in the face, I venture to think that when our Gallery of Art is established it ought to be open to the public on Sundays after two o'clock in the afternoon. The opponents of Sunday recreation are quite mistaken if they imagine that the excursion or promenade, or the visit to places devoted to art and science divert people from places of worship. It is overlooked that a large part of the population habitually attend no place of worship; and being engaged in toil from morning till night for six days in the week, seek, and absolutely require, some means of recreation on the only day available for that purpose. The alternative is not between the church or chapel and the museum or picture gallery, but between the place of worship and the public-houses and pocket-Edens of Newlands. It may be that the attractions of the country would with the majority be superior to those held out by the inspection of the treasures of art or the marvels of science, but none can dispute, from consideration of the crowds that throng the museums and art galleries in many cities in Europe on Sundays, that the opening of such places here on that day would be beneficial to a large class of people—not only in the instruction, refinement, and enjoyment imparted; but in the saving of the money spent in excursions to Little Paradise and other (E)dens in the suburbs of Cape Town. But the chief objection is entirely removed by limiting the opening of the gallery to the afternoon, when most of the places of worship are closed; and the only remaining grievance—the hardship of imposing labour on the custodian on a day of rest, loses all its weight in consideration of the beneficial effect which the exhibition exercises on those who visit it on that day in preference to the attractions held out by the canteen and other haunts of debasement and debauch.

THE VILLAGE HOLIDAY.

The hay was all stacked, and housed was the corn ;
 Bright shone the sun on the festival morn ;
 Gay was the village and merry the scene,
 Maidens and youths danced so blithe on the green.

And there—by yonder window,
 A youth sat, pale and worn ;
 Disease had preyed upon him
 Since last year's festal morn.

Beside him sat his mother,
 She told her beads and prayed,
 And looked now on her darling,
 And now to heaven for aid.

Her tears rolled down in silence ;
 Her son the silence broke—
 A smile glanced o'er his features,
 And falteringly he spoke.

“ Mother, the day is lovely !
 The sky so blue and clear,
 The sunshine is so cheering ;
 I feel it even here.

“ The village-green is crowded
 With youths and maidens gay ;
 All seem so very happy,
 But tell me this, I pray :

“ Is it true, my dearest mother,
 That I'm about to die ?”
 Then said the wretched mother,
 While tears streamed from her eye,

And with her arms so loving,
 She clasped him to her breast—
 “ My Henry, God is merciful,
 And what He wills is best.”

Under the lindens the music was sounding ;
 Over the village-green light feet were bounding ;
 On went the dance, again and again,
 Little thought any of sorrow or pain.

The youth said : " Dearest Mother,
God's goodness be adored !
My health, I feel too surely,
Will never be restored.

" Look at my hands—how wasted !
You see the light shine through !
I'm slowly, slowly dying ;
Mother, you know 'tis true.

" You know it is consumption ;
My end is drawing nigh ;
And yet—I'm not yet twenty—
So young, so young to die.

" Last autumn I was happy
On this same holiday ;
I danced beneath the lindens
The gayest of the gay.

" And now !—oh, hear the music !
What cruel mockery !
They're dancing too—Oh, mother !
'Tis hard, 'tis hard to die !"

She sobbed, the wretched mother,
And strained him to her breast !
" My Henry, God is merciful,
And what He wills is best."

Under the lindens the music was sounding ;
Over the village-green light feet were bounding ;
On went the dance, again and again,
Little thought any of sorrow or pain.

The youth said : " Yes, I know it ;
I fain would be resigned ;
But the sound of yonder music
Brings last year's feast to mind.

" Dear mother, I've not told you—
I did not dare to tell—
The miller's youngest daughter—
Rosa—you know her well.

" Oft had we danced together ;—
She said that eventide,
' I must go home now, Henry !'
And I went by her side.

“ We sauntered through the forest ;
I would but could not speak ;
My heart, it throbbed so wildly,
I thought that it must break.

“ Beside Our Lady’s Chapel,
Where spring flowers fairest blow,
She said : ‘ Now, good-bye, Henry !’—
I could not let her go.

“ Our eyes met in the twilight,
My fears at once were gone ;
Though not a word was spoken,
Henceforth our hearts were one.

“ We loved !—And now I’m dying,
I leave my love with you ;
You’ll comfort my poor Rosa,
You’ll be *her* mother too.”

Under the lindens the music was sounding ;
Over the village-green light feet were bounding ;
On went the dance, again and again,
Little thought any of sorrow or pain.

Again he said : “ It may be
She’s sitting all alone,
And thinking of her Henry,
Of joys now past and gone.

“ Perhaps in Our Lady’s Chapel,
She weeps and prays for me ;
Or perhaps—she has forgotten—
No, no ! that cannot be !

“ Oh, mother !—look ! look yonder !
That’s Rosa in the dance !
Not dead—and yet forgotten !
God ! let me die at once !”

And backwards on the pillow
Sank lifeless down his head,
And his mother cried “ My Henry !
My son, my son, is dead !”

Under the lindens the music was sounding ;
Over the village-green Rosa was bounding ;
Rosa danced gaily, light was her tread ;
Little thought Rosa her Henry was dead.

Early that autumn evening
The moon rose clear and bright,
And poured o'er all the village
Her soft and silvery light.

Through yonder cottage window,
With tiny panes of glass,
That looks out on the lindens,
The pale moon-beams did pass.

Had any thoughtless dancer,
Returning from the green,
Looked through that lattice window,
A sad sight he had seen !

The corpse, so wan and rigid,
Laid out with pious care ;
By it, the mother kneeling,
As motionless, in prayer.

Within that moonlit chamber,
Naught broke the silence dread,
—But at times a low voice moaning ;
“ My son, my son is dead ! ”

Under the lindens the music still sounded ;
Over the village-green light feet still bounded ;
Still they danced on in the moonlight so clear,
Little thought any that death was so near.

—From the Flemish of J. VAN BEERS.

R.

THE LITTLE RAILWAY IN NAMAQUALAND.

BY E. T. HALL, C.E.

AT the present time, when the attention of most persons in the Colony is more or less drawn to the necessity of providing some cheap but effective means of opening up the resources of the country, any information of a practical nature is desirable, and a description of the railway I have lately constructed here may be of benefit to some and interesting to others. Before proceeding to describe the

line and its working, I must give a short account of its history and of what called it into existence.

The Cape Copper Mining Company (Limited), since their mines began to be developed, have experienced great difficulty in obtaining transport for their ores. At the commencement of their operations cattle were plentiful in Namaqualand, and the farmers had been induced to become riders, and thereby neglected their farms. Drought ensued, followed by lung-sickness, which swept off hundreds of trek oxen. As the drought continued the means of transport diminished, until at length it became a serious question with the Company as to the future. In 1865 I was sent here by the directors of the Cape Copper Mining Company to inquire into the means of transport, and to see how the difficulty could be overcome.

The difficulties were the frightful state of the road over the mountain towards the coast, and the long and tiresome drag over sand from the mountain to the sea. Hondeklip Bay was then the Company's port for shipping and landing all their cargo. On my arrival, the question of improving the road from Springbok to Hondeklip Bay was before Parliament in connection with a Tramway Bill from Hondeklip to Riethuis, sixteen miles towards the mountain.

On examining the country I found such greater facilities were afforded for making a railway or tramway towards the mines from Port Nolloth, and the superior advantages of that port over Hondeklip Bay were so manifest, that I recommended the directors to abandon the Hondeklip route and bay, remove their establishment, and carry a railway of 2 feet 6 inches gauge from Port Nolloth to Muishonde, about forty miles inland. The question was duly considered by the directors, and approved of; but, in the meantime, they had been committed to the Government road between Springbok and Hondeklip, and were, therefore, compelled to abandon the idea.

Matters, however, did not improve. Ox-wagons gave way in a great measure to mules, and, notwithstanding all efforts, the ore accumulated at Ookiep, until a pile of the value of near £150,000 lay waiting for removal. The directors then reconsidered my suggestion, and resolved to abandon their valuable property at Hondeklip, and transfer their business to Port Nolloth; and in the latter part of 1868 I was sent here to make necessary surveys for carrying the railway into effect.

The railway starts from the jetty at Port Nolloth, and going eastwards, passes over a loose sandy plain, with ridges of blowing sand, for about nine miles. The country then becomes more settled, and at fifteen miles arrives at Oograbie's Poort, having attained an altitude of 500 feet above the sea level.

Oograbie's Poort is a pass in the first range of mountain which runs parallel with the coast. The Poort is about a mile wide, and opens a communication from the coast to a very fine valley running into the heart of the mountains and extending to near Kookfontein Mission Station, or within twenty miles of the plateau of Bushmanland. This valley varies in width from two to eight miles, along the middle of which the railway runs to its further limit. The soil throughout, excepting about four miles of alluvial matter, is sand, generally loose, but becomes firmer as you advance towards the head of the valley.

The present terminus of the railway is near Muishondfontein, forty-six miles from the port and 1,600 feet above the sea. The question of its further extension of ten or twelve miles to near Kookfontein or Steinkopf Mission Station is now being considered by the directors. The difficulty is the mountain ridge; but a ruling gradient of one in twenty for about two miles will carry the line over the worst part, and from this point to the mines no serious obstacle exists. Kookfontein Mission Station is about 2,850 feet and O'Kiep Mine is about 3,000 feet above sea level.

Rivers are said to have existed, and places are pointed out, as Kama River and Oograbie's River; but no appearances, except at the two points mentioned, where the soil is firm, indicate that water has flowed along them for very many years.

The upper and lower portions of the line are of different character. The lower portions, as far as twenty-two miles, are very curved, there being but five miles in the aggregate of straight in the length, and the surface is in many parts undulating, arising from the character of the ground and the frequent occurrence of sand-hills. From the twenty-second mile to its terminus, the direction is more decided, having runs of perfectly straight line from two miles to six miles in length.

The preparation of the line is such as is necessary for other railways, the whole course being laid out at regular gradients adapted as nearly as possible to the nature of the country, great care being taken to avoid cuttings and bankings, as the

sand, especially in the lower portion of the road, being loose, and in many parts shifting, the slightest disturbance might therefore create a drift not readily stopped. Banks vary from three feet to eight feet in height, and being formed of loose sand, are planted with bush, to protect the sides from running or being blown away. Cuttings are few; the heaviest are near the port, and vary from three to four feet; but in one case a six-foot cutting occurs. On the upper portion of the line the works are very light. The curves are, as stated, in the lower portion frequent and continuous; in many places five or six alternate curves occur in succession, varying from five hundred to one thousand feet radius; nearly all are of parabolic form. On the main line the sharpest curve is five hundred feet radius; but at the port there is a curve of one hundred and forty feet radius, over which the traffic passes.

The gradients in the lower portion are mostly short and varied, seldom more than two hundred yards in length. This portion being constructed for animal power was formed of a more undulating character than if intended for steam, but can at little expense be made more suitable for steam power. The gradients vary from one in fifty to one in two hundred, but are chiefly from one in sixty to one in one hundred. On the upper portion they are of better character and of greater length, varying from one in two hundred at lower end to one in one hundred and seventy near the terminus.

The works other than "formation" are trifling. Rivers and streams require but little expense. The dry bed of the River Kama, about three hundred feet wide, is crossed on the level; and however objectionable this may be in an engineering point of view, it is cheaper to restore a small portion of the railway in the event of being washed away than to build a bridge. Three other rivers are crossed; but as they have banks somewhat prominent, and are narrow, a simple wood girder bridge has been thrown across, with masonry piers. The culverts, for the same reasons, are very few, and do not number more than six in all.

The railway is constructed in a gauge of 2 feet 6 inches, rails 18 lb. per yard, of what are termed "bridge" pattern, such as were used by Brunel in his broad-gauge railways in England. They are securely bolted to longitudinal sleepers 7 inches x 3 inches, of European pine creosoted, and fixed laterally by iron tie rods, fastened underneath the sleepers, to allow of free passage to animals working on the line.

The sleepers are well packed with such ballast as may be at hand, which, with attention, becomes solidated.

The railway has been rapidly constructed. Its first rail was laid September 4, 1869, and its last on December 23, 1870. Considerable delay occurred, and the platelaying ceased for want of material for many weeks. The time actually occupied in constructing the forty-six miles was about twelve months.

Considering the light character of the material used and the nature of the country, it was intended at first to use animal power only in hauling the traffic; but as the work progressed, and finding it stood the carriage of material so well, I strongly recommended the directors to send a light locomotive, to be tried as an experiment.

The engine—named “John King,” after the head of the late firm of Phillips & King, and now King & Son, Cape Town, who originated the working of the present productive mines, and but for whose energy and skill Namaqualand would probably have lapsed into destitution and barbarism—arrived here in January last, and on 1st February commenced its work, and has steadily continued to the present time, and has successfully proved that even with light material and sand ballast steam power may be used economically in South Africa.

The engine is necessarily light, weighing, with water and coal, about $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons; the cylinders are 6 inches in diameter, 12 inches stroke, wheels six-coupled 1 foot 10 inches in diameter, working pressure generally 100 lb., but can work to 120 lb. per inch.

The great drawback to railways in the country is the scarcity of water, especially in Namaqualand. Our supply along the line is very limited, and necessitates a tender being attached to the engine to carry water sufficient for a twenty-mile run. This entails a dead weight of about three tons, which in a more favoured country might be dispensed with.

The little engine performs its work very satisfactorily. At present its daily performance is to leave the bay at seven a.m. with a train of ten wagons loaded with about seven tons of goods to thirty-five miles, the gross weight of up train with tender being about twenty tons, and to return with ten wagons, carrying twenty-two tons of ore, or a gross load inwards of about thirty-five tons, arriving in the bay about 4:30 p.m. As the requirements increase it will take twelve wagons from the bay, weighing gross about

twenty-two tons and return with a train weighing gross forty-two tons. This, I think, is the limit of its power.

On first working the railway, great inconvenience was experienced from the very rapid wear of wheels under the wagons. The wheels were about 16 inches in diameter, of rough cast iron; but the continuous attrition, caused by the rails being covered with loose sand driven by the wind or thrown up by action of the mule's feet, it became a serious difficulty to keep the work going. A set of new wheels would last only three weeks—being by that time worked into a regular groove, so perfect that in sending a wheel to Cape Town as pattern for a supply the manufacturer was in doubt whether the groove, was intentional or not. This, however, was soon remedied by sending wheels of cast Bessemer steel. No inconvenience is now felt, and wheels are now running that have been in use six months, with very little perceptible wear on their faces. The rails, too, do not yet exhibit damage from attrition, many persons having supposed that the wear would be thus transferred from wheel to rail; but consideration would show this is not to be expected to any very great extent.

A question of great importance in constructing such a line as above is the cost. In this case I am not in a position to say definitely what the Port Nolloth Railway has cost per mile, as our accounts are not yet closed. I will, however, assume £50,000, a matter little over £1,000 per mile,—not more than is necessary for constructing a good wagon road. Although the road as at present constructed may be sufficient for its requirements, I would not, in the event of any similar undertaking of a more public character being desired, recommend material so light as I have here laid.

That our road is equal to its requirements, I may only say that the work the engine is at present doing daily from the port to thirty-five miles is as much as twelve months ago *would have required five hundred mules to perform*; and to put it in another form, *the engine is now carrying thirty-five miles as much as four hundred and twenty mules are bringing forty-two miles.*

I must next say something about the port, as until of late, it was comparatively unknown except to a few in Cape Town. Port Nolloth is the only place in the Colony north of Saldanha Bay worthy the name of harbour, but it must not be compared to Saldanha Bay in any respect. It is a

mere lagoon or indentation in the coast, with a reef of rocks protecting it from the wash of the Atlantic. Its length, from north to south points, is about two miles, and its breadth from shore to reef varies from 1,000 to 3,000 feet. The reef runs nearly N.W. by S.E., but about the middle, and for a space of near 1,500 feet, there is a break, which forms what is termed the bar or entrance to the harbour. The depth of water here is about twenty-eight feet at low tide; the reef on either side is nearly bare at low-water spring tides. On the south side of the bar or entrance is "Robbe Island," a small islet, nearly covered at a very high spring tide, but a great protection to the shore against the run of the sea from westward. Opposite this island stand the Company's wharf, stores, and place of general business. The proposed jetty abuts on the wharf here, and runs out towards the island about 100 feet below low-water mark, where vessels drawing nine feet of water may lie at all states of the tide. At the north end of the harbour is a fine pool, with a depth of twenty to twenty-seven feet at low water. To the south of the jetty is also another fine pool, but shallower, with a depth of water of only about ten or eleven feet.

That the narrow-gauge railway here is a success, no one who has seen it can doubt; and that it can be constructed for about one tenth of the cost and in one fifth of the time required for ordinary railways, has been proved by the Cape Copper Mining Company; and its adaptation generally for this Colony can be readily ascertained. Prejudices may oppose, but necessity should compel its being fairly and fully considered.

The originator of the idea of this very narrow gauge railway was the late Mr. Spooner, C.E., of Port Madoc, North Wales, who, in constructing the "Festiniog Railway," adapted this gauge to meet the requirements and ramifications of some slate quarries in that country, thus enabling the same wagons to pass throughout the galleries in the quarries, the workshops, and on the main line to the shipping at the port. To his son—the present engineer of that railway—is due the credit of introducing steam-power on a railway only *two feet in width*, and who, by his energy and ability, is enabled to carry a traffic of near 140,000 tons per year by steam-power. If this can be done in England, why can it not be done in the Cape Colony?

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOTICE.

THE Publisher of the "CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE" is glad to announce that in consequence of the hearty and steadily growing support received by it from the public throughout South Africa and elsewhere, he has made arrangements by which, from July next, it will be printed with NEW TYPE, on IMPROVED PAPER, and of LARGER SIZE.

... produced. — Its renown has long since crossed the Atlantic. In some twenty editions of Poe's works, or selections from them, "The Raven" has been invariably reprinted. For although his tales are powerful beyond all others in their gloom and mystery, although his critiques are shrewd and clever, and his metaphysical writings wildly speculative, it is this poem of "The Raven" that has gained him immortality.

But who was Poe? The editors of the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor* asked the same question when they awarded him the prize. Indeed, there was considerable difficulty in finding him out at all. He was discovered, after much search, in a miserable lodging in the lowest quarter of

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THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

SOME years ago an American editor offered a sum of money for the best tale and the best poem that should be sent him within a given time. Contributions, as is usual, poured in from on all sides. On examining them, he was struck with the beauty of the penmanship of one of the competitors. He was far more astonished, however, at his high literary attainments. The tale sent by this writer, "A Manuscript Found in a Bottle," was of absorbing interest—the poem was called "The Raven."* The prize was awarded him without hesitation. His name, it was found, was Edgar Allan Poe.

The poem created a sensation. It was different from all other poems. It was agreed that the production was strange and morbid; that its metre was novel and its subject striking to a degree; that throughout it kept the reader on the tiptoe of expectation; and while theologians considered its religion chaotic and weird, critics unanimously pronounced it the greatest poem America had produced. Its renown has long since crossed the Atlantic. In some twenty editions of Poe's works, or selections from them, "The Raven" has been invariably reprinted. For although his tales are powerful beyond all others in their gloom and mystery, although his critiques are shrewd and clever, and his metaphysical writings wildly speculative, it is this poem of "The Raven" that has gained him immortality.

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the town. Clothed in rags, his appearance was so squalid and filthy, that the first step they took on making his acquaintance was to send him to a bath, and to furnish him with clothes, "that he might," says a reviewer, "at least present the appearance of a gentleman."

It did not take long to discover that there was a singular charm about the man thus restored to society and friends. Scarcely of middle height, he had a noble forehead and dark dreamy eyes, a pale sad face not easily forgotten. His voice was musical, and modulated with exquisite skill. His manners were perfect in their quiet elegance. He had read much, and travelled much, and although but two and twenty, had seen vicissitudes sufficient for a lifetime.

His father, the younger son of an old Virginian family, whilst reading for the law, had married an actress, and had lost his place in life. Edgar, their eldest child, was born at Baltimore in 1811, and was left an orphan when six years old. Mr. Allan, a merchant of great wealth and benevolence, adopted the destitute child, took him to England, and sent him to school at Stoke Newington, near London—a place with nooks as old-fashioned almost and retired as when Poe described it in his story, or allegory, or personal history—it is something of all three—entitled "William Wilson."

"My earliest recollections of school life are connected with a misty-looking village of England, where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient. In truth, it was a dream-like and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town. At this moment, in fancy, I feel the refreshing chilliness of its deeply shadowed avenues, inhale the fragrance of its thousand shrubberies, and thrill anew with indefinable delight at the deep hollow note of the church bell, breaking each hour, with sullen and sudden roar upon the stillness of the dusky atmosphere in which the fretted gothic steeple lay imbedded and asleep."

After four or five years, his schoolboy days marked by ardent imagination and reckless self-will, he returned to America and entered the University of Charlottesville. Here his wild propensities began to show themselves. Charlottesville was the most dissolute University of the day, but Poe soon became too disreputable even for Charlottesville. He was expelled the place. But even now his scholarship had become remarkable. He seems to have been one of those men, so often imitated in our colleges, whose boast it is to combine the scholar and profligate, and who whilst pursuing a marked and, to the eye, uninterrupted

career of gambling, libertinism, and drunkenness, contrive, no one knows how, to accumulate vast and varied stores of learning. He had written verses, too, which had gained him no small reputation in the limited world of a small University: smooth flowing lines, such as youths compose. In marked superiority to the rest stand out the stanzas "To Helen." They are almost perfect in their classic grace.

Expelled from College, he returned to Mr. Allan's house. Under the pressure of enormous gambling losses, he besought his benefactor to pay these so-called debts of honour. Mr. Allan refused, of course. Poe having addressed him an abusive letter, quitted the country. Like another Byron, he sailed for Greece, then warring with the Turks. That long voyage impressed him greatly—reminiscences of the stormy sea, of the phosphorescent night waters, and especially of the sunny Mediterranean, are clearly enshrined in his after writings—but he never reached his destination. For a year he wandered through Europe. At St. Petersburg his drunken violence brought him to a prison. Rescued by friends—for no man is cast away at once—he returned home, and Mr. Allan, still generous, placed him in a military academy. Here his demon again broke loose, and he was cashiered. That there was a fascination about the man we cannot doubt. A maniac in moments of intoxication—but anon the "sad-mannered gentleman" with the rich-toned voice—repentant and remorseful. Mr. Allan, now the husband of a young and handsome wife, received him once again. If all be true that has been hinted, Poe's conduct was baseness itself, and his benefactor, too long forgiving, banished him from his doors.

Poe now turned author and printed a volume of poems. It proved a failure, though passages gave promise of future excellence. As destitution stared him in the face, he submitted to the last resource of an able-bodied man and enlisted as a soldier. His second spell of military life was equally characteristic with the first. The bounty money had not long been paid when he deserted. Scarcely knowing whither to turn, he saw the announcement of the prize offered by the editor of the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor*,—competed for it, as we have seen already, won it, and became famous.

He was at once installed as editor of a magazine. He edited for short periods many magazines, but was dismissed from each, after much forbearance, drunk and incapable. It was no unfrequent thing to find the current number unfinished on the day of publication, and the editor brutally

intoxicated. Nor had he the open-hearted jollity which popularly pertains to the inebriated; he quarrelled with brother authors, and used dishonourable means to supplant his employers. Once he borrowed money from a lady, and when an acknowledgment was requested threatened to libel her. On another occasion, he bought up an edition of some work of Natural History that had been lying unsought for and forgotten on the publisher's shelves, fitted it with a new title page, called himself the author, and sent it forth to the world as his own production.

No sooner had Poe turned editor than he took a wife. Like all men of strong parts, he was much admired by the other sex. The object of his choice—Virginia Clemm, his cousin—was one of the most loveable of women. We are told of her beautiful face, her cheerful, affectionate ways, her simple piety; of their house, the perfection of elegant neatness; of his charm of manner in his better moments, of his aspiration for higher things. We are told, too, of the gradual fading of her beauty; of the mournful sweetness that took the place of the happiness that once had beamed around her; of her loving him to the last. Poverty had come upon them. One by one the vices of his character had opened to her eyes. And then the demon Drink, that ever reversed his nature, resumed its former mastery. She died, heart-broken. They had been married but a few years. Who can tell the agony of the remorse which now took possession of his soul? He has well described it in that night-mare story "The Black Cat." Henceforth, in his varied compositions we come continually upon one theme—a dead love. He takes a moonlight walk on a night of singular brightness, but is "stopped by the door of a tomb." A lady sleeps in all her loveliness, and the bodiless air, flits about her chamber—you come nearer, and she is dead: "My love—she sleeps." He dreams of "One in Paradise"—and the sea re-echoes the language of his heart, "No more—No more—No more."

At the time when Poe had still a happy home, his mother-in-law, Maria Clemm, had come to live with him. Her name is inseparably coupled with his own. She was his good genius. We see her tending him in trial; his friend when friendless; in disgrace his advocate; and in death his mourner—for woman-like, when past her helping she gave him the tribute of her tears. He loved her, doubtless, and wrote many stanzas in her praise, "You who are more than mother unto me." She defended his memory when dead. But there were days—and one cannot forget them—when, thinly clad, she went out into the wintry weather, haggard

with hunger and watching, and tried to sell some literary trifle in the hope of buying food for her dying daughter, his wife.

And it had come to this. His early benefactor wronged and dead; his friends estranged; himself a beggar, crushed with remorse, and haunted by the recollections of an ill-spent life; the crowning sorrow of all was upon him. But there was still a silver lining to the stormy cloud. It was not too late to mend. Indeed, he tried to do so—then fell again. A year passed on—a year of lecturing—of writing “Eureka,” a book of wild speculations on the cosmogony of the Universe—of profound debauchery—and of penitence again. He took the pledge and thought once more of marriage. His courtship was propitious. The lady was “one of the most brilliant women of New England.” A poem with which he wooed her is printed in his works, beginning “I saw thee once—once only—years ago.” She would save him, it seems to say; and what lady objected ever to be the saving of a man so handsome, so well-spoken, so interesting, and, above all, so determined in his addresses? We know so little of Poe’s story, after all; but one suspects—nay hopes—that vain as he was of this brilliant conquest, he never quite forgot his lost wife. At all events, the finish of this wooing is characteristic of the man. In some drunken wager he undertook to break off the match. “Mark you,” said he, “I will not marry her.” True to his vow, he came to her house the night before the wedding—mad with intoxication. The police were sent for; he was lodged in prison; and the bet was won.

His death at thirty-eight was a fit close to such a life. On the 6th October, 1849, he was picked up intoxicated in the streets of Baltimore. On the 7th, in a public hospital—a raving madman, he breathed his last.

Need we comment on this tale of misery and baseness? It conveys its own moral. Never was crime more clearly followed by remorse. The few rays of light in this black life serve but to increase its gloom. It reads more like allegory than sober fact. We see the downward path and the pilgrim hurrying along, whom no check hinders, no omen warns; he has reached the point whence return seems hopeless; but the veil that hides the destinies of others lost like himself is lifted. In Poe’s wondrous stories, and in his poetry, we discover much of the wretchedness that follows sin; but none has ever so conveyed the sense of *horror*. In the tale that most recalls his own life, he pictures one who had murdered conscience. Man, said he, had a devil, and

he believed it. Like him of old whose name was Legion, his charnel imagination consorted with the Ghouls, and dwelt in tombs.

But he has a claim, and a not unpleasing one, to the consideration of mankind. His writings are the most remarkable of their class. His crimes affected but few; his works are a wonder and pleasure to many. Beyond their gloom they reflect many of the vices or shortcomings of their author. Unlike that more judicious sinner Byron, he has not left behind him a mass of fascinating poison to ferment in the souls of generations yet to come. We cannot recall one sentence in which crime is rendered interesting or virtue ridiculous. In truth, Poe was a dreamer. His poetry and fiction lead us to another world—that romantic region of our early days, in which benighted travellers came to castles in the waste with sounding corridors; or lonely forest inns whose aspect told the tragedy. His poem take us to enchanted gardens, to strange kingdoms by the sea, to woodlands haunted by Ghouls, to lonely sepulchres, to silent lakes amid the pines—and a horrible theatre where

“The play is the tragedy ‘Man,’
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.”

And his tales, more marvellous still, are laid in old world countries far away, whose wicked kings fall victims to malignant dwarfs—to a stalking pestilence—or to a terrific idol brought within the towns’ walls by the populace. He tells of decaying and forgotten cities on the Rhine—of ebon regions in the furthest South—of gloomy tarn-bound mansions—of the innermost recesses of the Maelstrom—and of one who visited the moon. When Poe took his pen in hand he cast off his grosser mantle of profligacy, and entered a land of cloud,—a land where subtle schemes were detected, and crime received poetic justice; where untold wealth raised palaces more gorgeous than those of Eastern story; and where the long-mourned dead came back again. One fancies Poe fled to these imaginings in the intervals of debauchery as to another existence, where conscience should be quiet—passion, shame, and debt forgotten.

To write on themes like these, and to do so well, is one of the most difficult tasks in literature. But Poe brought his marvellous powers of construction, his simple yet finished diction, and his subtle intellect to bear upon each subject, and there is so striking a verisimilitude that one almost believes him when he makes the dead man speak, or Hans Phaal to journey to the moon. It is told so soberly, in such

a straightforward, gentlemanly manner, that it seems like truth. He had an art of making impossibilities seem real, and of investing common-place verities, with an unsubstantial, ghostly aspect. Much of this is due to his wonderful descriptive powers. No one who has read them can forget the minuteness of detail, the fantastic fittings, and the weird, almost fearful, beauty of the bridal chamber in his tale "Ligeia;" the splendidly luxurious apartment in his sketch "The Assignment;" the model room in his essay "The Philosophy of Furniture;" or the suite of phantasmagoric saloons in his romance "The Masque of the Red Death." His descriptive poems, in the eight-syllabled metre, so much admired in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," are equally suggestive. "Dreamland," "The Sleeper," "The City in the Sea," "The Valley of Unrest," abound in sentences each one of which calls up a picture to the mind's eye.

"Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms and caves and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the dew that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire
Surging into skies of fire;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their long waters, lone and dead,—
Their still waters, still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily."

The prose writings of our author, albeit they are oftentimes more truly poetry, demand an article to themselves. It is not possible to discuss them fairly in a few short pages. His poems stand alone in their power, their mystery, their exquisite melancholy; and what writer ever approached them in their music? A master of art, of elocution, he doubtless shaped them to the tones of his exquisitely modulated voice, nor deemed them finished until they had attained a cameo-like perfection. Their power of rhythm and melody of language is quite unequalled. Poe has laid much stress upon unusual effects of rhyme and alliteration, and has truly said "the possible varieties of metre and stanza are absolutely infinite;" and yet, for centuries, no man in verse has ever done or ever seemed to think of doing an original thing; and so, instead of following the beaten track, he invented novel styles of poetic measure. The extreme irregularity of some of them, and the very unusual amount of repetition, especially by way of refrain, whilst apparently marring the music of his verses, heighten it immensely. Familiar with smoother

productions, the ear must first become accustomed to his lines before it can appreciate them fairly. Like the great works of the great masters, they must be studied to be enjoyed. It is not a little remarkable that these more irregular poems bear chiefly upon death; that even "The Bells," whose first lines absolutely sparkle with life, end with a fantastic and bizarre description of the tolling knell.

What place does Poe hold in the world of letters? We have already hinted our opinion. Allowing that he was a copyist, for at times he manifestly imitated others, that his writings are alternately imbued with the hilarity of intoxication or the gloom of despair, and that his department of literature corresponds rather with our nightmare experiences than with the phases of healthy life; yet in a remarkable, and, if not of the highest class, a much read and ever interesting style of prose, he stands pre-eminent. As a portrayer of the horrible, of supernatural or quasi-supernatural scenes, he has no equal. Mrs. Radcliffe's novels—works which had such an influence upon her times as to create fashions and to cause the erection of pseudo-Gothic mansions—Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein," a book whose hero has become a proverb—or Goethe's "Ghos-steer," and the shoals of German legendary stories, fall tame upon the palled appetite of the reader of Poe's fictions. The common apparition as usually delineated—a creature, by the way, which scarcely once intrudes itself upon his pages—cannot be compared for gloom and horror with his description of a simple insect in his tale "The Sphynx."

But how about his poetry? The earlier reviewers thought little of it; the author's name was then comparatively obscure. His productions reflected the feelings and awoke the sympathies of no recognized party. Indeed, Poe's genius was morbid, and not likely to be quickly appreciated by healthy natures. Yet step by step, little, by little his writings have worked their way. His faults are forgotten in their contemplation. They will be read when their author's vices have become a mere tradition. Reviews become more laudatory, and each successive critique discovers new beauties. Imitators have sprung up. Time's verdict is the true one. It is admitted that although the fame of Edgar Allan Poe rests mainly upon his prose tales, his poetry is the best of its class—albeit that class is not the highest one. True, it does not impress the reader as with the freshness of green fields and pure country air,—it rather recalls the sullen gleen and crag-bound tarn; but it brings to the ear of fancy a discord which renders more sweet the harmonies of the world.

LIFE AT THE CAPE.

BY A LADY.

LETTER VIII.

Wednesday, 9th April, 1862.

* * * And so you wish to hear more about the people, and what sort of creatures our big-wigs are! Well, the fact is, everybody here is on such familiar terms with his neighbours, and the families are so intricately intermarried and related to one another, that it requires a cleverer head than mine to detect the existence of the upper ten thousand from the gentry and middle classes. We are all loyally attached to the Crown of course, but we are all easy-going republicans at heart; and, except at the opening and closing of Parliament, I believe nobody dreams of quarrelling about seats in the synagogue, and precedence before the Viceroy. If there be any heart-burning at balls because the Chief Secretary waltzes too frequently with some frisky matron, or the Treasurer-General, or Auditor-General, or Collector of Customs, or even the learned Attorney-General takes some pretty young creature in to supper, to the neglect of more fully blown wall-flowers, the matter is so ridiculous that I should think nobody gives it a thought. For although these titles sound high and grand enough, the high officials themselves are such meek and mild, not to say rusty bodies in appearance, that to be jealous of their notice would indeed be the height of absurdity. There is one member of the Government who is really *distingué*, and that is Mr. P——, a handsome old Irishman of the old school. Nothing can be more delightful than to have a talk with him; and an after-dinner speech from Mr. P—— is truly a feast of wit and delicate humour. He is one of the social “institutions” of the Cape, and what the Americans would call a very “remarkable man,”—in short, a personage of whom everybody is justly proud; but his health is so broken by hard work, that he is going to leave us shortly, though every one hopes for his speedy return. * * * As for the crowd of merchants and merchants’ sons—and, for the matter of that, merchants’ daughters—there is nothing about them to distinguish them from the usual attendants upon balls and dinners at home. They dress in quiet but very good taste, are much taken up with English and foreign politics, and sedulously avoid any allusion

to business; not that their business is anything to be ashamed of, but simply, I suppose, because they don't want to bore us about punjums and baftas, and the fall in wool and feathers.

* * * * In the eyes of some, it is just possible that the women are vapid and easily pleased,—they are certainly pale and far from plump; but if neat figures, good dancing, and unusually bright eyes have no attraction for men, their naval and military partners deserve to be jumped round the room by romping “Blowsabellas,” and dragged off their feet by ruddy Dutch milkmaids. I notice that very little jewellery is worn here. A simple wreath or spray of artificial flowers in the glossy dark hair, or a red and white camellia at the back of the head, are of themselves sufficient to set off the very bright eyes of colonial girls. Brown and grey eyes predominate. Blue eyes and fair hair are generally imported; but blue eyes and black hair, as in Ireland, are seldom seen combined. The clans of Scotland are not more numerous than the members of the C——, M——, Van R——, Van d— B——, and B—— families, who jostle against you wherever you turn; and it is amusing to watch the bewildered looks of strangers who try to find their partners when there are perhaps a dozen young ladies of the same name in the room. I see that Lady Anne Barnard was disappointed in not finding Cape women handsomer; she considered them to be deficient in real beauty, having—as she says—“no countenance, no manner, no grace, no charms—though plenty of good looks and the freshness of health, with a vulgar smartness accompanying it, which show the torch of Prometheus which animated them to be made of mutton tail. What they want most is shoulders and softness of manners. The term ‘Dutch doll’ was quite explained to me when I saw their make, and recollected the dolls; but what is most exceptionable about them is their teeth and the size of their feet.” This was written in 1797, when of course there was but little intercourse with Europe, and might have with equal justice been said of American ladies then. Certainly, the fashions are not neglected here now. The ladies wear very pretty bonnets and boots and gloves; and as for Dutch dolls with pink cheeks, flaxen hair, shapeless noses, and general air of imbecility, I, for one, have not seen any in society or out of it. If I did not know the author of “Auld Robin Gray” to be a consummate quiz by her letters, I should say she must have been slightly prejudiced at first against the Cape people by the coolness of her reception. Be this as it may—“*nous avons changé tout cela,*”

—and I again assert that Cape girls compare favourably with English countrywomen, and generally marry very young. * * *

As for the working classes—except among the negroes—you seldom see a thoroughly ugly face. The quadroons, if not fair, are at least as handsome as gipsies, and among the paler Malays I have even seen thoroughly good-looking features. The negroes, of course, and the cross-breeds, are ridiculously plain, with enormous mouths, woolly hair, but oh, such magnificent teeth!—white, even, and gleaming. They are all, however, fond of ease and laziness. Upon the frontier districts, where the savages dispense with tailors, and are said to wrap themselves with as much dignity in a greasy red blanket as any noble Roman in his toga, I have no doubt I shall come across some very fine specimens of undiluted barbarism; but down in the Western Provinces—formerly the stronghold of the slave proprietors—slavery has set its mark upon the coloured races, and made them look as happy as if they had no cares. Blessed with fine teeth, bright skins of bronze, capital figures, and undeniably good-humoured eyes, they present a striking contrast to the toil-worn, stooping, shambling English operative, with his ill-made fustian garments. With farm-servants, the favourite dress seems to be made up of a full suit of currypouder moleskin, or brown sheepskin and corduroy, admirably set off by a bunch of grey or black ostrich feathers in their wide-awake hats, a brilliant cotton kerchief for the head, or a gorgeous waistcoat with glass buttons. In the country round about Somerset and Stellenbosch, where we have been gadding about this fortnight, you see nothing worn on the feet but “veldschoens”—that is, leather sandals, extremely soft, and well adapted for walking on sand and grass. Most of the farmers wear them, and are the probable cause of the enormous feet distinctive of these stalwart worthies. * * *

Monday, 14th April.—For the last few days the weather has been showery and delightfully cool; and the rain has washed off all the summer dust from the hedges and trees of our country cousins. We have extended our tour to the Paarl and Wellington, and hope to get as far as Worcester and Caledon, before leaving for the frontier.

Our first excursion was, of course, to some friends at Stellenbosch—a really very pretty place, about thirty miles from Cape Town. The village is embowered in trees, is quaintly Dutch, full of gables and stables, and is as neat as whitewash and green paint can make its rows of picturesque brown-thatched old houses.

All the streets are shaded with double rows of oaks, and kept cool and clean by water-furrows, full of clear sparkling water from the river. The place supports a large population, who, however, do not appear much in public, and it has a sleepy, well-to-do air in the neatness of its gardens, and the general look of prosperity about the cattle and horse-teams; but it lies too low ever to be quite healthy. There are some fine farms in the neighbourhood—with many excellent descendants from first-class *refugée* French families for their frank and good-tempered owners. * * * I am puzzled to say what many of them do for their livelihood, but I presume they grow market produce, and, from the number of vineyards, and orchards, and kitchen-gardens studding the vale, there must be a fair field for making wine and brandy, and preserving dried fruits, &c. Trade there is none.

From Stellenbosch it is a fair morning's drive to the Paarl—through a billowy and scrubby country, where the road, in its devious course, gives you capital bird's-eye views of orange farms, and many very charmingly situated country places. The best country here is folded behind and between undulating hills, and consists of a series of treeless downs until you reach the steep vineyards of the Paarl, where you find yourself skirting the base of a very rocky granite hill, scarred all over with winding foot-paths, zigzagging up to two enormous grey boulders or bosses perched on its top; and which, from their supposed resemblance to gigantic pearls, give the village its name. At a distance they look like two enormous quinces. It must be an awfully hot place in summer, for even the vineyards look scorched up, and the vineleaves are red as beetroot.

From the stoep of its chief hotel or boarding-house, it is great fun to watch the young farmers of the Paarl ambling past upon their pet horses. Every youngster has his nag, and knows how to manage him, but they have very clumsy seats, and are very poor hands at showing off before strangers. How shall I describe the nonchalant air with which they rein their horses in with sharp bits, until their lips touch their breasts, and their necks are made to arch like a sickle—while at the same time they are vigorously fretted with the spur, so as to cause them to prance and kick up a dust? Nobody seems to walk. Even the black fellows prefer stretching themselves out at full length on the floor of a slow bullock dray, to walking from one end of the village to the other; and when we sauntered down that tremendous long street we were well

stared at by dozens of intensely respectable old fogies, every one of whom appeared to be in mourning, and wore at least six inches of crape round his broad-brimmed white beaver. The main street is nearly six miles long, and bordered all down its dusty length by fine capacious houses, standing in their own green compounds, and well sheltered by avenues of oak and fir; and the long vista is terminated by an extraordinary bridge, like a wooden caterpillar crawling over an acre of stale loaves of bread. Who could have dreamed of such a nightmare of a bridge, or of such an unusual crop of round stones in the bed of a respectable river? The tawny water just now is conspicuous for its absence, though, as usual, the washerwomen are banging about the linen terribly on the stones, as if to punish them for being so dry; but in winter time the river comes down with frightful velocity and volume, tearing up the trees, and always more or less changing the course of the stream. Meanwhile, the rickety old bridge stands on long stilts, and is a terror to timid souls who fear to cross it when most required. It is indeed fearfully and wonderfully made, and worthy of a council of demented civil engineers!

While at the Paarl, we gathered much amusement from the pastoral scenes near the market-place after sunset and sunrise. Many wagons, with their loads, would then be outspanned, and drawn up in an irregular square, each with its long trough, or manger, made out of canvas, fixed on either side of the pole, out of which, perhaps, a dozen horses or mules would be feeding in a desperate hurry to get through their scant allowance of chaff and oats. Between and near the wheels could be seen groups of chattering natives, in their battered felt and straw hats, squatting round their crackling fires of bush and thorn-tree, cooking coffee and enjoying a frugal supper. The fitful leaping and falling of the flames played fantastic tricks with their dusky features, and brought out into high relief their picturesque surroundings. What with the squealing of cattle, the barking of dogs, the loud laughter of the drivers and leaders comparing experiences, and the absence of drunkenness, the sight contrasted favourably with the market scenes of older countries; but the publicans and sinners are kept in capital order by a very energetic Dutch pastor, who has abolished canteens, and means to put down the coming Railway! This worthy is quite a character.

By cock-crow everybody is up and about. The produce is then sold by public auction, and seemed to me to realize ridiculously low prices. Then in a few hours the place would

be quite cleared out, and while our Cape Town friends are still sleeping, the long trains of empty wagons, with their fine teams of oxen,—perhaps, twenty in number, would be slowly on their way home again. If there was a hitch on the road, crack, crack went the whips like pistol-shots, mingled with furious abuse of lagging leaders or lazy wheelers, and a vigorous pounding forthwith with “sjamboks,” as the young masters or active drivers ran nimbly by the sides of the offenders, and thrashed them up the steep hills or through the heavy bits of sandy road with remorseless hands and unflagging tongues. Then, too, the morning air would be rent with the shrill cries of “Bosman! Coburg! Englishman! Witfoot! trek, trek,” in *alto crescendo*, each word being accompanied by a flourish of the enormous bamboo-handled whips of the Colony, long enough to reach the flanks of ten oxen at one skilful blow, and severe enough to lay the skin open, if the owner were so minded. Poor oxen, they look so calm and patient, with their mild eyes and dewy nostrils, soberly bending their necks to the yoke as they slowly and steadily pace on in apparent contempt of the lively teams of horses and skittish mules that pass them at a brisk trot! Yet they, too, get over a great deal of ground in the twenty-four hours; and although three miles an hour is not very fast travelling, it is surprising how long the same span of oxen can be kept at it, if the roads are not too hard, and there is enough of water and grass at the end of each day’s journey.

For any one who wishes to see the country thoroughly and leisurely, there is nothing to beat the bullock-wagon, as it is steadily progressive, and serves for kitchen, house, and bed, making you thoroughly independent of hotels, and defying the roughest or sandiest roads with its broad wheels. It is far more comfortable than you can imagine it to be, but it is chiefly used by traders. * * * *

Thursday, 17th April.—In all our excursions to farms or up the hills, we used a cart and two horses; and it was wonderful what a lot of rough and quick work could be got out of a wiry couple of job animals who are accustomed to travel together. Once or twice we have been under obligations to farmers for the generous loan of a fine pair of prancing high-stepping grays or bays—full of corn, and evidently wanting work; but although they started generally in the wildest spirits, as if out for a spree, tearing at their bits, and snapping at each other in play, yet somehow they usually returned crestfallen, and scraping up the dust with their heels in the last stages of plethoric exhaustion. Not so with our ragged-looking, bright eyed little hired Cos-

sacks that we brought from Wynberg, too thin for beauty and too battered for show, but with just that spice of the Arab in their blood as will bring them back as fresh as when they started on a trip of forty miles or so—out and in. You would smile to see how game they are—how easily pleased! They need no careful rubbing down, for no sooner do we stop to outspan than off goes their harness, the halter straps are knotted round the knee, and they are cast adrift to forage for themselves, and hunt up a nice soft spot for a roll in the sand, where they can tumble about on their backs, and knock their heels together to their hearts' content for at least five minutes. A good shake all over then sets them on their legs again, and they are ready for another stage. * * * *

As it is actually raining to-day, everybody is in good spirits, except the raisin-makers; but the prospect of summer breaking up is too delicious to the baked-up inhabitants of this district not to be rejoiced over. It is wet enough to confine me to the house of our hostess, Mietje Langveldt, so I have been amusing myself by pumping the old lady most unmercifully as to the resources and curiosities of the neighbourhood, and I don't think she will be sorry when we set off on Saturday for Worcester to witness the gathering of the farmers to Easter Nachtmaal.

Wellington is about eight miles from the Paarl, and is merely a repetition of that village, but is better laid out. The two places are separated by a very fertile and prosperous valley—famous for its wine, fruit, horses, and the manufacture of strong wagons. All the farms we have visited were admirably managed; and we have been everywhere very well received, so I shall always speak well of its people. The village itself is a very hot place, and is well laid out and planted with trees, just as at Stellenbosch and the Paarl. The finest outlet from this fertile valley is by a wonderful steep road, that has been carried by many a twist and loop across projecting spurs and the most fantastic mountain sides, until it finally attains to the top of Bain's Kloof, whence it is carried through a series of steep and narrow defiles for about eighteen miles to Darling Bridge over the Breede River, and so on to the plains of Worcester. From Wellington this road can be traced as a thin red line, cutting its way far up the purple and opal heights, until lost in the grey crags and ruins of an old convict-barrack on the top of the Pass. We obtained a splendid view on Tuesday of all the corn and wine-growing districts lying behind the Paarl and around "Riebeeck's Kasteel,"

by ascending an extraordinary shaped mountain called the "Groenberg," which is always green, and free from rocks, and covered with a thick felt of round bushes. From this point of view we could see Table Mountain and the Lion's Head and the broad deep-blue ocean beyond; and such an amazing number of farms and vineyards, like yellow and green lozenges in a patchwork quilt of brown and *lavender*-coloured bushes, as would surprise the good people of England. Close by to this, and under Bain's Kloof, is the homestead of honest old Mr. M——, which we were pressed to visit; and we had the pleasure—after duly admiring the fine oaks and the well-cultivated grounds of this hale old gentleman—of sitting down to a midday meal, where our host and all his numerous family of sons, grandsons, and endless nephews and nieces, were seated round the same long table, with the German overseers and white servants of the farm at the bottom, below the salt. Some of the men just dined in their shirt sleeves, the day being hot, but everybody was preternaturally quiet, and nothing could be more sedate than the conduct of the youngsters, who solemnly bolted huge junks of stewed and boiled meat, heedless of seasoning and vegetables. The meal was certainly plentiful, but plain; the wine thin and watery, and not over clear; but the dessert was, as usual, very good and unusually ripe. The gardens were full of huge pumpkins, like the small bundles of wash-clothes we see perched on the heads of the native washer-women; and the fritters made from them were excellent. As most of the farmers understand English, even if they don't speak it, we had no difficulty in getting on with them; but they are very pertinacious in finding out whether you are married, and who your father was, and whether you have many children, &c., &c., all of which questions were satisfactorily answered for us by the jolly young Dutchman who drove us over from Wellington. Indeed, I quite won the heart of the hostess by my devotion to her butter and "boer-brood," and when we left, the dear old soul gave me some excellent buck biltong and "meibos," and promised to send me some sugar-bush syrup as a cure for cough and relaxed throat for my little girls. They are a proud and reserved people, but thoroughly kind if you don't give yourself airs, and avoid flippancy.

The plans of these farm-houses are the same everywhere—a long hall, double frontage, wide stoep, lofty rooms, thatched roofs, gable ends, and the kitchen and offices distinct. The stables and byres and straw-yards are very

primitive. The delicious climate does everything; the gardens are full of produce, and an occasional jaunt to Cape Town is the only break to the monotony of farm life. You would be greatly amused at the cleverness of the herds, who, at milking time, would call out the right name of every calf out of perhaps fifty in the kraal, as each was required in its turn to join its mother, before she could be induced to yield her milk. Of course, each calf at once recognized its own parent, and skipped about in convulsions of delight while the pails were being filled. * * *

We hear such stirring accounts of Worcester, that we mean to take advantage of the full moon, and start early on Saturday morning, so as to escape the heat of the day in the plains beyond, and see the farmers arrive in their wagons for the Communion service on Easter Sunday,—one of the great events of their year. If the weather clears up, we are promised a series of lovely views through Bain's Kloof, and a great variety of ferns and wild flowers. May our usual luck attend us, no dust and no wind!

• *Worcester Hotel, Saturday night, April 19, 1862.*—At last, here we are in fairy-land! but oh, what a glorious succession of mountain vistas and Claudian landscapes have we not encountered by the way since leaving Wellington for this lovely spot! Here mountains are jumbled upon mountains in such an extraordinary mingling of sugar-loaf, cockscomb, hogback, saddleback, and dragonback, with huge buttressed walls, broken-tooth ridges and snake-like spurs running into deep and mysterious valleys, that it is difficult to realize on paper the extraordinary belt of reft gigantic cliffs and rock-crowned hills by which the enormous level plains of Worcester are rigidly enclosed. Far as the eye can reach the jagged mountains pierce the clouds, and, like the cusps of a rocky coronet, glimmer and shimmer at sunrise and sunset with the tints of ruby, opal, and pearl round the massive features of the fairest country I have yet seen at the Cape. These are the mysterious blue mountains that puzzle us at Wynberg, and now that we are under them they seem more lovely than ever.

What is meant by a "kloof" is the gap between two mountain chains that threaten to touch. At best, they are very narrow and tortuous, now contracting till the crags almost exclude the light, now opening into glorious vistas of rock and river. At Bain's Kloof we found the perfection of mountain scenery; and it is to me perfectly wonderful that no artist of merit has ever thought of studying these hill-side

effects instead of drudging at Wales and Switzerland. With such a transparent atmosphere as prevails here, especially after a shower, when the sky is "deeply, beautifully blue," and there is no dust to bother you, it is as easy to paint objects five miles off as it would be at fifty yards. They only need to be seen to be appreciated! Well, at three in the morning we left our warm beds at old Mietjie Langeveldt's, had a cup of strong coffee and a biscuit, and started off in the brilliant moonlight with a cart and four fresh horses on our eight hours' journey to Worcester. The road began to rise almost at once, while the ravishing scenery, as we ecstatically toiled up the Pass, was simply indescribable in the chastened light of the dawn. Everything before us was wrapped in gloom; but it is impossible to do justice to the romantic beauty and depth and extent of the enormous valleys which were successively brought into view, as the excellent road twisted like a serpent in and out of the convolutions of the hills—the whole being brilliantly lit up by the moon. As the daylight grew stronger the sky, from blue and grey, melted into green and saffron, and finally rosy red; and in the far distance we could make out grey spectral lines, which our driver assured us were the hills of Piquetberg, about seventy miles off. Talk of the Splugen and the Vià Mala as much as you please, but I, for one, cannot conceive anything more perfectly beautiful than the play of light on the Drakenstein Mountains, when the moon beams pale before the sun's, followed by the sudden transfiguration of dim objects into rosy vapours and subtle essences, and the awakening of active life in the steaming valleys below. To the sound of the wind whistling overhead are to be added the ghostly whispering of the rushes, and the splashing of tiny waterfalls dashing headlong down the vales; and then almost suddenly we found ourselves on the top of the Pass—wild and weird to the highest degree, and with its crumbling sandstone rocks bleached and worn into the most astonishing shapes. Here they have placed a toll, and a few yards further on you obtain an immense panoramic view of Paarl, Wellington, Malmesbury, Simon's Berg, and the Constantia Hills, and can clearly discern Table Mountain and the Lion's Head in the extreme distance, glowing *like a torch*. As the road is built up like a wall, you may fancy how steep are the valleys or series of valleys across which a solid viaduct has been made. They are at least two thousand feet deep, and are folded into each other like *interlaced fingers*. If you try to throw a stone across, it takes some

time before it reaches the bottom, and woe betide the unfortunate wagoner who cannot stop his span in time when two wagons meet on the narrow Pass, and one obstinately refuses to yield the wall to the other. Our driver always blew his horn when he caught sight of a white wagon-tent in the distance, so as to avoid collision, and he almost frightened us by his terrible tales of the furious hurricanes which he had been sometimes obliged to encounter on these wind-torn heights. Luckily, the weather was clear and settled, but the morning so cold that we got out and walked a few miles down the Pass. Imperceptibly the road begins to descend for about nine miles, and is scarped out of enormous rocks, which, in every variety of shape and tint, threaten to topple over and bury the passing traveller in the ruins. Fancy thousands of crusty brown quartern loaves piled up to a dizzy height, and upon these Brobdignag loaves place squatting toads, or troops of mischievous monkeys playing at hide and seek, and you will have some idea of the extraordinary way in which these weather-worn and spectral groups of sandstone change their outlines as you proceed down the superb mountain defiles. If you look over the sides of the viaduct, built up in strong and solid masonry by convict labour, and protected by large curbstones saved from the blasting, you gaze far down into deep brown pools, in which are reflected, as in a mirror, the steep sides of the well-wooded precipices beetling over the river, forming *perfect pictures*. Through the *débris* of fallen stones—bleached as white as ostrich eggs, through brakes of black palmiet cane, and through drifts of the purest white sand, wriggles and foams the noisy torrent. The dampish recesses are full of ferns and flowers. Tiny streams dribble and weep from under the roots of wayside trees. The whole prospect is fresh with the odours of paradise; and I gathered one lovely bright *yellow* heath, which I fancy must be very rare; while natural arches occur in one or two places where the rocks were too hard to blast away altogether. In short, the scenery was superb, and the rocks on the opposite side of the kloof were split up into square masses that looked as if the Titans had been building up steps to scale the sky, and had pointed the open joints and seams with a tree-bearing cement, so split are their crevices with vigorous shrubs. The scenery, though thus wild and fantastic, is, however, a fit prelude to the magnificent perspective of the Worcester range of mountains, which breaks in on you after reaching the accommodation-house kept by Messrs. Furney and Swain

at the Darling Bridge. For miles the eye gazes with rapture on the superb picture, and if my lungs gloried in the pure mountain air, my sense of vision was equally charmed with the surprising freshness and beauty of the series of views now opened to us.

Here, of course, we stopped for an hour, to rest our horses and have breakfast. Everything was very primitive, but the people were very civil and most obliging for old bachelors; and held out prospects of good shooting to James, who has promised to return here for that purpose. Although we looked everywhere for baboons, we saw none; and beyond a few linnets, and a bird with a long tail, and another brown bird with a head shaped like a hammer and about as big as a rook, we saw but little signs of sport. I caught sight of three or four very pretty green lizards sunning themselves on the rocks, but they were off as quick as lightning and defied pursuit. So, too, of the butterflies, yellow and black.

Again inspanning, we now crossed the Breede River, so called because it is very broad in the winter season, and is apt to overflow an enormous tract of level country after a couple of days' steady rain, when perhaps it may be three or four miles broad, though shallow. The road carries you in a nearly straight line to Worcester, forking away to Tulbagh and Ceres on the left, and passes through a brownish scrubby plain—dotted here and there with bright yellow patches of cornland—acres of green vineyards, and well-wooded homesteads, dark with orange, pomegranate, walnut, and apple trees. The great raisin district of Goudini stretches away on the right, while the horse and cattle breeders own much of the large properties on the left; but everywhere you miss signs of active labour, and are obliged to be content with pumpkins and oxen in the fields, instead of bands of reapers and creaking wains. We saw a few solemn old crows with white neckties, and a dignified secretary bird strutting after snakes, but no partridges nor pheasants fell to James's gun, for the simple reason that they never made an appearance. Nothing could exceed the slovenly style of farming everywhere prevalent,—mere scratches and patch-work in the wilderness, without any enclosures or fences.

Just as we were getting rather tired of the long straight road we caught a glimpse of the tower of the Dutch Reformed Church, which is the first thing seen of Worcester. You then turn the flank of a big brown hill, and the town suddenly lies before you—cool, green, and most refreshing to the eye, with the promise of grateful shade from the long avenues of firs.

ADDERLEY'S COLONIAL POLICY AND HISTORY.*

It is surprising that this important and interesting volume has attracted so little notice and criticism in the Colony. Unless it be that the fact of its existence is unknown to the Cape Public, it is difficult to understand how this work, containing so valuable a collection of important information respecting the progress of the Colonial Empire during the last fifteen years, and treating so fully and so ably upon matters in which we are most deeply interested, has escaped the notice of our public writers and speakers, even had the result of its study been nothing more than bitter complaint or sharp censure. However much men may be opposed to the policy advocated by Sir Charles Adderley, there is no doubt that on colonial questions he exercises an important influence in the Imperial Parliament. For nearly a quarter of a century he has taken a leading part in all the debates respecting the Colonial Empire. To him, more than to any other member of the Imperial Parliament, are the Colonies indebted for the happy termination of their struggle with Downing-street against the iniquitous system of transportation of convicted felons to their shores. In 1849 he rendered services to the Cape that should never be forgotten, and since that period he has ever displayed a kindly interest in its prosperity. Respected by both of the great political parties at home, of one of them he may in some sort be considered as a leader. And at the present moment he stands forward as the most strenuous and persistent advocate of the necessity of throwing upon the Colonists the whole burden of their own defence, and of conceding to them the greatest freedom of representative institutions. These appear to be grounds sufficient in themselves to direct the attention of the Colony to an earnest and attentive perusal of his work. And the more opposed the Colonists may be to the peculiar policy he advocates, the more necessary it is that the laboured statement of his views should be thoroughly examined. But apart from this, the volume abounds in interesting and useful information respecting the progress of our sister colonies. The style is agreeable, the grouping together of facts ably managed, and the whole work is so thoroughly the production of a mind completely master of its subject, and

* Review of "The Colonial Policy of Lord J. Russell's Administration," by Earl Grey, 1853; and of subsequent Colonial History by the Right Hon. Sir C. B. Adderley, K.C.M.G., M.P.—London, Edward Stanford, 1869.

thinking warmly and strongly thereon, that it would be impossible for any person interested in colonial politics to close it without acknowledging that it had left matter for deep and earnest thought.

The form which Sir C. Adderley has adopted in treating of the colonial question is that of a review of Lord Grey's well-known letters on his colonial policy in 1853; from which period Sir Charles gives an historical sketch, up to the year 1869, of the condition of every colony and station of the British Empire.

The introduction commences with a handsome tribute to the ability, purity, and generosity of Lord Grey's character as a colonial administrator. It then proceeds to point out in clear and forcible language what the writer considers to be the fundamental error in that statesman's theory of colonial government.

The supposition that in English settlements the Supreme Executive has the task of exercising a paternal control over the people, in however benevolent and conscientious a manner this control may be exercised, Sir C. Adderley holds must result in effects fatal to the vigour and prosperity of its subjects. Lord Grey held, in fact,

That the Secretary of State should not only advise the Sovereign in the government of Crown colonies, and of stations of commerce and war, and in the instruction of his Representative in constitutional colonial governments, but that he should bring the Sovereign into wholly different relations with subjects out of England, from any held with those in England; and that he should himself exert, in the name of the Crown, powers over them which are altogether unknown to the Constitution of this country. According to his view, the Sovereign is doubly supreme in colonial administration; not only as the constitutional head of the Executive, and final constituent of Legislature, but as over-ruling autocrat besides, controlling, at discretion, from the seat of Olympian power and wisdom, every action and function of a government in which he has already taken his ordinary part.

* * * To give instances of experiments in so restless and impracticable a policy would be to relate the chief events of Lord Grey's Administration from 1846 to 1857. Nevertheless, he was ever witnessing in vague theoretical profession, far more liberal than the given commentary, and by the failures of his inconsistent practice, to the dominant principle of colonial self-government. Constitution Bills held out perfect schemes of government, and offered a training process to their acquisition; but the recognized freedom broke loose from his leading-strings. History overran his policy.

The love of power is an intense passion; and the guardianship of empire, once assumed, is not readily abandoned by a Minister till perforce taken out of his hands. * * *

The claims of our colonists to be treated as ourselves have prevailed; and the Minister must yield the freedom which will not wait to be trained by him. Colonial Constitutions are not, indeed, results of policy at all, but of a law that like breeds like. The free Greeks bred only free colonies,

which "homed off" from them as New England did from us. New scenes may modify the character of English colonies—unnatural treatment may alienate them—*tamen usque recurret natura*. English colonies are detachments from England, and, while retaining the same allegiance, capable only of congenial institutions.

Sir Charles Adderley holds "that the acquisition of self-government is not so much the gift of an enlightened policy, as the natural tendency and necessity of English colonies," and proceeds to prove the soundness of his theory by reviewing the history of the various colonies.

In the course of this review, no difficulty will be found in ascertaining what form of government the writer thinks most suitable to colonial wants. A Governor appointed by the Crown, who should represent the constitutional sovereignty of the British Empire in the colony, occupying the neutral position of the British Crown, amenable to the Legislature through his Ministry. The Ministry to be members of the Legislature holding the confidence of a majority. The Legislature to consist of two Houses,—one composed of members nominated for life, the other of elected representatives. In questions of this nature, however, and with regard to whatever novelty of government may result from the novel circumstances of the colonies, he would leave much to the development of the constitution on the spot, as, in his opinion, "their own congenial government must be better for them, than the best guidance we can give them from a distance." Having assumed the rights of free citizenship, the colonists are to disabuse themselves "of the degraded notion, instilled by our former policy, that these *rights* can be enjoyed without the assumption of the *liabilities* of free citizenship." That is, of course, that each colony shall take upon itself the burden of its own protection. And here, in justice to Sir Charles Adderley, it may be stated that he repudiates again and again the idea that the chief point to be considered in this matter is the expense to the Imperial Government. But when the startling fact is brought forward that in 1858 the military expenditure in the colonies amounted to £3,968,599, it would be absurd to imagine that this point should not have a very important place in his argument in the consideration of the general question. Nor does he treat the question as if it were of little moment whether the colonies were lost to Great Britain or not. On the contrary, he is most eloquent when showing the benefit of their closer union.

He objects to the Mother Country undertaking the duty of defending the colonies against local dangers from

natives, from piratical attacks, or from internal discord, chiefly on three grounds. As a matter of right, he considers that a British subject in England shall not be taxed to pay for the protection of a British subject in a colony who contributes nothing to the revenue. As a matter of policy, he thinks that damage is done to the home country by the "scattering of the little British army in small detachments (at the cost of discipline and organization, though with the additional cost of a most disproportionately multiplied staff), shelved in places inviting attack, a deduction from our available strength, and ready-made prisoners in case of war; while mercenaries were hired, with offence to other countries, to supply our regular service." And that on the colonial side damage is done by "the preventing any development of a proper spirit of self-reliance, and the enfeebling of national character." On this last ground of objection he lays most stress. "The offspring of England," he says, "should not be inferior to, but identical with herself." The worst effect of the old policy was that the colonists "had become habituated to consider the Imperial Government as their master, and whatever happened to them as its affair—the care of the Gods—and they were willing to continue to be saved the trouble and cost of self-support, and of arming, at the greater sacrifice of that self-reliance which the better colonists felt to be essential to self-government."

The question of the maintenance of their own defence by the colonies appears, however, to have been finally decided upon already. The Home Government makes no inquiries as to the form of Government the Colony enjoys. It is with them simply a question as to whether the colonists will pay for the troops garrisoning their territory, or not. Let us, then, see what other colonies are doing.

In Canada, the Active Volunteer Militia, armed, uniformly clothed, and tolerably well drilled, amount at this time to about 35,000 men. The "Sedentary" Militia are now fully officered, but neither armed nor drilled. Military schools have been established, connected with regiments of the line quartered in Canada, for the training of officers for the Canadian Militia. These schools are still in efficient operation. A number of officers, sufficient for an army of 80,000 men, have passed through them, and received certificates of competency. Canada is now offering to spend £1,000,000 in fortifying Montreal and other places, on condition of an Imperial guarantee to a loan to that amount (p. 40).

Victoria has already spent £1,000,000 on local defences,

besides paying the Australian contribution of £40 per soldier, and £70 artillery capitation; and has furnished a Colonial Government steamer, and kept up a naval volunteer brigade of 300 strong. She also has offered to pay a fifth part of an outlay, in her naval equipment, of £125,000, the constant maintenance of a vessel and its armament, the establishment of a training ship, and the construction of a graving dock (p. 114).

In Ceylon a Military Commission of Inquiry sat late in 1865, and fixed the cost of the military force to be maintained in the island, in time of peace, at £160,000. Ceylon has relieved the British tax-payers of all charges of every description connected with the troops stationed in it during time of peace. This matter was carried through in spite of the resignation of all the nominated unofficial members of Council (p. 323).

The garrison at Mauritius is estimated to cost £114,000 a year, towards which we now demand a contribution from the colony of £45,000 (p. 318).

At Queensland the colonists contribute the Australian capitation rate of £40 per man. The Admiralty have withdrawn some marines who were employed in unsuitable work, as guards against natives. There are artillery volunteers, already tolerably well organized; and the colony has certainly distinguished itself in the degree in which it has undertaken its own defence against natives (p. 125).

The late events in New Zealand are too well known to require repetition.

St. Vincent expends a considerable sum both in maintaining a militia and volunteers of its own, besides a company of the Queen's troops. It pays £3,000 a year for 100 men detached from Barbadoes, and for the cost of their barracks. St. Vincent is an island not even so big as the Isle of Wight, and its revenue is £20,000 a year.

These extracts will sufficiently prove that it is time for us to think of putting our house in order; that the time is past for discussing whether the Home Government ought or ought not to carry out this policy; but that we should now steadily look the matter in the face, and calmly consider the best means by which we can replace that protection which is about to be withdrawn.

Whilst it is evident that the withdrawal of the Imperial troops from the colonies is not dependent upon the introduction of Parliamentary Government, Sir Charles holds that, with self-defence, this form of government should be adopted at the Cape. To use his own words, "The

Constitution of the Cape, no doubt, should be completed whenever the colony undertakes its own entire support and defence,—that is to say, the Ministers should vote, as well as sit in the Legislature, and be responsible to it.”

He is by no means an advocate of the separation of adjacent colonies, arguing rather for the amalgamation of those already separated; and he gives many interesting facts as to the benefits which have attended this union in the different cases in which it has been effected.

At one time he acknowledges that he was favourably disposed to the idea of a common representative legislature of England and her colonies for Imperial purposes, but he had at last reluctantly to submit to complete conviction that this is impossible. “Even if such a council could be got together, and the subjects of its debates defined, we know the colonies would not submit to be taxed by English votes, nor we by colonial. The wide separation of English colonies removes both the possibility and necessity.” To some extent therefore, though very limited, “the central Parliament must for the sake of any unity be the depository of ultimate supremacy.”

In a work treating of matters of this nature our curiosity naturally inclines us first to examine those portions which refer directly either to ourselves, or to those with whom we are intimately connected. The Cape makes its first appearance in the introduction. At the close of his argument, showing that every English colony must always retain this one essential attribute (under whatever forms of government their circumstances may induce)—“the will to manage their own affairs”—Sir Charles says: “But nothing could justify, even if it were possible, the retention of such a conquered colony, as, for instance, the Cape, under government so foreign to English ideas as government by the Crown.” Our next appearance is satisfactory, and the compliment paid to the colony is well deserved:

We are indebted, he says, to these three groups of colonies for having refused to submit to any inferior terms of citizenship than such as habitually belong to our nation. They have each severally illustrated the repugnance of their race to the imposition of inferiority. The American provinces have stoutly vindicated a right to responsibility of Government. The Australians have thrown off indignantly the stigma of their origin in transportation, redeeming the nobility of colonization from the servile duty of national scavengers; and South Africa lent to English spirit the fulcrum of a Dutch back to resist the requisition of similar service from the Mother Country. By struggles like these our colonial policy has righted itself.

To this passage in our colonial history he refers again in

another portion of the work. Speaking of 1849, when "Lord Grey infuriated the Cape colonists" by his attempt to force convicts upon them, he continues:—"He" (Lord Grey) "offered to send the convicts' wives and children, and a *Mezentian* partnership of free emigrants, with them, so as to expiate the offence by innocent sacrifice; but the poison arrived before the antidote, and English spirit and Dutch resolution united in its successful rejection; *cujus pars fui*, and I retain with pride some grateful records of it."

The chapter devoted especially to us contains a very fair epitome of the history of the Cape, but it is too evident that the chief interest we are supposed to have in the English mind is that of being a Kafir war-producing community. There is an unfortunate mistake in page 170, where the last war is spoken of as having happened in 1854—the year in which our Constitution was inaugurated; whereas the war terminated two years before, viz., 1852.

The passage is as follows:

Lord Grey seems to have thought that the triumph of the Colony over his convict scheme, and this throwing of the reins of government on their stiff necks, were the chief causes of a renewal of Kafir war in 1854 (1850?) because, says he, "the Kafirs supposed the Government could no longer command the hearty support and services of the Colony." This seems a remarkable admission—that the colonial policy was such that a colony could be supposed so alienated from its Government as to be ready to use its first emancipated powers against it, or at least to refuse to use them for it, even at its own imminent hazard. Certainly the war was very costly to us in blood and in money, if not in honour; and the desertions to the enemy from the Cape Mounted Rifles, and the revolt of the Hottentots, and the increasing unfriendliness of the tribes and Orange farmers betrayed a rotten state of things; while the protracted difficulties of the campaign showed how much more our policy had trained enemies than attached allies.

Sir Charles was a warm opponent to the abandonment of the Sovereignty, the legality of which he still disputes, and is now of opinion "that we should reunite in some way, either by annexation or federation, all the European Governments of South Africa, as a matter of absolute necessity for the well-being of all people, of whatever race or interest, in that quarter of the world." He mentions, in passing, that the Duke of Buckingham openly expressed to the delegates from the Free State his opinion that, if the Orange State really desires to renew a connection with the Queen's sovereignty, no discouragement would be thrown in the way.

An unaccountable mistake appears in page 178, where it is stated that "the Legislative Council, sitting at Cape

Town, after the departure home of the more distant members, passed a resolution favourable to Lord Carnarvon's proposition" respecting the military contribution. This is adding insult to injury. For not only were the Legislative Council very proud of their resolutions against this contribution, but the debate thereon was also printed, and surely should have met the eye of any English statesman intending to write or speak upon colonial subjects.

As for the other questions affecting us we find that Sir Charles is averse to Removal of the Seat of Government eastward. He considers that this proposal cannot be favoured by England, and he thinks it probable that it will be less and less desired by any colonists, in proportion as improved communication yearly diminishes all reason for it; though a federation of districts under local governments may very possibly become ultimately the best arrangement for the whole of South Africa. He is in favour of Responsible Government, and thinks we should be guided by our own experience as to combining our two elected Chambers of Legislature into one.

The following account of certain events which took place in British Kaffraria a few years ago must have been supplied by some prejudiced party :

Perpetual conflicts with the neighbouring swarms of natives, kept in constant irritation by the Boers on the other side of them, have led to an association of farmers in British Kaffraria, now part of the Colony, under the title of a 'Mutual Protection Society,' apparently with the intention of shooting down the depredators on their property. Relations have rather levelled down than up. A member of this society took the opportunity of an investigation going on before the Resident Magistrate to attack the absent defendant's kraal. Trials, indeed, have become a farce, as juries can only be got out of the plaintiff's association, except by a very distant change of venue.

Every one here knows the true version of this story, which bears a very faint resemblance to the above statement. Whoever Sir Charles' informer was, it is a pity that, as he has misstated all the facts of this memorable "Pumpkin Case," he did not do one act of justice to our fellow-colonists in British Kaffraria. He might have stated that this very case was removed for trial to Port Elizabeth, and the prisoners acquitted, the whole prosecution having broken down amid inextinguishable laughter, and that no further attempt has been made to question the impartiality of Kaffrarian juries. As to these depredations being in consequence of the constant irritation by the Boers on the other side, it is simply absurd. As well may it be said that the unruliness of the Highlanders were the causes of the cattle-

lifting of the borderers between England and Scotland in auld lang syne.

We find Sir H. Barkly, our present Governor, mentioned several times most favourably. In 1856 he assisted in inaugurating the new Constitution of Victoria. We find him again as Governor of British Guiana, holding a most difficult position on the occasion of an attempt, made by his peculiarly constituted Council, to reduce all salaries at a swoop by twenty-five per cent. Sir Charles Adderley says:

“There was happily a singularly judicious Governor, Sir Henry Barkly, on the spot; or the handling such extreme policy from so great a distance” (the Imperial Government had vetoed the resolutions) “must have been hazardous. As it was, things ran to the verge of anarchy, and of total dissolution of the whole framework of Government.”

Sir Henry Barkly's authority is also continually quoted on all matters connected with Mauritius.

The chapter on the Colonial Church, of course, places the Cape in a very prominent position:

“The entire overlooking, by all, of this little fact that a Colonial representative Legislature is the same thing as the Legislature at home for all local purposes, is very significant of the national inappreciation of colonial relations. The fact once accepted carries with it as a corollary that any see, province, or ecclesiastical corporation, set up by the Act of the Crown alone in any colony having an independent representative Legislature, derives no authority or even existence from such an act. Bishop Gray, of Cape Town, seems to have devoted himself to illustrating the truth of this corollary by repeated failures in attempting to disprove it, and abortive efforts to assume authority on the basis which it invalidates.”

We then have a rapid and clear account of the great Church controversies at the Cape from the deprivation “of his office in Natal,” of the Rev. W. Long, “for refusing to convoke a Synod at his bidding” (a curious blunder both as regards locality and offence), to the consecration of a Bishop in Dr. Colenso's neighbourhood, “who is to rally round him the orthodox Church escaping from the treachery of the supposed but uncondemned Here-siarch, and effect an extra-professional, and somewhat homœopathic, cure of heresy by schism.” Sir Charles considers that “there is no alternative for the English Church, in freely governed English colonies, but to take up the position to which the Irish Church has just been reduced. In

point of doctrine it will probably rigidly retain the standard of the English Church at home, and, perhaps, by its independent adherence, fortify it. All the petitions which have come from the Colonial Church since these judgments, evince an anxiety for the retention of unity with the Established Church of England. In this, perhaps, as in many other things, the Mother Country herself may get a lesson from her children, and may see some of the problems, which are perplexing her worked out freely, as it were *in vacuo*, or adapted to the novel circumstances of new communities in the world's advancing age."

With this quotation we lay down the book for the present. Believing that the remarks more closely affecting ourselves would be read with the most interest, we have referred only to those portions of this work. But we would earnestly recommend the whole, and more especially the chapter on Canada, to the attentive consideration of all colonists. We know that Sir Charles's views will meet with some disapprobation and alarm. But we believe that a healthful spirit will be raised by the study of his arguments and the facts on which they are founded; and that, so far from his being condemned as one careless for our future welfare, it will be found that few English statesmen feel more deeply than he does, that, to use his own words, "the interest of the colonies must be the interests of England at home, and their prosperity is ours."

S. R. N.

AN OCCASIONAL PAPER ON CLASSICAL SUBJECTS.

IN the revisal of the curriculum of higher education, there is a tendency to supersede the study of Greek, and thus gain time for that of modern languages and physical sciences. A great deal has been urged by men of the old school against this invasion of the rights of classical learning; at all events, there will be so far a compromise as to let Latin remain the undisputed basis of a liberal education. The time spent on that branch of study may be curtailed, and a philosophical method of its acquisition seems already taking place of the old *memoriter* or learn-and-say plan of the manuals of Latin grammar.

The remarks offered in this paper are intended to bear on the study of Latin on a neglected side, and also on the question, now occupying English scholars, of changing the

English mode of pronouncing Latin. The knowledge even of the *Auctores Classici* is in practice restricted to those of the later Golden Age, from Cicero 106—43 B.C. to Horace 65—8 B.C., and Ovid 43 B.C., 18 A.D.,—i.e., to the written language of the men of letters, during that period, at Rome. The poetry of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, which forms the staple of school-boy lore, is completely Graecized; confined within the strictest limits of Greek metrical models, and was pronounced probably with a pedantic exactness quite at variance with the genius of the language. The student ought, therefore, to extend his reading to the earlier writers, as distinguished from those of the Augustan age, viz., to Plautus 254—184 B.C., and Terence 195—159 B.C., to get a knowledge of the old composite Roman, before Greek culture and literature had subjugated the practical mind of the Roman.

The connection, too, between the Latin and the daughter-tongues, usually known as the Romance languages, cannot be illustrated adequately without reference to the characteristics of Latin as spoken, in contrast with the prim artificialism of the authors now usually read. The ordinary colloquial pronunciation of Latin is as good as lost; but there are many incidental facts, bearing on the metrical reading of Plautus and Terence, which at the same time link the every-day talk of the Roman with the languages of to-day.

In following the current of French derivatives from the Latin, it is very striking to find sets of double derivatives, such as the following, from Donaldson's *Varronianus*:—

Old French.	Later French.	Latin (written).
chanoine (<i>canon</i>)	canonique	canonicus
châtif	captif	captivus
chez	case	casa
chose	cause	causa
hôtel	hôpital	hospes (itis)
naïf(ve)	natif(ve)	nativus
noël	natal	natalis
pitié	piété	pietas
pousser	expulser	expuls-are

These forms of the older French words differ considerably from the *written* forms of the Latin, and can only be explained as derivatives from the old *spoken* language of the Romans.

Those who are best qualified to pronounce upon the genius and constitution of the Latin language define it as one always yearning after contraction, and attribute this systematic abbreviation to external causes, such as the impatience of the Roman character. This tendency may be

copiously illustrated in the written language; but the clipping process which is said to have resulted from the rapidity of colloquial pronunciation cannot be explained with the same certainty; in this the evidence is inferential, and is gathered from the colloquialisms of Plautus and Terence, and remarks on the subject in Cicero, Quintilian, and Suetonius. The metres of Terence have ever been a bugbear to students; his verses, read in the ordinary way, cannot be restrained within the common limits of prosody; but by allowing for the rapid utterance of the Romans and the licence in colloquial clippings of speech, specially enjoyed by a comic writer, much of the irregularity of the verse is removed. The passage of Suetonius seems to show that it was a common practice at Rome to spell as they spoke; in fact, that phonetic spelling was current. If this be his meaning, a wide hiatus would soon be created between the language of the market-place and that of the great literati. Speaking of the Emperor Augustus, c. 88, Suetonius writes:—"Orthographiam, id est formulam rationemque scribendi a grammaticis institutam, non adeo custodit; ac videtur eorum potius sequi opinionem, qui *perinde scribendum ac loquamur* existiment. Nam quod saepe non literas modo sed syllabas aut permutat aut praeterit, communis hominum error est." * * * * *

The abbreviation of words is effected by an omission of a syllable, or by slurring over syllables. In the written language examples for illustration are numerous, as—

ala, wing, from **axilla*, arm-hole.

mala, cheek, from *maxilla*, jaw-bone.

velum, sail, from *vexillum*, streamer, flag.

tela, web, for *texela*, from *texo*, I weave.

mollis, for *mobilis*, easily moveable, pliant.

bruma, for *brevina* (*brevissima*), the shortest (day), winter solstice.

prudens for *providens*, foreseeing.

contio, an assembly, as from *comtio*, *comitio*.

cunae, a cradle, for *cubinae*.

dixi, for *dixisti*.

puella, a girl, for *puerula*.

libellus, a little book, for *liberulus*.

subtilis, subtle, from *subtexilis*, fine-spun.

summus, for *supremus*; *susum*, *sursum* for *sub-versum*.

rursum, *retrosum*, for *retro-versum*; *prorsum* for *pro-versum*.

vanus, for *vacuus*; and so *empty*.

exilis, as if *exigilis* (*ex*, *gego*): thin, lean.

* The passage of Cicero (Orator c. 45) bearing on these contractions is,—*Quinetiam verba saepe contrahuntur, non usus causa sed aurium. Quomodo enim vester Axilla Ala factus est, nisi fuga literae vastioris? quam literam etiam e maxillis, e taxillis, et vexillo, et paxillo, consuetudo elegans Latini sermonis evellit.*

Another large class of contracted forms consists of combinations such as these :—

malo, for magis volo=magèvolo.

possum, for potis sum=potsum.

scièlicet, for scire licet.

vide-licet, for videre licet.

patefacio, for patere facio.

tremefacio, for tremere facio.

ven-eo, for venum eo, I go for sale.

ven-do, for venum do, I give for sale.

And terms in familiar use, as abin=abisne, audin=audisne, viden=videsne, sodes=si audes, sis=si vis, capsis=cape si vis.

The foregoing examples sufficiently indicate the nature of the contractions in the written language. From such words as are given below, from the modern French, we may infer the extent, if not the exact process, of clipping which the word underwent in daily use :—

<i>French.</i>	<i>Latin.</i>	<i>French.</i>	<i>Latin.</i>
avant	ab-ante	dépit	despectus
ailleurs	aliorum	soupçon	suspicio
mais	magis	prévôt	praepositus
jamais	jam magis	l'homme	} homo
ensemble	in-simul	and on (<i>on dit</i>)	
demain	de-mane	père	pater (patre)
moins	minus	mère	mater (matre)
derrière	de retro	frère	frater (fratre)
assez	ad satis	sœur	soror
ainsi	in-sic	paysan and païen	paganus
aucun	aliquis-unus	âme	animus
maire	major	âne	asinus
lire	legere	jour	diurnum
faire	facere	hui	hodie (hoc-die)
taire	tacere	demoiselle	dominicella
bonnement	bona mente	sire, sieur and seigneur	senior
vraiment	vera mente	larme	lachryma
angoisse	angustiae	serment	sacramentum
quittance	quietantia	chaîne	catena
dorénavant	de hora in ab-ante	pré	pratum
désormais	de ista hora magis	fee	fatum
comme	quomodo	il }	} il-le
faible	flexibilis	le }	
rèpit	respectus		

No one need be surprised at the metamorphosis effected in words through phonetic decay or corruption by abbreviation who calls to mind that mea domina is the parent of madonna, madame, madam, m'am, and 'm (as in "yes'm").

In the spoken language it is generally admitted that the second of two short syllables was rapidly passed over, so that opera would be sounded pretty much as opra, miseria as misria, exierat as exirat, lachryma as larma; or, instead of

the clear enunciation of each vowel sound, a slurring of vowels would take place, giving to mulier a pronunciation like mul-yer; arietis, ar-yetis; consilium, consil-yum; restituere, restit-were.

The dropping of the final *s* was usual, as Cicero and Quintilian testify; and the final *m*, which is always lost in the Romance tongues, was constantly disguised also in Latin. Ita enim loquebamur, Qui est *omnibu'* princeps; non, *omnibus* princeps; et vita illa *dignu'* locoque; non, *dignus*. Cicero, *Orator*, c. 48. But it must be noted that elision often destroys the initial vowel of the following word instead of the final one of the preceding, as majusculast, responsumst (Terence), for majuscula est, responsum est.

The words *tibi*, *sibi*, *ubi*, *ibi*, when found in their corrupted forms as French derivatives, have become *toi*, *soi*, *où*, *y*. In each the labial *b* has been lost, which leads us to infer that they were colloquially pronounced as monosyllables. So *abi*, *redi*, *jube*, *quidem*, are pronounced in Terence as monosyllables, the *b* or *d* being suppressed or disguised.

The following instances will show how far the abbreviations of colloquial Latin, as inferred from the attempts to bring the redundant syllables of Terentian verse within definite metrical limits, chime in with the word-forms of the languages which have grown out of the Latin:—

Hoc pater ac dominus interest; hoc qui nequit
Adelph I, 1, 51.

Natura tu illi pater es, consiliis ego.
Adelph I, 2, 46.

Labascit; unum hoc habeo: vide, si satis placet.
Adelph II, 2, 31.

Donaldson says that the lines should be read thus, as trimeter Iambics:—

Hoc pere | ac don | nus in | terest | : hoc qui | nequit.

Natu | ra tu |

lui
gli

 pere | es con | sigl is | ego

Labas | cit: un' | hoc hab | yo: ve' | si sat | placet.

In these both French and Italian forms are to be recognized—père, lui, ve' (voi, voila, v'la); donno, gli, consiglio.

Δ



TWO SONNETS.

I.

Where is Thy dwelling place, Oh God, Most High ?
 Behold, thick darkness is around Thy throne ;
 Do our prayers reach to Thee within that zone ?
 Was it, indeed, Thy voice that badest " Cry,
 " And I will help ? " Have they not cried in vain,
 The thousand mothers weeping o'er their dead ?
 On myriad battle-fields are heaped their slain,
 And in the city lie their famishèd.
 Yet Thee they loved, and trusted, many a one,
 And prayed with fervour, wrought of deadly fear.
 Their shrieks and wails Thou didst not seem to hear,—
 The evil still was wrought, the deeds were done,
 That fill our souls with horror ; and we cry
 To Heaven, that seems as brass above us,—" Why ? "

II.

When in the tumult of our souls we seek
 To pierce the mystery of human life,
 We cannot hear the whisper that would speak
 Peace to these souls, and stillness of the strife.
 But hushed and reverently silent, then
 We think, with gladdened hearts, Oh Christ, of Thee,—
 Godlike, when not a God, and first of men,
 If not a man. Thou standest on Time's sea,
 Thy hand upon Thy Father's throne, Thine eyes
 Upon earth's many millions, grand, serene,
 Knowing the meaning of all mysteries,
 Seeing alike what shall be, and has been,—
 O'er human discords towering high above ;
 As Thou art, so is God, and Thou art Love.

W. G.

Graham's Town, March, 1871.

TEN YEARS NORTH OF THE ORANGE RIVER.*

THE author of this book is not unknown in Cape Town. He is one of the band of young missionaries, who left England in 1858 to carry the light of civilization and Christianity into the regions which the courage and perseverance of Dr. Livingstone had successfully explored. As Mr. Mackenzie well puts it in the introduction to his book:—"While the public admired the patience and indomitable perseverance of this Christian missionary and explorer, it was felt on all hands that his discoveries widened the range of our sympathies and of our responsibilities. Christian churches took for their text a sentiment uttered by Dr. Livingstone, 'The end of the geographical feat is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise.'" During the short residence of the missionary party in Cape Town, previous to their departure for the Interior, Mr. Mackenzie produced a most favourable impression on those who met him. It was felt at once that he was the very man for a missionary to a new country and a barbarous people. Calm in temperament, strong in body and mind, careful in observation, and slow in conclusion, with no extravagant expectations of brilliant success, yet full of intense conviction of the ultimate triumph of the Gospel over every hindrance,—one felt that he was the right man to commence a mission, which was sure to meet with no ordinary difficulties, and of which the results might not be apparent for many years.

After ten years of toil, Mr. Mackenzie accepted, in 1869, the invitation of the Directors of the London Missionary Society to visit England, and spend a year or two in endeavouring to stimulate the zeal of British Christians in the missionary enterprise. In the intervals of leisure, he has compiled the volume which is now before us. And a right good book it is,—written in strong vigorous English, with good taste and judgment, full of interesting incidents and sketches, with frequent scintillations of a humour that Sidney Smith pretended he could never discover in a Scotchman, and giving evidence throughout of that deep and sustaining faith in the power of Christianity, which is the only rational explanation of the missionary's life.

We do not, however, mean to say much about the book.

"Ten Years North of the Orange River: A Story of Every-day Life and Work among the South African Tribes, from 1859 to 1869. By John Mackenzie, of the London Missionary Society. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.—1871."

We would rather let the writer speak for himself. Our extracts do not pretend to keep up, in any way, the continuity of the narrative. We shall, first of all, let Mr Mackenzie describe the feelings and thoughts with which he entered upon his work :—

As for ourselves, the life which we had chosen had begun to open up before us. The past with its crowding memories did not on the whole lead us to despond as to the future. The class-room had been now exchanged for the pulpit; drill and review for actual warfare. And if a young man is enthusiastic on the reception of an appointment, which in a certain number of years will enable him to enjoy independence, so were we all enthusiastic about our appointment to the work of evangelist. Our office and our work linked us to historical Christianity. In God's providence, His gospel was to be introduced into certain Pagan regions by us. Those who in one age had been martyred, and in another canonized, at first persecuted, and afterwards endowed with lands and with titles, were our historical predecessors in this great work. Above all, in our quiet moments, when our minds were calmed and our souls hushed, a Presence stole upon us, and a Voice addressed us. They seemed as of One who had appeared in Palestine, and who spoke to us through the long ages of the past; but anon His words thrilled our hearts as fresh and real utterances of the present: "Preach the gospel to every creature; lo, I am with you alway. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

Here is a bit of country experience, the truth and quiet humour of which all will recognize and enjoy :—

In Dutch families it is customary for the young people to be publicly received (*aangenomen*) into the Church before marriage. So far as I can understand, the course to matrimony runs very smoothly and with great regularity in those regions. The volcanoes of feeling, the black depths of despair, the wasting away of man or woman disappointed or neglected in love, are things beyond the conception of the young men and maidens of South Africa. They are firm believers in the adage that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." And as to remaining unmarried, on any account, the thing is unknown, from the sea-coast to the most inland Dutch district. Young Dutchmen get wives with the same regularity as they get their wisdom-teeth; and they usually have the former, with several children, before the latter make their appearance. After the consent of old and young has been obtained, there is still, however, one obstacle between the youth and the consummation of his domestic happiness. It would not be "the correct thing" to marry before being "*aangenomen*," and in order to this he must pass an examination before the predikant or minister. It will be readily perceived that motives of a mingled character stimulate the youthful mind to diligence at this interesting and critical period of his life. The ordeal itself, indeed, is one which very small boys at a Scottish parish school would think lightly of. But our South African candidate for church-fellowship and for matrimony looks upon this examination as a great bugbear. Sometimes, indeed, candidates are rejected, which one would think must be very trying to the young lady who has not been won, and to the thick-headed young man himself, who, perhaps, too often saw wandering over the pages of his catechism his betrothed in bridal array, followed by the flock of sheep which was to be her dowry.

Our next extract will be read with interest by those who believe in the mission work, and know how to estimate at their true value the sneers which are just now so fashionable in some quarters, at every effort that seems to recognize the social and intellectual possibilities of the coloured races, and the intrinsic worth of human souls. The author was standing at the door of a Bechuana church, watching the retiring congregation one Sunday morning, and thinking of the changes which a few years had brought about in the life of the Bechuanas, when, he says:—

My meditations were interrupted by the approach of an English trader, whose lumbering wagon had just unyoked in the quiet village. After the usual salutations, and following my eye, which was still upon the retreating people, Mr. — remarked—

“I’m afraid this is slow work, Mr. Mackenzie.”

“Well, in one sense, you are quite right,” I replied. “The history of our native land leads us to expect that.” Glancing at his handsome face, and the beard which he was then caressing, I added, “Say that you and I are near to perfection, ‘finished specimens’ of what civilization and refinement, as well as religion, can accomplish, we must remember two things: that ‘good people’ are still proverbially scarce in our own country, and that it has taken a long time to bring humanity to the elevated position which Englishmen occupy! But, come; how long will you give these people, through Christianity, and the commingling of races, and the aid of peaceful commerce, with, perhaps, the sterner discipline of war,—how long will you give these Bechuanas of the discipline by which the Almighty educates nations, before they will produce our equals?”

“But will they not die out in the process?”

“Not they. During the first shock of the revolution in their habits there may be many lives lost. But these people are not like the Red Indians: they will change with changing times, and live.”

“Well, they might get on, perhaps,” replied my companion, “were it not for their colour and ungainly features.”

“They will get on in spite of the colour. They are sharp enough, as every one knows who has been in the country. And who knows the future colour of South Africans? Even at present you are aware that many of our fellow-countrymen, whatever they may say in English society to the contrary, do not find colour so very repulsive. And we have not yet fairly tried the effect of shelter from the weather, with good food, industrious habits, and a pure Christian heart, upon even the features of the people.”

“Well, sir, you are very sanguine,” said my friend, bidding me good-evening.

“God is merciful, and the ages are long,” I replied, as we parted.

The following sketch of the mission-station at Kuruman, so long the home of the venerable Moffat, will be read with much interest. It strikes us as being a capital specimen of descriptive writing:—

The present station was not commenced till 1824. A tract of about two miles of the country was bought by the missionaries from Mothibe, and paid for with articles which Mr. Moffat had brought from Cape Town. Here were raised a large and substantial church, and two good

dwelling-houses, all of stone. I am about to speak of the higher moral and spiritual structure which has been reared in this district; but having myself made some acquaintance with the house-builder's tools in Africa, I feel bound to mention with respect the solid stone walls and the well-constructed roof of the Kuruman church. The station was laid out by Mr. Moffat, who to his services as land-surveyor and architect added with equal diligence the humbler but no less necessary and arduous callings of quarrier of stones and hewer of timber for the church. The walls were built by well-qualified stone-masons, Millen and Hume. The roof was the work of the Rev. R. Edwards, for more than ten years connected with the Kuruman mission, afterwards resident at one of the stations broken up by the Dutchmen of the Transvaal, and now missionary at Port Elizabeth. These buildings were completed in 1839. The Kuruman station is one of those "marks" in the country which would remain to testify to the skill and power as well as Christian perseverance of its founders, were the white men all expelled from the country, and driven back into the sea, according to the dreams of Kafir soothsayers. Let us hope that as long as it stands it shall ever be the house of God, supplied amid the fluctuations of African society by devout men for its ministers, and filled with humble and earnest Christian worshippers.

I found that most of the people living at Kuruman have considerable knowledge of agriculture and the ordinary management of a garden. The hoe has largely given place to the plough, and in such cases the work of the garden ceases to belong to the women, and is performed by the men. Here are the best-kept native gardens in Bechuanaland; but even here the "straight line" in fence and furrow is not always what it ought to be. As the land at this station belongs to the Missionary Society, the apportionment of the gardens rests with the missionaries, and is perhaps not the most pleasant of their offices. It is required that the occupant be a well-conducted man, and the "husband of one wife." These irrigable gardens at Kuruman are, however, comparatively few in number and limited in extent; and the country being unfavourable to cattle, great distress frequently prevails. The game has been long since killed or driven to a distance, and it is only the most skilful and persevering huntsman who, after hours of stalking, succeeds in bringing home a steen-buck, a duiker, or a spring-buck. In times of scarcity the women and children spend hours every day in digging up, drying in the sun, and grinding into coarse flour the root of the motlopi-tree, of which they make porridge. This root is also extensively used by the frontier colonists as coffee. The berries of the moretwa bushes are also very welcome when their season comes round. Should disease or accident put an end to one of your cattle, it is soon surrounded by hungry claimants, to whom it is very welcome. The constant uncertainty of obtaining a supply of the necessities of life would seem to have impressed itself on the mind and language and features of the people. In districts often visited by scarcity, there is a certain restless, anxious, greedy expression to be observed on the people's faces. And just as the energetic and enterprising Englishman says, "How do you do?" as a form of salutation, the Bechuanas, who in times of scarcity are in the habit of cooking a little food during the silence of the night, lest their neighbours should beg from them—make it their first question when they meet on the street next day,—"*Lo yang?*"—"What are you eating?" "Nothing whatever" is the conventional answer. This has passed into daily use as a mere form of greeting, and is used in times of plenty as well as scarcity. It is evident that missionaries labouring in such districts have

much to discourage them in connection with the outward circumstances of the people. "What's the use o' speakin' about releegeion when there's nae meal in the house?" demanded an eccentric character in the North, of some one who had been proffering ghostly counsel. And sometimes the missionary in South Bechuanaland would as soon give some of his people a dinner as a sermon—if it were possible to do so.

And equal in graphic power, and thoroughly worth transcribing, both for its high tone of thought and as an exhibition of that combined moderateness of expectation and cheerfulness of hope in relation to missionary effort of which we have already spoken, is the following passage:

If you wish to see Kuruman to advantage, you must come to church on Sunday morning. I do not mean to the prayer-meeting at sunrise, but during the hour before service, when the people assemble in groups outside the church, in the grateful shade of the syringa trees. Some read the Scriptures; others are going over the spelling-book; acquaintances are greeting each other; while occasional strangers from the interior stand in the background in their karosses, and gaze with mute wonder on the scene. Inside the church and school-room the children are singing hymns and listening to the instructions of their teachers. You see many people who are respectably dressed. Most of the men belonging to the station wear European clothing; the trowsers, however, are frequently of skin, tanned and made by themselves. The Bechuanas are skilful in patching; and one sees coats and gowns of many colours, and wide-awake hats so operated upon that you cannot well describe either their shape or colour. Most of the women wear a handkerchief (or two) tied tightly round the head; and it is counted rather elegant to have one coloured, while the other is black silk. Ladies' hats were patronized by a few; and there seemed to be a division of opinion as to whether the hat ought to be worn on the bare head or over a handkerchief rather ingeniously folded so as to imitate long hair in a net. Shoes are now neatly enough made, somewhat after the fashion of the "brogues" in Scotland; but stockings are regarded as equally superfluous with gloves. You observe that a good many have brought with them a pretty large bag, while some also carry a chair on their shoulder. The bag contains the Sechuana Bible, which is in three volumes, and the hymn-book, which, here as elsewhere, is a great favourite. The chairs are brought chiefly by the aristocracy of the village, the reason being, as you see on entering the church, that the congregation sit on benches or forms without backs, which is not the most comfortable position in which to hear a sermon. The bell rings for service, and the people hasten into the church. The mothers who have little children remain on forms near the doors, so that in case of a squall they can readily make their exit.

The minister of the day ascends the pulpit; and as the London Missionary Society is a very "broad" institution, and takes no notice whatever of clerical dress and appointments, black cloth seldom extended farther than the coat; while pulpit-gowns and bands, and even white neckties, were nowhere; and it was not unusual for one of the ministers to make his appearance in smoking-cap and wrought slippers! The cap was off in church, and the slippers were not seen in the pulpit; and when both were seen outside, instead of shocking any of the congregation, they seemed to be much admired. The singing at Kuruman in 1859 was equalled only by that of a Dutch frontier

congregation. The latter would bear off the palm on account of the strength of the voices and lungs of the Dutch people. Every one seemed to me to improvise a tune as he went on, only looking out that he was not more than two notes behind or before the rest. The leader always stopped a note or two before the end of a verse, apparently to take breath, and before all had finished struck up a new one. The effect was wonderful, although difficult to describe. But at Kuruman a great improvement took place in the singing in a very short time. Lessons in church psalmody were given by the Misses Moffat, assisted by an excellent harmonium, kindly sent out for the use of the station by some Christian ladies in London. The singing is now as good as in an English or Scotch village church. Many of the Bechuanas showed themselves possessed of a fine musical ear, although in this respect they are perhaps excelled by the Griquas and Hottentots. Instead of thumping the dusty earth the whole weary night long, to a monotonous recitative, as in the olden time, the villagers in South Bechuanaland now collect in little parties round a neighbour's fire, and sing hymn after hymn till a late hour. At present all music is sacred among the Bechuanas; the love ditty and the comic song are unknown; and several song airs are used in public worship, being known to the people only as psalm-tunes. Thus "Jock o' Hazeldean," usually sung at a marriage service, suggests nothing of elopement or letting the "tear down fa'" for an absent lover; but all its associations in Bechuanaland are connected with a match approved by the parents and ratified by the church.

The service now proceeds with the reading and exposition of Scripture, succeeded by solemn prayer. A sermon or lecture follows, in which the preacher strives to reproduce some incident in the sacred narrative,—some parable or doctrine, so as to impress its lesson on the minds of his audience. In 1859 there were three such services at Kuruman on the Sunday—the evening one being attended chiefly by the cattle-herds, bird-frighteners at the gardens, and others who were prevented from coming to church during the day. The church was lighted with tallow candles, one of which was on each side of the reading-desk, and in the middle of the church a chandelier was suspended from the roof. An hour-glass is beside the snuffers in the pulpit—articles not usually found in pulpits now-a-days. There is an officer for the general snuffing of candles, who operates several times during the service. In the course of the week there is one public evening service conducted by one of the missionaries, and another entirely in the hands of the natives.

In speaking of the religious attainments of the Christian Bechuanas, their former manner of life must never be forgotten, if we would do justice to the people and to their spiritual instructors. Their present condition must be studied in connection with their past history. It is not to be expected that a loquacious, news-telling people, unaccustomed to solitude and to consecutive thought or study, should on their conversion to Christianity become at once remarkable for their elevated spirituality, and for delighting in protracted seasons of prayer, meditation, and communion with God. Godliness is the highest state of being on earth. He was godly who sang of "Holy Light" in *Paradise Lost*, and he who in our own time meekly and trustfully pleads—

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on."

This Light is kindly, and it is very lovely; but it is bright, and man's spiritual eye is weak. But if not attaining, so far as I have known, to

a life of closely-sustained spiritual meditation, the minds of many are deeply impressed with the truths of religion. If not godly in the highest sense, they are sincerely religious.

Of course there is something about diamonds, but not much. The mode of procedure in searching for them, and the rapid growth of the canvas towns, with their varied signs of "civilization," are briefly described. The following passage bears on a question that is just now exciting considerable public interest :

Of course there is a dispute about the ownership of the country. The Korannas and the Bechuanas, the Griquas under Waterboer, the Free State under President Brand, and the Transvaal under President Pretorius, all lay claim to the district. The diggers do not care much about the politics of the country, provided they get the diamonds. But the general feeling seemed to be that England would extend the northern boundary of the colony.

As to the part of the country north of the Vaal, and near to Likatlong, Jantje, the chief, undertakes to prove that it belongs to him, and that the other inhabitants asked and obtained his permission to occupy their present position. We shall see what the event will be with reference to this now valuable tract of country—whether an upright Christian chief like Jantje, of Likatlong, whose past career is without a single blot, whether judged by his English or by his Dutch neighbours, will be quietly ignored on account of the smallness of his tribe, by whatever government eventually assumes sway over this district, or whether the fact of his ownership or former occupancy of the country will be recognized. To say that he shall retain it and rule over it would be to talk nonsense; to say that because he is too weak to compel recognition he shall receive none in any form, would be dishonourable in the extreme. Jantje himself some time ago addressed the Governor at the Cape on the subject, and there is no doubt of his preference that the government of the country should be assumed by England. Let, then, this man's rights of property be recognized in some appropriate way; let private property in land and fountains be respected throughout the district; let English justice be administered at the expense of the district by qualified English magistrates; and then let the meeting of the races go on, and their settling down together in the same country. Another hundred years' growth in Christianity and civilization before the rush of Europeans took place would have made these Bechuanas capable of occupying a higher position than they can do at present—only one generation removed from the sleep of Paganism. But if they cannot occupy high and distinguished posts where the races commingle, they must just do that of which they are capable. It is at least gratifying to find that they can abide the shock of this social revolution.

Perhaps the most painfully interesting portion of the book is that which gives the account of the fever-stricken missionary party at Linyanti. Many of our readers will remember the deep sympathy with which the tragic tidings of death upon death by fever, with the accessories of almost helpless loneliness in a barbarous country, and the dark suspicion of

poisoned food and drink, were received in Cape Town. Rumours of the disaster had reached Mr. Mackenzie on more than one occasion as he met parties of the natives, but on carefully balancing the probabilities he rejected them as false, and set them down to interested motives on the part of the Makololo and their chiefs. But it was all too true. Mr. Price, the sole adult survivor of the party, at length met his brother missionary, and communicated to him the sad story in all its painful details. After alluding to, and rejecting, the suspicion that the Makololo Chief had poisoned the beef and beer which were sent to the missionaries, and giving his opinion that "the fatigue of preaching in the open air, the unhealthy atmosphere of the town, with rank vegetation all around, and a hot sun overhead, were abundantly sufficient to produce African fever," Mr. Mackenzie says,—and surely seldom has so tragic a story been more touchingly told:—

The scene at the camp was now heart-rending. Four sick children, guarded by a sick and enfeebled mother, lay in one place, their sick father at a little distance. "The Bechuana men were lying about," as one of them afterwards said in describing the scene to me, "like logs of wood,"—one here and another there, rolled in their blanket or kaross, utterly prostrated by fever, unable to help themselves, and some of them in a deep stupor. The only ray of hope in the picture was that Mr. and Mrs. Price, although suffering severely, were never both ill at once. Either the one or the other was able to wait upon the sick and the helpless. Mr. Price for some time cooked food for the whole party, servants included. On the 2nd of March, just seventeen days after their arrival, the first death took place. It was not a European who was first carried away by the deadly influences by which all were surrounded,—not even one of the tender children, but Malatsi, the tallest, and, perhaps, the strongest of the Bechuana servants, and who had been driver of Mr. Price's wagon. Five days after this, as Mr. Price was going his rounds among his helpless and often unconscious companions, he found, on touching a little face among the four children, beside whom Mrs. Helmore lay, that the cold hand of death had been there before him. It was the face of little Henry Helmore—the first of the children who died. Mr. Price removed the dead from among the living, and placed the little body in the adjoining tent. His father was conscious, and on learning what had taken place, requested that Henry's mother might be spared the knowledge of this bereavement until the morning. But this thoughtfulness was not necessary, for the mother herself was then quite unconscious of all that was passing around her. Henry Helmore was buried by Mr. Price on the day after his death, the 8th of March; his own infant daughter, Eliza, died on the 9th in the arms of its mother, while Mr. Price lay in a wet sheet, endeavouring to get rid of an attack of fever. On the 11th, Selina Helmore followed her brother; and next day the guardian mother, wasted by disease and privation, unable any longer to smooth the pillow or cool the parched lips of her children, was released from her long watching; and heaven, sweet to all who enter it, was surely heaven twice told to Anne Helmore. She had striven long and hard; she could strive no more. In her last conscious moments she said to her husband, "she had no wish to

live; she desired to go home to Jesus." In the wanderings of her fevered brain, she had again seen the parched wilderness, and heard her little ones calling to her for water; and once more she fancied she was denying herself everything for the sake of those she loved. In her dreams she recalled the crossing of broad rivers, and the standing of strangers on the distant bank. Her mother's heart could not forget distant loved ones in those half-conscious days and nights. She dreamt of her home as it had been in Africa—of the new home she had hoped to see established on the Zambese; and in the midst of such dreamings and troubled feverish musings, her trustful and enduring spirit passed into the light and joy of the true home of heaven. We can surely say of Mrs. Helmore, as of the little ones whom she followed, and for whose sake she endured so much, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

We could very easily multiply extracts from this most interesting volume, illustrating the patience, endurance, hopefulness of the missionary amidst all discouragements. But our space is exhausted, and we are sure that the extracts already given will send many readers to the book itself. The spirit of the true missionary, the bold and intrepid traveller, the hopeful earnest philanthropist, breathes throughout the volume. An interesting appendix contains notices of the antiquities and traditions of the races of Southern Africa, and of the effect of the contact of Europeans with the native races. We cannot say much for the lithographic illustrations, which are poor and commonplace. They might very well have been omitted, for the real pictures are in the pages of the book, not between them.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE visitors who favour the world with their criticisms on the Cape pay a tribute of almost unqualified praise to the South African Public Library.

The noble rooms, the large, valuable, and unique collection of books and MSS., the unrestricted privilege of admission, the charming seclusion of its site, are dwelt upon with appreciative words; yet it is not unusual to find the residents in Cape Town and vicinity either ignorant of or slow to acknowledge their privileges.

Among the subscribers, you will look in vain for the names of many who move in the higher sphere of Cape society, and of many who are reputed wealthy, and spend large incomes; and it is an interesting study to the moral

anatomist to get at the so-called reasons why. He of the *haut ton* grumbles that such a library has only *one* copy of *Lothair*; why should so distinguished a personage as he be kept waiting a week or two until those subscribers, who had the forethought to put their names down on the list, have read it, in turn? He of the shop finds the institution too far from the busy haunts of men. He of the tightly-drawn purse—and his name is Legion—wants no books to read; and why should he maintain a reading-room for the gratification of other people?

But there are grievances of another type. The dry, hard, philosophic student wonders why the tables and shelves are encumbered with the ephemeral three-volumed novels and the light sensational periodicals. The exquisite *dilettanti* say that they can never get the book which they particularly want; it is in *circulation*; and therefore, say they, the Public Library should be one of reference only. As these objectors never come to *read* or to *refer*, it is difficult to see what they mean.

It is thus that the working element in this world is badgered by its "natural enemies," the critics and grievance-mongers. I am not anxious to reply to objectors. I should suppose that all readers, and even the miscellaneous feeders, must allow that there is no stint of the ingredients of a satisfying *olla podrida*, if they have summed up the supply, which is the latest to hand, received at the Public Library in February. There were thirty-four periodicals (including quarterlies, monthlies, and *ten* professional and scientific journals), besides forty-two volumes of new works, heavy, medium, and light. The large and regular supply of periodicals and standard works, monthly, seldom numbers less than sixty.

But it may be worth while, just before the annual meeting of the subscribers, to say a few words about the past history, and to project a hint or two about the future conduct of the Library.

The Public Library of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope was established under a Government Proclamation of 20th March, 1818, and was opened to the public in 1822. The circulation of the books dates from 1829, when, owing to the repeal of the wine tax, by which a regular revenue had been provided for the maintenance of the institution, the Library became dependent on voluntary periodical subscriptions. This change in its sources of support led to the abolition of the office of trustees of the Library, by Ordinance No. 71, 1830, and to the vesting of the management in a

committee to be elected annually by the subscribers, as defined, with other regulations and provisions in Ordinance No. 8, 1836, which is still in force.

From that date—until in 1862, when a Parliamentary grant of £600 per annum was voted for the Library—the very existence of the institution depended on subscriptions, and therefore on its circulation of books among the subscribers. It may be presumed that few, if any, would have subscribed towards the general maintenance of a library, in which they enjoyed no privilege whatever beyond that secured by law to all respectable persons, viz., free access to and the use of the books, charts, and other publications.

The Ordinance of 1836 provides for the custody of the collections which form a Library of Reference, and for the enlargement of it from time to time; and the Committee is prohibited from putting into circulation any books, maps, or works, which shall have been classed as belonging to this Library of Reference.

It is quite clear that the framer of this Ordinance looked upon the formation of a Library of Reference as the end and aim of the legislation, and that the circulating element was an accretion foreign to the institution, but necessary as a source of revenue; but now that the liberal views of the Legislature have relieved the committee of management, to a great extent, from dependence on the caprice and the purses of the subscribers, it is fairly urged that the attention of the managers ought to be chiefly directed to the withdrawal from general circulation of all those standard works which are usually considered as indispensable to the formation of a depository of literature and science, and to the acquisition of such other valuable materials as the men of letters, of science, and of professional pursuits, expect to be able to refer to, at a moment's notice.

I have already said that there are collections, such as the Dessinian, the Porter, the Grey, which are not allowed to circulate; and the Ordinance, § 11, expressly provides that the committee shall have the power of placing *any other books, maps, or works*, in the said Library of Reference provisionally, until the next general meeting of the subscribers, who shall at such meeting decide whether the same shall be finally placed in the Library of Reference or not. An unmistakable line can therefore be drawn, if the subscribers are willing, between the collections for reference and that for circulation.

The most convenient course would be to test the opinion of the subscribers and of the public generally on these

questions : whether the Library shall continue to be conducted as at present? *or*, whether the Circulating Department ought to be separated from the Library, and conducted in a room apart, which would not be a reading-room, but simply a repository of the light literature and magazines, where a clerk would be in attendance to execute the wishes of subscribers sending for books? *or*, lastly, whether the institution, which is *par excellence* the Library of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, ought not to be altogether a library of record and reference?

The circumstances of Cape Town, as regards the periodical supply of books and magazines, are now so changed, and the number of readers is so largely increased, that it may be safely left to private enterprise to provide a circulating library. Almost every family of respectability and intelligence receives its own monthly budget of *London News* or other illustrated papers, *Good Words*, *Chambers's Journal*, &c., and there are reading-rooms connected with the Commercial Exchange, the Institute in Burg-street, the Young Men's Christian Association, and other institutions. Several circulating libraries, on a somewhat limited scale, are also in full operation.

It is not easy to forecast the verdict of public opinion on this subject. There are not a few whose sympathies are with the Library as it is worked at present; our obstinate conservatism peeps out on many occasions; but the timidity of these non-reformers may be assuaged when they come to realize that out of the £300 per annum spent for book supply, the greater part of the outlay is to keep up the circulating department, and that this portion of the annual additions to the Library is of little or no permanent value. The side-rooms are encumbered with heaps of periodicals, waiting to be bound and to be placed on the shelves, whenever the golden day shall come that there is money to pay for the binding and the shelves; and some of the principal bays or compartments are also full of old novels, which it would be a kindness to sell as waste paper on the Parade. We can enjoy a racy novel; but who spends 3ls. 6d. to encumber his own book-case with three volumes, which read to-day have no value to-morrow?

And supposing that half the subscriptions were withdrawn on the stoppage of the circulation of books, the Committee would still have more to spend on standard works than they have now; besides this, the receiving and giving out books occupy at present the whole time of at least one officer of the institution.

I am inclined to give great credit, for the economical working of the *mixed* library, to the present staff of officers, which is ridiculously small, compared with the regiment of officials at the Melbourne Library; but the present time seems favourable to the solution of the questions which have been put forward; and I venture to hope that the Public Library of this Colony will not be looked upon much longer as a means of circulating ephemeral literature among the local residents, but will become more and more a receptacle of all that is worth keeping in literature, science, and art, and will be to the Colony what the Library of the British Museum is to Great Britain.

The re-organization of the Library and the formation of an Art Gallery may fitly go together. An addition to the present buildings, which offer insufficient accommodation even for the Library as it is, should contain at least two large and well-proportioned rooms; the upper for the proposed Gallery of Art, and the lower for the detached Circulating Department; or, if that be discontinued, for the more convenient reception and exhibition of the many works which are either inaccessible or not placed at all on the shelves.

△

FROM GRAHAM'S TOWN TO THE GOUPH.

BY DR. W. G. ATHERSTONE, F.G.S.

CHAP. I.—THE START.

“Come wander with me,” she said,
 “Into regions yet untrod,
 And read what is yet *unread*
 In the manuscripts of God.”
 So I wandered away, and away,
 With Nature, the dear old nurse!
 And she sang to me night and day
 The rhymes of the universe;
 And whenever the way grew long,
 Or my heart began to fail,
 She would sing me some wonderful song,
 Or tell me some marvellous tale.—

THE sounds were still ringing in my sleeping ears when I was abruptly aroused from a golden dream of the “Gouph” by the rattling of wheels and the clattering of hoofs. Jumping up, I ran to the open window. Yes, by Jove! there stood

the passenger cart at the gate, and the lazy alarum, with its solemn, sneering "tick, tack! ha! ha!" seemed to laugh at my comical appearance and futile rage at the idea of keeping all the passengers waiting there in the street! I felt *savage*,—I did, and inclined to knock the beast down; but there was no time to calculate what good would come of it; so jumping right out of my dream into my garments—*more medico* (when the nocturnal message is, "Please, sir, missus says she is dying again") I flung my carpet-bag over my shoulder, and with hammer and collar and other minor appurtenances of dress in the other hand, ran up the garden to the cart, apologizing for my "undress" appearance and delay. The only reply, as I leapt in after my bag, was a loud scream of derision from the bedroom alarum—The *wretch!* wouldn't I have made him "*go off*" with a vengeance, had I been near him! But his cry was drowned by the plunge and bound of four prancing steeds, impatient of delay; and off we shot in the gray dawn through the echoing streets, galloping—aye, truly, galloping—to make up for lost time, as I then thought, but more probably from the comparative lightness of the vehicle; for I found on looking round that I was the only passenger! The deserted Drostdy and Government-house, dreary and desolate—Prince Alfred's street, with its rows of neglected oaks—the mouldering Cape Corps Barracks, and long lines of embryo trees rush by us panorama-like. As we ascend the hill and look back on the sleeping city—beautiful—oh! how beautiful even in sleep;—prettier far thus in the early dawn than in glare of shadowless noon, when the spirit of *gain* stalks abroad, urging men to and fro in hot haste, with ceaseless toil, and the worry and dust of tired oxen. *Now* she lies sleeping calmly in the pure balmy air of the morning; her mile (or, perhaps, *two*) of white houses, with blue-gums and oaks interwoven, and fir trees, and terraced gardens, and grass lawns for croquet, and suburbs of native locations—Kafir, Fingo, and Hottentot—fully a mile of them, each with its acre of corn land and primitive hut, save here and there where *Cape brandy*,* dissolving the title-deeds, builds up instead some walled house of a winkler.

Fairest City of Settlers—stout pioneers of South Africa—how clean and neat, and essentially English in aspect—embosomed in trees—a city of gardens and churches; but where is the *spire*?—that soul of an English village. Ask

* Many of the natives have sold their erven and drunk them out, and English traders, &c., have bought and built on them.

Alfred, the Prince of the greatest (and quietest) nation of earth—the nation of shopkeepers. HE, too, remarked the anomaly when gazing from this self-same ledge some dozen (?) years ago. “Pretty—*exceedingly* pretty; but where,” asked Prince Alfred,—“where is the spire?—that finishing touch to an English landscape.”

The next day, in pomp and great splendour, was laid the foundation-stone by England's young Prince; but the spire! the *spire!* is still wanting to the quaint old Church of St. George, our honorary cathedral still religiously kept *en deshabille*, a fitting memento of early Settler architecture,—*sans* spire, *sans* bells, *sans* clock, *sans* everything, in fact, save a Bishop and *Dean*, and this *chapter* to commemorate it! But *such* a Dean!—giving life, energy, and character to its whole interior fabric;—*inside* every inch a cathedral, as *he* every inch is a Dean,—albeit, *externally* somewhat quaint and eccentric, like a gem of first water in queer, uncouth setting,—a Koh-i-noor, possibly, but sadly wanting re-cutting (I mean the cathedral, of course, not the Dean). The stalls, and the candles, and fixings, and—— Here the cart took a lurch and swept round the rock ledge rapidly, shutting out Dean and cathedral and sleeping metropolis, just as I fancied I saw gliding up the green valley of Belmont the thin faint line of smoke, and could *almost* hear the throb of the panting engine on its way from the Kowie through Oatlands up to the Diamond-fields. Over we roll, past “Waainek” and toll, into the Poort yclept “Howison's,” with its three huge flexures of sandstone, called “Old Red,” or else carboniferous,—uncertain as yet; for the fossils tell one tale and the physical aspect another,—uncommonly like in appearance to the “Old Red” of England, although the small seam of coal and the fossils found in the Graham's Town quarries and elsewhere indicate *genuine* coal strata. * * * Did you feel that cool current of air as we swept over “Waainek,”* the syphon which drains off the sea breezes, laden with “ozone,” from the lower plains, and pours them over the city? like your own Cape south-easter, dear reader, and at nearly the same level, too, as the lower edge of the “Table-cloth;” but *yours*, in a furious rage, blows off all impurities, wilfully accumulated, and hurls coarse gravel and brickbats at the heads of delinquent town councillors. *Ours*, with more

* “Windy Gap.”—The difference of level and temperature of the Graham's Town valley and that of Howison's Poort causes this diurnal current over the connecting neck.

gentleness, simply dilutes their foul odours, and renders them harmless. Now we glide over Waainek into the Poort, catching a passing glimpse of the distant hills of Albany and the Kowie bush,—still the haunt of the buffalo—and Fern Kloof, and Amos's, filled with botanical treasures and tall timber trees, close to the city.

"Wool-wagon!" shrieks a small voice from the empty cart, so close to me as almost to suggest ventriloquism,—a veritable passenger, nevertheless, or the fraction of one,—probably overlooked as a bundle—asleep in a corner when I got in. "*Wool-wagon!*" shouted the terrified youngster, just as we were being jammed between wool bales and the steep bank round the corner! Wonderful things, these same wool-wagons, with their ten or twelve thousand weight, and sixteen huge oxen, crushing and grinding the roads into powder or mud, whilst their owners are grumbling at Road Boards for letting them do so! Each mountain pass should have its own weighing-machine, every wagon that passes over which should pay a toll according to weight. There is scarcely a road in the Eastern Province where two of these wool-wagons could pass without risk of accident. Fortunately, all go the same way,—to the market or port of shipment.

In the second synclinal axis, or trough, in the quartzose sandstone by the roadside is a clear, sparkling spring, never varying, where my old friend Bain, who discovered it in cutting the road through the Poort, had a fountain or basin cut out in the solid rock, and chained to it a large iron ladle for travellers' use. Alas! the first war proved that ladles were useful for other purposes than drinking. It soon disappeared; but the fountain still bubbles out "*Fons Bainii*," lisping and gurgling,—the coolest, purest, brightest of rock-filtered waters.

Once through the Poort, we drove over the bush-covered valleys and hills of the Kareiga and Assegai Rivers, and reached the Nazaar at eight, to breakfast. Then over the Komga, where three black heaps of coal-shale prove that the owner, a settler, has *energy* at any rate, having spent, unaided, some four years and £1,000 in sinking for coal! Now we pass Dassiesklip, where the rocks change entirely. There, to the left, lies "*Iguanodon-hoek*," where Bain and I years ago exhumed huge bones of some extinct Saurians,—one, from the jaw and serrated teeth, I fancy some huge *Iguanodon*. They lie still in the vaults of the British Museum, unknown, unnamed, unexamined. All that is known of them you will find in the *Eastern Province Magazine* for 1857. Crossing the Bushman River, we

enter the tertiary sandstone of the Quaggha Flats, with its wonderful ant-heaps, or haycocks, as a Cockney traveller, with an eye-glass, thought they were! Oysters and fossil land-shells have been dug up here at a depth of ninety feet under the surface, so great was the depth of diluvial mud poured out before the upheaval of this part of the continent. Over Nanaga, and crossing the Sunday's River at the pont near the mouth, where the cliffs of the Oolite or Jurassic era of Europe are rich in organic remains in most perfect preservation, we next ascend the Grass Ridge, its limestone quarries and oyster-beds, whence the lime for our Graham's Town gaol and church was procured in the olden time. On through the Koegha. Fine fossils are here to be found. We cross over the Amsterdam Flats, down the cliffs to the Zwartkops,—a rich field for geologists, as many a friend of mine knows, and can testify; and so over the still lower flats skirting the shore of the ancient bay of Algoa—the port *par excellence* of the Eastern Province. We enter its long narrow populous town by its only thoroughfare—a long main street, running between the rocky hill and the beach. It was Saturday eve, and the clock struck five as we passed St. Mary's Church, and trotted along the silent street—between its handsome shops and spacious stores, with ornate fronts—to the market-square, where the far-famed “Athe-neum” frowns indignantly on the pretentious little granite “needle,” presented by some good-natured citizen to the Corporation, in honour, no doubt, of *Cleopatra!* Bayonians have ceased to grin at it, but strangers and visitors can't repress an audible hope (in broad Saxon) that some “kurweyer” of taste will run his wool-wagon against it by accident for the sake of *Cleopatra!* The old year was dying out; the street of the bustling town, usually thronged with ponderous wool-wagons, carts, and carriages, jostling each other in mercantile rivalry, now was silent and still; the whole population—Mayor, Councillors, and all—had gone out for a holiday. A strong smell of neglect, or something worse, perfumed the stagnant air as we drove past the slums and the swamps, and sought the repose and retirement of our hotel, after ninety miles of bump and roll and jerk and jolt, till aching bones and throbbing brain longed for the iron rail. May the New Year bring that boon. We feel ourselves too poor to do without it now.

I walked on the beach to drink in the fresh air of the sea, seeking for foraminifera shells and bright seaweed, as in days of yore. The sea always is throwing up something NEW. Now, alas! at the fag-end of the old year, it had

thrown up something OLD. The refuse and filth of a populous town lay fermenting and rotting there. "Does it always so? A *foetid beach-miasm* from mutton-bones, offal, dead dogs, and cabbages drove me away, pursued by a cloud of noisy ærial harpies, demons of wrath and retribution, gyrating round and round in their invisible pabulum, beckoning me—so I fancied (but it might be an olfactory delusion, not a legitimate deduction, related as cause and effect)—in the direction of the Hospital, to join the two thousand cases annually sent there. I walked on the Breakwater. What a change since I last stood there! Silted up to the end of it a mile of sand, and more, stretching away to the Fishery, and threatening angrily to bury the jetty, the directors of boating companies, and all other parties and interests concerned. Just retribution! Nature's wise laws for the general good of *all* are not to be warped or set aside by local interests or selfish ends of individuals. The £180,000 thrown away in the futile attempt will require another £100,000 probably to undo the mischief and put things as they were. So will it ever be where science is ignored, and ignorance and presumption blindly trusted instead. Boards may be warped,—Nature's laws never! It is hard—very hard is it not, gentle reader, that you and I should have to bear our share of the expense of such gigantic experiments? Meditating thus I regained my hotel.

My bedroom looked out on the bay, and the forest of ships at anchor, and the moonlight fitfully dancing over the crests of the waves in tracks of silvery brightness. The ozonised breeze from the sea, with hosts of invisible visitors, swept in at the open window as I lay imprisoned in curtains of gauze, listening to the moan of ocean and the sullen "thud" of its breakers booming along the shore at longer and longer intervals, like the failing pulse of the dying year ebbing slowly away. Faint music of ærial sprites in full chorus, above and around me, mingled with the funereal toll of the bell for the passing year, and the merry chimes for the new one just born. Midst loud shouts of welcome and joyous revelry, sleep threw her shadowy curtain over the realities of life, and scenes and facts of the day-time were cobwebbed together in dreams. Things most incongruous stood out together before me; truth startling one through the shadowy disguise of motives and interests which so carefully hid it by day. All was transparent in dream-land. I saw quaint human institutions called "*Boards*" (from their liability to be *warped*, I presume), and each member and plank (marked in the heart of it "*self*") with its own

peculiar "warp,"—sometimes borrowed from neighbouring "boards"—all twisting and turning different ways, and defeating the object in view. These machines won't answer in a climate like ours.

Hark! what sound is that, like a cracked fish-horn with a very bad cold? 'Tis the voice of Her Majesty's mail! "*Post-cart*, sir," shouts the fat waiter, rushing off with my bag, whilst I instinctively follow, leaping up beside the driver on the red rectangular box, marked V.R., as it passes by the door. Up the steep hill we rattle—up a fine broad macadamized road, with sloping banks and wooden huts, and cabins of gentry of the coloured persuasion; on to the flats, above and past the "Park," with its wooden palings and fringe of diminutive trees. So our exit is made. Now we are off to the Gouph, for the post-cart stops for no one.

FROM PNIEL TO HEBRON:

AND WHAT MAY COME FROM THE DIAMOND-FIELDS.

HEBRON is distant from Pniel about twenty-five miles, or near four hours' ride. Passing over the ridge or koppie which forms Klipdrift, you traverse a rough, stony road, through an undulating country, every now and then getting a glimpse of the Vaal. A few miles from Pniel is a small village of native huts, where a petty chief is said to reside—one of those who now lay claim to proprietorship in the diamond-fields. Two tents on the way-side profess to provide refreshments for travellers. In one was a beer barrel and an empty cask or two; in the other, a quantity of bottles and a couple of benches. Thirsty diggers, passing from one place to the other, manage to "liquor up" in both. The afternoon we left Pniel for Hebron we engaged seats for two in an open cart—a rough sort of dog-cart. The afternoon was warm and sultry, but the evening was calm and beautiful. We travelled merrily along for about two hours, never dreaming of what was soon to follow. As the sun sank in the western horizon, an ominous cloud began to rise. In a short time clouds extended towards the south, and rose in huge dense masses. These assumed the most fantastic shapes as they were elevated higher and higher. The whole landscape seemed changed with the waning twilight: instead of a plain with a few low ridges, the country looked like a region of mountains. The rays of the setting sun cast

deep shadows on one part, while they illuminated others, giving the spectator the idea that he was looking at distant mountain ranges, the more distant ones rising like a series of terraces above those nearer. In an hour the twilight had deepened into night; now and then the interior of a cloud would be illuminated by a faint flash of light; gradually the flashes became more distinct, and were repeated at shorter intervals. In a few minutes the sound of distant thunder rolled upon the ear, and the flashes became more intense, and streaks of forked lightning darted from cloud to cloud, as the peals of thunder grew louder and longer. Gradually the character of the lightning appeared to change, until the heavens seemed to pour out streams of fire.

During all this time the wind was blowing a slight breeze from the opposite direction. Suddenly it veered to the other quarter, and blew in great gusts. In less than fifteen minutes after the change, we seemed to be in the centre of a tornado. It blew torrents of rain in our faces with blinding force; we were drenched; our poor horses strove hard to grope their way against the pitiless storm. As far as we could see we were surrounded by water; the road had become a river, the plain a sheet of water. The flashes of lightning only served to reveal our utter helplessness. After pushing on about half a mile further, we espied a light; and how welcome was the sight of that faint glimmer in the darkness of that stormy night! To it we urged our horses as to the beacon that pointed to a place of refuge. The light we found to be in a tent of a farmer, at a sheep-station, and there we asked and received that hospitality which, to the honour of the Dutch farmer, is never, or but seldom, refused, no matter who claims it. The tent was simply a frame of wood about ten feet square, with canvas stretched over it; but, had it been a palace, its hospitality could not have been more thankfully accepted. After standing for nearly three hours in the tent in our wet clothes, the farmer, his wife, and three children moved into the wagon which stood a little distance off, and left us in possession of his tent. While standing here the storm increased in violence, peal followed flash, and peal after peal, almost without intermission. At last a flash of intense brightness, followed instantly with a crash, as if a thunder-bolt had struck in our midst. This indicated the climax of the storm; soon the flashes became fainter, and the thunder died away, and all was calm and still but the rushing waters.

Looking out from the tent as we watched the lightning

(for there is to some minds a fascination in a thunderstorm), one bright flash revealed a large sheet of water, about a hundred yards from the tent. On inquiring of our host if he had a dam, "Oh no," he replied, "that is the Vaal River." The ground is flat and the river rises almost to the level of the surrounding country. We had lost the road, and were it not for the friendly light, might have found ourselves immersed in deeper water than we were prepared for.

However, we were tolerably safe where we were, and having divested ourselves of the wet rags in which we stood, enjoyed the comfort of a *vel-kombaars*, and made ourselves quite happy under the circumstances.

The next morning we were enabled to dry our clothes at a fire which the herds had kindled; and having partaken of a cup of coffee provided by our kind hostess, the journey to Hebron was resumed.

Hebron, like Pniel, is on a koppie, but the camp is much more straggling than either Pniel or Klipdrift. If the names on sign-boards are any indication of the original settlers, then Klipdrift is Port Elizabeth, and Hebron is Natal and Free State. The "finds" at Hebron are in the surface gravel; in few instances is the search continued lower than two or three feet; latterly search is made at greater depth with success. "Robinson" is much the same as Hebron, but on the opposite side of the river. The country about Hebron is finer than that about Pniel; it is flatter, and the banks of the river low; the situation and surrounding country seem better adapted for a township than either Pniel or Klipdrift.

It is, of course, impossible to say what may be the influence of these diamond discoveries upon the future of South Africa; but whatever may be the ultimate results, there can be no doubt that in a few years a wonderful change will come over the land, and the subject is one that will soon engage the attention of Parliament. The whole country along the banks of the Vaal indicates the existence of diamonds; therefore we may calculate that all along its course camps will be established, some of which will be only a temporary existence, while others will become permanent settlements. Whether Pniel or Hebron will be of the latter, or whether the discovery of some other richer "finds" may reduce them from their present importance to second-rate places, it is too early to predict; yet somewhere on the banks of the Vaal there will be a future settlement and town second in importance to none in the Colony. The existence of rich mineral deposits in the Transvaal, and the possible existence of gold, all point to the establishment of a large central town

in the diamond region. Already the telegraph is to be established, and next will follow the railway. In settling the route of the railway, it is to be hoped that no merely local interest will be allowed to interfere with the general interests of the country. Railways can be cheaply constructed in the Colony; that fact has been clearly established by Mr. Hall's work at the copper mines. Assuming Pniel to be the permanent settlement, the direct line from Cape Town would be to Beaufort *via* Hex River valley, through the Karoo to Richmond; from Richmond it would cross the Orange River about Zoutpan's Drift; from thence, almost in a straight line, it would cross the Riet River, near the junction with the Modder River; and from thence over a flat country to Pniel. Two routes would be open to Port Elizabeth, and a similar line from that port could be made to intersect the Cape Town line either about Beaufort—or through Graaff-Reinet—to form a junction at Richmond. Richmond or Beaufort would thus become a grand junction and central station. Had the Diamond-fields not been discovered, we should have been contented with a line to Beaufort, but with the existence of those fields, it is impossible that the country can be satisfied with anything short of a trunk line through to the Fields. Natal will be anxious to be connected with the same El Dorado; and that Colony, no doubt, would push forward a line so as to secure part of that trade, as well as to increase her own trade with the Transvaal and Free State. Thus in the course of a few years, we may expect to see a line from Cape Town to Natal, with a branch from Port Elizabeth, so connecting the three principal ports in Southern Africa, with all the inland States. Such a scheme is not a mere fanciful dream; it may become a sober fact which the present generation may see accomplished. What, then, will be the effects of the diamond discoveries upon the social and political condition of the country? The question is one of grave importance, and involves much thoughtful consideration. It will revolutionize the social condition of the country. The construction of a trunk line will establish new centres of trade, and ruin others. That is but the usual experience of all countries where railways have been constructed. It will create new industries and crush others. To the Western Province it would not be all gain; the chief products of the Western Province are wine, brandy, and cereals; and its best customers for brandy are in the Eastern Province. Already, Natal rum is entering into powerful competition with Cape smoke, and driving it out of certain markets. Will the competition be lessened when

the facilities for carrying both overland are greater? Will the demand for our oats, barley, and corn be less when a great portion of the animal power on the trunk roads of the Colony is driven off by the iron horse? Possibly, the gross consumption may be more, as the branch traffic may increase, but we must not close our eyes to the fact that all these can be grown in the Midland districts almost as readily as they can at Malmesbury or Worcester; and, therefore, here too we shall find powerful competition. Yet, in the face of what may be called the drawbacks of railway enterprise in the country, it is absolutely necessary that the country should be opened; and before another rail is laid, the Government should agree upon some comprehensive scheme that may be worked out during the next fifty years, as the means of the Colony will allow. It will never do to construct lines of railway—repeating the blunder of the Wellington line—by a useless extension merely to oblige some particular town. The line must be through the country in the most direct course. Two lines of railway, connecting the two ports of the Colony with the Vaal River, would open up an immense extent of country at present quite unproductive. Wool-farmers in northern and north-eastern districts of the Colony would compete on equal terms with those near the eastern and western coasts, and by reducing the cost of transport on this staple, merchants would be better able to hold their own in the markets of the world against the producers in South America and Australia. With the concurrent reduction of inland carriage on goods, farmers could afford to protect their stock against weather and theft by the erection of sheds and extensive fences, and a better accommodation for their servants. Once establish railway communication through the heart of the continent from Cape Town to Natal, and there is scarcely a known production that cannot be raised between these two points. Almost any tropical plant will grow on the coast land of Natal. Between Natal and the Transvaal tea, coffee, and sugar can be grown to any extent. In the Eastern and Western districts cotton has been grown with success, and the cultivation of the plant as a commercial product is no longer an experiment. Sheep and Angoras—producing fleeces equal to any in the world—can be reared in the Midland divisions; while below the soil we have found diamonds, copper, iron, and lead. Gold and coal may not be far off. Those who affect to despise the land as poor and poverty-stricken know nothing about it. The country is rich, and Nature has been prodigal of her gifts; but Nature,

like a coy maiden, must be wooed and waited upon; as yet we have not made her acquaintance. When the occupation of the native races is no longer confined to pastoral pursuits; when there is scope for ability of various kinds, our native races will be found not far behind their white masters in occupations demanding considerable manual dexterity. Coloured men in the Western districts have proved themselves first-class mechanics. Kafirs on the Breakwater works have been experts in the use of the hammer and drill. Natives at the Diamond-fields are useful and trustworthy. Zulu labour is largely used on the coffee and sugar estates in Natal. If we can get a white population, with energy and capital, to settle down in the country and develop its resources, there is no reason to suppose that the influences of civilization will fail to bring out a due proportion of native aid.

The influence which the discoveries on the banks of the Vaal will have upon the politics of the country is not easily estimated. Our first step was a blunder; and unless Sir Henry Barkly be a man of tact and judgment far beyond his advisers, the political question will soon be in a hopeless mess of complications. One can't help feeling that the Colonial Government, from the first, assumed a false position, and the action was greatly prompted by an unacknowledged feeling of contempt for the Free State Government. What is the history of the case, briefly told? Simply this: When the discoveries were first made public the statements were discredited. When they were confirmed, all kinds of improbable theories were started to account for the fact that diamonds were found in the "veldt." So little importance was attached to these discoveries that the late Governor was prepared to grant an exclusive monopoly to search for diamonds to a foreign company.

When the rush increased, and the population at the diggings numbered several thousands of persons from the Colony, the Colonial Government were implored to take steps for asserting British supremacy and affording protection to the diggers—but they only contented themselves with writing dispatches. When at last a Commissioner was appointed, he was in no hurry to get there; and when, after unnecessary delays, he did get there, he contented himself with a glorious inactivity. In the meantime, the Free State did what the Colonial Government ought to have done—they sent a Commissioner, who maintained law and order, and who, in his court, administered criminal jurisdiction with firmness and equity.

If the Free State Government exacted a large payment for a licence to trade, they at least afforded the proper adequate protection in the prosecution of business. Non-intervention is a beautiful self-adjusting principle—the invention of modern politicians. In Dame Europa's school, Johnny looks on while William thrashes poor Nap most unmercifully; but Johnny's fag at the Cape is justified in collaring the little orange boy, and threatening to flog him for only claiming what the other little rascal sold, but now disputes and wants back again!

The Colonial authorities might have warned President Brand that the money received as licences was only in trust until the rival claims should be settled, without issuing orders they had no power to enforce, and tending only to create dissatisfaction and alarm. The people and Government of the Free State felt that sooner or later they would be annexed to the Colony. All felt that no weak African Republic could maintain order at the fields if there was a large influx of Europeans. But it is one thing to surrender rights for political union: it is a very different affair to be bullied out of what you believe to be your own property. If the present Governor and the Parliament are judicious, and can conciliate the Orange River and Transvaal Governments, it is possible that in a very few years the communities from Cape Town to Natal may be united under one strong Central Government. But if otherwise—if from mistaken policy, or from contempt of our neighbours, we stir up that old anti-English feeling which is gradually dying out—the material prosperity of the country will be retarded by the quarrels and animosities of petty States which should never have been separated.

R. M. R.

NOTES.

In the present number of the *Magazine* appears, from an esteemed contributor, an article on the South African Public Library, to which we desire to add a passing note. We are all the more anxious for this in view of the approaching meeting, at which Sir Henry Barkly - in the hearty sympathetic colonist-like spirit which he has uniformly indicated since he appeared amongst us—has engaged to preside, and deliver the annual address. Our contributor "Delta" points to the desirability of making the institution simply a Library for reference, and to its becoming for the Cape what the British Museum is for England. In some future years we look forward to that consummation; but we deprecate it for the present. The circulation of books from the Library now effects

an immense amount of good, which cannot be accomplished otherwise. Leaving works of amusement, such as novels, magazines, &c., out of the question, we find, from a return kindly furnished to us by the Librarian, that during the last ten months the actual circulation of sound, substantial literature has been as follows:—

Miscellaneous Theology	...	...	...	90	vols.
Political Economy, &c.	...	...	...	48	"
Biography	...	...	...	609	"
Science and the Arts	...	...	...	191	"
History	...	...	...	499	"
Voyages and Travels	...	...	...	689	"
Belles Lettres and Miscellaneous Essays	...	...	...	481	"

Total ... 2,607 vols.

The educating effect of this upon the public mind must be great; and we should be sorry to see it sacrificed merely that the very few "men of letters, of science, and of professional pursuits," amongst us might be able to get the particular book they wanted for reference "at a moment's notice."

In connection with the Public Library, we have a query to submit to the Colonial Government. What has become of the Colonial Records, and where are they preserved? We know that some years ago they were very properly given over to the custody and study of the late Mr. Justice Watermeyer. In whose custody are they now? They are so valuable that in Sir George Grey's time His Excellency purchased some portions of them—which had strangely got adrift—at the price of half-a-crown per manuscript page. We have reason to believe that now they are under nobody's charge in particular; and we venture to suggest that they should be transferred without delay to the custodianship of the Public Library.

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THE following, on certain defects of the South African Museum, has been forwarded to us by a correspondent:—

I had lately the pleasure of meeting the Colonial Geologist of Queensland and the Inspector of Mines and Surveyor-General of South Australia; and for the purpose of comparing the mode of occurrence of the copper deposits in Namaqualand and in those Colonies, I accompanied the gentlemen alluded to to the Museum, but was much disappointed in not finding any samples to illustrate the subject. In fact, there appear to be no geological specimens worth mentioning, except under-ground, fancy samples of minerals, without any indication whatever of their matrix, and consequently of no value in leading to the discovery of others, or in forming an opinion as to the probability of their proving remunerative. This may appear not very important at first, but a little reflection will show that it is. You remember the Australian gold discovery—from the fact of a gentleman going back to the Colony from California, purposely to look for the precious metal, because he was so impressed with the physical resemblance of both countries. It was the same with Humboldt in regard to diamonds in the Ural Mountains. Mr. Daintree, on seeing the rock, gravel, and sand of the Diamond-fields, recently added to the Museum, told me that he would at once write to some of his friends to examine certain localities he knew of in Queensland. But there is no end to instances of this nature; and I would

therefore suggest that some effective means should be adopted for the purpose of creating a more perfect geological collection of specimens from the whole Colony, and not only to keep it distinct from the foreign samples, but also to classify each district separately. It is true there is no room at present; but I think, on investigating the question, all will agree that it is worth making room—especially when we consider, for instance, *that some millions sterling worth of minerals have already been extracted in the Colony*, to say nothing of the prospect of other discoveries. In sight of such facts, there should be no hesitation in adopting measures to encourage this branch even to the smallest degree. Would it not suit to convert the Curator's quarters into what you might term a Colonial Economic Museum? This would be the great attraction to strangers, as they have better opportunities of seeing foreign produce elsewhere than at the Cape; and from the geographical position of Cape Town, it has more frequent visits of distinguished scientific men than any other part of the colony. Considering the time—fourteen years—it took to raise the Museum to its present stage of advancement, for the Cape it is thoroughly creditable; and, in observing its defects at present, we are too apt to forget the difficulties which had to be overcome. It appears, however, now to be time to take another stride, not only in the branch alluded to, but even in that which has already received so excellent and praiseworthy a development—the department of natural history.\*

P. F.

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At length there is some prospect of our soon having a Colonial Art Gallery of our own. At a preliminary meeting of gentlemen interested in the formation of an Association for the encouragement of the fine arts, at the Library, a few days ago, it was unanimously resolved to issue a prospectus to the public, setting forth the objects and advantages of such an institution, and limiting the liabilities of intending subscribers to an annual subscription of ten shillings, together with a guarantee of a few shillings per annum besides, so as to provide for contingencies and the necessary expenses of future exhibitions. For the present, it is only intended to resolve the Association into a body charged with the trust and safe keeping of all such valuable works of art as are either unsuited to the domestic arrangements of their owners or which require better accommodation to do justice to their merits. It will remain for the general body of subscribers to elect their own committee to carry out all the necessary arrangements in the selection, division, and hanging of these pictures; and it will probably require a short Act of Parliament to enable this committee to legally undertake the trust of valuable pictures,

\* In going over the Museum with a party of Australian visitors, I pointed out with some pride the animals Africa produced. One of these visitors remarked, "We have a much finer collection of your animals in Australia." I observed that the best specimens were generally given away to other countries, and, turning to the kangaroo, remarked the general tendency of all Australian animals in that direction. "Oh, dear no! *that's* not a kangaroo! You'll never get an Australian to admit *that* to be a kangaroo," was the reply. Having had great faith in the butterflies, I put the question very pointedly,—“But you'll admit that the collection of butterflies is very fine?” “*Magnificent!*” she said; “but you know they are not African!” My adversary was a sharp Queensland lady; but I should add that this was her severest criticism.

to become the trust owners of good paintings presented to this gallery, or or even subsequently to apply such funds as may come into their possession to the purchase, from time to time, of thoroughly good specimens of English and foreign schools of painting. So far as we can learn, the committee of the Library are willing to place one of their committee rooms at the disposal of the Association until further and better arrangements can perhaps permanently be made for the custody of the limited gallery likely for the next few years to gladden the eyes of the Cape public. We hail this movement as a step in the right direction. Our Library, Museum, and Botanic Gardens all sprang from small beginnings; and it is better to start with a small but select nucleus of good paintings, than blazon the walls of a huge building with magnificent frames, and illumine the space with the meretricious glare of a lot of daubs and villainous copies in oils.

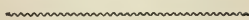
The names of the gentlemen who have started this movement stand high in the estimation of the public. We have no doubt whatever of their carrying out the project to its legitimate fulfilment; and we have to congratulate ourselves on the possession of so much public spirit, and such a natural love for the picturesque and beautiful, as the success of this gallery will hereafter be the means of ensuring to us.



THE following metrical translation of Virgil's celebrated epigrammatic lines has been forwarded us by an amateur :

*Sic vos non vobis, &c.*

Not for yourselves, oh tuneful choir, ye build the downy nest.  
Not for yourselves, ye silly sheep, ye bear the fleecy vest.  
Not for yourselves, industrious bees, ye store the teeming hive.  
Not for yourselves, ye patient steers, against the yoke ye strive.



## ACCESSIONS TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM COLLECTION.

Presented by Dr. Exton, pebbles, &c., from Campbell's Town and other points, together with agates from Sandflats south of Bamangwato, and arrow-heads from Boutlanama, Bechuana country; also specimens of "Mesotype" from Molappo hills, on the border of Matabili country.

Received from the Gamtoos River, from Dr. G. Atherstone, specimens of an extensive bed of blue marble, which, when polished, becomes black and diffusely veined with calcspar. It is of excellent quality, either as an ornamental stone or for conversion into lime; also specimens of a conglomerate of sand and pebbles with lime, and variegated calcareo-arenaceous beds, with lignite.

Mr. J. J. Cruywagen, senior, of Wellington, supplied some pebbles of agate and quartz, &c., from Sifonel, Vaal River, and a specimen of quartz vein-stone from the "Gouph," where, it is said, gold has been found.

From South Australia, five boxes of insects, furnished by Mr. Adewhan.

From His Excellency R. W. Rawson, a box of reptiles, fish, and shells from the Bahamas.

A fine specimen of the black eagle (*Aquila thoracina*), from Mr. Lucas, of the D'Urban road, in the stomach of which was a snake quite fresh, two feet four inches long, and the remains of two smaller ones in the intestines,—one six inches and the other eighteen inches in length. Such an eagle must be nearly as valuable as the secretary bird in destroying snakes.

Mr. du Toit, of Rondebosch, has sent in a very fine specimen of boomslang.

From Mr. Russouw, of Malmesbury, specimens of coal shales and quartz crystals, taken from what he describes as considerable reefs or veins of quartz, in which, however, no metals have been yet discovered.

Mr. Leoni has contributed, through Mr. J. Noble, a well-turned cup and saucer from the steatite, or soap-stone, of the Transvaal country.

All contributions like the foregoing are of value to the Museum and the country, and, it is hoped, may result in benefit to the contributors themselves, especially those having relation to the mineralogical character of the various parts of the Colony, as yet so little known to geologists. This remark applies more particularly to the Swellendam and George districts and the country to the north of them.

It is desirable that when specimens of minerals are sent to the Museum, at least a description, if not specimens, of the adjacent beds of rock should accompany them. Mere curiosities without reference to localities are not of much interest to science.

March 24, 1871.

Dr. Exton has presented, from Mr. Truter, of Green Point, a specimen of asbestos, enclosed between layers of brown jasper. Also a curious piece of talc, in the form of bladed crystals, confusedly arranged in the manner of double axes mica.

March 27, 1871.

Mr. Louw has supplied a great many specimens of the shales and rocks through which shafts have been sunk between the Witzenberg and Schurfdeberg, in his search for coal. Amongst these are some good casts of shells, plants, and trilobites. Iron pyrites, in a minutely disseminated form, appear to characterize both the earthy and indurated beds, so much so that in some portions the mass appears to be made up entirely of metal.

March 30, 1871.

A specimen of quartz, with iron pyrites and gold, has been presented by Mr. Maskew, from Mr. R. Williams, of Pleasant Creek, Victoria, Australia.

April 6, 1871.

Received a variety of reptiles, in spirits, from Mr. H. Jackson.

April 19, 1871.

Mr. R. H. Fair, St. Peter's College, Cambridge, has shown his appreciation of the South African Museum by presenting a number of fossil teeth, coprolites, and shells, &c., found near Cambridge.

HENRY W. PIERS. Acting Curator.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE DESCENT OF MAN.\*

"A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth,  
For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran,  
And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning race.  
As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,  
So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man:  
He now is first, but is he the last? Is he not too base?"

TENNYSON.—*Maud.*

THE relation in which man stands to other animals, and particularly to the class of mammalian vertebrates of which he is unquestionably a member, is essentially a subject of surpassing interest. Always matter for thought with the more reflecting part of mankind, and often the basis of most fanciful theories, the inquiry has of late received a very considerable impetus from the wide acceptance of the doctrine of Evolution. Surprise was felt by many that Mr. Darwin, in his renowned *Origin of Species*, did not (save by a single distant allusion at the close of the book) refer to the case of the various races of men, which, even upon the general belief in their common descent, seemed to afford some evidence in support of his views. The reason for this reticence appears to be afforded by the Introduction to *The Descent of Man*, lately published by Mr. Darwin, in which he writes:—

During many years I collected notes on the origin or descent of man, without any intention of publishing on the subject, but rather with the determination not to publish, as I thought that I should thus only add to the prejudices against my views. It seemed to me sufficient to indicate in the first edition of my *Origin of Species*, that by this work "light would be thrown on the origin of man and his history;" and this implies that man must be included with other organic beings in any general conclusion respecting his manner of appearance on this earth. Now the case wears a very different appearance.

\* *The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex.* By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., &c. 2 vols., 8vo. London: John Murray. 1871.

He goes on to say how the manifestly large number of naturalists who now receive the general theory of descent with modification has encouraged him to put together for publication the notes constituting the present work; and he has certainly most amply atoned in the latter for any omission of direct reference to man in the *Origin*.

Before proceeding, it will be well to give, in the author's own words, a statement of the scope and purpose of the treatise. He says:—

The sole object of this work is to consider, firstly, whether man, like every other species, is descended from some pre-existing form; secondly, the manner of his development; and thirdly, the value of the differences between the so-called races of man.

This brief abstract of the contents of the book states the three heads of the subject in the order of their importance, and must not be taken to indicate their successive treatment only; indeed, the first and second are necessarily reverted to, after the discussion of the third, in the "General Summary and Conclusion" of the work. Incidentally, however, the treatment of the third occupies very nearly two-thirds of the whole bulk of the two volumes; for, in considering the interesting question of the differences between the races of men, Mr. Darwin is forced to the conclusion that Natural Selection—the law of survival of the fittest—cannot have occasioned or perpetuated external variations which are apparently of no "direct or special service" to man, and considers that most of those differences must be traced to the agency of Sexual Selection, viz., the selection exercised by the members of one sex (almost always the female) in regard to mating with individuals of the other. But to strengthen his argument on this view, he "found it necessary to pass the whole animal kingdom in review," and thus thirteen of the twenty-one chapters of the work (including two which relate to man himself) are devoted to considering the action of sexual selection in all tribes of animals. The "inordinate length" of this portion of the work has led the author to divide the treatise into "Part I.—The Descent or Origin of Man," and "Part II.—Sexual Selection."

It will be obvious to every person at all conversant with anatomical zoology that Mr. Darwin's task would have been comparatively an easy one had he only endeavoured to demonstrate the intimate physical relations between man and other animals; for, in this respect, the further research is carried, and the more complete our knowledge of organic structures becomes, only the stronger and more convincing grows the evidence that the wide interval formerly supposed

to exist between the highest animal and those next to him in rank can no longer be insisted on, and must ultimately be recognized as imaginary. The differences that do exist are palpably differences of degree only, and not of kind, as will strike any one who peruses Owen's celebrated treatises on the great anthropoid apes, in which as formidable an array as possible of all distinctions is given. The effect of recognizing this close community of structure, added to a knowledge of the common conditions of reproduction, embryonic existence, communication of certain diseases (*e.g.*, hydrophobia), &c., will naturally depend almost entirely upon the light in which the observer regards the organic world; but he who accepts the doctrine of natural selection, and sees in community of descent the sole key to the meaning of community of structure and function, will probably experience but little difficulty in following Mr. Darwin to the conclusion that, physically, man is "the co-descendant with other species of some ancient, lower, and extinct form."

But Mr. Darwin is far too thorough an investigator to rest contented with a demonstration affecting only the bodily frame of man. He proceeds, in Chapters II and III, to discuss the origin of mental and even moral faculties, in the aspect of the possibility, to say the least, of their having been gradually developed from the vastly inferior intellectual powers of man's lowly progenitors. It is certainly here that most readers will find themselves wholly unable to concur in the gifted author's views. But it must not be supposed that he himself is not fully alive to the difficulties in the way of their reception; on the contrary, he freely admits them. Allowing, however, as he does, that "the difference between the mind of the lowest man and that of the highest animal is immense," he yet contends that that difference "great as it is, is certainly one of degree, and not of kind," and points out that "there is a much wider interval in mental power between one of the lowest fishes, as a lamprey or lancelet, and one of the higher apes, than between an ape and man; yet this immense interval is filled up by numberless gradations." After tracing the existence of some instincts unmistakably common to man and other animals, the author notes how the same emotions are also felt in common, such as happiness and misery; terror, suspicion; courage or timidity in varying degrees; good and ill temper; rage, love, revenge, and grief; and even the "more complex" emotions of jealousy, emulation, love of praise, pride, shame, &c. Much evidence also is given as to animals sharing in the faculties of wonder, curiosity,

imitation, attention, memory, imagination (as indicated by dreaming), and reason. The discussion grows in interest as it proceeds to indicate that the mental powers of animals, even in a state of nature, are capable of improvement; that the *Quadrumana* do, to some extent, make use of tools and weapons, though they do not fashion them; and that the higher apes roughly construct shelters of sticks and leaves. The origin and development of articulate language—that proudest of man's rich possessions—is considered at some length; a sense of beauty is recognized to exist in animals; and an ingenious comparative analysis is made to suggest that the "deep love of a dog for his master" evinces "some distant approach" to the highly complex feeling of religious devotion.

The chapter (III) in which Mr. Darwin deals with the moral sense, or conscience, will inevitably prove the stumbling-block of his work. But, in whatever light it may be regarded, no one will deny its exceeding interest, the care with which the author approaches so difficult a subject, or the skill with which he handles it. He recognizes the probable germ of conscience in "well-marked social instincts," such as the mutual help and sympathy which so many animals of all grades exhibit; and shows with much force that, as among the barbarous races of men at the present time, the strictly social (as opposed to individual or "self-regarding") virtues were at first alone regarded by primeval man. Those who have been quite unaccustomed to observe and reflect upon the phenomena of animal life around them, or who have been wont to look upon animals as mere machines in which the sole motive power is instinct, will be more inclined than others to reject a theory which allows in animals (at least in the higher ones) a large share of intellect and some share of conscience. But, on the other hand, as Mr. Darwin justly observes, "it is a significant fact that the more the habits of any particular animal are studied by a naturalist, the more he attributes to reason and the less to unlearned instincts." And it will be wise, before scouting as untenable a view which to many will be startling from its novelty, to reflect how very little we really know about the mental condition of animals, or can enter into their feelings or thoughts, even in the case of the domesticated species with which we are most familiar. On this it may be of interest to cite the well-weighed words of a thinker as profound as Mr. Darwin, and a religious teacher and theologian of the very first order—John Henry Newman. In the course of a sermon on "The Invisible World," the preacher



powerfully enforces his argument, as to the reality of the world of spirits, by a reference to the mysteries of the world of animals, in the following striking terms:—

If this—[the belief that man is in communion with an invisible spiritual world]—seems strange to any one, let him reflect that we are undeniably taking part in a third world, which we do indeed see, but about which we do not know more than about the angelic hosts—the world of brute animals. Can anything be more marvellous or startling, unless we were used to it, than that we should have a race of beings about us whom we do see, and as little know their state, or can describe their interests or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and moon? It is, indeed, a very overpowering thought, when we get to fix our minds on it, that we familiarly use—I may say, hold intercourse with—creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were the fabulous, unearthly beings, more powerful than man, and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented. We have more real knowledge about the angels than about the brutes. *They have, apparently, passions, habits, and a certain accountableness; but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are under punishment, whether they are to live after this life.* We inflict very great sufferings on a portion of them, and they, in turn, every now and then seem to retaliate upon us, as if by a wonderful law. We depend upon them in various important ways; we use their labour, we eat their flesh. This, however, relates to such of them as come near us. Cast your thoughts abroad on the whole number of them, large and small, in vast forests, or in the water, or in the air; and then say whether the presence of such countless multitudes, so various in their natures, so strange and wild in their shapes, living on the earth without ascertainable object, is not as mysterious as anything which Scripture says about angels? Is it not plain to our senses that there is a world inferior to us in the scale of beings, with which we are connected, without understanding what it is? And is it difficult to faith to admit the word of Scripture concerning our connection with a world superior to us?

The whole of this remarkable passage (and especially the portion which is here italicised to fix the reader's attention) is pregnant with warning to those who would hastily condemn views of the mental and moral status of animals such as Mr. Darwin so ably suggests.

The probable mode of development of man from some lower form, and of his intellectual and moral faculties during primeval and civilized times, are respectively treated in Chapters IV and V; while Chapter VI is devoted to the consideration of his affinities and genealogy. In a brief notice like the present, which is only intended to direct an intelligent attention to the work, it is not practicable to indicate with clearness and conciseness the line of argument pursued by Mr. Darwin; and selections here and there at random would give but little idea of its force and sustained interest, or of the array of facts and observations adduced in its support. But it may be noted that the general result of the inquiry into man's descent is to the effect that "the

early progenitors of man were no doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed and capable of movement; and their bodies were provided with a tail, having the proper muscles. \* \* \* The foot, judging from the condition of the great toe in the fœtus, was prehensile; and our progenitors were, no doubt, arboreal in their habits, frequenting some warm, forest-clad land. The males were provided with great canine teeth, which served them as formidable weapons." And through the evidence afforded by the vertebrate animals of all grades, the common progenitors of them and of man in the dim recesses of the remote past are conjectured to have been "a group of marine animals resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians," the larvæ in question having recently been discovered to present certain affinities with the lowest known vertebrate, the lancelet. The sixth chapter closes as follows:—

Thus we have given to man a pedigree of prodigious length, but not, it may be said, of noble quality. The world, it has often been remarked, appears as if it had long been preparing for the advent of man; and this in one sense is strictly true, for he owes his birth to a long line of progenitors. If any single link in this chain had never existed, man would not have been exactly what he now is. Unless we wilfully close our eyes, we may, with our present knowledge, approximately recognize our parentage; nor need we feel ashamed of it. The most humble organism is something much higher than the inorganic dust under our feet; and no one with an unbiassed mind can study any living creature, however humble, without being struck with enthusiasm at its marvellous structure and properties.

In the discussion which follows, regarding the value of the differences between the races of man under a classificatory point of view,—that is, whether or not those differences are sufficient to constitute distinct species,—Mr. Darwin sums up the evidence on both sides of the question, and, judging it to be pretty evenly balanced, concludes that the term "sub-species" can most appropriately be applied to the various races.

As already stated, the author considers that the large majority of the characteristic differences between the various human races or sub-species cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by the influence of natural selection, and refers the solution of the problem to the agency of sexual selection. He does not assert that this agency explains every difference of the kind, but points out that, judging from the evidence afforded by the rest of the animal world, "it would be an inexplicable fact if man had not been modified" by it; and further, that "the differences between the races of man, as

in colour, hairyness, form of features, &c., are of the nature which it might have been expected would have been acted on by sexual selection." The thirteen chapters, in which the action of this special kind of selection is traced through each great class of animals, constitute a treatise unsurpassed by any of Mr. Darwin's writings in mental range, penetrating observation, deep research, and fertile suggestion. Nothing short of the perusal of this portion of the book can afford a fair idea of the skill with which a vast array of recorded facts is marshalled and organized in support of the sustained argument. It will be to most persons a very novel idea that, in the numberless instances where the male differs more or less widely from the female in splendour of colouring, variety of ornament, proportionate size and strength, weapons and means of defence, musical organs, &c., the difference is to be traced to the simple selection by the females of the more beautiful, powerful, or otherwise attractive males. The following remarks in the closing "General Summary, &c.," perhaps afford as clear an idea of this subject as can be given in a few words:—

Sexual selection depends on the success of certain individuals over others of the same sex in relation to the propagation of the species; whilst natural selection depends on the success of both sexes, at all ages, in relation to the general conditions of life. \* \* \* The belief in the power of sexual selection rests chiefly on the following considerations. The characters which we have the best reason for supposing to have been thus acquired are confined to one sex; and this alone renders it probable that they are in some way connected with the act of reproduction. These characters, in innumerable instances, are fully developed only at maturity, and often during only a part of the year, which is always the breeding season. The males (passing over a few exceptional cases) are the most active in courtship; they are the best armed, and are rendered the most attractive in various ways. It is to be especially observed that the males display their attractions with elaborate care in the presence of the females, and that they rarely or never display them excepting during the season of love. It is incredible that all this display should be purposeless. Lastly, we have distinct evidence with some quadrupeds and birds that individuals of the one sex are capable of feeling a strong antipathy or preference for certain individuals of the opposite sex. Bearing these facts in mind, and not forgetting the marked results of man's unconscious selection, it seems to me almost certain that if the individuals of one sex were, during a long series of generations, to prefer pairing with certain individuals of the other sex, characterized in some peculiar manner, the offspring would slowly, but surely, become modified in this same manner.

One of the admitted difficulties on this view is that of being able to attribute to the females of animals both high and low so keen and true a sense of beauty as the theory of sexual selection requires that they should possess. But, as far as the case of the vertebrata is concerned, Mr. Darwin,

with his wonted boldness and promptness of suggestion, remarks:—

Every one who admits the principle of evolution, and yet feels great difficulty in admitting that female mammals, birds, reptiles, and fish, could have acquired the high standard of taste which is implied by the beauty of the males, and which generally coincides with our own standard, should reflect that in each member of the vertebrate series the nerve-cells of the brain are the direct off-shoots of those possessed by the common progenitor of the whole group. It thus becomes intelligible that the brain and mental faculties should be capable under similar conditions of nearly the same course of development, and, consequently, of performing nearly the same functions.

The difficult subject of sexual selection in man is discussed with great ability in Chapters XIX and XX. Mr. Darwin admits that the views advanced “want scientific precision,” inasmuch as it cannot positively be asserted that one character, but not another, has been modified by the agency under consideration. But he finds reason, on the whole, to conclude that secondary sexual characters, both in men and women, and also the differences between the races of mankind, are due to the operation of this particular kind of selection. The points treated successively, after a notice of the more obvious differences between the sexes, are the law of battle, as still prevalent among savage tribes; the difference in the mental powers of the two sexes (and here Mr. Darwin fully supports the view of the pre-eminence of men); the voice and musical powers; the influence of beauty in determining the marriages of mankind; the causes which prevent or check the action of sexual selection with savages; the manner of action of sexual selection; the absence of hair on the body, and its development on the face and head; and the colour of the skin. Remarks of much interest occur throughout these chapters, and a few of these may be quoted as samples of the rest. After tracing the manner in which the mental superiority of man has probably been acquired, the author observes:—“It is, indeed, fortunate that the law of equal transmission of characters to both sexes has commonly prevailed throughout the whole class of mammals; otherwise it is probable that man would have become as superior in mental endowment to woman, as the peacock is in ornamental plumage to the peahen.” In referring the origin of musical powers to the practice, so generally prevalent among animals, of using the voice with peculiar power and variation during the pairing time (and after quoting Mr. Waterhouse and Professor Owen, on the musical gibbon—*Hylobates agilis*—an ape which, the Professor remarks, “alone of brute mammals may be said to



sing"), the apt note follows, that "Love is still the commonest theme of our own songs." Treating of the causes to which Sir John Lubbock and Mr. M'Lennan have referred the common barbarian practice of procuring wives by capture, the author suggests, "In our own marriages the 'best man' seems originally to have been the chief abettor of the bridegroom in the act of capture."

One of the most useful and characteristic features of Mr. Darwin's works is his constant practice of giving "Summaries" at the end of the chapters, concisely recapitulating all that has been advanced under the particular head concerned. This is a very valuable aid in the perusal of treatises which make so large a demand upon the reader's closest attention, affording, in fact, so many halting places on the ascent of the argument, where one can pause to take breath, and to survey the space just previously traversed, before entering on the next stage. In the volumes under notice, these summaries are drawn up with the greatest care, and that which concludes the work (as Chapter XXI) is naturally the most interesting of them all. Several of the passages above given are extracts from this last chapter, and it is difficult to refrain from giving many others of equal excellence. The closing paragraph runs thus:—

Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hopes for a still higher destiny in the distant future. But we are not here concerned with hopes or fears,—only with the truth as far as our reason allows us to discover it. I have given the evidence to the best of my ability; and we must acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man, with all his noble qualities,—with sympathy which feels for the most debased,—with benevolence which extends, not only to other men, but to the humblest living creature,—with his god-like intellect, which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers—Man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.

That the work here imperfectly noticed, so fearless and outspoken in tone, will meet with severe (and in many quarters, hostile) criticism, is only to be expected. And it may safely be asserted that no one will welcome competent criticism more gladly than the author himself; for nothing more distinctly characterizes this in common with his other works than his evident care, and even anxiety, to give due weight to all authenticated facts which appear to tell against the views which he himself maintains.\* This rare

\* It is within the knowledge of the writer of this notice that during the many years in which Mr. Darwin, with persistent energy, amassed the wonderful store of materials upon which his theory of organic development rests, he took great and unflagging care to note all facts and observations, however adverse, that seemed in favour of opposite views.

quality of impartiality in dealing with evidence in a cause where the judge is himself a party to the suit, of steady resistance to the ever-recurrent temptation to some slight *suppressio veri*, ought of itself to disarm adverse criticism of that unfairness which too commonly disfigures it. And when to this consideration is added a just apprehension of the great and varied acquirements which Mr. Darwin has brought to the work; of his life-long labours in the field of Nature, and his eminently original researches alike in zoology, botany, and geology—researches gratefully accepted by all naturalists, of whatever views,—it should be recognized that *The Descent of Man*, highly speculative as it is, and as its author admits it to be, is not a work to be treated lightly or contemptuously, as if it were but the crude notions of a mere fanciful theorist. Wide as are its generalizations, and bold as is its imaginative range, these find their ground and warranty in a knowledge of nature as intimate as it is extensive.

Whatever errors the progress of discovery may reveal in the elaborate superstructure of Evolution—and their disclosure is by no one more fully expected than by the distinguished author himself—it must be acknowledged that the foundations are securely based upon the broadest and firmest of the known facts of organic existence.

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## LIFE AT THE CAPE.

BY A LADY.

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### LETTER IX.

*Easter Monday, April 21, 1862.*—If first impressions are worth anything, I think I must say that Worcester is the prettiest place I have ever seen. It is handsomely and regularly laid out, with fine broad streets, grassy side-paths, some good public buildings, and capital gardens well supplied with water. At the top of the principal street is the Drostdy House—a brick palace, erected in the times of Lord Charles Somerset as his shooting-box, and now occupied by a very polite old gentleman, who, as Civil Commissioner, lives there, and pays great attention to the handsome grounds attached to it. They are well worth a visit, and possess some enormous fig-trees, the fruit of which is as large as a small orange, but coarse and fleshy, with leaves as big as soup plates.

In the centre of the town is a very large common—or market-place—just as at Wynberg, and here they sell produce at very early hours indeed, and at prices absurdly low,—fowls, for instance, at 7d., and ducks a shilling a piece, and everything else in proportion; so that a small income here would go further in housekeeping than thrice the same amount in Cape Town. Walnuts, raisins, apples, quinces, can all be bought for a mere trifle just now; and if ever we retire to save, we shall certainly go to Worcester.

The town, as I have said, is very prettily planned. The streets are about a mile long, and cross each other at right angles, and are planted with double rows of firs, blue gums, and poplars. Each house stands in its own compound, and the gardens are full of roses, and fruit and vegetables, and owe much of their beauty to the admirable system of irrigation adopted by the early Dutch in leading out the waters of the Hex River over the level surface, and, after making the circuit of the streets in small furrows, discharging it again into the Breede River. It is a town of open thoroughfares and magnificent distances. It has, moreover, a first-rate hotel, where you are made quite at home and thoroughly comfortable. \* \* \*

Worcester to-day, after the bustle and excitement of Saturday and yesterday, is almost deserted; but on Easter Sunday there was “*Nachtmaal*” among the Dutch, and the farmers, with their families flocked in from all the country-side, and quite filled their church. It was curious to see them coming up to the altar, in batches of fifty at a time, to take the Sacrament, all dressed in their black go-to-meeting clothes, and looking so solemn and serious. But a still more interesting sight at Worcester is to attend the service of the Berlin Missionary, who has managed to design and build a very convenient and beautifully-constructed church, quite capable of holding eight hundred people. Its lofty stone spire is quite an ornament to the place, and its windows only require painted glass to be perfect. The singing of the congregation has a very fine effect, and the chants used are very good, but the minister wisely keeps his flock to very simple musical diet. The ventilation of this church is perfect. The women march in at one end, the males at another, while the elders sit crossways in the middle, leaving a wide open space before the altar. I was much impressed by the manifest power wielded by this earnest preacher over his flock of black sheep. His pulpit was a raised platform,

enclosed like a bow-window, allowing of considerable movement, and even dramatic action; and as for "*bouquet de natif*," I must candidly confess, the odour of sanctity was a great deal more pungent and overpowering in the Dutch church than among these poor labouring people. \* \* \*

Like curious travellers, we spent the greater part of yesterday, in attending the different church services, for which the bells of the town were ringing nearly all the day; and in the afternoon we passed a pleasant hour in inspecting the arrangements of the Missionary schools, and learning the history of their foundation and success. They owe everything to Mr. Esselin, who came to this Colony seven years ago, and settled at Worcester in the hope of doing some good amongst the neglected coloured folk. About nine hundred of these poor people were then living at what is now called the "Location"—a double row of huts and cottages, extending for nearly two miles out of town—and were almost in a state of barbarism; but so hopefully and manfully did he set to work, that in a very short time he had got most of them to attend service pretty regularly, and even display some anxiety to be taught. The church and school were then both held in a rude, thatched building belonging to the Town Council, while their pastor was being supported by the Parent Society at Berlin. After a year or two, he conceived the bold idea of building a church and schools for the especial use of his flock, the expenses to be defrayed by the coloured people themselves. To this end he called a meeting of all the heads of families, and fully entered into the details of his scheme. He then, addressing first the one and then the other by name, fully ascertained from them all what amount of time, labour, or material each one could give towards the erection of the proposed buildings during the ensuing year. As each man came forward with a distinct promise, according to his trade or calling, to carry so much material, quarry so much stone, or do the work of carpenter, mason, or smith for so many days, Mr. Esselin entered the name and all particulars of the public promise into a large book; and then, after adding up the sum total, he determined to draw his own plan, become his own architect, and commence the work without delay. He procured a fine piece of ground, near the market-square, and six months afterwards, with his own hands, he laid the foundation-stone of one of the handsomest, most convenient, and most solidly-built churches in the Colony. It was truly a labour of love. Both pastor and flock worked at it with



might and main, and at the end of another six months the final touch was put to this splendid monument of one man's unflagging energy and spirit. One cannot help being struck by the order and cleanliness of everything connected with this pile of buildings, both within and without. From pulpit to belfry it has been reared by poor men, and owes nothing to charitable support. The church has seats for eight hundred people. On one side sit all the men, decently dressed in black, and with their faces shining as if with the oil of gladness. On the other side are the women,—the old ones in black stuff gowns, with white linen cloths round their poor, grizzled heads, and their withered old faces, placid, and *intensely* respectable,—the mothers of families in long, snow-white "kappies" hanging down to their shoulders; while the daughters and young girls are without head-covering of any kind, save their own well-combed and occasionally crisp woolly hair. Their singing was singularly sweet and effective, filling the vast space with simple melody. After the service, one old man, whose heart I quite won by praising his church and the singing, confided to me that the great ambition of the congregation was to save up enough to buy a harmonium, and then they thought the singing would be something worth hearing; but on my assuring him that its very simplicity was its present chief charm, he was quite happy and contented. These coloured people have a wonderfully quick ear for music, and their voices are plaintively sweet, but not capable of a very high range. They excel in psalmody.

I learned from the minister, who is a very able, ingenious, and thoroughly well-informed gentleman, that it was not until a year afterwards that they were able to complete the schools. But now—many years after their erection—they look as clean and orderly as if just finished. The white-washed walls are like snow, the arched roof glistens with stained pine, the floor is clean enough to eat from, and shines till you can almost see your face in it. There are four of these schools, built in a sort of quadrangle: one for boys, another for girls, a third for infants, and the fourth for infants of a larger growth. Arranged in long rows up each side of the hall were the desks and benches, each shining as if they had been newly varnished; whereas they owe all their polish to five years' elbow grease. The infant school was like a little cabinet of curiosities, everything being on the tiniest scale. From the floor up half-way to the ceiling rose tier upon tier of highly-

polished little benches, and round the walls were hung every description of bird and beast, well painted; with lessons on colour, on form,—in fact, everything that a child should learn. No English school could be more perfectly furnished!

*Wednesday, 23rd April.*—On Monday I was quite tired out with sight-seeing and scribbling, and must have walked over an amazing extent of ground, looking at the gardens, tasting fruit, and admiring the flowers. Everybody told us we had come at the worst time of year, and ought to return in September, when the hedges would be full of roses, and the *veldt* blazing with bulbs; but I was more than satisfied with things as they were. Many of the gardens were enclosed with tall hedges of quinces, and the tapering switches of this fruit-tree blossomed like Aaron's rod with myriads of golden balls, most fragrant to smell, and equally pleasant to eat. They make a sort of "chutnee" out of quinces, which they call "*sambal*," by slicing the fruit into a mortar, adding a pinch of salt and cayenne pepper, and a green chilly minced very fine, and then pounding the whole with a pestle till it is well bruised and reduced to a pulp. Eaten fresh with cold or roast meat, or with curried dishes, it is a capital spur to a jaded appetite, and well worth trying. \* \* \*

Yesterday we made an excursion to Brandt Vlei, or the Boiling Lake, distant about one hour from Worcester, and only to be reached by jolting through the dry and stony bed of Breede River, and bumping our heads off along a most rutty and abominable track. The springs which supply it must be of volcanic origin, for here—wonderful to relate—we saw water of crystalline clearness, but perfectly tasteless, bubbling up in a natural cauldron of twelve feet deep and thirty feet diameter, *within a few yards of a cold spring*. The heat of the water was 140 degrees, and it took two hours to cool it perfectly in a bottle; but it has no medicinal properties. The astonishing thing is, that the vapour and steam from this boiling spring, far from injuring the tropical vegetation hereabouts, apparently improve it, and tufts of grass and pig-lilies and bamboo are actually growing in this very water, as if they liked it. I pulled up some, and found the sand very hot to the touch, and the roots were scalding hot, but each blade was fresh and green. Who can explain this mystery? From these springs—for there are two, one much smaller than the other and not so deep, but apparently communicating, for when we stirred the smaller one up with a long pole, the bigger lake began to bubble up furiously

from its bed of silver sand, and sent up thousands of silvery rings to the surface—the water is conveyed away by wooden channels, one of which supplies a bath-house close by, and the other forms the stream which irrigates the vale, and can be traced for many miles, by its smoke and vapour, among the mealies. The farmer to whom the place belongs told us the water was very good for rheumatism, if one could stand being almost boiled alive, and that it took an hour at least to cool it to the bathing point; so that, with a trifling expense, there ought to be no difficulty in conveying it direct by pipes to Worcester, and there employing it medicinally, instead of sending invalids all that way in search of fractured bones or dislocations.

On our way back we saw some grotesque objects moving about on all fours near a mealie patch, when our driver gave a shout, and lo and behold! up started a dozen of big baboons, and fled for their lives, chattering and cocking up their ridiculous tails, and carrying off their youngsters on their backs. Somebody pointed his gun at them and was going to fire, but the driver begged so hard that he would desist that he yielded the point at once. It seems the baboons, when wounded, cry like beaten children, and this our poor driver could not stand,—nor I think could you. He told us quite seriously that the baboons always beat most unmercifully the unfortunate sentinel who has failed to keep proper guard while the rest are out stealing, but whether with his own tail or with a special stick he was at a loss to determine. All along these stony hillocks over which the so-called road is carried, there grow very curious euphorbia bushes, called the *butter bush*. If you break off a twig, a thick juice escapes, very sticky, and exactly like newly-churned butter. Here also you find tufts of reed called the "*melkbosch*," which are full of a milky fluid, only grateful to goats, for sheep will not touch it. And, more surprising still, near Brandt Vlei we were shown what was called the "bread tree," from the supposed resemblance between the taste of its fruit and a very dry crust. Thus these seemingly barren hills are tenanted by baboons who are provided with milk and honey, bread and butter, and as much hot water as would serve for the cooking of everything they could manage to steal! Truly, Nature plays some strange tricks in South Africa.

One marked peculiarity about Worcester is the clearness of its atmosphere. This made the sunsets especially beautiful from the reflected pink and amber lights playing on the lofty crags, when the valleys were in deep shade. Unfortu-

nately for sketchers, these floods "of radiance unutterably bright" only last a few minutes, whereas at Green Point the effect of a rosy cloud over the setting sun would be to flush the whole sea with amethyst and purple, and make the horizon red as wine. The air here among the mountains is, in fact, too thin and transparent to retain the glow of colour very long, and is undoubtedly a great drawback to sportsmen, who find all kinds of game very wild and difficult to approach. As stalking bucks is quite out of the question, you have to trust to a speedy horse, and gallop in a circle, before you can come near enough to fire. The gentlemen of our party are quite wild with me for admiring the purity of the air, which to them must be just as annoying as the "stinking violets" complained of by John Leech's Huntsman. Both spoil sport, and are sometimes out of place!

*Cape Town, 1st May.*—Here we are again in Cape Town, all the better for our trip, and only sorry that we could not have stayed longer in Worcester; but the fact is, the children fretted after us, and so we were obliged to come back, at least a week before our time. \* \* \* If there had been a railway in existence, nothing I would have enjoyed more than making up a large party to explore the beauties of the Hex River country; but that terrible long, steep drive for eighteen miles up hill and down through Bain's Kloof, although very beautiful, is too much for human nature, more than once a year. If ever a country calls for railways, it is about Tulbagh and Worcester, where the land is so flat, that a rise of four or five feet in the rivers causes wide plains to be under water; and it is painful to see the poor oxen toiling up the passes with the heavy loads of wine and brandy, sunk up to the axles in mud and sand. If ever a train runs to Worcester, the citizens of Cape Town will make it their favourite suburb; and I, for one, should then like to live there altogether. \* \* In our absence, nothing fresh had occurred beyond the arrival of race-horses from far and near to compete for the Autumn races, and as yesterday was really a beautiful day, we made up a riding party, and went to see the Cape Town races. The Grand Stand, which is a very humble glazed little box, was pretty well filled, and the *jeunesse dorée* of the Cape turned out in great force; but by far the most amusing feature of the scene was the intense eagerness with which small groups of excited natives backed their noisy opinions in half-crowns and shillings. The racing was comparatively poor, the horses slight, few in number, and not



particularly well trained, while the costumes of the jockeys were remarkably *bizarre*, and sadly deficient in boots ; but what astonished us was to see a queer, rough little shooting pony, called *Gazelle*, carry off the "Queen's Plate" from a noble imported English horse, and this in spite of the very fine riding of an old English jockey against a weazened little Hottentot. When this winner returned to scale, the noise and uproar of the blacks were something prodigious. It was as good as a play to watch their antics. They danced and jumped about, threw up their caps, shook each other by the hands, laughing, crowing, and jeering the jockey who was second, as if he had been detected in doing something shameful. In short, the course was taken possession of by a delirious mob, and had to be cleared by the police. As we were standing close to the weighing-paddock, looking on at the horses being led about, it was very amusing to listen to the several critical remarks of these exuberant "niggers," who know as much about the points of a horse as a cow does about dancing, and to contrast the dignified calm, and quiet demeanour of the jockeys within, with the noisy gestures and uncouth compliments showered on them by their apish and excitable compatriots without. The effervescence of animal spirits was something astonishing!

The races are held on a wide commonage, skirted "by the sounding sea," with ships passing and repassing to and from the anchorage, and fanned by breezes both salt and pleasant. They seemed to be regarded by most people as an excuse for pic-nics on the rocks ; and the course was inconveniently full of family groups, who, seated in carts, or *under* them, found their hampers all too small for the friends who came crowding to the open-air feast. Turf there was none, but rather a coarse mixture of sand and rank growths, combining the softness of moss with the dryness of straw, and one likely to tire out the strongest horse after a little hard galloping. The course is nearly oval, and is traced out by a line of houses and seaside villas, whose whitewashed walls stand out brilliantly against the background of dark-blue sea and overhanging hills, and we had some capital scampers across it between the races. When all was over, the scene upon the road home was almost as amusing as the Derby Return. Carts, full of Malay families, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and with gowns that positively were *prismatic*, went racing back to town at imminent risk of upsetting their contents, and setting off the horses of quieter gentry into paroxysms of kicking. Roads, common, and side-walks were crammed by a motley and eager crowd,

pushing, struggling, and jostling their way on foot so as to keep up with the bands of fiddlers in caravans, who were playing lively dance music; while along the hillside, high above our heads, might be discerned small groups of nervous females, who had brought themselves to anchor in such out-of-the-way spots rather than lose taking a share in a spectacle which to passengers just entering the Bay must present a very busy and unique appearance. \* \* \* \*

*Sunday, 11th May.*—The fact of our having shortly to leave for the frontier, has again unsettled our household, and made us the victims of caprice. What a nuisance it is, this constant shifting from one place to another, when anybody could have done the work so much better than ourselves! The waste of time by dawdling about in an hotel would be unbearable, were it not for the resources of the free Library here, which in its cool and spacious apartments offers attractions second to none in Cape Town. If ever you were to come here, you would soon agree with me that it combines the convenience of the British Museum with the advantages of Mudie's, and is one of the cheapest luxuries within the reach of the British soldier, costing next to nothing. Once a year it is the custom of the committee to invite the most prominent member of Cape Town society with a turn for literature to deliver an address in connection with this Institute, and then all the blue-stockings muster in great force to hear themselves well praised, and to take their share in the proceedings of a mutual admiration society. Yesterday the choice of the subscribers fell upon Mr. John F——, who is regarded in South Africa as the father of the Press, and is mentioned elsewhere by Pringle. \* \* \* \*

The old man seemed in very weak health, and quite unfit to plead before the blooming jury of smartly-dressed women who crowded the big hall of the Library; but his looks belied him, and he delivered an address quite instinct with true genius, and of which I shall hereafter send you a copy when it is printed. The proceedings were marked by an incident which made a powerful impression on my mind, and gave me a good idea of the startling effects to be got out of an apt quotation when forcibly delivered. Just as the meeting was breaking up the dear old Attorney-General rose to move a vote of thanks, and after a most brilliant eulogium on the career of the speaker, and reference to the fact that he himself was too broken down in health to do justice to his theme, and might probably never again have the pleasure of meeting the man who had so long been his guide, philosopher, and friend, he wound up his remarks by saying, with, oh! such tender

pathos and delicious thrilling tones, that the words are still ringing in my ears: "Wealth decays, and rank is nothing,"—

"But strew his ashes to the wind  
Whose sword or voice has served mankind;  
And *is he dead*, whose glorious mind  
Lifts him on high?  
To *live* in hearts we leave behind  
Is *not* to die!"

To have heard these touching words from one grey-headed man to another, may to you, at a distance, seem as nothing; but to us on the spot, with the mind's eye full of a colossal form and a gracious presence, there was something almost tragic in this eloquent farewell. Everybody knew, of course, that the speaker was on the eve of leaving for England, and was deeply attached to his many friends at the Cape, so it was only natural he should feel the hour of parting; but no one could have watched that strong and handsome face quivering with emotion in every feature, without being struck by the godlike air with which these lines were delivered. It was electrifying. I would not have missed that scene for a good deal, nor yet the equally touching scene later in the day, when Mr. P—— went on board the *Camperdown*, and was accompanied all the way down the streets to the wharf by a tremendous crowd of well-wishers, who never seemed tired of shaking hands and saying good-bye to him, as he strode on, silent, downcast, and thoroughly overcome. The bay that day was gay with large boats filled with Volunteers, as with bands playing and flags flying they escorted their popular Colonel to the ship. It is not permitted to all to so leave a Colony, after a residence of a quarter of a century—perhaps never to return! I wonder how many people in England would so greet the most popular man of the day, who had deserved well of his country; or would they not be somewhat ashamed of such warm-heartedness, and sneer at this southern fervour and vivacity of friendship. \* \* \* \*



## THE DEAD MARCH IN SAUL.\*

Slowly to his burial take him ;  
 Sleeps he where no sun shall wake him ;  
 Kindly memories let us make him ;  
 At the tomb not now forsake him—  
 Dead !

Marching solemnly behind him,  
 Sacred shadows seem to bind him ;  
 Quiet haven let us find him—  
 Dead !

Joy to spirits safely shriven ;  
 Joy to souls whose bonds are riven ;  
 Joy to beings borne to Heaven—  
 Hail !

Gain of glory—gain of pleasure,—  
 God's great love and wisdom's treasure  
 Holds he now in boundless measure—  
 Hail !

Lies he there, whose life with ours  
 Mingled thro' the circling hours,  
 Gathering all earth's thorns and flowers—  
 Dead !

Weeping, graveward now we bear him ;  
 Hardly yet our hearts can spare him ;  
 Fancy looks once more to share him—  
 Dead !

He has spurned the sin-bound mortal ;  
 He has passed the mystic portal ;  
 He hath gained the state immortal—  
 Hail !

Fears he now no fires infernal ;  
 Wears he now the crown supernal ;  
 Stands he now by God Eternal—  
 Hail !

All the pain, and all the passion,—  
 Furrow'd brow and features ashen ;  
 Gone!—with all grim Sorrow's fashion—  
 Dead !

\* The following lines were written after the writer had attended the funeral of a friend, who, being a Volunteer officer, was buried with military honours. The solemn strain of the band suggested the train of ideas attempted to be shadowed forth in these verses.



Dwells he now from woe exempted ;  
Never more by sinner tempted ;  
All his cup of grief is emptied—  
Dead !

Dreary doubtings once beset him ;  
Brooding devils strove to get him ;  
Now the blaze of Truth hath met him—  
Hail !

Naught to him are all the ages,—  
Earth's long æons, man's fierce rages,—  
Reason's riddles now he gauges—  
Hail !

*Us*, to life's vexations clinging,  
Doleful requiems sadly ringing,  
Sees he ; while, to God upspringing,  
In his ears Heaven's hosts are singing—  
Hail !

Throb *our* hearts, by death affrighted,  
Grove *we* still by gloom benighted ;  
*He* on deathless shores hath lighted,—  
*He* to deathless joys is plighted—  
Hail !

"Earth to earth,"—he lies unheeding ;  
"Dust to dust,"—he leaves us bleeding,—  
Dismal footsteps homeward leading—  
Dead !

Gone from groaning Earth's distractions ;  
Gone from dust of human actions ;  
Gone from grasping Sin's exactions—  
Dead !

Hail to him whose toils are ended ;  
Hail to him from death defended ;  
Hail to him mid glories splendid—  
Hail !

He hath cross'd the still, dark river ;  
He hath gone to God the Giver,—  
*Gone* for ever, and for ever—  
Hail !

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF BIRDS' NESTS

## IN RELATION TO INSTINCT.

AMONG vertebrate animals which construct some kind of temporary abode in which to rear their young, birds stand alone in nidification being a characteristic of the class. Though we might institute a comparison between some birds' nests and the underground resort of burrowing-animals, or the marvellous edifices of the beaver, the former are used by their occupants as places of refuge and concealment, whilst the well-constructed "lodges" of the latter are inhabited as permanent dwellings, each lodge being occupied by several individuals forming one community, and resulting from their united labours. Among the mammalia, instances where a structure is specially prepared for the lodgment and safety of progeny, are limited to the little harvest-mouse and some of its congeners; their exquisitely-formed nest, with the manner of its suspension upon corn-stalks or stems of grasses, having excited the admiration of every observer, rivalling even the elaborate structures of the feathered tribes, whose perfection and beauty have been the delight of the naturalist, and a constant theme for the speculations of the philosopher.

The oviparous nature of birds, and the necessity for a certain degree of warmth essential to the development of the chick, which warmth being, with few exceptions, derived from contact with the body of the parent bird, compel the fabrication of temporary homes, where the eggs are first deposited, and, in most cases, the helpless young are afterwards reared. These homes are as different in the form of their construction as in the materials out of which they are built, or the situation in which they are placed. The intricately-woven, pendulous nests of our common weaver-birds (*Hyphantornis*)—the neatly-plastered cells of the house-swallow—the dense mass of leaves which the wag-tail diligently heaps against a wall covered by some creeping shrub, or the slender platform of sticks that suffices the turtle-dove, are instances of differences in structure of which we may find variations diversified through infinite gradations. Further, many birds are content to dispense altogether with any construction, and lay their eggs on the bare ground, which shows us not only that the faculty by which birds are instigated to prepare a suitable nest varies in degree among those which possess it, but that it is not present alike in all. The highly artistic manner in which many nests are built, the skill with which the materials are interwoven, the care

exhibited in selecting a suitable position, and the anxious solicitude with which many species seek by various devices to delude the eye of their enemies and avert their attention, have excited admiration, no less for the persevering industry of the little fabricators, than wonder at the results achieved.

Our astonishment increases when we observe that the young birds of each succeeding generation continue to build the characteristic nest of the species, using the same kind of material, and fashioning it upon the same plan as their predecessors; and the faculty by which this is accomplished has been generally accepted as being a natural *instinct* with which these little architects are endowed, an explanation which most writers upon instinct and reason have adopted as the foundation of their speculations.

This idea has so grown with our growth that we never question a belief so widely spread, and entertained alike by poets, philosophers, and naturalists. We assume it must have a solid basis of facts to rest upon, and be capable of proof by them; and we accept it as actually demonstrated that "parent-bird never taught its child the art to shape a nest." Yet, in the restless and active inquiry characteristic of the age, this position does not remain unassailed; and the talented author of travel in the "*Malay Archipelago*," in his *Essays on Natural Selection*,\* not only controverts this opinion, but has come to the conclusion that it is absolutely erroneous; that it not only deviates widely from the truth, but in almost every particular is exactly opposed to it. Mr. Wallace maintains, in short, that birds do *not* build their nests through the operation of an innate instinct (interpreting *instinct* to mean "the capacity to perform some complex act without either teaching or experience"); but that by the readiness they exhibit to adapt themselves to new conditions, they manifest a degree of reasoning which implies the exercise of mental powers; and that all the phenomena presented in the several modes of nest-building may be accounted for by the faculties of *observation*, *memory*, and *imitation*, such as the lower animals are generally admitted to possess.

It may be convenient, as well as interesting to the reader, if we briefly sketch the leading facts advanced by Mr. Wallace, with the inferences he derives from them; and we shall afterwards examine some other peculiarities in the nidification of birds, and see how these further facts agree with the former deductions.

\* Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection: A Series of Essays, by A. R. Wallace.

If it be asked "why each bird builds a peculiar kind of nest?" we are answered that each species uses the material it can most readily obtain, and builds in the situation most congenial to its habits. The wren, for example, frequenting low thickets, builds its nest of the moss amongst which it obtains much of its insect food, and this material is always found in the places it haunts. Rooks, digging for grubs in pastures and ploughed fields, encounter roots and fibres. What more natural than that these should be used to line their nest? The king-fisher lays its eggs upon a bed formed from the bones of fish it has eaten. And from these and other examples the conclusion is deduced that the materials of birds' nests are just such as come most readily to hand, and that no special instinct is required to select them any more than actuates the uncivilized natives of the interior when they construct their grass-covered huts on the unvarying pattern of their forefathers.

But how are we to account, except by instinct, for the wonderful adaptation of the form and structure of nests to the wants and habits of each species? And the explanation given is in the general habits of the species and the nature of the tools they have to work with, the delicacy and perfection of a nest bearing some relation to the size of the bird, its anatomical structure, and its special habits. The slender beak, long legs, and great activity of the wren enable it to construct a well-woven nest of the finest materials. The tit-mouse, haunting fruit-trees and walls, and searching about chinks and crannies, is naturally led to build in holes, where it has shelter and security, and by the ready use of bill and feet it forms a beautiful receptacle for its eggs and young. On the other hand, pigeons, with heavy bodies, and less aptitude for nest-making, cannot fashion anything better than a rude flat nest of sticks, sufficient to support their weight and that of their bulky young; whilst the night-jars, having the most imperfect tools of all, since they cannot build a nest of twigs or fibres, therefore generally dispense with one altogether, and deposit their eggs on the bare ground, from which we are led to the conclusion that the choice of a locality for its nest is also determined by the habits of a bird.

The faculty of imitation appears to be developed very early in the life of birds, as the young of song-birds are said to acquire some knowledge of the parent notes after a few days' existence, and which at a later period they will imitate. Upon this Mr. Wallace argues that the capacity to hear and remember being thus shown, it cannot be very extraordinary if, during their occupation of the nest for a longer or shorter



period, they should both observe and recollect the materials and manner of its construction, extending their knowledge of its internal and external details during the time of learning to fly, when often making short excursions and returning again to the nest. Further, the search for food brings them into daily contact with the very materials out of which the nest is fabricated, and leads them among places similar to that in which it is located; so when "the sweet necessity is laid upon them," and they are required to construct a nest for their own purposes, it is not surprising they should build one like that in which they themselves were reared.

To the objection that birds do not *learn* to make their nests, as, for instance, a man does to build, for that all birds will make exactly the same nest as the rest of the species, even if they have never seen one, and that *instinct* alone can enable them to do this, it is pointed out that, although so important to the question at issue, this position is always assumed without proof, and the opposing fact is advanced that birds brought up in cages do not make the characteristic nest of their species, even though proper materials are supplied them, and will often make no nest at all, but rudely heap together whatever is given them.

Inquiry into the effect of altered circumstances shows us that when new conditions are presented, the feathered tribes are capable of taking advantage of them. An example of change of habit, indicated by their name, is given in the house and chimney-swallows; and in America, the attachment to their new haunts has necessarily arisen since the discovery of the continent and the later erection of houses and chimneys. We may point to a yet more notable instance of adaptation, which might have been seen nearer home, shortly after the opening of the Cape Town Docks. When ships were first admitted to the basin, several sparrows and wag-tails (*Motacilla capensis*) attempted to build their nests amidst the intricacies of the rigging and about the sails folded on the yards of vessels lying alongside the quay, evidently considering this novel site as eligible for their purpose, as if mast and ropes were component parts of a tree still growing in its native forest.

To the fact of thread and worsted now being used in many nests instead of wool and horse-hair, we need not attach much importance as evidence of improvement, the result of experience, because whichever material is employed, the end to which it is applied is the same; and the Baltimore oriole will find the waste lengths of thread thrown from the housewife's basket, equally effective for the suspension of its

nest as the vegetable-fibre or horse-hair, which in the less-inhabited districts it must take such pains to procure ; though even the employment of thread is in no way more wonderful than the use of the long hair from the mane or tail of a horse, since the latter habit must have been acquired subsequent to the introduction of that quadruped into America.

Our space will not permit us to cite all the instances collated by Mr. Wallace where a change of habit has ensued upon new conditions; but in his summary he thinks a fair consideration of all the facts will fully support his opinion, that in the construction of their nests, birds exhibit evidence of the possession of mental faculties, the same in kind as those manifested by untutored man in the construction of his dwelling. These are essentially imitation, and a slow and partial adaptation to new conditions; and whilst he admits that it may not be impossible to establish in other cases the existence of *true instinct*, he contends that in the particular instance of birds' nests, which is usually considered one of the strong points in favour of special instinct, he "cannot find a particle of evidence to show the existence of anything beyond those lower reasoning and imitative powers which animals are universally admitted to possess."

In the essay, the gist of which we have placed before our readers, Mr. Wallace has conferred a benefit not only on the student of ornithology, but upon the wide circle of readers who, though they may not agree in all the conclusions of the author, delight in perusing the investigations of naturalists which reveal the habits and characteristics of this interesting division of the animal kingdom. Boldly as the author has stated his views, and ably as he argues the several points, there are yet so many opposing facts left untouched, the investigation of which must detract from the value of his deductions, that we are led to regret the omission; and the more so as their discussion by such an experienced naturalist could not have failed to throw new light upon many apparent contradictions.

Without attempting a critical examination of the questions involved, we shall lay before our readers some facts to be advanced on the other side, from which we shall see that, in the habits of many birds, we undoubtedly witness the exercise of a special impulse, which, inasmuch as it cannot be referred either to the faculty of observation or imitation, we explain by the term *instinct*; and we shall find the peculiarities of nest-building present so many exceptions, even between closely-allied species, that the specialities of each

bird's existence give a very incomplete clue to the *reason why* it builds its nest of certain materials, in a definite situation, or in a more or less elaborate manner.

The lark, feeding upon grubs and insects which it finds upon the ground, and frequenting cultivated fields, forms its nest chiefly of grass, and places it upon the ground. The carrion crow, frequenting sheep-walks and warrens, and feeding upon dead rabbits and lambs, uses fur and wool to line its nest; and these are familiar illustrations of the correlation of the habits of birds with the position and material of their nests. But if we take, for example, the common heron (*Ardea cinerea*), we find a striking subversion of these relations. We have a long-legged, wading bird, commonly feeding on fishes, frogs, and small reptiles, which it obtains in pools and along the shallows of rivers, having feet differing so much from those of the true perching birds, yet building its nest of sticks in high trees, and lining it with *wool*. Whether we notice the materials only, or the form and structure of a nest in their adaptation to the wants and habits of the builder, we shall meet equal difficulty in establishing such inter-dependence as will guide us to any rule expressive of their mutual relation. The before-mentioned statement, that the titmouse, haunting fruit-trees and walls, and searching in cracks and crannies for insects, is *naturally led* to build in holes, where it has shelter and security, does not explain why the common European starling, which finds its insect food in the open fields, should also delight to build in the crevices of towers and other high buildings; or why the kestrel (*Tinnunculus alaudarius*) and the little American falcon (*F. Sparverius*), whose usual diet is mice, frogs, lizards, and "such small deer," and whose predatory habits, with their associated structural peculiarities, are the very antipodes of those of the titmouse, will yet construct their nests in the crannies and crevices of ruined buildings, as readily as other of their species do upon the summits of lofty trees. With these instances before us of the choice of a similar locality by birds differing so widely in structure and habit, let us now see whether similarity in bodily conformation tends to uniformity in the position or structure of a nest. A cursory examination of the Caprimulgidæ or night-jars will show their excessively short and weak bill, the gape wide, and almost hidden by bristles, and feet so little adapted to support them that they cannot truly perch, but rest the body along a branch, not across it. If we are disposed to assume, they cannot build a nest of twigs,

fibre, or moss, like other birds, and *therefore* they dispense with one altogether, and lay their eggs on the bare ground, we find our position untenable when we attempt to extend the theory to another group of fissirostral birds—the swallows, and their kindred, the swifts—which, taking their insect food on the wing in the same manner as the night-jars, having their legs and feet alike delicately formed, and having similar short, flattened, and feeble bills; yet by these equally “imperfect tools” are able to construct the most exquisite specimens of architecture, from the familiar nest of the house-swallow to the yet more elaborate construction of a North American species of swift, artfully built up of sticks and twigs, glued together by a tenacious saliva secreted by the bird. The diminutive sand-martin affords another case in point—a bird which at first sight would seem so utterly inadequate to the performance of miner’s work; yet with the same slender appurtenances as the rest of the group, it contrives to dig out a tunnel in the ground, sometimes to the length of five feet, at the end of which it places a mass of dry grass and moss, &c. All this labour, however, must be considered more than unnecessary if the depositing their eggs upon the bare ground by the Caprimulgidæ is to be attributed solely to their “imperfect tools.”

In the ducks we have a strongly-marked group of birds, distinguished by their aquatic habits, their long and broad bills so well suited to dabble in mud-banks in search of slugs and other kinds of food, and their webbed feet, typical of the swimming birds, associated with the backward position of the legs, which, though it increases their oar-like action in swimming, yet by their being placed so far behind the equilibrium of the body, renders the movements of the birds on land awkward, if not difficult. We cannot conceive a structure less in harmony with a habit of harbouring in trees; and, indeed, the incongruity has given rise to a simile commonly used in Yorkshire, applied to any association of unlikely conditions, as being as ill-adjusted “as a duck to a perch.” Nevertheless, besides the tree-ducks (*Dendrocygna*) there are many species of natatorial birds (*Anas moschata*, *Chenalopex*, &c.), which habitually form their nests in trees, in spite of the annually-recurring difficulty of carrying down their tender fledglings to the nearest water. Even the common mallard occasionally exhibits this eccentricity, which is the more surprising, as its general resort during the breeding season, as with most of the duck tribe, is to marshy lands, where among the reeds and sedges they find freedom from inimical intrusion, and a position congenial to the early



life of their young brood. Another striking instance of divergence between the structure of a swimming bird and the position of its nest is afforded by the shieldrake (*Anas tadorna*), which has acquired the vulgar appellation of *burrow duck*, from its remarkable choice of a site for its nest, which is constructed of grass, at the far extremity of a rabbit burrow.

The flamingoes, as well as the terns and sand-pipers, chiefly frequent extensive muddy and tide-washed flats, over which they constantly roam in search of food, and they all alike breed in such localities.

The nest of the flamingo is most singular, consisting of sand and mud heaped together into a conical mound, having a cavity on the summit in which the eggs are laid, and where during the process of incubation the parent bird is comfortably seated, with its long legs dependent on either side, like a lanky youth perched on a tall office-stool. Doubtless this arrangement has the effect of keeping dry both bird and nest, beyond ordinary changes in the water-level. Many terns and sand-pipers lay their eggs on the bare sand by the margins of vleys, or on the sea shore; and the author of "Essays on Natural Selection" adopts the surmise of the Duke of Argyll, who in his "Reign of Law" says "the cause of this habit is not that they are unable to form a nest, but that in such a situation any nest would be conspicuous, and lead to the discovery of the eggs," a conclusion entirely at variance with the exalted prominence the flamingo, though choosing the same spots, gives to its nest; which, if it seeks to hide, is after the fashion of a city set on a hill; and this is not compensated by any greater boldness or courage possessed by the bird, since the flamingo, on the contrary, is exceedingly shy and wary in its disposition.

We have before alluded to the selection by the kingfisher of the bones of fish it has eaten to compose a bed upon which to place its eggs; but this is not adopted by all the species alike. The belted kingfisher of America (*Alcedo alcyon*), after digging a hole in a river-bank by means of its beak and claws, constructs within it a nest of twigs and feathers; and a form of nest still more aberrant from others of the species is that of the Himalayan kingfisher (*Ceryle guttata*), whose nest, placed amongst large stones, is rather elaborately constructed of mud lined with grasses, and is attached to the stones in the same manner as that of the swallow under the eaves of a house. Whilst the frequent employment in the nests of kingfishers of the bones of fish derived from the undigested portions of their usual food, as

"castings" rejected by the mouth, is undoubtedly an adaptation "of the simplest means to an end," the construction of a nest of grass and plastered mud by another of the species—a bird with the long pointed beak, short slender legs, and syndactyle feet, characteristic of the kingfishers—must be admitted to exhibit a striking want of conformity between the general habits of the species, the nature of the tools it has to work with, and the material and structure of its nest. Further, the anatomical peculiarities of this family, their feeding chiefly upon fish, their mode of seeking and securing their prey, and the localities in which they find it, present so many features in common, that if the impulse to build a nest upon a particular plan were the expression of these combined relations, it is self-evident that a considerable uniformity should appear in the structures severally prepared by the kingfishers for the reception of their eggs. But, as we have remarked, the great difference in the nests elaborated by species living under conditions so nearly identical, we perceive the phenomena presented in nature will not admit the general application of the theory that "the main features of the nest built by each group of birds bear a relation to the organic structure of that group and to the conditions of its existence."

In considering the circumstances under which birds alter their nest, it is worthy of attention that the instances given by Mr. Wallace all arise from changed conditions or new relations consequent upon the presence of man. Sometimes it is by the virtual protection he affords to particular species, as we see in the immunity generally enjoyed by insectivorous birds; or by his destruction of their natural enemies, making the neighbourhood of man a safe asylum. In this way many species have lost their natural fear of man, and, doubtless, among them changes of habit have taken place. Thus, in Holland the common starling readily accepts the invitation of the cottage gardeners, who suspend against their houses an earthenware domicile, like a flower-pot, with its base projecting outwards from the wall, having the hole enlarged for free ingress and egress of the birds; and these may often be seen to be tenanted, and the birds actively feeding their callow young, though placed at such a low elevation as scarcely to be out of reach by the hand.

Sometimes the presence or absence of a particular vegetation will influence the material of which a nest is constructed. In the Eastern Province of this Colony the yellow finch (*Hyphantornis capitalis*) weaves a most artistic nest from the fibre stripped off the outer edge of a species of *Sansievera*

(see a charming account in Layard's "Birds of South Africa," p. 181); whilst in the Bechuana country the nest of this species, as observed by the present writer, is made from the blades of a long flexible grass. It is more difficult to note actual improvements in nest-building, because in nature external conditions vary so slowly that any modification of structure consequent upon these is scarcely appreciable or escapes observation. Our practical knowledge of this subject is limited to the experience of the American ornithologist, Wilson, who believes the Baltimore oriole improves in nest-building by practice, and that the most perfect nests are the work of the oldest birds, which, however, is less remarkable than that the young birds should succeed in producing such marvellous specimens of ingenuity the first time they try.

Even under altered conditions, we often see how persistently birds cling to a particular mode of nidification. The house-swallow continues to build its nest of mud and clay, on the same plan and in the same style as those of its country relatives, though it is far from the pools over which, in search of insect food, they delight to skim, and has changed its haunts to hawk after flies in the streets and lanes of a busy town. *Cotyle fuligula*, nesting under the eaves of houses in Cape Town, forms the exact counterpart to nests of the species found by the writer under over-hanging ledges amid the rocky defiles of the far interior, both breeding in November.

We might adduce numerous examples where animals, by the frequent repetition of some action, have acquired it as a persistent habit. Such habit has a tendency to become hereditary, and, matured through succeeding generations, is finally developed as an *instinct*, or that faculty by which animals *unconsciously perform actions* which man would execute by aid of his knowledge of the past, his reasoning upon the present, and his anticipation of the future. We can thus understand, as Mr. Darwin says ("Origin of Species," 5th edition, p. 297), on the principle of inheritance:—"How it is that the thrush of tropical South America lines its nest with mud in the same peculiar manner as does our British thrush; how it is that the hornbills both of Africa and India have the same extraordinary instinct of plastering up and imprisoning the females in a hole in a tree, with only a small opening left in the plaster, through which the males feed them and the young when hatched; and how it is the male wrens (*Troglodytes*) of North America build 'cock nests' (or a partially formed nest apart from that

occupied by the female) to roost in, like the males of the British kitty-wrens—a habit wholly unlike that of any other known bird?" At the same time, we cannot doubt that occasionally "a little dose of reason or judgment comes into play," as birds, like some other bipeds, and like most animals, grow wiser by experience. Thus, the grebes, and many kinds of water-fowl, gather and heap up weeds and fresh material to elevate their nest when the safety of their eggs is endangered by a rising of the water. To this extent we may readily admit the capacity of birds to perform some complex acts through the teaching of experience.

The theory of Mr. Wallace is, that during their occupancy of the parent nest young birds *observe* the materials of which it is made, and that *memory* afterwards helps them when forming their own; or that in the ensuing spring they *imitate* the example of the old birds, learning from them how the foundations of a nest are laid, and how the materials are put together. The importance of these faculties to the phenomena under consideration appears to have been greatly exaggerated; and it will not be difficult to adduce instances of nidification where neither observation nor memory can play any part; and as the same mode is repeated by the young of succeeding generations, the impulse by which they are actuated comes under the definition of instinct, "the very essence of which is that it is followed independently of reason" (Darwin's "Descent of Man," vol. 1, page 100). That the young of birds possess instincts in accordance with the habits of the species cannot be doubted by any one who has seen a brood of young quail, scarce an hour old, disperse and hide themselves among the grass in answer to the alarm note of the parent bird, which Mr. Darwin says "is evidently done for the instinctive purpose of allowing their mother to fly away."

We have already remarked on the peculiar nesting of the tree-ducks. The first act of the old birds on the exclusion of the young from the egg is to carry off the nestlings from their elevated position, so ill-suited to the wants of swimming birds, down to the nearest water, where they may commence a search for food, and the mode of life conformable to their special structure. These young birds, haunting marshy ground and hiding among reeds and sedges, will for a considerable time be prevented returning to the nest by reason of their unfledged condition; and it is in the highest degree probable that, having once left it, the nest is never again revisited by them. In this case it is evident there can be no opportunity for the young birds observing either the



materials of the nest or the manner of its construction ; yet in turn they will follow the habit of their predecessors, and will again select a suitable site in trees for the continuation of the species. The idea that in the breeding season young birds will observe how old ones put the materials of a nest together, and will follow their example, is controverted by the fact that many kinds of birds will not tolerate the presence of their young, but ruthlessly turn them adrift the moment they are able to shift for themselves. Neither must we overlook the fact that many kinds are still more opposed to another pair of the same species building in their neighbourhood, and will drive off all intruders from what they consider their peculiar domain.

The most singular mound-heaping habit of the Australian jungle-fowl affords an interesting confirmation of the connection of instinct with a peculiarity in nidification. Both the jungle-fowl (*Megapoda*) and *Talegalla* possess the wonderful instinct of heaping together immense mounds of leaves and vegetable matters, in which their eggs are deposited, and are hatched by the heat arising from fermentation of the mass. In preparing these mounds, the birds commence at some distance from an imaginary centre, and throw the material inwards, which, by a series of concentric circles, is thus brought together in the spot selected for the mound. The motion of birds thus occupied is a peculiar kick, by which each footful of mould is thrown a considerable distance backwards ; and the important feature in connection with our subject is, that young birds of a few days old exhibit the earth-heaping propensity of the species, and, when kept in confinement, exert themselves most industriously in flinging about the sand, &c., placed for them. It is impossible to conceive a habit developed at such an early period to be in any measure due to "parental instruction;" and if we were to pursue the subject further, we should see in the habits of the cuckoo that the young birds, though hatched in the nest of a foster-parent, and consequently having never known their real parentage, will yet follow the peculiar instinct of their kind. And these examples may be accepted as conclusive "proof of the fact that young birds will make exactly the same nest (or will follow the habit of the species) even if they have never seen one." In the lower forms of animal life we find many actions performed by instinct, which in animals of a higher grade, and capable of greater volition, might be accomplished by the exercise of true reasoning powers ; but in the latter case, the volitional performance of any special action must inevitably lead to

greater diversity in the results attained than we see in the nests of the same species of birds. The larva of a North-American species of bombyx (*Saturnia promethea*), as well as the oak-feeding larva of a Chinese bombyx, wrap themselves in a folded leaf before spinning their cocoons. In each case the tree on which they feed is deciduous; and, as if endowed with prophetic foresight, they both take the precaution to wind a strong band of silk around both leaf-stalk and branch, so that the chrysalides remain securely suspended after the tree has shed its leaves. We can only ascribe the impulse under which this complicated work is effected to an innate instinct. The same attribute will lead the tailor-bird to sew together the edges of a leaf to form its nest; and, as in the first instance no parental instruction has been given, so in the latter it may be presumed to be unnecessary.

H. EXTON, M.D.

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## THE BIRD ISLANDS.

AN opportunity offering for a trip to the Bird Islands, per schooner *Little Meek*—somewhat better than the port launches, *Sailor's Friend*, and cockle-shells of boats that generally make the voyage—I availed myself of the kind invitation of my friend Capt. Skead, the Harbour-master of Port Elizabeth, to accompany him on a visit to the islands. His object was an official inspection of the lighthouse; mine simply the pursuit of pleasure: but, having jotted down a few observations, I send them to you for the *Cape Monthly*, if you think they are worth insertion.

I am not aware of anything more than a very general description of these islands having hitherto been published. They were brought into notice during the last century by the wreck of the *Doddington*, East Indiaman, in 1755,—accounts of which disaster may be found in various publications. A huge old-fashioned iron anchor, and an equally huge and old-fashioned iron gun, relics of the ill-fated vessel, may still be seen on the beach, near the light-house. It will also be remembered that only a few months since the screw-steamer *Westenhope* was wrecked on these islands.

They were examined by Mr. Skead, and are well shown upon the Admiralty charts. There are three of them—called respectively Bird, Stag, and Seal Islands, and an outlying rock, Black Rock. Birds inhabit the former, while the

latter is occupied by seals. There are reefs lying about in all directions, the whole group making an area of about four miles square. The boat passages are intricate, and in rough weather dangerous.

The first thing that strikes one on nearing the landing place is the new jetty, of about 220 feet, a very creditable piece of carpentry, erected for Messrs. J. O. Smith & Co., for the purpose of shipping the guano that abounds on the island. Here we see a tramway, workshops, and dwellings for the workmen, the lighthouse being at the other extremity. The principal or Bird Island contains an area of about fifty acres. This central portion, or "old guano," as it is called, with a depth of some twelve or more feet, is occupied by the penguins in thousands, and the eastern portion of the island by the gannets in myriads, where what is termed the new guano is in process of accumulation. The penguins, although unable to fly, are excellent divers: I should think no fish could escape them. The air overhead is full of gannets, wending their way to and from their fishing grounds, and the noise is something deafening. It is amusing to watch the return of the cock bird, or perhaps, more properly speaking, the gander, to his mate sitting on the nest; the amount of billing and cooing, rubbing of necks and beaks, and love-making generally, is really ridiculous. Pre-eminent among all the discordant sounds from these birds is that of the penguin, so exactly like the bray of a donkey that, lying awake and listening during the night, one would imagine all the "ponies of Jerusalem" to be on the island.

There is not a blade of grass to be seen, the vegetation consisting of *mesembryanthemum*\* and allied genera, upon which sheep and goats seem to thrive exceedingly well. Not a particle of soil can be seen excepting guano; but Mr. Reid, the lighthouse-keeper, in making a garden, found a layer of sand under the pebbles and boulders. There is no sand on the beach, but broken shell in abundance. Entire or perfect shells, as may be supposed, are principally univalves; it is rare to find a bivalve unbroken, although I secured perfect specimens of *Venus*, *Pecten*, *Pinna*, *Lucina*, *Venerupis* (Tapes), and *Cardita* or allied genera. The latter are minute specimens, and, as they are new to me, I am not

\* Mr. Hallack, to whom I showed the specimens, kindly gave me the names of these plants, viz : *Mesembryanthemum*, *Tetragonia*, *Aizoon*, *Cheiro-podium*; and I think these are the only ones indigenous to the islands. Some weeds I found in the garden have doubtless been lately introduced.

quite certain that I have classed them correctly. The conchology is identical with that at Port Elizabeth. The islands are covered with water-worn pebbles and boulders. The geological formation, however, is very well shown along the beach, where the rocks are everywhere exposed.

As the St. Croix and neighbouring islets are evidently outliers of the Winterhoek quartzite range, as are the Coega kopjes and the hill at Balmoral, so I had previously determined, from analogy, the Bird Islands to be outliers of the Devonian rocks of Oliphant's Hoek; but as the latter have a general strike N.  $60^{\circ}$  to  $70^{\circ}$  W., the Bird Island strata near the lighthouse strike about N. and S. magnetic, say N.  $30^{\circ}$  W., dipping to W. at from  $15^{\circ}$  to  $30^{\circ}$ , the strike or direction, however, showing a decided curvature from N. towards the W. This peculiar curvature is well shown upon Seal Island, where the dip, and consequently the curvature, is the other way. Here the layers curve round most extraordinarily, making fully a quadrant of a circle. Thus, at first sight, the geology appears very puzzling, and the more so as at the adjoining islet (Stag Island), where the strata are very considerably inclined to the horizon, the dip is the opposite of the Bird Island strata. Therefore, to find the axis was the next thing; and it being fortunately spring tides, the bare patch of rock called Penguin Island was accessible at low water; and here is seen one of the best examples of anticlinals I have ever met with, the arch being perfect, and the strata sloping away on either side. The peculiar curvature of strike alluded to above gives one the idea of direct upheaval from below, the force having but little onward or progressive motion, thus forming domes which have since been truncated.

So much for the stratigraphy of these islands; and quite enough too, your readers will say, for who cares about dip or direction of rocks there? Well, the geologist does; and there being no royal road to his noble and beautiful science, it is only by close application to its study, combined with intimate knowledge of the various strata and their imbedded organic remains, such knowledge being derived from personal inspection and survey,—that is to say, actual research among the various rocks themselves—that the student of geology may hope to progress, and form just conclusions in this most fascinating department of human inquiry.

I could not leave the spot without making another effort to determine the relative age of the Bird Island formation.



Having already turned over and broken up an amount of rock without finding the slightest trace of organic matter, near the landing-place a layer is seen which I at once recognized as familiar to me in the Winterhoek, Blaauwkrantz, and elsewhere,—namely, a micaceous schistose rock, containing numbers of imbedded red nodules. Lithologically, therefore, and for want of palæontological evidence, these rocks may be classed as of the same age, that is Devonian, and are outliers of the Olifant's Hoek strata. Good building stone abounds, and ought to be made use of by substituting a good stone building for the light, with proper quarters for the lighthouse-keeper and family, instead of the present rickety wooden affair, the timbers of which are so perished as to render the building quite unsafe in a gale.

The lighthouse stands near the south point of the island, having two lights—dioptric, class No. 6—the highest 60 feet above the sea, the lower being 10 feet below, and same distance outwards, the two in line with the Doddington Rock, and visible nine miles. Should a new lighthouse be built, it would be perhaps preferable to have one light only of superior power to the two small existing lights. This is a subject, I presume, not for discussion in the pages of the *Cape Monthly*; but I may state that, from an examination of some railway iron on the island, and which is so perished as to split off in large thick flakes, having more the appearance of plumbago than iron, specimens of which I brought up with me, I am decidedly of opinion that for a new lighthouse a structure of stone would be far preferable to one of iron. Mr. Skead thought perhaps the destruction of the iron was owing to some action caused by the large quantities of sea-weed cast on shore. I incline to the opinion that the ammoniacal salts derived from the guano are the proximate cause of its destruction. A sharp blow with a hammer disengages a mass of half inch thick by twelve or eighteen inches long, brittle, almost like plumbago, and without any fibre.

ROBT. PINCHIN.

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## ON THE DIAMONDIFEROUS REGIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY DR. JOHN SHAW, COLESBERG.

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### IV.—GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

I HAVE carefully avoided, in my notices on the Geology of the Diamond-fields, in the first volume of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, setting forward any definite conclusions in regard to the nature of the series of rocks with which was associated originally the diamond, or which may have been the matrix of the diamond. My general impressions were too frailly supported by positive facts to admit of any generalization satisfactory to my own mind. I have stated, however, that over and above the amygdaloids, conglomerates, and metamorphic rocks, at present prevalent in the Vaal region, associated with the extensive development of trap, there are the remains of various rocks, which find no place there now as a complete series, and which evidently belonged to an older age than the upheaval of the ubiquitous greenstone and basalt. I have all along held that the diamonds must have come from this old series of rocks or ores, which at a very ancient epoch furnished the material out of which these were formed.

Certain indications led me to believe that I was likely only to get definite traces of the ancient rocks in the diamondiferous pans.

It appeared to me not only that, in the paucity of materials in the *débris* of pans worked for diamonds, I would have less difficulty in finding traces of these rocks, but also that, from their lengthened isolation, and the protection they have necessarily experienced from the washing and transporting agencies, which must have been continuously at work in the valley of the Vaal, there would be a great probability of such ancient traces being preserved there. In my January holidays I devoted my attention mainly to this question, and examined several pans actually and reputedly diamondiferous, and Jagersfontein, which last is not a pan at present, but must have been one at no very remote geological date. I have had my preconceived convictions confirmed, and have been generally amply rewarded by the acquisition of new and important facts towards the solution of the problem as to what rocks were associated with the original diamondiferous stratum or deposit.

I have found indications and vestiges of an old series of primary metamorphic rocks, gneiss, chloritic schist, talcose claystone, and mica schist, collected in fragments in all these pans. The wash from sieves and cradles resolves itself into small blocks of these rocks, basalt, greenstone, slate, limestone, and trap sparsely amygdaloidal or conglomerate. The fragments of pebbles, which come under the general head of gems, are garnets (in great abundance), peridot, malachite, tourmaline (in abundance next to the garnet), and agates (very rare, as a rule, in the pans). Garnets, tourmaline, and peridot are generally associated with schistose rocks and granite and granitoid formations, and, indeed, may be said to be almost exclusively confined to them. Tourmaline is emphatically so.

At Jagersfontein there is a substance of a singular character, which, from its appearance, has been named by the Boers *semmels* (bran). This is a fine clayey *débris* glistening with talc, and is undoubtedly the *detritus* from the talcose claystone or clayey schist, which was one of the series to which I have referred. This farm has produced corundum, and I have in my possession two specimens of this long-sought-for associate of the diamond; and the occurrence of such a mineral, which is found in masses in talcose and micaceous slates in other countries, is most significant in support of the general direction of my argument.

The investigator, however, becomes staggered by the consideration of the general jumble he finds at this farm in the mixture of new and old remains. Side by side with the discovery of these ancient indications, he detects pieces of ostrich eggs, teeth of animals, a shell of the genus *Cyclostoma* (?), and other recent remains, at very considerable depths. I felt puzzled to account for the anomalous mixture on the first look of matters, and was inclined for the nonce to think that I was perhaps on the wrong track in seeking for the matrix of the diamond beyond the period of greenstone upheaval. Careful survey of the surroundings of the Jagersfontein diggings enabled me to trace the sources of the diamondiferous gravel and *detritus*. There are two main sources: the recent deposits come from the direction of the fountain and the hollow near the house of the proprietor; the more ancient, consisting of garnets, tourmaline, &c., from an upland *hoek* to the right of the house, which must have been formerly a pan, and is covered with the usually received diamondiferous indications. Thus, the present digging-place contains accumulations from these two

directions, and hence the commingling of different substances. Knowing, as I do, of places on the one hand where teeth of animals, bones, ostrich egg fragments, &c., have been dug out from fountains, from depths of ten feet and upwards, and in similar Bushmen haunts, which are obviously of no great age, I was at no loss to account for the presence of such remains at Jagersfontein, in a spot which would necessarily contain the washings from a fountain and hollow used by the ancient denizens of the region, in all probability. On the other hand, I have met with extinct pans (if I may use such an expression with reference to them) clearly marked on elevated plateaux, still nearly surrounded by greenstone ridges, but now with escapements through the wearing away of part of the surrounding rings of rock which once hemmed them in,—pans whose deposits are, in consequence of this change, becoming gradually carried down by sluits and surface drainage to lower terraces.

These statements combinedly, to my mind, sufficiently account for the singular nature of the deposit at Jagersfontein. The diamondiferous soil now searched for diamonds in that field is recent—very recent, I should say—as a *deposit in its present position*. Some considerable portion of it is older, being from the fountain and hollow farther up; but the greater part of it is of considerable geological age, being the *débris* of an old series of rocks drained towards and deposited in an isolated pan, which now no longer exists as such, for it has been for a considerable period with an escapement towards the present diggings.

I have thought it necessary to make this statement with reference to Jagersfontein, because there is a popular idea that the diamondiferous gravel and soil are, as a rule, recent. They may be so in the *position* in which they are now found, and recent remains may have become mixed up with them. *Ancient* the special diamondiferous soil is, in all probability, however, I am convinced. In pans thoroughly isolated I have found such to be the case; and from the sequel, satisfactory reasons will appear in explanation of any apparent contradictions to this theory in the Vaal, and other places of a similar character.

I have in a former article stated how pans have been formed, and have shown that they owe their existence to the upheaval of a circular ring of trap, which may not be exposed necessarily to view in every part of the circumference of the pan. It is the one noticeable feature in our northern landscapes, that the greenstone ridges are disposed, as a rule, around flats; and where these are land-locked, we



have pans. In a sentence, these words give the whole *rationale* of the isolation of bodies of water, which, in the process of time, have become saturated with salts, meriting the name "salt pans."

Now, we are to understand that previous to the existence of those pans, and previous to the hypogenic forces which threw up the greenstone, a system of ancient rocks existed, into which the molten mass was intruded. This trappean rock passed in all directions, vertically and horizontally, throughout the previously existing strata. They have now vanished as such, and the monumental and tabular greenstone remains, and the *débris* and *detritus* have found their way into pans, sheltered spots with natural bars, and such protected localities. The surface rush of water in South African storms, and the force of the currents of water in sluits, are so powerful, that everything would be swept into such places, and, where there was a free course, ultimately to the lowest valleys of the region,—and in the end of all, to the Vaal, as the central and main one in the region. Isolated pans and sheltered hoeks would alone be clear of the general rush of the water towards the Vaal. The Riet River and Hart River, known now to be diamondiferous, would necessarily become lateral centres of minor importance.

These singular tabular ridges of South Africa remind the Scottish geologist of the table mountains, spitzkops, and beehives (translation of the Celtic term) of Skye, the flat-columnar hills of Mull and others of the inner Hebrides of Scotland. In taking the view I have now set forward of the history of our northern contours, I can lay no claim to originality, as it is only an application to South Africa of the theory adopted by all geologists concerning the analogous landscapes, to which I have made reference. When I came to this Colony I was fresh from a Natural History tour in the outer and inner Hebrides, and I felt, in my journey inland, I was in a familiar country. This impression deepened the further north I penetrated. Colesberg is situated in the centre of such a jumble of rocks, columnar trap, and all so strangely marked and grotesque, that it cannot but startle the stranger on his first entrance; but such another spot, only with the additional attractions of grandeur and magnificence, I have seen amidst the similar formations of Skye. I cannot refrain from dwelling on this, and the good reader, I hope, will pardon me if I harp on the string yet a little.

The other night was one of those clear moonlights only to be seen in such an atmosphere as we possess in the upland districts. It had been raining, and the mists were like a girdle around the flanks of the tabular hills, about two

miles from my house. The tops were clear, or rather dimly clear, as in moonlight, and they looked like so many islands in a sea—foam girt. But all at once the light of the moon broke on a shower, and the pale moon rainbow encircled the visionary landscape. There we had before us a far-off group of low islands in a sea, which seemed to be calm as eternity—far off, shadowy, and, above all, the pale aureole rainbow. The counterpart of the scene I once witnessed in Skye, and in a similar geological rôle.

In the Scottish regions I refer to, certain agencies have been in operation, which may have formerly existed in South Africa—glaciation, by that term meaning all the various phenomena in connection with land-ice. But the very processes of nature going on at present are sufficiently powerful to have caused the extensive denudation which has formed our valleys, hollows, and large flats. The *bones*, so to say, have been left in our hill ranges, greenstone capped; the great body has been washed away gradually and irresistibly to the valleys and the ocean. What, therefore, existed before the great lacustrine, and subsequent modified lake periods, preserved in connection with the mountain heights of these ages, has yielded to the wearing and washing and other processes, and has become finally swept—where now sparse traces of it are found—into pans, obliterated pans, and the lower valleys.

Our tabular hills are low, and in the full blaze of South African light—which reveals everything and diminishes even the grandeur of such a mountain as Compassberg into common place—are unattractive and unimpressive; but when dusk falls upon them, or moonlight, it is far otherwise. Then they are singularly attractive. And if one but considers their history, and comes to understand, that they are the skeletons left of a vast accumulation of strata, in which they were formerly imbedded; that bit by bit, in the process of time—the destroyer and revealer—they have been brought to light; and that now there is nothing visible of the whole scroll but the *impress*, more or less horizontal, which they got in the far back geological ages, when then in the depths of the earth and the dark night of an unrevealed past—surely he cannot but look upon them with a strange interest, and as not without the charm of mystery,—which is to all things the most attractive. I have been digressing, and must now close doing so. I may at some other time write to the *Cape Monthly* on the geology of some of the South African landscapes—a subject to me wonderfully fascinating, and deserving more attention than it has received.

I hope the reader who has followed me to this point

clearly understands the force of my explanations. But at the risk of even being trite and pedantic, I will press the course of my argument a little further. I need not do more than allude to some of the views entertained by certain writers in the Colony as to the association of the diamond with the trap upheaval, for they have evidently come to the conclusions they espouse from fancied theoretical deductions. The question, as to whether the diamond has been produced by intense heat, or by some chemical action upon carbon, either in the form of coal or otherwise, is not in the present state of our knowledge legitimately scientific. There may be some idea that heat or chemical action *might* do this; but to put down such day-dreaming sobriety as of scientific importance is absurd in the extreme. The real origin of the diamond is wrapt in mystery as yet, and all deductive attempts to theorize on its origin are—it may be—self-satisfying to the authors, but of no great, if of any, value to science.

That diamonds are found in connection with ancient rocks is perhaps the furthest speculation of a creditable character we can make. These rocks are, inferentially, from what I have said, the metamorphic series, and as diamonds are got in pans associated with certain members of that series, the inference approaches the character of being a legitimate induction. Beyond this I cannot go, and even it still requires proper demonstration by the actual discovery of a diamond in one of these rocks.

I imagine then, as I have said in former notices, that there was the one great diamondiferous rock prevalent throughout the tract of country more or less diamondiferous, and that this rock was possibly undisturbed until the upheaval of the basalts and greenstones. It may have been—indeed, there is every indication—that the periods of upheaval were various. This old rock, however, and the companions of the same series, have yielded to denudation and wearing, and have been swept into the nuclei I have named—the pans and the river valleys. The Vaal valley is peculiarly fitted to receive and retain the material sent to it by the feeders of the river. The fall of the river is by a succession of steps, and the intermediate terraces have no great slope: hence the stream, except at the occasional rapids, is sluggish. It has manifestly played about in various beds through a considerable extent of country, and probably in most courses has never continued for a very long time.

It would be very foolhardy in any one to say that no great extent of the diamondiferous soil has been carried down by the Vaal to the Orange River. Possibly the

absence of minute diamonds, or at all events their scarcity, is to be explained by the fact that the river would wash them down; and, therefore, that these may yet turn up somewhere further west, where natural bars may have existed. This is all matter of speculation, and only to be made sure of in the course of practical digging operations.

However, this is certain, that even although the original diamondiferous centre was in connection with the Vaal region, and along its tributaries—or in other words in the basin of the Vaal—much of the diamondiferous soil and gravel must have been in the process of time carried into the Orange River, and thence seaward. There is, however, every reason to believe that the diamonds have existed broadcast, and are native to the formations along a considerable part of the Orange River also.

From the foregoing remarks it will thus appear :

(1). That for a considerable time, even geologically speaking, South Africa has been, in its central regions and in the tract of country now diamondiferous, above the sea, and only subject to the wearing influences of air, rain, and surface drainage.

(2). The contour of the country now is only the skeleton of a vast series of rocks.

(3). Any additions to the rock system since submergence have either been trappean or lacustrine.

(4). The accumulations from the wear and tear of the strata which have vanished have found their way to the river beds of the present or former times.

(5). Localized centres occur in some other spots, which have retained all along, in the course of general denudation, an isolated position. These are the pans,—the last remnants of ancient lakes.

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## FROM GRAHAM'S TOWN TO THE GOUPH.

BY DR. ATHERSTONE, F.G.S.

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### CHAP. II.—ON THE WAY.

A PLEASANT prospect for us truly, dear reader, to be condemned to sit on this box, called a "post-cart," without back or seat (for the thin knotted leathern pad is harder than the box-lid itself, from long hydraulic pressure and saturation), for thirty-one consecutive hours,—without moving, I was going to say ; but I mean, of course, the very reverse, with the *maximum* of incessant oscillation, like a bottle shaken



violently into froth and foam by a delighted school-boy,—to be jerked and jolted after this fashion for thirty-one hours at contract pace—eight miles per hour, over such roads as *ours*! Don't you think we'd better skip it all, and alight at the pleasant little town of George at once? There's nothing so very peculiar to note by the way. The Maitland mines, it is true, with their copper and lead, are *rich in silver* (50 oz. to the ton!); but that is a *private concern*, like the Kowie harbour. What cares the public about that? If the Company would spend £50,000 more, in addition to the £15,000 already expended, in developing its hidden treasures, so as to make it a *decided success*, then, perhaps, our generous representatives might consent to take *it* over, too, as a free gift. There's little use in wasting time over these private enterprises in a country like this, where such things are so little appreciated. Some persons, however, may be interested to know that the same blue mountain-limestone, and traces of the same igneous rocks that promise so favourably for mineral and metallic discovery in the Zwaartberg, are found also here near the Maitland mines—a district well worthy of careful exploration. Beyond this there is little to note on your monotonous way. You travel through troughs in the sandstone ranges, filled with rhenosterbosch,—a country without a history, recent or fossil—hills of bare rock, and valleys of ruts, and tortuous rivers,—the worst parts passed in the dark. You try to think, but your thoughts get so beaten up, jolted and jostled together, you can't recognize one as your own; and when they are split up and mingled with dreams, the taciturn driver, with violent shake, or a poke in your side, swears he'll not pick you up if you *WILL* tumble off. Another minute, and you're off again in the land of Nod, lunging and plunging till another irascible poke brings you back with a start—aching all over. Oh! that night over the Kromme River roads,—the very reminiscence gives me a “headache in the stomach,” as my little friend in the passenger-cart naïvely expressed it after passing a deep rut, which “shook the stars out of his eyes!” You spend the night dreaming and longing for the iron rail. “*Magtig!*” exclaimed the old Frontier Boer, when he first heard of the *iron* rail, “our roads are *so heavy already*, what will our poor oxen do with *iron roads!*” So they voted against them, and we still jog on in the East in the old rut—the spoor of the ox-wagon—just as our fathers did,—all the bad roads at one end—all the road-machinery at the other. We may as well blow the bugle here, and alight at this house at the top of the Montagu Pass. One Mr. *Assyn* dwells

here (so said the Tottie driver), which, being translated, means——. Well, never mind what it means. Oh! how I pleaded for a bed,—a corner of his floor or table,—just one half hour's sleep to calm the giddy brain and quivering nerves! His stern "*Nay!*" vibrated like a knell through my exhausted frame, as our two fresh steeds bounded off through the gathering fog into the twilight. "Only one *little* hour and a half," thought I, as I drew my cloak tighter around me, comforting myself with those few last words of the kind Assyn, and his abrupt and gruff "*Gaat maar aan!*" And on we went, up the mountain, through the mist, distilling in droplets from our beards. Daylight faded out as we rushed over the summit level, and saw below us the misty clouds hanging over the craggy peaks, and the dark forest in the pale moonlight haze—enlarging—exaggerating everything,—throwing an air of supernatural grandeur and depth over the abyss into which we seemed plunging at an angle of forty-five, and a pace of ten miles an hour, down—down through the dark turnings and winding parapet-walls of the mountain pass, ever and anon blowing a sharp shrill warning blast, as we galloped along. "*Net een ander half uur,*"—"just one hour and a half,"—muttered the driver, as he drew up at the "Club" of the silent village of George, taking its first nap at the orthodox hour of nine. There, at the door, stood Tom Bain, the son of my old cherished friend, ready to welcome me. The sight of him aroused every atom of nerve-power left, and we chatted till the sounds grew vague and indistinct. And did not I sleep *all over*, with the full conscientiousness of having *earned* it,—sound, solid, dreamless sleep, mental and corporeal. The sun was high when I awoke next morning and looked out on the silent street. Instinctively I rubbed my eyes, and looked again. Could I be awake? or was it the ghost of the town I gazed at eighteen years ago? I went out for a stroll. There stood the same group of idlers, in the very same attitudes at the street corners,—the same stragglers sauntering about with hands in their pockets, and cigar in mouth,—the same good-natured look of apathetic indifference, puffing their wreaths of smoke from their solemn-looking faces, just as I recollect them on my last visit, when the mountain pass was just finished,—the same air of retirement from business, as if there was nothing more to do now that the Cradock pass was opened, but to sit down and quietly enjoy the fruits of that vast expenditure! It appeared to me *then* like a town from which a vast amount of stimulus had been suddenly withdrawn, and its inhabitants were patiently waiting for

something else to turn up. And so it appeared to me now. I found that the main postal route still turned off from Blanco at a right angle, *as it used to do*, returning to the same post-office at Blanco after some two hours diversion (sometimes *twenty*, when the bridgeless river was flooded), out of compliment to the ancient town. Yet what a beautiful, neat, picturesque town! What a splendid country!—what vast natural undeveloped resources in the surrounding district, could its inhabitants exert a little more energy and enterprise, instead of waiting for the Government to do something, or everything, for them! A stranger passing after eighteen years' absence cannot help being struck with the stationary appearance—the absence of progress—the air of rest and retirement of a spot apparently so favourably situated for advancement. Is it the shadow of the mountain, or the rank luxuriance of the herbage, or the granite subsoil, or the proximity of the forests, that temptation to see-saw idleness—that offers an explanation of the apparent anomaly? Zuurveldt may be made sweet veldt, by energy and industry; I have seen it done. There is a splendid harbour within a short distance, grand mountain passes opening up the unknown riches of the Karoo; yet stagnation broods like a cloud over the land, and eighteen years find matters still as they were. Arouse yourselves, gentlemen; wake up from your dream of the past, before you become “the extinct village of George,” startling travellers by your ghost-like lifelessness. We had travelled till now over *zuurveldt*—the waste of the old red sandstone ranges; but now we have descended the barrier down to the granite of the littoral plains, extending from the coast to within a hundred yards of the village, and along the base of the mountains, away towards the Knysna, where the “conglomerate” and and new red sandstone make their appearance—a country the most beautiful, perhaps, in South Africa, yet comparatively unknown, and totally undeveloped. Its long line of lakes and lagoons, and its forest-clad mountains, the far-famed hunting grounds of Prince Alfred, still with the primeval forests of the wild Zitzikama the undisturbed haunts of the elephant and buffalo. This day, we decided, was to be a day of rest—a halt, in fact, after the post-cart drive of 250 miles; so we inspanned soon after breakfast, and drove to Pampoen Kraal to see the new road to the Knysna, and the junction of granite and gneiss,—a most interesting country, the bright, golden, and silvery mica suggesting, at every step, to the uninitiated treasures untold. After returning to dinner, such wonderful stories we heard

of gold mines and lead mines, and quartz reefs, that we could not resist spending the rest of our holiday in hunting them up. So down to the coast we drove, where thin strings of iron pyrites, golden enough to the sight, rewarded our arduous—aye, *dangerous*—clambering into deep kloofs of granite, flanked by metamorphic schists,—just the spot for exploring, which we did till darkness drove us back to the town. So passed our holiday blithely—a day of geological excitement and unrest, and thirty miles travel, so pleasant in that, after the previous 250 miles of hard “posting,” that it counted indeed as a *halt*. Leaving, next day, the village of George, with its churches conspicuous over its tall trees and gardens, nestling on the verge of the forest at the base of the mountain, we drove over grassy plains and undulating granite hills to the Brak River, where the granite ends and glittering micaceous schists, with golden and silvery spangles (so tempting to amateur gold-seekers) crop out by the road side, succeeded by sandstone. Here the scenery changes entirely,—the Zuurveld vegetation ceases, and a blue sweeter grass takes the place of the bank, having grass of the granite and sandstone. After crossing the fine stone bridge of the great Brak River, red hills of the “Enon conglomerate” are seen on our right, the country is broken up into deeper valleys, and the stunted brushwood and aloes,—the flora, in fact, of the Zwartkops and Bethelsdorp, the same geological formation, appears covering the newer sandstones and marls, and extending up to the bight of Mossel Bay. This harbour, like Algoa Bay, and all the bays on our coast, is scooped by waves of the sea out of the softer rocks. The Capes of St. Blaize and Recif being hard unyielding quartz, &c., like the rock of Table Mountain. Though small, it is well protected, except from the south-east. Vessels ride at anchor in fourteen fathoms, within 300 yards of the shore, and a projecting reef of rocks protects the landing. The town has advanced certainly, but not very rapidly, since my last visit, eighteen years ago, when there were scarcely a score of houses, no gardens, and the surrounding country as untouched and uncivilized almost as in the time of Don Bravo, when the Portuguese Captain Hobra carved the name of his ship on a sandstone slab—era 1500—which the curious may see in the Cape Town Museum. It was dug out twenty years ago, with other slabs and inscriptions, in digging the foundation of some Government building. The opening of Robinson's Pass is gradually increasing the traffic, the produce of the wealthy districts of Beaufort and Oudtshoorn being now brought down through



the splendid passes in the Zwartberg. We saw flocks of ostriches, too, herded like sheep, a new and valuable addition to our exports rapidly extending, and, in the Frontier districts, aided by artificial incubation most successfully. We visited the celebrated shell cave mentioned by Burchell and others, which gave its present name to *Mossel Bay*, and about which they speculated so wildly on supposing that sea birds had carried the "hundreds of wagon-loads" of shells to the present height above the sea; others that it was part of a raised beach, upheaved with the rise of the continent. From the bones and ashes and charcoal mixed with the shells, and the fact that none but *edible* shells are found, there can be little doubt that it was in reality an ancient "kitchen midden," and instinctively I began digging for stone arrow-heads, such as I had found in similar shell-heaps in Albany. The cave is ninety feet long by forty feet broad, and about twenty feet high, situated immediately below the light-house, in a remarkable quartzose grit, lying horizontally on the up-turned older sandstones, which form an axis of upheaval below the cave, dipping S.E. and N.W. at an angle of 60 deg. This remarkable "millstone grit" is fossiliferous, containing, besides the angular and rounded quartz, pebbles which make it so valuable for millstones, fossil wood, some of it carbonized, and impressions of leaves and stems some six feet long, apparently algæ, very similar in appearance to the fossiliferous rock on the Cape Flats near the 10th mile-stone, with those peculiar aloe like leaves,—a rock chosen by Sir Thomas Maclear for the supports of his large transit instrument in the Royal Observatory. This "cave rock" at Mossel Bay is used extensively for millstones, and is even preferred to imported stones, being more durable, and not heating the flour. They sell at from £5 to £15 according to size, a branch of colonial industry well worthy of support. The water, I noticed, is brackish, though the springs, are pure and *fresh*. The Abyssinian pump would at once remedy the evil, by cutting off the brack soil, through which the springs rise to the surface. Ascending the hill, you travel over extensive gravelly flats, covered with the ubiquitous rhenosterbosch, with here and there patches of low scrub—dreary enough—houses very few and far between, no herds, no flocks, nothing to relieve the monotony. These flats extend all the way to Riversdale, intersected only by the Gouritz River, which drains the Gouph and Karoo and the district of Oudts-hoorn; its broad sandy bed, 200 yards broad, fenced with a belt of tobacco trees growing on the pure white sands, and extending for miles. Their flowers, with those of the aloe

and heath of the coast lands, yield vast quantities of honey, which, in the late drought, when all else failed, saved the inhabitants from famine. Were there a market, any quantity might be collected. One farmer named Zwart made £200 by his wild hives in candle and soap boxes in 1868! The English bees imported at the Knysna with Nutt's hives, at great expense, finding the climate so genial—no winter, and flowers all the year round,—refused to make honey, preferring a life of enjoyment to work. Strange people these Gouritz Aloe Boers, clad all in leather up to the eyes, with mittens of sheepskin to fend off the thorns. A peculiar race living on aloes and honey, their thoughts and ideas tempered by their strange avocations. They shear their aloes annually, as we shear our sheep; and the avaricious and unscrupulous amongst them have succeeded in getting a *name* for their produce, combined with the careless mode of getting it up, that, like Cape wine and Cape wool, effectually keeps Cape aloes down in the market. A respectable (?) Boer, near Port Beaufort, was at last caught and convicted. His sentence of two years' hard labour on the roads fell like a bomb-shell amongst them; aloes soon after rose in the English market. But why should Natal aloes, made from the very same plant, be quoted at 65s., and Cape at but 20s.? For the same reason that parts of the same case, even, of Cape will differ 10s. or more in value; all depends on the mode of preparation. We passed through Riversdale, a neat Dutch village on the flats, with yellowwashed houses and rounded gables of thatch; only the Dutch Church, with its massive detached belfry, and the usual diminutive bell, and one or two other buildings, being whitewashed—implying, I presume, the absence of limestone. Barry's large store, crowded with customers, and a small English Church in a very broad street, dotted with blue gums, and a wonderful stone-dam, footway for passengers, rendering the drift impassable on the slightest flood,—these were the only *notabilia* that struck me as we drove to the quarry, where we found fine carboniferous fossils in shales, like those at the Kowie, Bathurst, and Graham's Town, *Lepidodendrons*, *Knorrhia*, &c., as mentioned by Wiley. These coal strata dip southwards wherever I examined them, and, with shaly sandstones, extend three miles to the Vet River, where they are covered up, and soon are succeeded by the quartzose carboniferous sandstone of the Langeberg, just as at Graham's Town.

Crossing the Langeberg range, 5,000 feet high of quartzose sandstone, dipping inwards on both sides, forming a synclinal trough near the summit—we descend into the

Lower Karroo—bare rocky hillocks and arid plains, with scanty, scarce perceptible, covering of vegetation on its brown, grey, and yellow shale and sandstones, stretching away to the Zwarteberg. Waterproof succulents, withered in their wrinkled skins, knotted and scaly, casting no shadow in the moontide glare. There had been drought in the land, and the burnt-up soil cracked and gaped in vain for the genial showers; but the rain clouds drove on to the distant Zwarteberg, gathering night after night, but passing away with the morning.

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## THE DOMINION OF CANADA AND ITS RISE.

THE Constitution of the Dominion of Canada, and the example set by the North-American Colonies in combining together to form one strong Central Government, have been so prominently brought to our notice by the late dispatch of Lord Kimberley, and by Sir Henry Barkly's speech opening the present session of Parliament, that at the risk of fatiguing those who may have glanced at the notice of Sir C. Adderley's work on Colonial Policy, which appeared in the last number of this *Magazine*, we again offer to the Cape public a few extracts from the chapters referring especially to Canada.

This vast territory was settled by the French in 1608. In 1759 Quebec was captured by General Wolfe, and in 1763 the whole territory of Canada was ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Paris of that year. The French had governed Canada by military authority. Under the English it was at first governed by a Governor appointed by the King, with a Council similarly appointed.

About this time the colonies now forming part of the United States broke away from the Empire. In the year 1774 (the year in which the Act was passed for closing the port of Boston), the Quebec Bill established in that Province the laws and customs of France. The Imperial Government, afraid of the further dismemberment of the Empire, "sought," says Sir C. Adderley, "to prevent further evil resulting from our first tampering with colonial rights by tampering with them still more, and to check the irritation of wounded freedom by impounding freedom altogether. \* \* \* British Provinces became the scene of a strange experiment,—that of governing English subjects in America from an office in

London, and submitting distant dependencies to a subordinate agency of a metropolitan Bureau, working through the intrigues of a narrow clique on the spot."

The English settlers in Canada soon called for more self-government, and for the English Constitution, and in 1791 the Colony was divided into two separate provinces, to prevent collision between the two incongruous races. The Act gave both elected Houses of Assembly and a Council nominated for life by the Crown.

From this time there was a continual struggle for the completion of constitutional rights by the subjection of the Executive to the Legislature, which is commonly called Responsible Government. "A series of intrigues, 'family compacts,' and last resorts of bureaucracy, caused a corresponding series of rebellions and concessions, alternated with fresh demands, until the claim was fully satisfied."

Lord Durham described the general state of things as that of a chronic collision between the Executive and Representative bodies in all the North-American Colonies. In consequence of the rebellion in 1838, the Constitution was suspended, and a special Council appointed. In 1840 an Act was passed for the union of the divided Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada; the Legislative Councils of the two Provinces being consolidated, the members being still appointed for life. The House of Assembly was composed of an equal number of representatives from each Province. "The Act of Union was directly intended to merge the quarrels of races which provincial division had aggravated, and to enlarge the area of Government, so as to swamp the petty parties and intrigues which infected it."

The form of the Government was gradually modified, but the personal influence of a succession of most able Governors prevented for some time its full development into "Responsible Government." Lord Durham's views, which, according to Lord Grey, were adopted by Lord J. Russell, are explained by Lord Grey to mean that the future Ministers in North America should not hold office on tenure equivalent to during good behaviour, but "be called upon to retire, whenever from motives of public policy, or other reasons, it should be found expedient." "That is," remarks Sir C. Adderley, "according to the judgment of the Governor." Lord Grey confesses that this mode of "giving shape to the vague idea of Responsible Government was never accepted by Canada." However many useful measures were introduced by Lord Sydenham during this period, and especially local self-government by District Councils.



Lord Metcalfe's great personal popularity and influence, which he employed most vigorously to procure the return of members favourable to his own policy, enabled him in 1844 to obtain a Legislature in complete harmony with his views. In his speech to this Parliament he stated that "while he recognized the just power and privilege of the people to influence their rulers, he reserved to himself the selection of the Executive." On this Sir Charles Adderley remarks that "the exact reverse is the maxim of the Constitution; the Crown exercises its influence aside, while the Legislature controls directly the choice of the Executive." "The effect of Lord Metcalfe's manoeuvre," says Lord Grey, "was to direct Parliamentary opposition against the Governor personally, and the British Government, of which he was the organ." "Nevertheless," adds Sir Charles, "we must allow that in Lord Metcalfe's time great advance was made towards the establishment of the independence of the Canadian Legislature."

In 1846, Lord Elgin was appointed Governor. On assuming the Governorship, he was referred to certain instructions given to Sir John Harvey, Governor of Nova Scotia. This dispatch, amongst other matters, instructed him "that he was by no means to yield a blind obedience to any Ministry. He might always take his own line as long as his Ministers could not appeal successfully to public opinion against him. Whenever he felt it his duty so to oppose his Ministers, he was directed to make the issue clear between them, assured that his known view must carry weight with the Assembly; or, if not with them, certainly with the public at large."

Sir Charles Adderley says:—"This scheme of separate action between the Governor and his Council shows how little contemporary constitutional principles in England were kept pace with in Canada. By the Constitution, the Governor and his Ministers should, at least, be in official accord. If he personally desires a different policy from theirs, he must not attempt to enforce it without changing or converting them; and he must be able to carry the Assembly with him, or change them also. But if the Assembly agree with him, they will change his Ministry for him. Lord Grey's views require a subservient Legislature."

Still, under Lord Elgin's administration, the Canadian Parliament gained ground. In 1847 the Civil List was given to their entire control; in 1850 the Post Office and other departments, formerly considered Imperial reserves, were also handed over to them. In 1853 two Acts were passed for reforming the Constitution, raising the number of represen-

tatives, and extending the elective franchise. In 1854 by an Imperial Act the Provincial Legislature was empowered to constitute the Legislative Council an elective body. In the year 1853 the Imperial Parliament resigned to the Canadian Legislature the disposal of their clergy reserves—"perhaps the most distinct and simple recognition that this country could make, of the right of the Colony to deal with their own institutions and with their own revenue to which the Crown had already given up the proceeds of its land sales."

Lord Elgin affirms that as to his administration he had fully given effect to Lord Durham's constitutional principles. "The monopoly of office by one little clique, and the irresponsibility of Ministers to the Assembly, had been abandoned. He declared that he had frankly accepted, as his advisers, men who possessed the confidence of the Legislature; but, he added, 'on the understanding that they would enjoy his support and favour only as long as they continued to merit them by fidelity to the Crown and devotion to the interests of the Province.' Responsible Government, therefore, in Canada was still under cover of the will of the Crown, and was not yet realized in its full sense." Lord Elgin excused himself for this, but "asserted that by the time when he retired, the Governor had become little more than the connecting link between the mother country and the Colony."

Sir Edmund Head succeeded Lord Elgin in 1854, and from this period there was a rapid cessation of Imperial interference with Canadian affairs. During Sir E. Head's administration the material and constitutional interests of Canada made most astonishing progress. Only one political crisis occurred in his time, in 1858, when the Legislature having resolved that the Queen should select their seat of government out of the five rival cities that contended for the prize, Her Majesty decided upon Ottawa. Mr. Brown defeated the Macdonald-Cartier Conservatives on the question of accepting her decision and Mr. Brown came into office; but within forty-eight hours was himself defeated on the motion of issuing writs for his colleagues' return. He demanded a dissolution, which Sir E. Head refused, on the ground that a general election had only just taken place; and the Cartier Ministry returned to office after a double proof of the responsibility of the Government to the Assembly.

Sir Edmund Head had first announced from the Canadian vice-throne in 1858 confederation as a ministerial policy.

The story of its rise and progress into the magnitude of the present Dominion is so clearly, and yet succinctly, told in the pages of Sir Charles Adderley's book, that we extract

the passage as it stands, without note or comment. Its bearing upon existing political affairs at the Cape of Good Hope we leave for the consideration of the reader:—

In 1864, representatives of all the Maritime Provinces met in consultation at Charlottetown, and, Canadians afterwards joining them, a meeting of representatives from all the British North-American Provinces took place at Quebec, where resolutions for a general union were drafted, which Lord Russell's Ministry first received, and Lord Derby's finally and completely adopted and passed through the Imperial Parliament—the two Provinces of Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland only, for the time, holding themselves aloof.

The Act of Union simply embodied in an Imperial enactment the provincial resolutions passed at Quebec; and empowered the Queen by proclamation to declare Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick one dominion, with provisions for admitting all the rest of the Queen's possessions in North America into the Union, on her receiving addresses to that effect from the Legislature.

The Constitution of the *Dominion of Canada*, as the whole confederation was called, was made to imitate as closely as possible that of the old country. The framers seem to have shrunk from the slightest unnecessary deviation from that cherished model, especially in the direction of that of the neighbouring republic.

The Senate was again made to consist of members nominated for life by the Crown,—the experiment in election to the Upper House having on trial been condemned, as failing to give the second chamber sufficient weight for revision of the Acts of the Popular Assembly.

The Lower House was called the House of Commons, and was constituted on a joint principle of representation both of localities and numbers—specified areas being equally represented; but the number of representatives in each province being decennially readjusted to their comparative populations.

The scope of legislation by the Dominion Parliament is unlimited, except so far as it trenches on provincial matters on one hand, or is repugnant to Act of Parliament on the other, and subject to a reference home; and the Governor-General has a veto on all legislation, both that of the Dominion and Provinces.

The Provincial Legislatures of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick keep their former Constitutions; but, of the again separated Canadas (now called Ontario and Quebec), the former has only one Chamber of Legislature wholly elected, the latter an elected Assembly, and a Council nominated for life. To these Provincial Legislatures (ultimately to be little more than municipal councils), local matters only are specifically referred in the Act; but amongst them is included their own reform. Some subjects are expressly designated for the Dominion Legislature only, and a few for both concurrently.

The several interests of the two Canadas are very carefully adjusted in the provisions and terms of the Act, and the debts of all the Provinces are equitably apportioned.

Federation was necessarily the form which the Union took, at least in the first instance; both on account of its proceeding from provincial compromise and mutual concessions, and for avoiding needless disturbance of local attachments and inveterate habits (such as Lower Canadian laws and institutions), and because the Imperial Legislature acted externally, so to speak, to the transaction, having not to institute the arrangement, but only to ratify and confirm the colonial compact. But solid legislative

union, which would much more effectually contribute to the strength, unity, and economy, which were the chief objects of the confederation, may very probably become the spontaneous result of growing experience and developed intercommunication. This would complete what is now the most essential distinction between the Canadian and the States' constitutions, namely, the monarchical unity of the former government, in contrast with the republican fraternity of the latter. In the Canadian Constitution, all subjects of legislation not expressly given to the local legislatures belong to the general legislature; whereas in the Republic all matters not specified by the Constitution as within the province of Congress fall to the separate States. The Canadian Constitution is, indeed, not made a whit more monarchical than before. Nor can it ever be otherwise than a very democratic monarchy; but following its English model as well as it can in America, it will find central unity essential to its strength.

S. R. N.

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## THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM AND ITS DEFECTS.

It was urged upon me years ago that one of the best and most practical exercises for a student in architecture and building consisted in criticizing and seeking out defects in the works of others, in order to avoid their repetition. Cynical as this maxim may appear, no one can doubt its practical professional value as a safeguard against the mistakes of superficial theorists. In like manner, the same mode of study may beneficially be applied in any other scientific pursuit; and when I perused the article of "P. F." in the May number of this Magazine, I felt that by indicating some of the defects in the arrangement of our collection of minerals, he has done just what I wish most decidedly to press upon the notice of all who take an interest in the Museum as an adjunct to general education, and as a source of special reference to the products of every locality within our colonial bounds.

We have, as Mr. Dunn has expressed it, a splendid mineralogical collection, not often equalled; but it is cosmopolitan and general, and for simply mineralogical study it is excellent, or nearly so. But when examined for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of South African products exclusively, it is perplexing, and, I may almost say, useless,—especially to the numerous visitors recently from England and Australia, attracted to this Colony by the discovery of extensive deposits of diamondiferous alluvium and gravels. Entertaining this opinion, it may be asked why no better arrangement has been made? I answer simply that, with the accommodation at present available, it is impossible, unless we remove and lock up out of sight a large proportion of both the minerals and geological specimens now on view from various parts of the world, and which are of great value for identification and comparison.



The great desideratum now is money—filthy lucre—as we find to be the case in every other progressive institution. With money we can do most things; without it we stand still or retrogress.

There is ample space in the Museum for additional accommodation in the shape of glazed wall-cases and the construction of an upper gallery; but funds are wanting. Owing to the fact that the Museum is open four days in the week to every one, few are induced to aid it by an annual subscription of 21s.—a fee which constitutes membership, and a vote in the election of trustees, together with the right of admission for closer study on the remaining two days of the week. Originally, the subscription-list contained two hundred names; it now amounts to no more than about forty-five. The annual grant of Parliament does no more than cover the current expenditure of the establishment.

However, spite of our acknowledged defects in the mineralogical and geological departments, so far as local classification is concerned, it is satisfactory to know that there are many generously-minded persons in various parts of the country who take an interest in our welfare, and from time to time contribute such specimens as strike the eye as curious and pretty. Many of these contributions would be of greater value if accompanied by specimens of the adjacent predominant or characteristic rocks, or descriptions, by which they might be assigned to their approximate geological position. To do so, some little geological knowledge is requisite; but in a country like this, until it is more carefully surveyed, we must be thankful to those intelligent persons scattered about, who, when they chance upon unusual stones, crystals, or metals, appreciate the fact, and send them here for identification.

There are but two grand sections of the Colony as yet, it may be said, superficially explored, geologically,—a north and south section in the East, and another in the West. The intermediate space between—some four or five hundred miles in width—is positively unknown, and its character is simply assumed to correspond in some measure with these sections; because in them may be observed some parallelism of consecutive formations, in relation to which, I think, it must be admitted there is no certainty that the so-called identical formations are really so, or that they are identical in age and structure, with their assumed synonyms of the northern hemisphere. For instance, we have in the Western section a quasi-carboniferous formation, and a more pronounced one in the East, where some minor beds of actual coal have been discovered. In the West, again, we have extensive beds of copper ore, and but one small indication of it at the Maitland Mines near Port Elizabeth, of quite a different character. We know nothing of Swellendam and George and the regions to the north of them; and yet they may contain mineral wealth, which a comparison of the two sections referred to could not indicate. That there are in these unsurveyed districts extensive systems of igneous rocks, which are the general birth-place of metals

and precious stones, I am led to infer from the statements of individuals who have visited the Museum, and recognized as occurring in their own localities crystals, and different forms of iron and manganese, as well as amygdaloidal rocks.

The geological survey of the whole Colony by a single geologist would occupy a great number of years, and would consequently fail to meet the wants of the present moment. But it strikes me that if the Government would undertake to publish half-yearly, in a simple pamphlet form, the geological papers and drawings of gentlemen scattered here and there throughout the country, who have made this science their study, there would soon be accumulated a large amount of valuable information regarding special localities, of a more reliable and definite character than could probably be derived from a general survey, which would necessarily be devoted to the elucidation of general systems rather than to the development of local and exceptional peculiarities, with which, as a rule, the deposits of minerals of value are associated almost invariably.\*

There are many persons of known geological acquirements and experience, doubtless, who would readily describe the portions of country with which they are most intimately acquainted, for the benefit of science and the public, and in a form, and with such precision of detail, as cannot be attempted in newspaper articles, could they do so without incurring the expense of publication. Some, like myself, may be deterred from putting forth the results of their *bonâ fide* local practical experiences, when they tend in the least degree to question the assumed facts which may have been seized upon in days gone by to illustrate and confirm general theories of a dominant school, or, in other words, foregone conclusions.

In the exact sciences, such as mathematics and chemistry, there is no room for reasonable cavil, and writers on those subjects are bound down to exact and definite limits. In geology, which is in itself a deductive science, governed by more general and theoretic considerations, on the other hand, each individual who ventures to question the premises on which the opinions of his predecessors are founded is so certainly met by the published dogmas of writers of eminence in the days of geological infancy, that he naturally shrinks from the task of showing, even as the result of the most minute and practical examination, that there can be any material flaw in the chain of facts upon which a theory has been, so to say, apparently verified.

\* With reference to this suggestion, we only remark that the pages of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* will always be found open for the publication of any such observations as our correspondent speaks of. Even when we may chance to differ from the views of intelligent observers, or think them utterly wrong, we are perfectly willing to give them publicity, provided of course that the discussion of them is intelligent, and not merely empirical or quack. Of course, we need hardly add that at all times we shall be very glad to publish whatever Mr. Piers himself may find time or convenience to write.—ED. C. M. M.

For instance, so far as I am myself concerned, I know that I have acquired as, the result of downright field examination in some few localities and a study of many recent articles in both British and American works, a sort of radicalism and freedom from the precise theories of by-gone masters, simply because, as others have done, I find that generalizations upon which grand theories are based overrule conclusive facts which they cannot account for.

These reflections may be looked upon as in some measure a digression from the subject with which this paper opened, viz., the defects of the South African Museum. But as bearing on the means of promoting its more extensive usefulness, there can be no doubt that, in addition to the desirableness of a fuller exhibition of material specimens, nothing can more contribute to their intelligible collection than the popular dissertations of educated writers, who may carefully describe the geological and mineralogical facts they have closely observed, independent of a general classification, the adaptation of which to this continent, or at least a portion of it, cannot as yet be determined.

In conclusion, I would respectfully suggest that, to remove the present geological and mineralogical defects of the Museum, we merely require more room for the exclusive products of South Africa, and the cheap publication, in a distinctive form, of individual papers, for the editing and arrangement of which I am satisfied we may calculate upon the gratuitous aid of gentlemen of approved ability in and about Cape Town.

Should the Government provide for the cost of mere printing, a periodical publication of this sort would readily find its way into all parts of the country, and arouse a spirit of emulation and investigation, the ultimate value of which it is impossible to estimate.

However, whether or no I may be too hopeful and sanguine of material benefit to the Colony from the publication of such a pamphlet as herein proposed, there can be no doubt that the expenditure of £50 in a first attempt could do no harm, and would have the effect of testing the feasibility of, by such means, worming out for the benefit of the community a knowledge of many valuable facts from individuals, that must otherwise remain unread in private note-books.

HENRY W. PIERS.

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### A TRANSLATION.

*Si memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia, dentes :*

*Exspuit una duos tussis, et una duos.*

*Jam securo potes totis tussire diebus ;*

*Nil isthic, quod agat, tertia tussis habet.*

Lucinda dear, if I remember right,

You coughed away two teeth on Friday night :

The other two (there were but four in all)

You lost on Saturday—I saw them fall.

Be thankful, darling—I've no wish to joke you—

Now not a single grinder's left to choke you.

## THE TABLE BAY REGATTA.

## COMMENTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

THE Annual Regatta has become such an institution among us that a few words concerning the last may not be out of place in the pages of the *Magazine*. For the number and variety of its contests, the Table Bay Regatta may vie with that of any harbour going. Indeed, it is only the very good-natured or very enthusiastic spectator who is sufficiently enduring to see the thing out from end to end; and for the last five years there has always been a balance of the programme to be pulled off on a future occasion. This might be avoided were the whole day devoted to the one sport; but we are a loyal people, and love to honour Her Majesty on her natal day by crowding as much entertainment into it as possible, and giving the lieges an opportunity of enjoying each and every one.

The best contested races are invariably those of the fishing-boats, the reason being, not only that the crews are professionals of pretty equal calibre, in constant training, but the boats are of such even models that it is only when it comes to sailing, and skill is called into play, that there is any very material difference in their time. That the staying qualities of the crews are of the first order, a glance at the time is sufficient to prove. Let anybody look at the boats and the oars, and then say whether he would have ventured to predict that, over the same course, the five-oared fishing-boats would only have been 3m. 45s. astern of the whale-boats, and 8m. 2s. of the winning club-boat. Their prizes were certainly honestly earned. A prettier sight than fourteen of them under sail, with such a breeze as they were favoured with on the 24th May last, has not been witnessed for many a year; but as their experience of sailing is mostly confined to a straight run out before a south-easter or a straight run in before a north-wester, it is not to be wondered at that many of them were baffled in endeavouring to reach the narrow goal, with the wind, light as it was, dead against them.

Of the dingle and gig races there is little to be said; the crews pull hard, and generally the best men win.

But the great race of the day—the Championship—is the centre of attraction, and one which requires most said about it. Surely, when the gentler sex take interest sufficient in the matter as to wear the colours of their favourites, one may be pardoned in devoting the greater portion of a paper to the same subject. As regards build, the boats of the four clubs are pretty even, the *Wavelet*, of the Good Hopes, having no keel at all. This, combined with a flat floor, gives her the advantage of better flotation, and, in smooth water, of rounding the buoys with greater facility. But, setting this advantage on one side, there is no doubt that in any of the Club boats, so equal are they, the best crew, barring accidents, is sure to win, provided the boat is properly trimmed; and to this same trim sufficient attention is not paid. The last boat this year was so atrociously trimmed that it is matter of surprise that she came in in the time she did, for every spurt put her forefoot and about four feet of her keel out of water, entailing a corresponding depression at the latter end. Again, for the consideration of the Clubs, it is said that one of the Good Hope crew was not fit. Let them in future take heed to have, at all events, one man in reserve. The steering, too, is susceptible of great improvement. We cannot command quite such light or heavy men as Oxford and Cambridge have at their beck, but anything over nine stone ought never to touch the yoke-lines in boats such as we have



From year to year the Clubs, with laudable ambition, have been striving to possess the best style of racing-gig, until what may be called the minimum of beam, consistent with gunwale pulling, has been attained. This in one of the boats—the *Victoria*—is only three feet four inches, and the greatest beam in any of them is three feet ten inches. Now, though the reduction of beam (in vessels under sail) is undoubtedly an advantage in point of speed, it must be remembered that the same propelling power is applied; but it is not the case with rowing boats, for a diminution of beam entails a corresponding shortening of the oar, and entails so rapid a stroke that a great portion of it is lost, as the boat only benefits by the latter and weaker end of the pull. How, then, is a greater speed to be obtained? It would be unfair, as indeed it is unnecessary, to expect the Clubs to go on building new boats every year. But can the present boats not be improved? Undoubtedly, by having an outrigger-frame fitted to each, and the boats rowed with oars, instead of the paddles they now have. Their balance would be much better, the stroke more effective, though slower, and the difference of time satisfactory. The great argument against outriggers is that they are dangerous. Granted. But are the present boats safe? or would they be more dangerous if so fitted with their present beam? Certainly not. We are not going to pull races in gales of wind, and indeed, had there been just a little more sea on last year (1870), the race either could not have come off, or the boats must have been swamped. Let the Clubs take this matter into their serious consideration; and if the Committee will only shorten the programme or get the less interesting races wiped out in the early part of the day, now that its efforts to provide entertainment are recognized as they were this year, there is little doubt but the Table Bay Regatta of 1872 will be a thing to be remembered.

J. A.

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## NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

WE regret from the lateness of its delivery that we are unable to publish the address of Sir Henry Barkly at the Public Library on Saturday. It was in every respect an admirable production, both as to the kindliness of its tone and the varied research and vigorous originality of its matter. The prominent theme of discussion was the Darwinian Theory, especially in its recent application to the Descent of Man, on which a very thoughtful article appears as the opening one of the present number of the *Magazine*. Our own attitude towards that theory we had occasion to express three years ago in the following words:—

I refer to what is known as the Darwinian theory of the origin of species. Have the various species, whether animal or vegetable, been created each in successive order *per saltum*, as separate and distinctive acts of creative energy, or has there been one continuous law of development from the monad to the man—under which the inorganic particle has by spontaneous generation become the organized cell, and that again by slow stages and certain processes developed into the highest organic perfection in the human frame? The author of “The Vestiges of Creation” wrote a charming book in advocacy of this development theory, and Hugh Miller, in reply to him, wrote “The Footprints of the Creator,” which, on the clearest geological evidence proved, as it seems

to me, beyond dispute, that simply as a matter of fact, there is no such unvarying order of development ascending from the lowest to the highest, nor can the connecting links between some of the most contrasted types be traced. Mr. Darwin accepted the conclusion of the author of "The Vestiges," but objected to the process as unscientific. "The author of 'The Vestiges' would, I presume, say, that after a certain unknown number of generations some bird had given birth to a wood-pecker, and some plant to a mistletoe, and that these had been produced perfect as we now see them; but," says Darwin, "this assumption seems to me to be no explanation, for it leaves the case of the co-adaptation of organic beings to each other and to their physical conditions of life untouched and unexplained." And this is the work which Mr. Darwin has set himself to accomplish—to show how, under a law of unbroken continuity, the myriad forms and variations of genera and species can be accounted for by two co-operative principles which he calls the Struggle for Existence and Natural Selection. I think the essence of his system or theory may be found in one paragraph of his introduction: "The Struggle for Existence amongst all organic beings throughout the world inevitably follows from their high geometrical powers of increase. This is the doctrine of Malthus applied to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms. As many more individuals of each species are born than can possibly survive, and as, consequently, there is a frequently recurring Struggle for Existence, it follows that any being, if it vary, however slightly, in any manner profitable to itself, under the complex and sometimes varying conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviving, and thus be naturally selected. From the strong principle of inheritance, any selected variety will tend to propagate its new and modified form." This is the Darwinian theory in a nutshell. And so far as it goes, it is unquestionably true. It is what logicians would call a *vera causa*; but, assuredly, as accounting for the *origin of species*, it is hitherto a case of *non causa pro causa*. There is no doubt that great variations in type are produced in the manner described by Mr. Darwin, both in his first work on the subject published in 1859, and his latest work just issued two or three months ago. But as it appears to me there are two fatal objections to the acceptance of the theory in its entirety. In the first place, no instance has been observed of "spontaneous generation." Several have been imagined and believed; but now, as the result of the most careful investigation, the general opinion—I quote from Grove—is that when such precautions are taken as exclude from the substance submitted to experiment all possibility of germs from the atmosphere being introduced, "as by passing the air which is to support the life of the animalculæ through tubes heated to redness, and other precautions, no formation of organisms takes place." The first step in the Darwinian process is therefore a pure assumption unsupported by any authenticated fact. And in the second place, there is the equally formidable difficulty that notwithstanding all the varieties produced artificially under the control of man—as in the case of "pigeons" so elaborately illustrated in Mr. Darwin's last work, or the variations produced in nature by the struggle for existence and natural selection, "the immutability of species is maintained by two unconquerable laws—the ultimate sterility of breeds and their reversion to the type when let alone. Man can influence size, which is a variation of individuals and not of species. Man can modify the flower and fruits of plants within certain limits, and obtain size or flavour or varying blooms; but specific characters elude his power entirely. Permanent reproduction is the fundamental idea of species; and there is no continuous fecundity in breeds, their sterility or reversion being inevitable." The Darwinian theory has been by many

ridiculed as grotesque and absurd, from the days when Lord Montboddo described human nature as gradually wearing off its simian appendage by the prosaic process of sitting on it. By others it is angrily opposed on the plea that it leads to Atheism, and banishes the Creator from His own creation. I do not think that either ridicule or indignation is a just or reasonable ground on which to controvert it. There is nothing in the idea of development by such natural laws as Darwin speaks of which is irrational in itself or inconsistent with the most reverent acknowledgment of the Creator as evolving the scheme of the universe thus naturally and continuously, instead of by successive acts of specific creation. And truth is truth wherever it is met, and to be devoutly acknowledged when proved as such, with utter disregard of all consequences, whether real or imaginary. *I disbelieve the Darwinian system, simply because no sufficient evidence has been adduced to sustain it.*

From those opinions we have seen no cause to swerve, either in one direction or another; and in reference to the application of the theory to the Descent of Man from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail, and probably arboreal in its habits, we very heartily adopt the following striking and suggestive passages from Sir Henry's address:—

I have the highest possible respect for Mr. Darwin. The moderation with which he states his views, and the candour with which he sets forth the objections to them, are above all praise. But he himself recognizes the difficulty presented to his conclusions by the high standard of intellectual power and of moral disposition which man has attained; and though he finds a way of silencing his own scruples, the questions involved are of too momentous importance to be left darkly lowering under the shadow of a great name, or disposed of in a few paragraphs of the concluding chapter of his book. Those questions amount to neither more nor less than this,—whether, instead of God having made man, man on the contrary, has not invented God. They are, it is true, only suggested. It is needless, I am sure, to attempt to answer them here. Mr. Darwin's further surmise “that the quadrumana, as well as all the higher animals, are derived through the marsupials from some reptile-like creature, and this again from some fish-like animal, which in the dim obscurity of the past was developed from an animal more like the larvæ of the existing marine ascidians than any other known form,” strikes one as a hideous nightmare rather than a quiet, though delusive dream. In saying this, I by no means wish to insinuate that the development theory is without foundation. On the contrary, I cannot but suppose that Evolution has played an important part in the formation of the various genera and species of plants and animals. It is quite conceivable, however, that the dogma of Evolution may be true within certain limits, and yet that separate acts of creation, special interventions of Divine Power, may have taken place at what may be called the breaks in the chain, such, in the animal kingdom, as the divisions of mollusks, insects, fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals, or even where a total change has been effected in an order, as in the case of man. It is surely no argument against such a notion that a certain similarity of structure is traceable in a progressive and ascending sense between the different groups. Were we considering the works of a human artificer, it would be held the very reverse. The hypothesis, too, agrees far better with what Hugh Miller so well called “The Testimony of the Rocks” than any theory of uninterrupted self-development; for, so far as yet read, the geological record gives little support to the latter, but, on the contrary, fails to supply many missing links, and leaves

numerous gaps, most difficult to be accounted for. In fact, the strongest refutation of the Simian origin of man consists in the total absence of the transitional forms which must in that case have existed: for as we have fossil baboons and fossil men, there can be no possible reason why the bones of the half-human progenitors of the latter should not be found, especially as they must have inhabited the globe in vast numbers for a far longer period than man, seeing the vast structural and mental changes they had still to undergo, whilst *he* has changed so little. Yet the most recent Tertiary strata, where those bones ought to be common, have been searched, and searched in vain, for them!

We only remark further on this subject that the *Times* of the 7th and 8th April contains two successive articles criticizing Mr. Darwin's book, and contesting his theory with eminent ability and intense interest.

The second part of Sir Henry's address was devoted to a review of what has been accomplished, and is now being carried on, in the interest of literature and science in this country. Our astonishment was really that a gentleman who has been so short a time amongst us, and who has necessarily been absorbed to so large an extent in political business, could have so thoroughly made himself acquainted with the details of South African progress. His Excellency will therefore forgive us if we point to one or two instances in which he overlooked work which has been done, and of the most real and substantial character. The first is in connection with the department of Ichthyology. We are perfectly aware that the field for exploration is still almost boundless. But it is only justice to state that the late Dr. Pappe's work on the Edible Fishes of the Cape is, to the extent to which it goes, worthy of the highest credit. It is true that it only embraces the fishes of Table Bay and False Bay, but what it professes to do has been done with a master's hand. The second point we wish to mention is in connection with Colonial Botany. Sir Henry referred to Professor McOwan in terms of very merited praise; but there is no man now in South Africa who has done more for its botany, or has a more thorough acquaintance with every department of that field of inquiry, than Mr. McGibbon, the Superintendent of the Botanic Gardens. His Excellency is probably not aware that the valuable Herbarium left by Dr. Pappe, the first Colonial Botanist of the Cape, is now in charge of Mr. McGibbon, in one of the upper rooms of the Public Library; that Mr. McGibbon has been continuously increasing its stores from botanical contributors—Professor McOwan amongst them—from all parts of South Africa, as well as elsewhere; that he has been doing this in his usual quiet and unostentatious way, *entirely at his own expense*; and that no one will be annoyed at seeing this paragraph appear in print except Mr. McGibbon himself. We only add that Dr. Hooker, of the Kew Gardens, has spoken to ourselves of the services rendered by Mr. McGibbon to Botanical Science in South Africa in terms of the highest appreciation that could be given by an acknowledged master in behalf of a devoted student and worker.



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# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## Geldaluce.

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### A BRETON IDYL.

THE bark was filled, they waited for the Knight ;  
Ten noble hearts, the bravest in the land,  
Had linked their fortunes to the banished man.  
They sat in silence, leaning on their oars,  
And, gazing on the line of shining gold,  
Where the sun dipt behind the western wave,  
Mused on the unknown country where they hoped  
To make their names as famous as their chief's.  
Along the barren reach of yellow sand  
Washed the slow ripple of the lazy tide ;  
And the sea lay as peaceful in its rest  
As if there was no sorrow in the world.  
Nigh to the beach uprose a gentle hill,  
Covered from top to base with leafy trees.  
Above the verdant mantle, like a crown,  
A battlemented castle, old and grey,  
Fronted the sea. Here dwelt Sir Elidore,  
The noblest Knight in Brittany,—a man  
Renowed for daring deeds and courage bold,—  
Guileless of evil—tender as a child—  
Whenever grief or weakness claimed his care.  
But stainless though his life, he could not 'scape  
Envy and malice, and detraction foul.  
False tongues had whispered evil to the King,  
That this Sir Elidore—his chosen friend—  
Plotted against his kingdom and his life.  
The King deceived, too angry to be just,  
Sent instant orders he should leave the land ;  
So now the bark was ready, and the men  
Waited his coming, for he tarried long.

Slow down amid the trees his steps he bent ;  
But not alone,—beside him Geldaluce,  
His wife—beloved, and beautiful, and good.

Clasping her hand in both his own, he spoke :—  
 “ Sweet love, though I must leave thee, never think  
 That I can ever love thee less than now.  
 Since the first happy day that saw thee mine  
 The world has offered nought surpassing thee.  
 Thy tender loving heart, thy steady faith,  
 Thy constant charity, have taught me God ;  
 And when I offer up my daily prayers  
 Thou art so present to my mind and heart,  
 I know not which is worship—which is love.  
 I am slow of speech, and have not said  
 As often as I might, how dear thou art :  
 It is because my heart is satisfied—  
 My being all complete. I do not fear  
 Thy mind will ever change ; and thou must know,  
 Sweet wife, that thou art all the world to me.  
 I cannot think my foes will triumph long,  
 Hope must help Time until we meet again ;  
 Meantime, my Geldaluce, let both be strong,  
 Nor useless sorrow spend o’er what must be.”

Much more he spoke in tones she ne’er forgot ;  
 But she said little, for her aching heart  
 Was all too full for words ; yet she was calm—  
 Bravely smiled back her tears, and stilled the lips  
 That trembled with the grief she would not speak.  
 Now their reluctant footsteps gained the beach ;  
 The bark drew near, and with a last embrace  
 And lingering pressure of the hand he loved,  
 The Knight stept on the deck.

His trusty friends,

Ready to go, strained all their eager arms,  
 And out upon the placid sea they swept.  
 Beside the rudder stood Sir Elidore,  
 And watched that figure on the lonely beach ;  
 And long the picture in his heart he wore.  
 Close by the water’s edge the lady stood,  
 A stately form and tall, but full of grace,  
 And beautiful as ever poet dreamed.  
 Her dark hair fell around her like a cloud,  
 Clung to her slender neck, and o’er her hands,  
 Drooping and clasped, hung lightly like a veil,  
 While round her head a twisted golden band  
 Kept back the clustering tresses from her brow.  
 Her large brown eyes, now deepened into black,  
 Heavy with washèd tears, gazed at the bark  
 Until its form was visible no more.  
 Then turning slow she paced the darkening wood,  
 Within her home to pray for him and weep.

Two nights, two days, the bark sped o'er the sea,  
And on the morning of the third they reached  
The pleasant shores of Devon.

Two huge rocks—  
One on each side—like giant sentries marked  
A river's mouth, up which they steer'd their bark.  
A lovely river narrow, winding, swift,  
And banks low wooded to the water's edge—  
With many an upland sweep of verdant hills,  
And little hamlets nestling in between.

At last they reached a green and grassy sward  
Where boats were moored, and men in rustic garb  
Were busy tying up the knots of fish  
Which the rich river every day supplied.  
They landed here and bent their eager steps  
Towards an hostel half amid the trees.  
Here learning that the King of that south land,  
Who held his Court at Exon, was beset  
With foes, and well nigh driven from his throne,  
The Knight determined with his little band  
To offer help unto the troubled Prince.  
Steeds well caparisoned were quickly brought—  
For the Knight's lavish and unsparing hand,  
Which scattered bounties like the summer rain,  
Gained ready service.

O'er the pleasant hills,  
And through the leafy vales they rode apace,  
And when they reached the palace of the King  
A welcome met them warm and jubilant,  
And honours due to worth and nobleness  
Were to the strangers paid. For a brave Knight  
With ten bold followers was a help in need.

Sir Elidore soon won himself a name  
Like that he bore in his beloved land.  
When he went forth to battle for the King,  
Men thronged around him, for he ever led  
To conquest. Wise, as well as brave and strong,  
He helped the King with counsel as with arms ;  
So that the foes which once beset his path  
Were driven off, and peace reigned o'er the land.

The King had one fair daughter, Alleda,  
The loveliest maid mid many beautiful.  
From distant countries many Knights had come,  
Drawn by the fame of her great loveliness ;

But she was cold to all, nor ever cared  
 To let the silver music of her speech  
 Meet any ear of man; and one by one  
 The baffled Knights retired from useless suit.  
 And so she lived within her maiden bower,  
 And passed her days in happy idleness,  
 Weaving sweet fancies mid her broidery frame;  
 Her chiefest care to match her glowing silks  
 With the bright flowers she loved to represent.  
 And when a talk of suitors reached her ears  
 She shook her head, and would have none of them.  
 "No, when I love," she thought, "he shall be one  
 Who never has been vanquished, and his name  
 Shall be a terror in the battle-field,  
 But he shall yet be merciful, and know  
 Both how to pardon and to spare a foe.  
 And when he brings a prisoner from the fight  
 He shall not mock and jibe the fallen man,  
 Nor load with chains, nor cast in dungeons dark;  
 But he shall be so noble in his soul  
 That men shall think no shame to be his thrall.  
 And this, my Knight of knights" (so mused the maid),  
 "Shall be no noisy reveller in the hall,  
 But courteous, slow to anger, temperate,  
 With eyes to look down falsehood, and a tongue  
 Fearless to speak in truth and honour's cause.  
 But though he shall be great in all things great,  
 Yet more than all shall be his love for me."

Thus mused the maiden o'er her broidery frame;  
 But when all tongues admired the stranger Knight,  
 She, curious to behold a man who seemed  
 Like the King Arthur of her grandsire's youth,  
 Left her retirement, and came shyly forth  
 Unto her father's table. The laugh and jest  
 And clamour of loud tongues were hushed when she  
 Stood by her father's side.

Sir Elidore

Started unto his feet to do her grace,  
 And gazed with such amazement at the maid  
 That the bright colour rushed into her cheek,  
 And the long eyelash veiled her drooping eyes.

Dressed all in snowy white, with shining hair,  
 Like waves of gold around her slender form,  
 And eyes as blue as cloudless northern skies,  
 He thought that angels must be like this maid;  
 And in his heart he wished that Geldaluce,



Who loved to look on beauty, could behold  
And share his wonder.

Then the King—whose mind  
Was ever filled with deeds of knightly worth—  
Questioned of many a battle fought and won,  
And many a danger dared and overcome ;  
The Knight replied in courteous speech, and told  
So many tales of spirit-stirring life,  
That Alleda forgot her long reserve,  
And listened to him with such earnest eyes  
And such attention on her parted lips,  
That a new pleasure dawned upon the knight,  
For he had never cared to speak of deeds  
Which his own hand had wrought.

Nor did she fail  
Of question and remark, in sweeter tones  
Than the Knight thought had ever met his ear.

Henceforth there was but one in all the world  
For Alleda ; she dreamed of Elidore  
Asleep or waking, listened to her maids  
As they talked of his nobleness, his strength,  
His voice most musical, and rare sweet smile,  
And round his image gathered up the thoughts  
Which to her fancy's heroes had been cast.  
And to do honour to her father's guest,  
With her own hand she poured the richest wine,  
And offered it with sweet and timid smile.

Pleased with the wondrous beauty of the maid,  
And to excite such int'rest in her breast,  
The Knight was ever ready at her word  
To tell her stories of the land he loved :  
Yet still he never spoke of Geldaluce.

At length one day, when Elidore returned  
From doing battle with the Cornish Prince  
Whom he had brought as prisoner to the King,  
The maiden sent to him a broidered scarf  
Which her own hands had wrought, and prayed that he  
Would wear it for her sake. For she had felt  
Such terror in his absence lest she ne'er  
Should look upon his noble face again,  
That now she strove not to conceal her joy ;  
The Knight received it with a sudden pang  
Of swift remembrance. In his faithless mind  
He saw that ancient castle by the sea,  
And his sweet wife upon the lonely shore,

Thinking alone of him, and with her prayers  
Guarding his life from ill. What ! should he take  
Tokens of love from any hand but hers ?  
No ! He would go to Alleda and say,  
“ I have a wife, I cannot be thy knight.”  
And if she called his silence cruel, then  
He must bear her anger, which was just,  
And bid farewell for ever to the place  
Where dwelt such beauty that was not for him.

Thus thinking, in his hand he took the scarf  
And striding from his chamber sought the grove  
Where at this hour the maiden loved to walk.  
She heard his footsteps on the fallen leaves,  
And turning with a smile upon her face,  
And loving welcome beaming from her eyes,  
She saw the sternness of his knitted brow—  
(Stern to himself, for all his heart was sore)—  
And her scarf hanging loosely in his hands.  
“ Alas ! he doth not love me then (she thought),  
And thinks me bold, because of my mistake.”  
Down dropt her face upon her lifted hands,  
And bitter tears rushed blinding to her eyes,  
And her slight form was shaken by her grief.  
Then like a cloud before the summer sun  
The Knight's firm purpose melted all away.  
“ I cannot bear to see thy tears (he said)  
Look ! I will wear thy scarf, my Alleda,  
But oh ! I am not worthy of thy love.”  
He took the trembling fingers in his own,  
Wiped off the rapid falling tears, and soothed  
Her wounded heart with many a tender word :  
—But still he did not speak of Geldaluce.

Meanwhile in hope that ever stronger grew  
His noble wife lived on her quiet life.  
She had a simple faith, that what was right  
Must conquer in the end ; and so she watched  
For tidings that the King had learnt the truth.  
And often said she to her aching heart :  
“ I know where'er he is, he loveth me  
And I will wait with patience till he come.”  
Yet even as she thought, the sudden tears  
Blinded her eyes, and she was fain to kneel,  
And gather hope and strength in holy prayer.  
The good news came at last. A neighb'ring foe  
Burst in upon the land : the King had need  
Of all his soldiers. Eager to forget

His fancied distrust of Sir Elidore,  
He sent his messenger across the sea,  
And prayed him to forgive and quick return.

When the Knight heard the message, he was sad.  
How could he leave the lovely British maid—  
And never look upon her beauty more !  
And dark the future which before him loomed,—  
A haunting mem'ry, a divided heart !

But the King's message brook'd of no delay,  
He hurried off his men-at-arms to where  
Their boat lay in the quiet river moored,  
Then went to say farewell to Alleda.  
But when she heard the fatal words, despair  
Seized on her spirit. What the worth of life  
If she must lose the idol of her heart ?  
She wrung her slender hands, and wildly wept,  
Clung to his arms, and prayed that she might go  
And be for ever with him in his home.  
And seeing no relenting in his face,  
The world grew dim before her, and her soul  
Sank into awful silence, wide and dark.

She wakened from her swoon to hear his voice  
In tender passion calling her to life,  
And feel his kisses on her lips and cheek ;  
And the smile trembled on her mouth again  
When to his heart her golden head he prest,  
And whispered, " Come then, love, we will not part."

The bark toiled o'er the sea ; the sky was dark,  
And over the grey waters frequent came  
A moan that told the coming of the storm.  
When the night fell it came, in mighty blasts  
Which threatened ruin to the bark, and death  
To all on board. Three days the angry sea  
Tossed their light bark, and filled their hearts with dread.  
Their oars were broken, and their rudder gone,  
When a grey warrior, oldest of the band,  
Spake hotly thus unto Sir Elidore :—  
" It is for thee, false Knight ! we suffer this,—  
We are in peril of our lives for thee,  
Think of thy wife, the Lady Geldaluce,  
And cast thy paramour into the sea ;  
Thus may the angry God thy sin forgive,  
And we may see our native land again."

Soon as the maiden heard of Geldaluce  
Her eyes grew wild with horror, white her cheek ;  
A spasm of great anguish seized her heart,  
And with a gasping sigh she slipp'd aside  
From the Knight's arm, and fell upon the deck.

He quickly raised her in his arms ; but now  
His was the terror, his the bitter grief.  
Silent, and white, and motionless she lay,  
Nor answered to his agonizèd cry,  
Nor trembled to his kiss. Her cheek was cold,  
And the breath moved not o'er her parted lips.  
In vain he chafed her nerveless hands, and tried  
By every art to summon back the life.  
Too rude the shock which broke upon her love ;  
Her hopes were over, and she lay at rest.

But for the hapless Knight no rest was there.  
All through the night he held her lifeless hand,  
Nor ever spake, but almost wished the waves  
Would sweep them both into the stormy deep.

All night they drifted on, unknowing where ;  
But when the morning broke they found, surprised,  
The shores of Brittany before them lay,  
And the Knight's castle towering o'er their heads.  
A broken wreck they beat upon the shore.  
With rough planks from the bark they quickly made  
A litter for the maiden's lifeless form.  
The Knight with reverent hand his mantle spread  
Above her, and with downcast head, and pale  
Dejected face, walked by her side, as up  
Through the long wood they wound their mournful way.

Great gladness filled the heart of Geldaluce  
When the Knight stept within his castle hall.  
She ran to meet him with a cry of joy  
And eager arms outstretched to clasp him round,  
But ere she met him all her heart was chill :  
Not such the look he wore when they did part.  
Unsmiling, dark, and cold, he met her smile,  
And scarcely looked into her loving eyes,  
And answered her warm greeting brief and cold.  
She, trembling, thought that toil and want of rest  
Had changed him so, and hurried to prepare  
The daintiest food, and all that love could do  
To soothe his weariness. But all in vain.  
For when, rest and refreshment over, she beheld



The same dark cloud upon his brow, and saw  
 That still he shunn'd to meet her earnest gaze,—  
 And that as evening fell he wandered forth  
 And sought the thickest shadows of the wood,—  
 Then a great dread upon her spirit fell.  
 “Alas!” she cried, “he loveth me no more!  
 How I have watched and waited for this hour!  
 And pictured to my heart his first warm words  
 His tender smile, the clasping of his arms;  
 And now there is for me no word nor smile,  
 And if he looks at me, he sees me not;  
 Some other image filleth up his heart  
 And I am blotted out.

Ah, wretched wife!

Who was so happy, that but yesterday  
 I should have laughed a doubt of him to scorn!  
 ‘Think not that I shall love thee less than now:’  
 So spake he when we parted, and I thought  
 The stars would sooner fall from Heaven than he  
 Should ever change. Alas! for me, no more  
 Is any hope or gladness in the world,  
 Now I have lost the love that made life sweet,—  
 That was my life itself. Oh, might I die!  
 I cannot tread my weary path alone.”

She flung her claspèd hands above her head,  
 And cried for death like one who is in pain  
 And cannot bear the mortal agony.

The miserable hours dragged slowly on,  
 And still she paced her chamber in the gloom,  
 And moaned in tearless anguish, white and wan;  
 But—when the early dawn crept o’er the hill  
 From the near convent pealed the matin bell,  
 The sound carried her thoughts to heaven, and tears  
 Fell in a torrent from her heavy eyes,  
 She sunk upon the ground and prayed

“Forgive,

Oh blessed One! that I forgot Thy love  
 In this my agony, and help me now!  
 Thou who didst weep that men should suffer, heal  
 My aching heart, and give, oh! give me peace!  
 I have been happy for so many years,  
 I scarce can number them; for all that time,  
 Oh Lord, I thank Thee; and I thank Thee, too,  
 That their sweet memory will not die away,  
 Because Thou gracious art and merciful.  
 I trust to Thee to help me in my need;

For I am weak, and cannot bear my woe,  
But Thou canst make me strong. I trust Thee now  
In Thine own way to give my spirit peace."

The lady's face was calm that day though pale ;  
But 'neath her gentle eyes, and on her mouth,  
Had come a look which never pass'd away,—  
The mortal's witness to the spirit's pain.

As the day neared its close, she marvelled much  
That he should linger in the wood so long ;  
And when he entered, pale, and sad, and cold,  
She longed to know the secret of his grief,  
Yet dared not ask, for still her eyes he shunned.  
Much musing, she bethought her of a cell  
Deep buried in the silence of the wood,  
Where lived a holy man, a Hermit old :  
Perchance the Knight had been to seek his prayers.

She called her Page, and with a dawning hope  
Hurried with rapid footsteps to the cell ;  
For if the Hermit knew the secret grief  
Which preyed upon the heart of Elidore,  
Then might she bring him happiness again.  
And should he love one in that other land  
Whom he had left in sorrow, she would be  
Herself the sacrifice,—for him she loved  
More than his love.

She reach'd the Hermit's cell—  
A rude abode, half hewn from out the rock,  
But dry, and sheltered from the winter's wind.  
But when she entered it she stood amazed  
At what her eyes beheld. Tall candles burned  
In silver stands, filling the place with light,  
And in the midst, upon a lowly bier,  
Lay the pale image of a lovely maid.  
Then fast the lady's pitying tears rained down.  
"Alas !" she said, "Is this my dear one's grief,—  
His hopeless grief—where I can nothing do ?  
Is it for thee, oh ! lovely faded flower,  
That I have lost his love ?—and all in vain."

She touched the golden hair with gentle hand,  
And clasped the lifeless fingers in her own,  
When suddenly her cheek and forehead flush'd,  
And her eyes kindled into lovely light.  
"She is not dead !" she cried, "her hand is warm,

Run, boy, and bring to me the precious drug  
Which that old travelled stranger gave to me  
Whom we found fainting by the castle gate."

The boy sped on his errand, and meanwhile  
The lady stood beside the silent form,  
And struggled with her woe, and overcame.

"If this is death," she thought, "how shall I bear  
To look upon his altered face again,  
And know his heart is buried in her grave!  
Is this the end of all my happy dreams?—  
Dreams where no shadow came of such as thou,  
Pale beauty! For my heart could sooner doubt  
All things in earth or heaven than his love.  
I thought in all the world there never lived  
A wife so happy and so loved as I.  
Now he is false—my peerless Elidore!  
Yet no, not false, but weak; thou luredst him  
With thy bright beauty,—lovedst him, perchance,  
And now he grieves that he has brought thee here,  
Far from thy home, to die. This grief at least  
Shall not be his to bear, if as I think  
My hand shall surely wake thee from thy sleep.  
But, oh! unconscious child, he will not love  
Thee with the love he gave to Geldaluce.  
And if that love should be as thou art now,—  
Not dead, but only sleeping! and the time  
Should come when he shall waken from his dream,  
And know he loved me best, and all his soul  
Cry out for me with a too-late remorse,  
And deeper grief than fills his spirit now,—  
Oh! could I wait that time, and say to him,  
'Come, I have loved thee always—I forgive!'  
But, no; this may not be. 'Tis not for me  
To pander to his sin, but to prevent.  
One way—one way alone—remains for me  
To save them both from further wrong; and he  
Shall know—for me he cannot doubt—that I,  
For love of him, can yield him up to her."

Quickly the boy returned, and Geldaluce  
Took from his hand the precious drug which was  
To wake the sleeper from her deathlike trance.  
With beating heart she poured the golden drops  
Into the half-shut mouth, then watch'd awhile  
With trembling eagerness, to see the end.  
Nor watch'd in vain. A sudden tremor shook

The maiden's form, her eyelids flickered, and  
 The parted lips closed with a sigh ; upon  
 Her cheek, pink deepened into rose,  
 And her eyes opened full on Geldaluce.

The thought that first awoke within her brain  
 Was of the words which last had met her ear.  
 " I know thou art the wife of Elidore,  
 " But what is this ? And what am I ? " she said.

" Fear not, sweet child," then answered Geldaluce ;  
 " I am no foe to scare thy joy away.  
 They thought thee dead, and brought thee to this cell ;  
 But God hath sent me here to succour thee.  
 Bless Him for ever."

Even as she spoke—  
 Her large brown eyes beaming with holy light,  
 Cast heavenward, and upon her oval cheek  
 The crimson glow of feeling deepening—  
 Sir Elidore appeared within the door,  
 Bewildered and amazed. She saw, and smiled  
 As if she had not wept, so strong was she  
 In her unselfish love, that only thought  
 Of him, and for his sake could yield the world.

" The maiden thou hast mourned for is not dead,"  
 She said. " Her soul lay bound within a trance.  
 Come hither, Elidore, and take her hand ;  
 I give her unto thee to be thy wife,—  
 The last, the last fond token of my love.  
 To night I seek the convent's peaceful shade.  
 Fear not for me, nor ever think my life  
 Will be aught else than one of peace and rest.  
 And if thy heart comes back to me once more,  
 Then be thou sure that we shall meet again."

With a mute gesture then she raised her hand,  
 And turning to the maiden with grave eyes,  
 " I charge thee, make him happy as thou canst,  
 And I will bless thee from my quiet home."  
 But Alleda was kneeling on the ground,  
 Clinging with sobs and tears unto her knees,  
 Trying with broken words to hold her back.  
 With a sad smile the lady loosed her hands  
 And turned to leave the cell ; but as she passed  
 Where the Knight stood in speechless wonderment,  
 Like one who sees things in a waking dream,



And thinks to lift his head and find them gone,  
The woman triumphed in her tender heart.  
"Kiss me but once before I go," she said.  
He clasp'd her in his arms, a moment press'd  
Her trembling lips to his, and she was gone.  
But in that moment all the happy past  
Came rushing back. At last, too late, he knew  
His deepest love had ever been for her.  
Now to himself with bitter scorn he said,  
It was not love he felt for Alleda,  
But admiration of her loveliness,  
And pleased self-love, and tender pity too ;  
And now his heart cried out for Geldaluce,  
But he had wronged and lost her, and too late  
Had come the knowledge of his dread mistake.

From his remorseful thoughts a stifled sob  
Aroused him, and he turned to Alleda,  
And gently lifted up her prostrate form,  
And with kind words and tender, led her forth.  
So they were wedded, and Sir Elidore  
Was ever kind to Alleda ; but grief  
Settled upon his soul, and every day  
He walked unto the summit of a hill,  
Where he could look upon the convent walls,  
Which held the treasure of his heart within.  
No more he cared for arms or warlike deeds,  
In prayer and meditation passed his days,  
With penance oft to purify his soul,  
And make it worthy hers who loved so well.

His gentle wife soon found how weak her power  
To lift the cloud of sorrow from his heart ;  
Her soul was ever filled with vain regrets  
And with a tender love for Geldaluce,  
Whom she in silence longed to join, and learn  
From her example how to gather strength  
From sorrow, and pluck holy love  
Out of the grave of disappointed hope.

At last, when two short years were scarcely past,  
They spoke together of their hidden thoughts ;  
And when they found that each desired the same,  
With kindly words they parted,—she, to join  
The convent where the Lady Geldaluce  
Was now the saintly Abbess,—he to found  
A monastery new upon the hill  
Where he could look upon the convent walls.

A few years passed. The Knight became a Prior,  
 And after that, a holy Abbot, famed  
 For sanctity ; but every day he came  
 To look upon the convent walls ; and when  
 At last he died, and the procession slow  
 Moved from the gates toward the castle old,  
 That he might lie within the chapel there,  
 Another mourning train of sorrowing nuns  
 Came from the convent gate.

Behind them press'd  
 A crowd of weeping children, and of old  
 And poor, who had been cherished by her care ;  
 For it was Geldaluce they mourned, and she  
 Had gone, a saint, to find her rest in heaven.

W. G.

Graham's Town.

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## *Life at the Cape.*

BY A LADY.

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### LETTER X.

Roesch's Hotel, Gardens, Sunday, 18th May, 1862.

\* \* \* \* This is just the sort of house that I would like to be mistress of—being cool, airy, and well sheltered by trees, only wanting a colony of rooks to make it perfect, and heaps of friends to share one's hospitality. Failing these, I have been killing time this week by gadding about town in search of curiosities to send home by the *Briton*. As I have not got too much money to spare, you must tender my apologies to all friends who expect solid remembrances from the Cape for the trifling value of the articles I am sending to your address ; but as some of them are very pretty notwithstanding, they must learn to be content. Many of the things are rudely made up ; but that you can easily rectify. In the tin box you will find rolled up a fancy table-cover made out of patches of penguin skin, most tastefully sewn together in a wheel pattern. It will do famously for your round little tea-table, and only requires to be quilted on to some blue or red cloth, to show off its velvety grey, black, and orange plumage to advantage. At least fifty birds must have been destroyed to provide this intricate little bit, as the only portions used in the manufacture are the back, the breast, and the side of the neck. It is

shocking waste of material ; but then *que voulez vous*, when they are annually breeding in thousands. \* \* By the merest chance I came across the lovely grey "duiker" skin, which I intend for Aunt M——. It was given to me by a lady, whose husband had shot the buck from which it was stripped ; and so carefully has it been removed that everything is perfect, down to the hoofs, muzzle, and ears. You must have it damped to take out the creases, and then stretched on a piece of bright scarlet cloth, so as to form a soft antimacassar for her reading chair. \* \* The "veldt-kombaars," or sheep-skin rug, in which the shepherds camp out at night, is made out of little squares of lamb skin, and is sewn together by natives, who have a great knack at this kind of fancy work : and you must please present it to old Mrs. ——— of D——, as a carriage rug. It has no smell, and will harbour no fleas, and will, besides, be warmer than three blankets. \* \* \* In the little biscuit-box I have packed away a regular set of Cape jewellery, consisting of two bracelets, a necklace, earrings, brooch, and a waistbelt, all formed out of beads and the delicate seeds of the tiny musk-melon. When worn at night they have all the appearance of *dead gold*, and I am sure they will look famously on your little cousin K——. They are made by the farmers' daughters for their amusement, and cost a mere trifle. At one of the shops, I was shown some beautiful things in Indian silver filagree, in the way of card cases and bracelets, but they are too delicate and expensive, and I am afraid will tarnish in your moist neighbourhood, and consequently require to be burnished anew ; but the patterns of these toys are exquisitely fine, and well worthy of being reproduced in gold. In a wild burst of extravagance, I bought a lot of book-markers made out of silver-leaves, glazed in some way, and then painted in water-colours, with sketches of native figures. \* \* \* You can divide a dozen of these at your discretion between the B——s and the L——s factions ; and reserve the best engraved ostrich egg for yourself. If cut in two, rimmed with silver, and then mounted on a boxwood pedestal, it would make a pretty flower vase for your table.

*Apropos* of silver-leaves—if you will take the trouble to bind them with a narrow edging of blue or red satin ribbon, and arrange them like the sun's rays in points, on four bits of card-board, covered with silk, you will make a very pretty work-box out of the sheaf I herewith send you from Silver Tree Hill. They will also plait into very neat checquer-work, and are very flexible in the handling. A thin coating of isinglass or size will enable you to paint upon them, and I should think you might even make a fan out of them. The funniest use I ever saw them put to was at a ball, where a young arrival, enchanted with their lustre, tacked them on to her skirt, and made herself look supremely ridiculous, as they were ruthlessly stripped off and strewn about the room in the mad rush of excited waltzers. \* \* \* The sugar-birds and humming-birds, about which you wrote to me, are getting very scarce now, and are only to

be shot with great trouble near the Black River on the Cape Flats. Those I send you have been prepared with arsenical soap by Mr. R—— T——, a very good-natured young fellow, who is awfully clever at beetles and butterflies, and who has really been most obliging in getting me good specimens to send home to you all for wearing in your hats. He was kind enough also to give me the lovely “lourie” wing, which he tells me is obtained from a rare bird in the Knysna forests, that has the merit of having baffled all naturalists hitherto as to its mode of breeding and making its nest, &c. When flying in the sun, they glitter all over like burnished metal with the lustrous green and deep claret hues of their feathers. I intend this for Sophy’s riding hat, and I hope she will take good care of it. Give the two red and black Kafir finches to old Mrs. — : they will serve to brighten up her best bonnet. \* \* \* I have had the tiny shells of the little “schoelpats,” or water-tortoises, slightly lacquered. They are used by some natives to hold money and snuff. You can easily fit them anew with heads and feet of velvet, being cold-blooded animals, and use them as paper weights.

As for the bunches of the different kinds of grasses that you will find sewn up in a bag, they were collected by us in our travels over Bain’s Kloof and near Worcester; and if appropriately dyed and mixed up with the glittering pink and yellow everlasting flowers found near Wellington, will compose into very pretty flat bouquets, mounted on sheets of thick cardboard with pearly shells and seaweed. To show you what I mean, I send you a few specimens of this kind of ornamental work, and they are so tastefully arranged by some of the poorer ladies here, that it will puzzle you to improve on them. That particular species of brown grass, which glistens like bronze, retains its lustre for years, and grows all over the Tulbagh district, and contrasts well with the vivid colours of the everlasting flowers. These cards range in price from five to fifteen shillings, according to size, and are very pretty when framed. They are nice things for a fancy bazaar. In the way of sticks, my husband has made a unique collection,—the oddest one being not unlike an enormous gimlet, from the action of a creeping parasite that clings to it like a leech and scores the bark deeply; while the most elaborate one he has was carved out of a piece of drift-wood by a Kafir chief imprisoned on Robben Island. He has also got a stick for Robert, with big thorns spirally arranged at every two inches, and a most uncomfortable one to walk with in company. If it could be managed, he ought to send him a real Cape bamboo stick, to show how the Malays fish and drive with it, but as it would be nearly twenty feet long, and cannot be jointed or taken to pieces, tapering from the thickness of a gun-barrel to the point of a whip, I am afraid we must forego that pleasure; but I send you instead the lash that ought to be fastened to it. It is over thirty feet long, and is carefully plaited by the natives, and, if well wielded, makes a greater noise than the short-handled Australian stock-whip, of which we hear so much in the papers. Let Uncle



John have it. The last thing in the box will puzzle you all tremendously. It is a pair of Malay sandals, and is herewith presented to any of you who can clutch them tightly with the great toe, and hobble across the room without breaking his neck. They will remind you of Mr. Winkle's first attempts at skating without a chair to steady him. \* \* \* \* Of course, I could have made the parcel larger by buying Kafir pipes, snuff-pouches, and bead aprons, &c.; but I prefer to pick up these articles from the veritable savages themselves when once we get to the Frontier, and our departure now cannot be much longer delayed. \* \* \* \* In the meantime, take the goods the Gods provide you, though lovely Thais *don't* sit beside you.

*Friday, 30th May.*—We are still at this hotel, and likely to remain so till the middle of next month. The suspense is tiresome, and we are spending more money than we bargained for while waiting for a ship; but, otherwise, we are enjoying the winter very much. For a place with so few public amusements or theatres, we have been unusually gay this week, for on Tuesday the Queen's birthday was celebrated by a Regatta, followed in the evening by a State Ball,—the weather throughout being all that could be desired at this pleasant but showery and fickle time of year. At all events, everybody seemed to be in very good spirits out-of-doors, for the morning was fine, bright, and bracing, the sky without a cloud, and a smart breeze blowing into Table Bay from the west. Even so, Cape Town in winter is not very cold; but if no wind is stirring, it is truly enchanting and delicious to get out and bask in the sunshine that floods the whole town, after a shower of rain has settled the dust and cleared the air. Before the opening of the Regatta, all the world and his wife and picaninnies were collected on the Grand Parade—a big but much neglected square, about a quarter of a mile long—to see the troops in garrison reviewed by the Governor and his Staff, and to stare at the military evolutions, and the firing of the *feu de joie* from the Castle ramparts. A handful of Volunteers—artillery, cavalry, and riflemen—also went through some scrambling performances in the presence of at least six thousand amused spectators, and I am not sure that their dignified march past was not the best of the day's fun,—so clearly were the fat men in the ranks out of condition, and unable to keep step together, in spite of the hoarse entreaties from their agonized officers. \* \* \*

After this was over, and the little black boys had picked up the half-exploded cartridges—almost at the very mouths of the rifles, careless of consequences—everybody rushed down to the wharves and Central Jetty, to gape with astonishment at the lively and eccentric movements of the innumerable boats and wherries that were plying about between the shipping and the shores of Table Bay. Wherever it was possible to have a flag flying, there you saw it fluttering in the breeze, which at first had threatened to be a little too rough; but about one o'clock it died away, and the wind and sea became

more favourable, so that it was quite pleasant to watch the crews of the Malay whale and fishing-boats darting about from point to point like gigantic dragon-flies. As all the wharves and elevated spots were crowded by the holiday-loving spectators, you may fancy how the swarms of the gaily-dressed children and their gorgeously attired parents made the scene lively beyond description. To me, the prettiest sight was the race between the fishermen's luggers. It was closely contested half-way round the bay, and the winner owed his victory apparently to the fact of his men constantly dashing buckets of sea water over his sails, so as to make them draw better, I suppose. Later in the day it became very cold on the wharves, and the spray stung my face like a thousand pin points. And here I may say, that although this sudden change from summer to winter leaves the sky as bright and blue as ever, yet it makes its influence felt in the shortness of the daylight,—it being nearly dark at half-past five, greater dampness at night, and a decided sense of chilliness out-of-doors. There is no ice, and many people insist upon it that what some call snow upon the hills opposite is only packed hail. When it does rain, however, it comes down in buckets full, keeping on steadily for hours, making big rivers out of narrow street-gutters, and churning the soft material of the miserable roadways into vast sheets of mud, so that walking about after a shower or two is a very splashy adventure indeed, but a very enjoyable one, nevertheless, on account of the balmy freshness and crispness of the air, when the sun shines out again.

After the Regatta, there was a State Ball given by the Governor and Mrs. Wodehouse to all who had duly left their cards at Government-house for at least twice in the season, and at which over three hundred people were present, including the garrison, as well as the officers of the *Cossack* and *Narcissus*, &c., &c. There happened to be a good many war-ships just then at Simon's Bay, chiefly foreigners, so that there was no lack of epaulettes and blue jackets to keep the fun going till three in the morning. The rooms, being very large as well as lofty, were not inconveniently full, and the whole affair was very gay, and would have been even more appreciable, had it not been for the manner in which the dancers got all jumbled up together, by all attempting to dance at once, and so treading upon each other's toes most painfully in the waltzes and galops. The marked absence of any master of the ceremonies caused everybody to jostle his fair neighbours, quite politely and good-humouredly, it is true, but still a strip of carpeting round the room would have defined a neutral ground upon which no dancers could have intruded, and then those who were waiting their turn could not have so hampered others who were dancing for their amusement. The good old German plan of *three turns round the room and then a pause* would have given everybody in succession a chance of trotting out his partner, without thumping her shoulders blue, or tearing her dress to pieces. Another great drawback at Government-house was the want of recognized stewards or

aides-de-camp in waiting to introduce strangers to suitable partners. This must make it very embarrassing to naval men, here to-day and gone to-morrow, who are specially fond of dancing, and thoroughly enjoy a hearty romp ashore in the lancers or the galop; but who, because there is no official to find them ladies, keep crowding round the folding doors and obstructing the passages to and from the drawing-room. Most of the dresses were in good taste, not too much *decolleté*, and fitting very well. Here and there I saw traces of Parisian millinery, but on the whole, I suspect very few dressmakers were employed, except at home; and that many of the ladies were not in the habit of going out to balls more than once in the year. That air of *je ne sais quoi* which marks the habitué of good society was not to my eye so *prononcé* in the company as I could have wished, and a little judicious weeding of the invitations would have made the assembly more at ease with each other. Many of the stranger faces were very pretty, and two sisters with black hair were pointed out to me who would have done honour to any court by their figures and graceful carriage. The belle of the ball was a lovely young girl in green tarlatan—Dutch by birth—French in style, with most bewitching eyes and shoulders. The dancing of all was surprisingly good. It was wonderful to witness the ease and lightness with which large massive-looking matrons were wafted round the room in perfect accord with the music by the foreign officers; in charming contrast to the giddy pace at which more sylph-like figures were spun and swung along over the slippery floor by our more manly but far less elegant subalterns. Here all grace and elegance, there the haste and rudeness of school-boys to be first.

Our host, as Her Majesty's representative, was dressed in his Windsor uniform, and wore his star and ribbon. He is a portly, haughty middle-aged gentleman of good presence, but rather hard-featured. He has the character of being a hard rider, but to me his movements were jerky and stiff, and constrained, as if his coat was too tight for him. Like all Governors, he has lots of work to go through; but he does not promise to be as popular as old Sir George Grey, who was as thin as a lath, and shambled in his walk, but who was full of urbanity and old-fashioned politeness, and who always had a kind word to say to everybody—even to the wall flowers—and liked to know the ins and outs of every household. \* \* \* \* Mrs. Wodehouse, however, is a dear, sweet-faced old lady, with streaks of gray in her hair, a nervous, frightened manner, and with delicate sensitive features, that invite one's confidence and respect. She just moved through a quadrille or two, and has the credit of being very well read and passionately attached to her husband. She spent the greater portion of the evening on the sofa, placed on the raised dais at the top of the ball-room, quite under the music gallery, talking to the wives of the various judges and secretaries, &c. This is the only sign of ceremonial, so that a state ball at the Cape is not heavy with etiquette, but is quite as easy and unconstrained as any private

party. When supper was announced at twelve o'clock precisely, the guests filed in in the order of precedence, and then when the big-wigs and their ladies were seated, humbler folk like ourselves were allowed to fill up the banqueting-hall, and clear the well-furnished tables as often as they pleased. There was only one toast given, namely, "The Queen;" and on the whole, people seemed to buzz and enjoy themselves all the more after the champagne bottles in dozens had been set popping in every direction. As far as the style of the supper went, nothing could have been done in better taste. \* \* \* \* \*

*Monday, 9th June.*—I have been wearing my legs off to-day in wandering about the old Castle, trying to find out the quarters of various acquaintances, so as to say good-bye. When first we came here, many of our friends lived in the front square, and could be traced up without much trouble; but of late there have been so many changes and removals that you require to have the strength of Samson and the patience of Job to ferret them out of the wretched dens in which the Quartermaster-General's Department have now buried them alive. To give you some idea of the miseries of military life when you are poor or of inferior rank, let me tell you of my day's adventures, and then say whether you envy the unfortunates who have to sniff the odours of that pleasant wet ditch, or moat, or whatever they choose to call it, that distributes mud round three sides of the Castle. No wonder, as a rule, that Castle divinities look pale and fagged, and are always sending for the doctor, for I am sure they are lodged worse than wild beasts, and merit our pity. To get at the first name on my list, I had to make many inquiries from stupid sentries and not over civil slatternly soldier-servants hanging about, until I was at length directed to a dreary inner court-yard, cold as a church, and with its flags and rough stones overgrown with moss and lichen, as if the sun never peeped into it from year's end to year's end. Here, on the left, were some barracks, where a number of half-dressed men were lounging about and smoking, and making the air ring again with their coarse jokes and laughter. Turning, as directed, quickly off to the right, and stumbling over a number of rough uneven stones, I found myself staring at a door, with a calling-card nailed to it, but so filthy and weather-beaten that at first I thought I must be wrong, and that it must be one of the stable-doors, as it was close alongside of the dirtiest place possible for even horses to be stabled in. Across the path meandered a stream of greenish hue, not very thick or broad, but oh! very, very strong indeed in scent. With my pocket handkerchief to my nose, and my petticoats well gathered up, I jumped across this, and entering the said doorway and looking about for a bell or knocker and finding none, I had to toil up a dirty stone staircase—every footstep echoing noisily through the vaulted passages. Over my head was suspended a delicate drapery of cobwebs, evidently of many years' standing—or rather hanging, so that I felt rather a creeping sensation



on the top of my head lest one of their huge hairy occupants should suddenly drop down upon me. Arrived at the head of the stairs I stood bewildered, for *four* passages extended away in different directions, and which was I to take? At last, above my head, about half a dozen steps up—I saw a door which looked promising—so at once posted up to it. Imagine my horror when I read the card tacked to it, and found I had intruded into bachelors' quarters! Of course, I hurried down quicker than I came up, trusting that no one had seen me; but I need not have feared, as the place was as damp, silent, and deserted as a huge vault. Not a figure moved, not a sound was to be heard! At last, in despair I made a dash down the opposite passage and actually found the door I wanted, but I could get nobody to attend to it. After banging away at it until I broke my parasol, and nearly lost my temper, I just poked a p.p.c. card under it and retreated. Right glad was I to emerge again into the sunshine, as I was chilled to the bone, and carried a nice fringe of straw and dust on my black silk dress. Then nothing would satisfy me but I must go and hunt up Mrs. —, who, though her quarters are not so inaccessible as Mrs. —'s, commands a cheerful view of a blank brown wall rising up just in front of her drawing-room window! Being a woman of taste, she does not shudder at the difficulties in the way of making her rooms look a little homelike; but what with the want of papering, the scarcity of paint, and the trouble of hanging up pictures against white-washed walls except on screens and framed stands—her scanty furniture wore an inexpressibly dreary air, as if an execution was in the house, and it was not worth tidying up. \* \* Then, though getting very tired, I tried my luck again, and in search of No. 3 on my list toiled up and up, from one flight of stairs to another flight of stairs—past one lady's kitchen, where afternoon tea was going on amongst a select circle of servants and their friends,—past another's wood and fowl-house,—and so on and on, until I emerged upon the ramparts, where I sat down for a few minutes on the roof of one of the houses, to enjoy the beautiful view of the town and bay, looking so bright and cheerful in the sunlight. However, it was no time for dawdling, so up I jumped, and was nearly frightened out of my wits by the sudden appearance of a huge baboon, who emerged from behind one of the chimneys, rattling his chain, showing his ugly teeth, and barking at me. You could have knocked me over with a feather! Recovering myself, I fled down six more steps, past a water tank, round a corner into a passage where the front door faced the open door of the kitchen, and then I sank down, only too grateful at having accomplished my duties so far, and well rewarded by the offer of a nice cup of tea. This experience will give you a fair idea of what the holes and corners of the Castle consist of. Some are worse and some are better; but with the exception of the Commandant's and General's quarters, and one or two good rooms overlooking the bay, you may take my word for

it that these dens are scarcely fit to give shelter to a donkey, much less ladies and children. The tiniest little cottage of four rooms and a kitchen has a great deal more comfort in it; and catch me again taking up my residence in a hurry where you can't hammer a nail, or get a pane of glass put in, without frightful fuss and a long correspondence with a Department. \* \* \* And yet these nests of abomination and discomfort, so disgraceful to the authorities, could be made very different, if a little painting and doing up were sanctioned, some trees planted about, fire-places provided, and some provision made for securing decent ventilation and suitable approaches from any of the court-yards. If I were the General commanding out here, I would precious soon level and re-grass the parades, clean out the moat, encourage gardening on the ramparts, and put the place into something like order, with the aid of soldiers, who are idly loafing about in the meantime, doing nothing but cleaning arms, and drinking cheap wine and brandy. \* \* \*

*Saturday, 14th June.*—At last we have taken our passages in the *Waldensian*, and we were going to send our horses on overland to Graham's Town—some five hundred miles off, but the heavy rains and stormy weather have so affected the rivers that we have been advised to ship them in the same steamer with ourselves. I hear horses on the Frontier are not so docile, and are smaller than those near Cape Town, and I am loath to be parted from my dear little "Sunbeam." But everything else we have sent to the public sales, so as to start afresh in housekeeping. Nothing can exceed the ease and readiness with which people get rid of property here. You put a short advertisement into the papers that you are going to sell off on such and such a day, and upon the day in question, if it is fine, all the world and his wife in their carriages will flock to your house, which is open to all comers, and after minutely criticizing all your household arrangements, and distributing themselves over your chairs, ottomans, and sofas—just as they stand—there they will patiently sit *as if at a reception*, until the auctioneer enters the room, and sells off everything amidst enthusiastic competition. The excitement of a sale and the bidding of a rival will often cause people to give fabulous prices for the simplest little thing. The auctioneer moves in the best society, knows everybody, cracks his dry jokes, and tries to suit all tastes with wonderful accuracy and tact. I have seen as many as two hundred people crowded into every room of a big house, all eagerly bent on picking up bargains, and buying a great many more things than they know what to do with, and every now and then you hear a roar of laughter as the auctioneer knocks down an article at three times its real value. Books, carpets, flowers in pots, and pictures move off as if by magic. Tables, beds, and knick-knacks rapidly vanish, and in less than three hours the establishment is about cleared out. Then everybody adjourns to a well-spread lunch of sandwiches and bottled ale set out in some quiet passage or under the trees, and discusses it at the expense of the

owner of the property, after which the purchasers very probably bid more furiously than ever ! If a house has to be sold, it is done in the funniest way possible. The auctioneer walks about with a bag of gold in one hand and a roll of bank-notes in the other, and keeps shouting out, "Who says *two* thousand pounds for this splendid house and grounds ? Will nobody make me an offer ? Well then here's ten pounds for whoever says *fifteen* hundred pounds ?" Still no answer ! Everybody looks unconcernedly at his neighbour, as if the sum was a matter of perfect indifference. At last, the auctioneer says, "Say *fourteen* hundred, and here's ten pounds !" and at once half a dozen hands are thrust out to receive it. Somebody takes the money, and now the sale commences *in earnest*. This is now a real *bonâ fide* bid, and, unless the persons who gave and took the bribe can induce anybody to make an advance on the price, the house is sold. But then comes the fun, to watch the anxious looks of some poor needy wretch who is dying to get rid of his bargain, but still retain his bribe. Again and again the auctioneer walks round and round, peering into the face of one, and whispering slyly into the ear of another, till at last he says, "Well, then, I will give twenty pounds to whoever says *fifteen* hundred and fifty pounds !" Again somebody silently snatches at the bonus, to the intense delight of the holder of the *first* ten pounds given away, for he is *now relieved of all responsibility*, and can walk home thoroughly well satisfied with his day's earnings. And so the gambling goes on until the property is forced up to the required price, every bonus being a free gift, except the one last taken. Houses are thus often sold for more than they really are worth ; but the Dutch are very fond of this pastime, and it must require much nerve and knowledge of the value of property everywhere to join in it long, without burning one's fingers. When once the house is knocked down to you, you sign a paper, get the sale registered, pay some transfer fees, and there you are—a Cape householder at once !

At the public auctions on the Parade every Saturday, things are managed a little differently. Everybody sends to these sales whatever they want to get rid of, and, of course, a note to the auctioneer as well. He just sells off everything without reserve to the highest bidder—from a pigeon to an elephant, and at the end of the week you call for a cheque—less commission charges, and you have no further trouble in the matter. Hence auctioneers, from the largeness of their transactions, are obliged to command considerable wealth, and, in fact, are very important personages. These Saturday Sales are quite a Cape institution, and include the funniest mixture of articles imaginable. They would be a blessing to every English town where they were established, and at once do away with low pawnbrokers for the poor and needy. I once asked an auctioneer what was the funniest thing he had ever seen sold, and he told me that he "had known of an auctioneer who was so keen that he had sold the pot from off the fire, *with the Irish stew* in it, rather

than be cheated out of his rents!" This, I think, will give you some idea of what people will buy at the Cape on the Grand Parade on a Saturday, if it looks like a bargain! I have reason to speak well of these sales, as we got capital prices for the veriest rubbish that somehow had got into our possession, and which I was willing to have paid people to have carted away for nothing.

*Thursday, 19th June.*—I have just time to say that we have got everything on board, and that we sail some time this evening. The horses are in boxes on deck, and in three days' time we shall be at Port Elizabeth. Till then, adieu! What will the future have in store for us? Is it possible that people on the frontier can be kinder than people down here? If so, we shall have a merry time of it.

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## The Monitor Albogularis.

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### A MONOGRAPH.

THE following notes on the habits and instincts of the terrestrial Monitors of South Africa are mainly based on experiments and observations made on a specimen which existed in captivity during a portion of 1868-1869. Further information of its habits and of the superstitions relating to it have been obtained from sources both written and oral. Nearly two years have elapsed since these observations were recorded, and from that time to the present no opportunity has been lost to obtain fuller information about this reptile; but the most strenuous efforts have hitherto failed to procure another live specimen. The Monitor to which these notes owe their existence measured three feet in length, and was caught while basking on a low stony ridge some distance from the Orange River. My occasional rambling among the remains of extinct reptiles, but more especially the discovery of Dinosaurians in the "Stormberg beds," made me anxious to obtain specimens of the Monitor, which, though rare in this locality, was the largest reptile within my reach. It was not until three weeks after its capture that my attention was specially drawn to a close examination of the Monitor's habits. Moreover, my interest in this reptile was further increased by the statements of eminent anatomists that the skeleton generally, and the cranium particularly, indicate the natural passage from the order of lizards to that of serpents, and that we also find in the great extinct Saurians, such as *Megalosaurus*, *Mososaurus*, and the South African Dinosaurs, the closest resemblance to the comparatively diminutive Varanians, which are now the inhabitants of our globe. Should the inferences and deductions in this paper be approximately correct in relation to this singular terrestrial species, which, in common with the aquatic



Varans, come nearest to the great extinct Saurians of old, and should the habits ascribed to this Varan, as well as to the other species not here noticed, bear any relation to those of the great extinct Dinosaurs, now swept away from the face of the earth, then we should have in those annihilated giants of primeval times no bad representative of our wildest legends. Let me first give a detailed description of the creature.

*Colour.*—On the neck and back, alternate dark-brown and yellow patches, blotches, or continuous stripes; a deep-brown stripe, extending from the corner of both eyes, along the side of the neck, and coalescing behind the shoulders; sides and belly of the animal yellow, with brown spots, and sometimes stripes intermixed; tail marked with alternate brown and yellow bands above, and by a somewhat lighter yellow beneath. The brown bands, patches, or blotches are frequently spotted with yellow, and the latter colour is frequently marked with brown spots. The toes are variegated in like manner, but have the nails dark-horn coloured.

*Form.*—The limbs are thick and strong; the neck, body, and base of tail robust, but rather flattened; the tail about twice the length of the trunk, and slightly compressed at the sides nearly throughout its entire length; head rather small, short, and triangular, broad behind, and tapering towards the nose; tongue similar to serpents, but twice the length of the head; teeth somewhat cylindrical and strong; nostrils oblique, linear, and situated near the eyes; toes long and unequal, especially on the hind feet. They are five in number, and are entirely distinct and separated from their base.

*Scales.*—On the surface of the head they are flat,—rather small and circular; they are oval on the chin, throat, sides of the neck, on the lips, and towards the base of the tail. The scales on the neck are more raised and of larger size than on any other part of the reptile. The scales on the back and sides differ from those on the neck in being of smaller size and less convex. The scales are disposed in transverse rows or bands on the neck, ribs, and belly of the reptile, but on the tail they are arranged in regular rings.

This species of Monitor dwells in the chinks and cavities of rocky precipices and low stony ridges and hills, and also in holes in the ground when no rocks are near. In the summer season they resort to cultivated lands, to muddy pools, and to running streams of water, but are not able to remain beneath the surface for any length of time. The captive Monitor bathed in water during the hot weather, but always kept its nostrils above the surface. I never saw it eat its food in the water, which is the reverse of the habits of a marsh tortoise in my possession, which never eats the least food except in that element; but when hungry, if food is given it on the land, it will some times seize it, and make for water before attempting to swallow. Should no water be near, the food is dropped, and no further attempts will cause the tortoise to seize it again. Put the tortoise near shallow water, and it will plunge in. Place the food near it, and it will seize it voraciously, drag it under water, and swallow it. At the Diamond-fields, a Monitor entered a tent, effected its escape, ran some distance, and dashed into the river direct for the opposite banks, where, meeting, with resistance, it returned

and was killed. The reptile showed not the slightest disposition to remain in the water, for had it done so, it could easily have escaped. They have been found more than twenty miles distant from any stream, and have been seen running about the sandy tracts of land beyond the Transvaal. In those parts, when molested, they often effect their escape into holes in the ground. These facts are borne out by the statements of many persons. In severe droughts, these reptiles resort to rivers for the purpose of bathing; but I have never seen them basking on the banks of rivers. Several persons who saw my specimen when living, including gentlemen capable of judging, assured me that there was considerable difference between it and those which abounded near rivers. It is known as the Mountain or Berg Iguana of the Colonists, the Phoolo of the Tambookies, and the Qibe or Kabai of the Fingoes and some other tribes. The food of the Monitor, as founded on observation, and also on the examination of the stomachs of these reptiles, consists of small quadrupeds and birds, also mice, rats, eggs, lizards, and tortoises. In captivity, the Monitor drank milk with greater avidity than water. In six months, exclusive of other food, he ate forty-seven hen and ducks' eggs, twenty-two eggs of birds and tortoises, nine mice, two rats, one hundred and ninety locusts, thirty-four birds, chiefly sparrows, and three lizards.

I next notice the tongue as an organ of exploration, touch, and taste, and of attack in certain cases. It is long, rather slender, filiform, and terminated by two points, which can be widely divaricated, as in the serpents. The tongue of a Monitor four feet long measures  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length, and the length of each fork is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches. It is marked with deep-blue and straw-coloured bands. The Monitor can use this organ in any direction, and can almost double it upon itself. Aided by the rapid protrusion and retraction of this singular organ, it carefully explores every nook, corner, and crevice of its cage. The tongue appears to be able to stupefy, to render helpless, and probably to deprive of consciousness small birds, locusts, and soft-bodied insects. Birds and certain insects appear to be the only creatures that are injured by it; for in several experiments, the hare, hyrax, rats, and mice were put within its reach, and were several distinct times observed to be repeatedly touched without harm. A young hyrax seemed to enjoy the titillation produced by this cause, and was so little awed by the Monitor's presence that it would snatch food from its jaws. The tongue, when in full play, is frightful in the extreme; its puffing, like several adders in chorus, is terrible, and the fiery and angry expression of the eye is so formidable as to cause it to be dreaded by many of the aborigines. Its horrid expression when aroused has such a snake-like aspect that it fills its enemies with dread, and is sufficient to deter most dogs from attacking it. Has not the Monitor's tongue power to exude formic acid, which is one of the principal constituents of chloroform; and may it not have an anæsthetic effect upon its victim, especially as this

reptile touches the most unprotected parts of its prey, such as the eyes and under the wings, where the nerves are very sensitive? Has not the tongue of serpents, which is also long, slender, and bifurcated, something to do in producing sudden helplessness in certain animals? May not the serpent in many instances dart out its long slender tongue with inconceivable swiftness in like manner as the Monitor, and touch its victim when near at hand, unperceived by the spectator, and thus cause the animal to tremble all over, to feel incapable of escaping, or to rush blindly into its enemy's power; and may not the flashing eye and rapid evolutions of the forked tongue render some animals powerless, even when some distance off?

When the Monitor took its prey, it always swallowed it head foremost. If the victim was rather more than two-thirds the size of a small sparrow-hawk, the reptile experienced considerable difficulty in the process. The sides of the mouth were dilated as much as possible, and the jaws were pressed against the sides and floor of the cage as an aid in forcing the victim down its throat. When the prey was firmly seized, it appeared to lose all consciousness, and was crushed in the reptile's jaws without showing any movement. One day it caught a rat, which it endeavoured to swallow head foremost, but could not do so except by great efforts. Some time after the body of the rat was down the reptile's throat, the hind legs and tail were hanging out of its mouth; the act of swallowing lasted about ten minutes. When the rat was caught it squeaked, but the instant the reptile had fair hold of it, and gave it a shaking, there were no more signs of feeling.

After taking a meal, the Monitor's tongue was always brought into unusual activity. The Monitor would dart out its tongue, and alternately dilate and contract its bifid extremities, work the tongue around its jaws, and occasionally, to do it more effectually, would nearly double the tongue upon itself, and lick its jaws with the points only. It would then suddenly withdraw its tongue, nearly close its mouth, and cause the points of the tongue, with alternate protrusions and contractions, to vibrate between the lips. The tongue seems to be the seat of the most pleasurable sensations, for at the close of every meal this organ was in ceaseless motion for about five minutes. Always in drinking, whether it was milk or water, the bifid tips of the tongue only came in contact with the fluid. The points of the tongue were rapidly inserted into the fluid and withdrawn,—an operation which was repeated several times. This, to my observation, was the only act of drinking the reptile practised.

The mere presence of the Monitor has no such effect as fascinating or striking the imprisoned animal with dread; for at times, when for some reason—perhaps over-eagerness to catch its prey—it does not use its tongue, it will chase its victim with gaping mouth, and sometimes almost seize it, yet the prey escapes. At other times I

have seen the Monitor, with stealthy step, slowly attempt to capture a sparrow, and, notwithstanding, the bird would fly or hop some distance off. It is only when the reptile uses its tongue, which always gives it a fierce and imposing aspect, that it can seize its prey with ease. I have seen birds from the moment of being put into the cage to be quite lively and fly about, or perch, as the case may be; and mice, under similar circumstances, search for food regardless of the reptile's presence. Again, birds have perched on the Monitor's back, or on its head, or hopped over its body for more than an hour, without any fear or injury. Mice will crawl on it, smell it all over, poke their noses against the reptile's jaws, and remain unharmed. During the whole proceedings, the only notice the Monitor appears to take is to shut its eyes when the animals come too near him; but at such times, when these strange liberties are taken with the reptile, its formidable nature is in abeyance; there is no puffing, no flashing eye, no serpent-like tongue darting to and fro; but the reptile, with appetite appeased, is indolent and unconcerned. Should it under these circumstances go after its prey, it does so in a sluggish and purposeless manner; but when aroused, which it shows by its puffing, &c., those animals no longer treat it with contempt, but fly from its presence. In cold weather, two hyraxes and the Monitor, or the reptile and a hare, frequently slept in the same retreat. The reptile would curl itself up, and these animals would sleep on its body for hours together. Instances of animals in a state of nature occupying the same burrow as the rattlesnake are not uncommon.

I introduced a sparrow-hawk (*Falco Capensis*, and *Roode Valk* of colonists) into the cage. It hopped a short distance forward, when its quick eye noticing the Monitor, it suddenly stood still, but did not manifest any signs of uneasiness. The reptile rose up actively, began slightly blowing or puffing, reached over the artificial ledge of rock on which it was basking in the sun, and rapidly darting out its singular tongue, it touched its victim on the head. The hawk instantaneously trembled, and appeared totally incapable of making the least resistance, or of attempting to escape, but remained rooted to the spot as if under some powerful mesmeric influence. This species of hawk generally, when attacked by an enemy more powerful than itself, utters shrill notes of defiance, puts itself into an attitude of defence, and resists to the last; but now, in the presence of this reptile, it uttered no cry, nor showed the slightest attempt at resistance, but passively submitted to its fate. The Monitor leisurely touched its victim several times about the neck, and once on the left eye. It then descended from the ledge, again touched with its tongue the unresisting bird, raised up the victim's wing with its head, and touched the unprotected skin with its tongue. After repeatedly touching the doomed bird, it deliberately walked round it, without again using its tongue; and seeming satisfied that its victim was safe, the reptile deliberately walked from the spot, but not before it had opened its jaws and apparently endeavoured to find out whether the



prey was too large to swallow ; for, incredible as it may appear, the bird was so lightly taken in the Monitor's jaws that it was neither moved from the spot nor raised from the ground.

When it was decided to place the hawk within reach of the Monitor, not the least idea was entertained of such a singular scene as I now witnessed,—the prominent impression being that the bird would be quickly killed and swallowed. After waiting a short time, and satisfying myself that the Monitor showed no inclination to devour its victim, I at once took the poor bird out of the cage, with the intention of trying to recover it. Immediately on rescuing the bird, I found that it was perfectly helpless and incapable of the least resistance ; its claws were spasmodically clenched together, the eyes were dull and heavy, and the muscular system was in such a state of rigidity that the paralyzed victim remained in any position in which it was placed, and so helpless that it could easily and unresistingly have been crushed to death in the hand. The hawk was in the cage about fifteen minutes, and remained until 1.45 p.m. (thirty minutes) incapable of showing the least resistance or of exhibiting any signs of renewed muscular action. Two p.m. (fifteen minutes later), it appeared to be gradually recovering, but showed no resistance when taken in the hand. Four p.m., more lively, excessively tame, ate some meat, and caught and killed a mouse which was placed near it.

The effect of the Monitor's tongue on the eye of the hawk was most permanent in its injurious effects. The next morning after the eye had been touched by the reptile's tongue, I observed that the eye-lids of the left eye were nearly closed and slightly swollen. On the following day they were more swollen, and a slight tumour became visible, which increased and became much larger on the third day. At the end of a week from its commencement, the tumour had increased to the size of a pea, and was very white. The eye was closed up for about six weeks, during which time the bird was lively and ate heartily. The tumour afterwards so decreased in size that the hawk could use its eye, which appeared not the least injured. From this time, until the day of its death, eight months after the injury, the tumour never disappeared, but alternately increased and decreased, sometimes becoming very small, and again increasing to its largest development, so that the bird could scarcely see out of it.

The hawk had been caught about two hours before being put into the cage, and the reptile also had only been captured a short time previously ; consequently, their instincts were unimpaired and their habits had not yielded to the influence of restraint. The hawk was very fierce and intractable, using its claws and beak in its defence ; but after the above singular encounter with the Monitor, it became excessively tame for nearly three weeks. At the end of this period it suddenly manifested an unusually daring, fierce, and intractable spirit, and not only would peck and strike with its claws at any person who came near, but would fight lustily with a large horned owl. It sustained this fierce and violent disposition until its death. This

intractable spirit is most unusual in this species of hawk. I afterwards had several of these hawks, and found that although they are pert, active, and saucy birds, in general, they in a short time became very tame and almost regardless of the presence of human beings. Three escaped and flew away, two were readily caught, and the third one flew a considerable distance off and appeared to be gone altogether, but in half an hour it also returned, began feeding near the cage, and allowed itself to be easily taken.

Several experiments were made with this hawk, and, strange to say, the second time it was put into the cage it did not show the least fear at the Monitor's presence. Soon it did not pay the least regard to the reptile, except when the Monitor tried to catch it. The hawk was then quick and active, but when hardly pressed it invariably jumped on the reptile's back. The hawk well knows its enemy, but does not manifest so much fear of the Monitor as it exhibits in the presence of man. As long as the reptile leaves the bird alone, which is nearly all day, it will eat, flap its wings, hop about or perch, and appear perfectly comfortable under the circumstances. Several days later the Monitor showed some desire to catch the hawk, and deliberately chased the wary bird which, with very little excitement, kept out of the reptile's way. The cage admitting of concealment, the Monitor showed cunning in trying to capture the hawk, made sudden dashes at the bird and darted out its tongue without effect, as the hawk, though taken by surprise, was too nimble for it. The Monitor used its tongue freely in its desperate attempts to catch the bird, and at last touched the hawk on the legs, but without any injurious effect.

I next introduced a large common horned owl (*Strix Africana*) into the cage which was temporarily slightly darkened,—first, to see if the owl would manifest any fear or become motionless on seeing the reptile, and secondly, to observe whether the Monitor would touch the bird with its tongue, and to carefully watch the effect produced. When the owl was put into the cage, the Monitor was lying stretched at full length on the artificial ledge of rock. The instant the owl was introduced it turned round and faced the reptile, which brought its head a few inches below the line of the Monitor. The owl stood in an attitude of defence and carefully watched the movements of its enemy. The reptile prepared for the attack, raised its head up, turned round towards the bird, and quickly darted out its tongue, but as rapidly withdrew it, as the owl snapped at it, and did not use it again during the strife. Finding it had a formidable antagonist in the bird, its sluggish nature was aroused, its old spirit began to show itself, and with flashing eye and loud puffing it rushed off the ledge towards the bird. On reaching the ground it renewed the attack in a different manner to its usual habits of capturing smaller prey. Still puffing, it struck at the bird with its tail very forcibly, but harmlessly, as the owl flew on the ledge and loudly hissed at the reptile. The reptile struck at the owl several times, but always used its tail in its

attempts to destroy the bird. These repeated attacks caused the owl to become frightened, but not in the least affected in its instincts and desire of life. The owl temporarily succeeding in getting beyond the reach of the reptile, began to consider, as it were, what was to be done—one moment it was looking at the top of the cage and the next carefully watching the Monitor. This continued several minutes,—the owl trying to find means of escape, and yet watching the movements of its enemy, while the reptile was vainly striking at the bird with its tail. Having allowed a considerable time to elapse, and seeing that the reptile only used its tail in the repeated attacks, and did not use any other means of offence, although thoroughly aroused and angry, the owl was taken out.

Several other experiments were made at suitable intervals, and in every case the powerful muscular tail was dashed about like a club at the object. The dog which aided in its capture was placed close to the wire-netting, and urged to bark, when the reptile was instantly aroused, and lashed the sides of the cage with its tail furiously and continuously until the dog was taken off the cage. A large baboon was partially forced into the cage, when on seeing the reptile, it was struck with terror, began to struggle violently, and to bite the person holding it. So permanent was the effect of the fright that the baboon would start and jump at the sudden fall of anything near it. A friend mustered courage to partially enter the cage, when the Monitor struck out lustily with its tail, so as to cause him to leave the reptile in peace. The large hare and the hyraxes when first put into the cage were struck at by the reptile. The tongue was not used; neither was there any attempt to bite either of these animals. The tail is a very powerful instrument, both offensively and defensively. It is sufficiently powerful to break the bones of an enemy of considerable size; probably much larger than a spaniel.

In my eagerness to capture the Monitor—the subject of this paper—I thought of nothing but the object in view, and was too excited to notice anything except that a running fight took place between it and the dog, and that it opened its jaws and nearly seized the resolute animal, which I prevented with difficulty; but having cooled down, I stooped and looked under the ledge of rock under which the reptile ran, which brought me within four feet of it, and I saw that it was crouched flat on the ground and looking very vicious, and also heard a noise, which at first seemed to be wind escaping through some crevice of the rock, but which proved to be the puffing or blowing of the animal. I then observed that the reptile was recovering its strength, and that its vicious disposition was showing itself to an equal degree. Wishing to obtain the creature uninjured, it was treated as mildly as possible, and was watched some time until the opportune appearance of two natives enabled me to fix a rein to one of its hind legs, when it was drawn out, resisting violently, and holding tenaciously to the projections of the rock. Eventually it was disengaged and placed in security, but not before I had

seen some of its powers of resistance, especially its strength of jaw, which seized and held a stick so firmly for about eight minutes that by fair force I could not withdraw it, but preferred waiting the reptile's pleasure.

"Often," writes a late French missionary, "they were attacked by dogs, keeping them at bay. When this happened the reptile began to puff and hiss in an awful way, darting out its tongue and copying the snake. This ugly expression was generally sufficient to frighten away the dogs. If, notwithstanding, the dogs continued to approach, the reptile used its tail, striking with such violence as to break the legs of the antagonist which came within its reach. Sometimes these means of defence failed altogether when the dogs were many, and they succeeded in worrying the poor animal. In that case, it had recourse to a last expedient—namely, to counterfeit death, which it did so well that after being bitten and worried by the dogs, any person would say, 'the reptile is dead;' but if an hour after you looked for it, it was gone."

"When any irregularities," says Dr. Smith in his "Zoology of South Africa," "exist on the surface of the rocks or stones, with which it may be in contact, it clasps them so firmly with its toes, that it becomes a task of no ordinary difficulty to dislodge it, even though it can be easily reached. Under such circumstances the strength of no one man is able to withdraw a full-grown individual. And I have seen," continues Dr. Smith, "two persons required to pull a specimen out of a position it had attained, even with the assistance of a rope fixed in front of the hinder legs. The moment it was dislodged it flew with fury at its enemies, who by flight only saved themselves from being bitten. After it was killed, it was discovered that the points of all the nails had been broken previously, or at the moment it lost its hold."

Many farmers have informed me that these reptiles kill young lambs by inserting their long tongues up the lambs' nostrils, and from thence extracting their brains. Some farmers informed me that their herds had caught the reptiles in the very fact. Another farmer styled them villainous rascals, and said that they caused him considerable trouble, as they often killed his lambs, bit the head open, and ate the brains through the openings in the crushed skull. My informant knew them well, pointed out the mountain in which they generally dwelt, but could give no information of their combative powers, as whenever he had the opportunity of tracing them out he always shot them. He further ridiculed the idea of taking one alive. A gentleman possessing some knowledge of these reptiles told me that although he did not believe in the Monitor's fondness for sheep's brains, yet he could assure me that they will attack lambs, and that he has seen the ewes come home dreadfully bitten on the head and front feet in their courageous attempts to defend their young, which they generally succeeded in carrying off in safety. They are also accused of visiting homesteads for the purpose of obtaining eggs.



The Fingoes, the Gaikas, and some other native tribes assert that the bite of the Monitor is deadly, and have the following superstition—that “when a person is bitten by one of the reptiles he must make for the nearest water without delay, for should the reptile arrive there first he will surely die.” The Fingoes of the Wittebergen look upon the capturing of a Monitor as a great prize, and will not readily sell it. The skin is used as a medicine and a charm by their native doctors, and occasionally a native is seen with a narrow strip around one of his wrists.

“The Bechuanas,” writes a late French missionary of repute, “have the superstitious notion that this reptile has a great influence on the rain; consequently, they are afraid of doing it any harm, for fear of driving away the clouds. This notion arose from the fact that this reptile likes to bathe in muddy pools during the summer heat, and that since it feels the need of water and delights in it, it must have some influence on the rain, and to kill it might spoil the rain. These people also accused the reptile of being fond of milk, and of visiting the cattle enclosures at night in order to suck the milch cows. This they said it sometimes succeeds in accomplishing when the cows lie down to rest. Once a native dragged one with a reim, accused of having eaten pumpkins in his garden, and begged of me to kill it with my gun. It is not improbable that the native was afraid that his garden might be destroyed by a drought or by a hail-storm, if he should himself kill the reptile.” “But,” continues the worthy missionary, “an accusation more serious than the eating of vegetables was once brought against one. The Monitor had penetrated during the night into one of the native fences. This happened in the hot season, when people generally sleep out under a verandah. A native woman nursing a babe was thus sleeping with the rest of the family, when one of these reptiles, attracted by the smell of milk, endeavoured to obtain some from her breast. The father, horror-stricken, came to me next morning; he was very excited, and considered what had happened to his wife the greatest curse imaginable, and was anxious to know how she could be purified. I tried to persuade him that no harm would follow, but advised him to have the reptile killed, to prevent the repetition of such audacity.”

The nature of the tongue of the Monitor is specially worthy of experiment and research, for the peculiarities of the organ are notably characteristic of serpents. Further, the study of this reptile, which also resembles snakes in its habits of attack and defence, in the peculiarly raised position of its head at such times, in the angry blowing, the dilated jaws, the expanded neck when irritated, and its tenacity of life, is, from the comparative ease of observation, well worthy of research,—for the habits of the varans may well illustrate similar characters in the serpents.

The constant movements of the antennæ in insects under certain conditions, and the tactile organs about the mouth of some fishes, appear to be somewhat analogous to the rapid evolutions of the tongue

of these reptiles. Both the Monitor and the snake make themselves far more formidable to the eye by the singular activity of this organ than they otherwise would be. In no other animals is the tongue brought into special activity when they are attacking an enemy or defending themselves. The captive Monitor did nothing of importance without bringing its tongue into requisition. Introduce a new animal into the cage, or make fresh alterations therein, the reptile, though aware of some change, was not satisfied until the object was examined or the alteration underwent severe scrutiny by the aid of its tongue. Placed in fresh compartments every nook and corner was submitted to the tactile process of examination. Food was carefully touched all over before eating, and after meals indescribable vagaries of this organ were exhibited.

In the case of attack or defence, the tongue may be used for the express purpose of creating terror,—the examination of the food may be of a tactile character to find out the nature and size of its prey, especially as the Monitor swallows its food whole, merely crushing it as it passes through its jaws. But what sensations are conveyed to the animal when touching wood and stone, &c., unless it enables the reptile to define or ascertain the limits of its own individuality apart from extraneous objects,—and why does it appear to create more or less helplessness when small birds and certain insects are the object of its notice? Moreover, the tongue appears to be only injurious when small birds and insects are the objects of its notice. Birds larger than a sparrow-hawk of nine inches in height, and even small animals, such as rats and mice, appear not to be affected by the tongue, but are destroyed by blows given by the reptile's tail, which is very muscular, and consequently very powerful.

Finally, many interesting points, not noticed above, will repay the observer of the habits of this Monitor, such as the shedding of its skin, its climbing propensities, its serpentine movements in running, its remarkable power of compressing its body when endeavouring to escape through narrow crevices in rocks, and also the quietness with which it becomes accustomed to the hand that feeds it.

ALFRED BROWN.

Aliwal North.



## You and I.

You are *short*, and I am *tall*;

Lip to lip how shall we meet ?

You on tiptoe stand,—I'll fall

On my knees at those dear feet.

You are *poor*, and I am *rich*;

Be contented with your lot;

It's no matter which is which,—

Take the half of all I've got.

You are *fair*, and I am *dark*;—

While our hearts and hands cling fast,

Our complexions who will mark ?

Time makes all alike at last.

You are *thin*, and I am *stout*;

Let the storms of wedded life

Rage, and, ere the year is out,

I'll be thinner than my wife.

You're a *woman*, I'm a *man*,

Here's a difference again ;

Equalize all else we can,

Man and woman we'll remain.

R.

(*From the German.*)



## After Ophir.\*

SUCH is the attractive title of a book which has just been issued from the London press, and which is profusely illustrated with reference to South African scenery and sport. It professes to be a genuine record of adventures and incidents of travel, and is written in a lively and graphic vein; but it bears many internal proofs of compilation and romance. It is, however, a curious contribution to the literature of the Cape, and is avowedly the outcome of Herr C. Mauch's famous letter from Potchefstroom in 1867, as to the existence of large tracts of gold near the river Zambesi. Fired by the large London advertisements of this gold discovery, Captain Lindley induced his friend, Roger Pocklington, to take passage to the gold-fields, having been greatly exercised in the spirit of adventure by a guide-book to that *terra incognita*—Natal, through which Colony it was necessary to pass in order to reach the gold regions; "a guide-book," says our author, "awful in its knowledge of good and evil, highly glorifying that unknown land, and setting forth the unequalled advantages of settling at a place so singularly favoured by Nature, and where a benign government would give you a farm of two or three hundred acres for nothing, and where, if everything else failed, the diggers could be turned into sons of the soil, and get rich farms to fall back upon." Dazzled by these fair promises, they dreamed of nothing but

Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled,  
Heavy to get, and light to hold;  
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;  
Price of many a crime untold,  
Gold! gold! gold! gold!

"To read that awful book, and to consult its erudite compiler, the Government Emigration Agent for Natal, was to learn that no such other Paradise existed under the sun, and that no other spot on earth contained such varied natural riches as its professedly teeming plantations of coffee, sugar, arrowroot, cotton, tobacco, &c. &c."

Having patiently awaited the arrival of the next Cape mail, they received, on the 7th of July, the following additional intelligence:

News has been received from the *New Gold-diggings* in South Africa. Captain Black, with the Potchefstroom party of gold diggers had arrived at Shoostrong, the Chief Matjen's head kraal, *whose country is rich in gold-fields.* \* \* \* \* \*  
Matjen had received the party in a friendly manner, and pointed out the treasure.

\* "After Ophir, or a Search for the South African Gold-fields," by Capt. Augustus Lindley. To be had at Juta & Co., Cape Town. Price, 7s. 6d.



Hereupon they decided to start at once for the new El Dorado, supposed by some to be the most ancient gold-field in the world. Their number was increased to five, by the accession of two Americans, Tom and William Ashwell, and a young Swiss—Monsieur Louis de Glon. These characters—although one of them we happen to know as real and in the flesh—appear to be introduced in the book as so many pegs on which to hang stories of Yankee cuteness and German stolidity; and before we have got half way through the volume, we shall be heartily tired of the long Yankee and his marvellous performances, of which more anon.

Here is a description of their first glimpse of South-Eastern Africa, off Natal:—

My first impressions, produced by the nature of the scenery, were far from being favourable. Nothing but dense low bush can be seen clothing successive stretches of land or rock along the shores of this Colony. Gazing upon these shores, in vain one thinks of the mighty baobab, that giant of the forest, which, in some parts of Africa, has been found with a trunk thirty feet in *diameter*, and an age that some of the highest scientific authorities have computed at over five thousand years! The land possesses a very unpleasing and dwarfed appearance, not alone from the presence of so many flat-topped hills, but from the stunted aspect of all its vegetation. Not a single exogenous stem attains the altitude of even forty feet upon this coast; at about twenty feet everything in the shape of a branch is flattened down, and not a twig can rise above that arbitrary level. This singular law is most conspicuously illustrated by the growth and varieties of a tree the colonists name “flat top,” the summit of which is as level and sharply cut off as if it had grown against a solid roof! It is as though some deadly vapour, noxious to every form of vegetable life, were floating at that low altitude.

Stretching its ungainly length far out on to the sea, from an out-of-the-way part of the beach, “the harbour works,” like some huge millepede, seem stalking over the deep; and, in the opinion of Capt. Lindley, are “only serviceable in exciting the wonder of stray Kafirs, the contempt of those it was intended to serve, the ferocity of those who were taxed to pay for it, and lastly renders its only usefulness by serving as a coign of vantage from which remarkably dirty little boys, of varied race, catch sprats,”—rather a small return for an expenditure of £150,000.

The first chapter closes contemptuously by the following skit upon Natal railways, and reads as if the author had visited the country upon more than one occasion:—

We found a singularly ancient and decrepid locomotive in the habit of travelling on a short single line railway, from the Point, or harbour, to the town,—a distance of about a mile and a half. Upon trusting ourselves to this particularly insecure conveyance, at the imminent risk of break-down or bursting boiler, so soon as we started off,—with a wheezy puff, some very formidable groans, and much excruciating creaking, we were not a little surprised at the strange antics of five or six lumpish, broad-faced, vacant-looking, pale-haired men, who ran along by the side of the dilapidated engine,—stooping down to peer beneath it, and uttering the while guttural exclamations of delight. Instead of turning out to be stray lunatics, they were resolved into young Boers, from the Dutch Colony known as the “Transvaal Republic.” It seemed that they had brought wool to Natal for sale, that they had never before seen the sea, or even been without the borders of their State; and the strange iron monster being an extraordinary novelty to them, they were looking about underneath to see what sort of legs it had!

After this we are not surprised to hear that "so dull, so silent, so unutterably lifeless and dismally oppressive are the streets of Durban after sunset that one might fairly fancy himself within the city of the dead. The people seem spiritless, solitary, and unsocial. For nearly a score of years, I have been a wanderer in various parts of this round and, let me add, curious sphere of ours, but never, in all my experience, did I come across so dead-and-alive a place as Durban, or one that could exercise anything like so deathly a damper, so dull a depression on the spirits."

Of course, one of our first inquiries was concerning the latest intelligence from the Victoria gold-fields,—as the auriferous discoveries in the far interior had been already christened. The sum total of our investigations amounted to this: it had been proved that the precious metal existed in very small quantity, in quartz reefs near the Tate or Tatin River, in the Matabele country, some nine hundred miles due north of Natal; but no proof was forthcoming as to the presence of gold in *payable* quantity. Not one ounce, one pennyweight even, was to be seen as obtained from there; from the place of which its discoverer wrote the sweeping unreserved report given in our first chapter, and which excited our expectations so highly. This was a sad damper to our cherished expectations; still, we knew that even the richest gold-fields of Australia were not developed very rapidly, and we knew, besides, that the existence of even the smallest quantity of gold always warranted a further search.

As the Tatin just then held out no urgent temptation for a costly and immediate journey so far inland, whilst the existence of the precious metal within Natal itself had been lately proved, our adventurers decided that it would be wiser first to prospect in the latter country, and at the same time, obtain a personal acquaintance with the Government lands, on which they each held grants of two hundred acres with four hundred reserve for future purchase.

Accordingly they all banded together, bought a team of fourteen oxen and a wagon, hired a couple of Kafirs, laid in a good supply of tools and provisions, &c., &c., and started for the Umtwalumi River, about seventy miles down the coast south-west of Durban, where a few specks of gold had lately been discovered and where they hoped to rediscover Ophir's gold.

Having now got them fairly started on their road let us next see where their fortunes led them. After five days *trek*, the incidents of which are very amusingly described, they arrived at the Umtwalumi, without any accidents, and without a smashed wagon or broken necks. Crossing this, they *trekked* a short distance up the little Umgeni, one of its tributaries, and proceeded to outspan and encamp upon the small alluvial flat where the minute particles of gold had been discovered. Here they found four parties of diggers already assembled—of course, all white men. To honour their arrival, the digger community combined in holding public holiday. Naturally enough they began to ask for specimens, and professed their anxiety to become optically convinced as to the existence of Natal gold. Alas! what these deluded diggers had to exhibit was so minute in size and so extremely small in quantity, that it almost required a steam-power microscope to make it visible. Moreover, but one of

these four parties could boast of even this next to impalpable sample. One of the happy possessors brought forth a large paper packet, from which, to their great curiosity and amusement, he began to unwrap fold after fold, until nearly a quire of foolscap had been taken off, and all to bring forth such a ludicrously small and insignificant collection ! The best of it was, no sooner had the treasure been fairly exposed to their inspection and the light of day, than the breath of some envious though gentle Zephyr blew it all away !

However, not discouraged, they determined to persevere and prospect for the precious metal beyond the "Native Reserves." Captain Lindley asserts that the early diggers displayed but little practical or theoretic knowledge of their business. "One party of two did nothing at all but wander listlessly about, asking others for news. Another hopeful band went to work in the most unlikely places no inconsiderable ingenuity could have found,—whilst a third, composed of young colonists, wise in their own conceit, and too big to be taught, was busily employed sinking a capacious shaft in the rotten bed-rock, where its members might have continued working until they came out at the other side, without finding a speck of gold, even had the surrounding country been overburdened with it."

"Wal, strangers," said our "long Yankee" to this interesting party one morning, as they were digging away some twelve or fourteen feet below the surface, "guess you are making a *tarnation* wide hole here"—it was more like the foundation for a house than a miners shaft—"s'pose you're allowing room for the big nuggets to come up?"

"Oh, we're right enough," shouted a voice in reply from down below—"first-class indications when we began; found five specks in three days!"

"Wal, how much deeper do you calculate a sinking in five speck gulley?" continued our friend.

"Till we strike gold: sure to get it on the bed-rock," responded the subterranean voice.

"Wal, stranger," replied the long Yankee, "I reckon you're bound for the other side at that rate. So I advise you to stick up a board on top here, like the man who sank for ile in the State of Maine. All his friends came wondering round his hole, and bothered that enlightened citizen so much that, at last, when he went to work the next day, he just stuck up a board with the inscription: H—l, oil, or China; you ken put in gold for ile, and let the rest stand."

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The fourth party of diggers was under government auspices, and was headed by a protégé of that perspicuous assembly of Natal's always mistaken legislators. This gentleman seemed to be remarkably well-satisfied with himself, and did not appear in the least unconscious of his own peculiar merits and qualifications, though others were. He was occupied in spending £40 a month of the colonial revenue in digging a ditch, and bringing a head of water a distance of two miles, in order to obtain hydraulic pressure with which to sluice the flat; and all this waste of money and labour, with twenty Kafirs and three Europeans, was taking place without the previous precaution of testing the ground at different parts, in order to ascertain whether it would pay the outlay !

These confessions from a professed eye-witness gives us a clue to the failures of the earlier diggers to reach, what Mr. Cruickshank has lately been able to secure by quartz-crushing, and furnish a

ludicrous proof of our incompetency to start any new industrial occupation with profit and forethought.

The plan pursued by Captain Lindley and his friends is thus detailed at length :—

One of our party, by turn, remained in camp to see after the property, the two Kafirs, and the preparation of dinner,—a portion of which he was expected to furnish in the shape of partridges, wild pigeons, or antelope, from the neighbouring bush. The rest of us, dividing in two parties, prospected the surrounding country, with knapsack and lunch on back, pick, spade, and pan in hand, for a considerable distance round about, returning at sunset to our camp and dinner.

In many places we succeeded in obtaining the colour, or gold in very minute particles ; but so trifling in quantity as to be quite unworthy of further attention. Nowhere could we find a richer spot than at the flat on which we were encamped, and that would never have yielded a shilling a-day per man. Neither could we discover the slightest trace of any quartz reefs, or matrix, from which the gold had been originally disintegrated ; though we felt certain that such formations could not be far distant. This fact induced us to regard the theory of gold being found in small quantity in some quartzose granites, with rather more respect than we had hitherto experienced, for of *such rock any quantity existed*. To every stream within a radius of some fifteen miles did we travel day after day, awaking unwonted echoes from the solitary dells, and exciting the ungratified astonishment of the dingy natives with the loud sound of our Anglo-Saxon voices ; and the louder noise of the pick, pan, “cradle,” spade, crowbar, or blasting charge, as we splashed about in the waters, turned up the beds of the streams, or burrowed like moles, into their banks and shores.

All this was terribly hard work ; carrying tools, provisions, blankets, &c., &c., over such broken, hilly country, through such dense jungle and long grass ; besides sinking shafts and driving tunnels up to the middle in water, sometimes lying on your side to labour, and picking your way through flinty conglomerate that struck fire at every blow, and all for nothing,—not an ounce of gold resulting from our arduous toil. But then we were our own masters ; there was, moreover a singular charm and fascination about the perfectly free and independent nature of the life ; and this it is, when joined to the excitement of finding gold, that makes so many men of every grade embrace and settle to the digger’s lot.

Another fact that damped our hope of finding richer auriferous deposits elsewhere, was the unpromising aspect of the country at any distance from that part where the course of the Umtwalumi lies, through very broken and rugged ground, presenting greater evidence of igneous action and upheaval than any of the adjacent districts. All the indications one could wish for, all the signs of an auriferous country were present,—everything, in fact, was there but the gold itself.

Within a week the gold question at the Umtwalumi was fairly settled. After all the expense of making the hydraulic arrangements, the great Government geologist found that he could realize about twelve grains weight of gold a day, worth about two shillings and four pence. As it was evident that that could not pay, he now did what he ought to have done before—he had the flat bored, and found that the “wash” did not extend more than some fifteen yards from the rivulets bank, and was nowhere more auriferous than at its outer edge ; accordingly the Umtwalumi was now abandoned, and there was a general exodus of the diggers.

Our adventurers now inspanned their wagon for a further cruise twenty miles inland across the river Ifafa, and appear to have met with many surprising adventures à la Munchausen—but still no gold. They then looked up the banks of the Umzinto, to see whether they



could not obtain some good coastland for cotton cultivation, but without success. All along the banks of the Umzinto and its tributaries they found gold, but in such wretchedly scanty quantity as to be unworthy of attention. Following up the course of this river, they came upon the line of country which they had already settled in their own mind as the formation from which the gold proceeded. It was a hilly, broken part of the country, and the stream flowed far below, in a deep channel beneath the surrounding hills. It formed the first of the steppes or plateaux for which Natal is famous, and constituted the intermediate stage between the low-lying tropical valleys of the coast district, about fifteen miles broad, and the high uplands of the bare grazing country. In this opinion they were fortified by a band of thirty Australian diggers, who considered that the gold formation extended from a base line of some forty miles along the sea coast, from the Impambinyoni River to the Umzimbi, in the shape of an isosceles triangle to an apex near the Umzinto, on the Umshlangar Creek ; that the gold proceeded by disintegration from quartz reefs somewhere along the two landward sides of this triangle ; that the distance from the base or sea to its apex was about fifteen miles ; and that immediately on leaving the formation all trace of the precious metal disappeared. And they further all agreed that if any payable quantity existed there, it was in the quartz reefs at a considerable depth, to prospect for which, or, in digger parlance, to go "reefing," would cost some thousands of pounds in merely testing mining works. Within this triangular line the geological formation was composed of various crystalline and metamorphic rocks, upon a base of blue talcose granite, interspersed with veins of quartz ; around and beyond this wedge of igneous material, the country was composed of slate, shale, sandstone, limestone, &c., &c.

Returning along the northern edge of this triangular auriferous formation, they met with no better prospect than before ; only at a place near the head of the Umshlangar Creek, they discovered the richest spot, where, *perhaps* in the bed of the stream, a hard-working digger of experience might have earned—until that source became soon exhausted—about eighteen pence a day. They now decided upon abandoning the search after Ophir in Natal, and left a party of four of the Australians working at this spot, from whence altogether about ten ounces of gold have been obtained. By the last intelligence received by Captain Lindley from Natal, it now takes the few men there a period of eight weeks to obtain half an ounce ; so gold digging in South Africa, he thinks, will soon have to be abandoned ! Later advices will show this opinion to be prematurely expressed !

Having thus extracted the pith and marrow of this book, it remains to be said, that the padding of the bare skeleton of facts here narrated is very cleverly done indeed. The episodes of native life, dancing, fighting, and love-making are very ingeniously worked up, and there is an undercurrent of romance below this search for gold

which is significant of the author being by no means unfit to hold the pen of Captain Mayne Reid, or pluck the laurels from the brow of Gordon Cumming. At the end of every chapter there is always a sensational adventure with wild beasts, ranging from wolves, wild-boars, tigers, and elephants, to snakes, eagles, crocodiles, and contending Kafir tribes.

Occasionally we are disposed to doubt whether it would have been possible in a sober book of travels to meet with such a perfect Dutch divinity as the lovely Carlotta von Meyer, whose portrait by Doré is given at page 106; and who is described as being a good musician,—a brilliant performer on the piano and concertina, with a rich, full, and glorious contralto voice,—equally good in the kitchen and parlour—and always in heart, soul, mind, and disposition—a woman; or to give credence to the astonishing combat figured at page 126, between a tiger and an ant-bear. *Credat Judæus!*

Many of these remarkable episodes of travel are charmingly illustrated. The hippopotamus series, the baobab tree, the elephants, and the view of game on the Limpopo, are highly characteristic of Baines' brush. The incident of the man-eating eagle at page 204 has been already made public in Hamilton's pretended book on Natal Kafirs, and is probably apocryphal; while the splendid picture of the camel-leopards at page 190 is only to be equalled by the really clever sketch of the ostriches in full flight at page 282.

One or two of the pictures are fit subjects for Sir Edwin Landseer's pencil, notably the "Return from the Night Hunt," at page 177, and the "Charge of the Lion," at page 253. As for the charming little landscape at page 137, we would dearly like to commission Mr. Hermann, to reproduce it for us in oils, in time for the next Fine Arts Exhibition at Cape Town. There would be no difficulty in at once disposing of it to advantage to some of our local connoisseurs.

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## *From Graham's Town to the Gouph.*

BY DR. ATHERSTONE, F.G.S.

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### CHAPTER III.—AT THE GOUPH.

FEW are the wants of the Karoo Boer,—most of them supplied by himself. His tea grows wild on the mountains, the Langeberg and Zwarteberg, called "berg tea" or "honey tea," a leguminous shrub,\* making, when properly prepared, a most excellent beverage, extensively used here, and deserving to be better known. His supplies are all drawn from the neighbourhood—even his clothes, neatly made of sheep or lamb's skins, shorn about six weeks, with the wool outside,

\* *Cyclopia genistoides*.

and tastefully bound with braid,—warm, lasting, and comfortable. Little is there to occupy his mind or excite his attention. We passed a mud-coloured house, undistinguishable, save by the thatch, from the soil around, and saw the proprietor, a wealthy Boer, listlessly playing with his tame baboon, an amusement frequently indulged in *for hours*, “tot tijd verkorting,”—to “shorten the time!” Sad waste indeed, I thought, as we watched his languid unmeaning “play” till nearly out of sight. Bowling along the gravel-strewn plain, with the whirlwinds chasing each other as is their wont in the baked Karoo, a stone by the road side—one amongst hundreds—suddenly caught my eye. Out with a bound I sprang, before the horses could be checked, Hendrick muttering audibly “Gold—genuine gold, no doubt!” and peering over the cart-wheels in an excited state, looking for more. Imagine his disgust at seeing a common stone, with a broad, unmeaning mark, handed into the cart!—unmeaning to him—yet a veritable fossil, and evidently something quite new. A few hundred yards further, another and another. Out we both got. Yes, fossils, by Jove! and scores of them; and following them up, we found them in the rocks *in situ*. Hendrick outspanned instinctively, well knowing by our shouts and hurrahs and excitement it was useless to keep the poor horses standing there in the road. Night rushed down on us, still hard at work, sketching and hammering; and the light of our bivouac fire, after supper, served us to pack up our treasures before turning over, wrapped in our cloaks, on the sand by the road side. Awaking some time in the night by the dent of the hammer in my belt, which I had forgotten to unbuckle, we inspanned and started, and as the dawn opened, seeing a house apparently open some five hundred yards off, sent Hendrick to purchase some hay for our horses. But the house was shut up, and the farmer asleep; so Hendrik, to excuse his intrusion and increase his importance, said we were “Gouvernements menschen, groot Heeren,” and so forth, at which the poor Boer, in earnest of his loyalty, jumped out of bed, muttering, “Oh! the Queen’s service?” and sent us the only bundle he had. Passing the village of Ladysmith at our left, at which we got a peep through the hills,—a village of some sixty houses, apparently, and two hundred inhabitants,—we entered a country the exact counterpart of the Zuurberg at the junction of the slate and the sandstones,—found well-watered farms and large whitewashed houses, with corn-lands and vineyards along the Boontjes River; and outspanned at Saayman’s. We had scarcely outspanned, when up stalks a strapping young Boer, five years old or thereabouts! with hands in both pockets, addressing Hendrick, our driver, with the air of a full-grown Boer: “You come from the Cape? Didn’t you see my father’s wagon there?” “No!” “Oh, then the old fellow must have turned back half way,”\* quoth the five-year-old, most consequentially,

\* The actual words were these:—“Yulle kom van de Kaap, neh? Het yulle mine papa zyn wagen gezien?” “Nie.” “Oh, dan het de oude kerl verfas half pad omgedraai!”

spitting on the ground. Precocious, truly! But the fat-tailed sheep in these parts are considered full-grown and at maturity, and sold to the butcher, at twenty months old. On towards Amalienstein—a German missionary institution—we pass through a flora similar to the *Ecce mimosas* and aloes, and *sabinus*, or *salsola*, &c., on red soil, with the bare slate-coloured, treeless Zwarteberg towering above, the highest peak of which is 7,628 feet high, according to Bailey's measurement. Soon after leaving Amalienstein, we enter the poort or gate through the range of the Zwartberg, from the lower into the upper Karoo,—the most wonderful gorge or mountain pass I have ever beheld. For twelve miles you travel between bare walls of vertical rock, in parts 3,000 feet high, twisting and twining as the mountain stream winds through the flexures and curves of the mountain chasm; crossing and re-crossing, I am told, more than thirty times; in parts so narrow there is scarcely any room for the river and road,—yet an excellent wagon road has been made through it with comparatively little expense; and, certainly, nowhere in the Colony have I seen so wonderful a pass,—a clean zigzag cut through the whole thickness of the rock formation of the range from top to bottom. When once you enter, no appearance of exit is there for two hours and a half; but you are constantly meeting new scenes, over which quartzose cliffs, curved and fractured in every direction,—now red vertical sandstone, with flexures and arches jammed together in inexplicable confusion, as if jammed together laterally by prodigious force,—at the next turning, gentle ripple-like rock waves, with blue slate,—and high over head, bright-yellow lichened crags, making the neck ache in the attempt to look up at them, with a small chink of sky only over head; shut up in front and behind, with the white river-bed below, or on one side curved with huge quartz boulders, and fringed with green trees—*keurboom* and *wagenboom*, aloes, and succulents nestling in the rock-fissures high above you. How few know of this extraordinary mountain gap! The gate from one terrace leads to the upper terrace, 1,500 feet above it. The Seven Weeks Poort is a wonder in our South African scenery, well worthy a visit. We trotted for two hours and a half before emerging at the upper end. It was a dark night,—too dark to see even the road; but the horses instinctively followed it, before we reached Bosman's Hotel, at the upper end of the Poort. Next morning, at early dawn, we trotted along, parallel to the range, over Devonian shales and sandstones, towards the upper end of Boschluis Kloof. Here, halting suddenly, Bain exclaimed: "*There lies the Gouph!*" and a scene burst upon us I shall not forget in a hurry. Breathless I gazed down the valley on the boundless sea of blue mountains, cones and peaks, table tops and jagged lines of hillocks, tinged with the faint blush of early morn—the huddled groups of hills in the mid-distance, still in deep shadow; with the aloes and *crassulas*, and fantastic rocks of the Zwarteberg on our right, and the road winding down the steep sides of the Little Zwarteberg, whose topmost crags



were just painted by the glowing rays of the unseen sun. What a wild charm seemed thrown over the distant labyrinth of hills in the soft glow of early morn! What glorious anticipations! What impatient yearning for exploration! What visions of unknown gold that first glimpse of the Gouph called up! Nuggets of the Gouph! Yes, there they lay; painted in all the glorious colours of the rainbow; a grand chromatic blending of gold and crimson and azure with the grey tints of the deep kloofs; untouched by the magic rays of sunrise, reflected from the light canopy of faint thin clouds above on the distant landscape.

"Do you see," whispered Bain, interrupting the silence, when he saw that I breathed freely again (for I must confess the unexpected view fairly took the breath out of me),—"do you see that slaty bend in the road below us, half-way down?" 'Twas there some two years ago I found *orthis* and *spirifers*—Silurian fossils, in fact—not known by my father." Hurriedly sketching the scene and the road winding down through the graves of myriads of extinct creatures of this old continent, I jumped in after him, and down we glided along an excellent road—(they all are excellent in the West)—keeping a sharp look-out with both eyes for fossils; and before very long, the kloof resounded with blows and shouts. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" re-echoed by Bain some distance below me; "Haw! *Haw!*" re-echo the baboons from the mountain above us." "Goud—*now* is dat die ware goud!" shouts Hendrik, the driver, further down still, leaving his cart and bewildered horses, to hammer on his own account. What a scene of excitement! No time to breathe! Hammer and chisel, and echoing shouts of indignant baboons;—trilobites, encrinites, orthides, &c. I'll not bother you, dear reader, with the romantic names of all those queer "creatures before the Flood." The sun rose higher and higher. The drops grew larger and larger, trickling down *everywhere*. Paper collars "no good" for geologists, according to Hendrik; but they got stiff again, dry and crumpled. Suddenly I felt a "presence"—a shadow overspread me. Could it be that of a vulture? No cloud was visible. I looked up from my knees, with hands full of fossils. "Wat bedui' dit" ("What does this mean?") drawled out a tall tan-coloured Boer, bending over me, with a bundle of hay which he was taking to his sick mare lower down. I looked up into his big, vacant, meaningless face. "Zoek yulle goud?" ("Are you hunting gold?") A smothered laugh almost choked me; but, dashing the big drops off that I might see the gifted stranger more clearly, I handed him a bit of the rock with a beautiful *orthis*, and some small perfect trilobites, red on the grey rock. "Wat voor een ding is dat?" ("What is that?") "*Versteende bosluis*" (a fossil bush-louse), said I. "Myn magtig! en dit is Bosluis Kloof!" (and this is Bosluis Kloof) he wonderingly exclaimed. "*Of course*," said I; "that is why they gave it the name. Look! here are hundreds, thousands in the rock. Here, break them out for yourself, you unbeliever!"

"I see them with my eyes," he remarked; "but how did they get in the rock?" Here Bain came up and joined us. "*Jou ongelooftige schepsel!*" said he. "Don't you read your Bible? and don't you know all about the Flood and the *dieren* that were in the ark? Here, what is this?"—showing him a beautiful cast of an encrinite two or three inches long, the most perfect representation of a rusty screw that I ever saw. "That must certainly be a screw of the ark!" said he; "but, magtig! *how rusty!*" "Think of the *time* elapsed since then," urged I, hammering another out of the stone for him. "Ja, dit's waar! It is wonderful—truly incredible. Really, gentlemen, if I had not seen it with my own eyes, I would *never* have believed it!" And off he strode with his bundle of hay. "Hadn't we better change the name, Bain," said I when he had gone, "and call this 'Orthis Kloof?' It sounds something like it; and the baboons won't know the difference from the echo. 'Bushlouse Kloof' is such a harsh, grating name for such a romantic, interesting kloof." So we altered the name on the spot. "*Respect this!*" as the Chinamen say. How Hendrik enjoyed *verneuking* the Boer! How his eyes twinkled! "Hij zal de heele wereld vertel," he slyly remarked; and so, no doubt, he would. He'll tell all his world, and his world won't believe him. But Hendrik, too, had made *his* discovery: he had found a huge Homalonotus—the largest either of us had ever seen, very like a lobster. What a pity he had not shown it to us in time! The Boer would certainly have believed it to be part of a *versteende kreef*—a fossil crayfish. Poor Hendrik! I fancy he felt half inclined to run after him with it; but he had gone too far.

Auw! but the sun was *hot* when we got down near the bottom, and outspanned in the road, close to a concealed well (which Bain alone knew of), to have breakfast. I knew that *karroo*, in Bushman dialect, means *dry*; but I had yet to learn what *Gouph* meant. *Hot* was, at any rate, a term not half strong enough. We might almost have frizzled our steaks on the rock. Yet it was pleasant, nevertheless—it always is, even in the Gouph—to lie down and chat by the fire, whilst your *carbonatje* is spitting and spluttering on its stick, and your appetite, goaded on by sight and sound and smell, and long fasting, is rapidly getting the mastery, tempting you to cut the outside off before the inside is half done. I tried to immortalize myself here, after the Bushman fashion, with fat and paint, by painting, with a greased, charred fire-stick, the word "*Fountain*," in Dutch and English, on the rock, with a hand pointing down to the hidden stone steps in the rock cleft by the road-side, where it lies concealed—cool, clear, delicious, rock-filtered, life of the Gouph, for all there is dead and dried up without it. Won't the thirsty traveller bless the unknown individual who painted those words there! Had time admitted, we would have chiselled the letters indelibly on the rock, for the country is dry and waterless, and flocks have to drink as well as thirsty travellers; and it may be

deemed expedient to preserve this fountain as Bushmen do theirs, by hiding them up.

But we must inspan again. If we go on gossiping after this fashion, we shall never see the nugget we all are dying to see. It's your fault entirely, Mr. Editor, I declare ! Didn't you order "a gossiping article, with a golden thread of geology ?"—and am I not scribbling *to order* ? *Trek, maar !* On we go again ; but have not advanced far before a poke at poor Hendrik reacts on the horses, and before he well knows he's to halt, I'm off on the ground. Carboniferous fossils, I declare !—quite a step in advance !—like the fossils we find near Woest Hill and hills beyond Graham's Town ; and the rocks, too, evidently the same—conformable to the shales and sandstones of the Zwaartberg, and all dipping south. So our Coxcomb and this Zwaartberg are both Old Red Sandstone, and the Table Mountain also, no doubt, though they call it Silurian. The tamarisk of Namaqualand fringes the banks of the Dwyka, as we drive, for two miles up its sandy bed, through a "poort" in the Klein Zwaartberg hills, that look as if they had been squeezed out of all shape—laterally, vertically, horizontally, contorted and twisted, till you're puzzled to know which is top and which bottom. Such fantastic freaks of Nature ! "I wonder," said I to friend Bain, "where the workshop is in which all these arches and curves and twists have been manufactured !" We hadn't gone more than three miles up the river when there lay the delinquent, my old Frontier friend,—the "Claystone Porphyry," as Bain and I used to call him ; and a very good name for him, too, as I still maintain, for I've seen him both in the Cango and Zuurbergen quite *porphyritic* and *vesicular*, too, with agates and zeolites, just like those found at the Diamond-fields. Mark that ! gentle reader. It's true, he's not strictly a *porphyry*, but but an *igneous breccia* or conglomerate. But call him whatever you will, *trap* him or dub him with clay,—he's the fellow, I really believe, who has done all this terrible mischief, twisting and heaving the mountains about as if they were playthings, and appropriating their broken-up fragments to swell his importance and conceal his real nature. He is *Pluto* in disguise, I verily believe, typically embodied with various modifications in South Africa,—here felspathic or hornblendic, there volcanic and vesicular,—bursting through the lines of least resistance in the shales, on the flanks of the great parallel sandstone chains that border our Continent. Yet others—*real* geologists, who surely ought to know better than we amateurs—maintain he's the Spirit of *Ice* ! and that icebergs, drifting here from the south, threw down their rubble and rubbish in long parallel lines across the Continent !—whilst others ingeniously explain the enigma by naively suggesting that glaciers of old—cheerless and cold—buried their "moraines" here, on their way from the Southern Pole ; citing, in proof of their theory, the opinions of a *local* geologist, who, finding some scratches in the rocks of Queen's Town and Albany which he cannot explain, alters the climate, and gets up a few big glaciers to

clear up his scratches!!! Well, doctors *will* differ, dear reader, and *ice* is the grand solvent *now* for all geological doubts and difficulties, knocking down all opposing argument—so it appears to *me*—by freezing *thought*. My own notions, you will say, are quite as theoretical, perhaps as improbable; but I must say, in answer, the rocks *do* look black and scorched and *altered* wherever they come in contact with this icy “*boulder-formation*”—(frost blackens grass?—yes, I know it),—and the strata dip away on both sides, as if *he* had upheaved them. I’ve seen him in Namaqualand, *suspiciously* close to our mines; he’s found at the Tatin, at Natal (but *there* he’s got frozen, poor devil!)—at the northern gold-fields; in fact, I quite think he’ll be found to have had a hand in our *copper* mines, *gold* mines, perhaps in our *diamond*-fields too. But that’s quite in confidence,—so, pray, don’t mention it; for a friend of mine has a theory of his own (so he thinks), with some pet greenstone dykes and old coal mines,—deep, deep down in the bowels of the earth, where they are manufactured on the sly. How we joked and we laughed, and we argued and chaffed, till we lost both ourselves and the road, and turned up at the gorge where the Gamka enters the mountains—out of our latitude entirely. So we outspanned and halted. He “spooed” out the road, whilst I washed for gold; and a thunder-storm angrily brewing, with threatening roar, warned us off by an old track which led us all right until dark, when we lost it again, and wandered away till prudence suggested an outspan.

The night grew darker and darker, the thunder-clouds gathered and growled, till at last helplessly entangled in the bush, we found ourselves “lost in the Gouph” once more, and all from Hendrick’s vile habit of listening, as if he himself would fain be a “jolly-chips,” or “jolly-chaps” as he called us, when inquisitive Boers put the usual question “*Wie’s hulle*,” “Who are they?” But what matters it where you turn up in a climate like ours, if you only have *water*? Guided by the music of far-off frogs—(first lighting a fire to get back again) a gurgling streamlet was at last “spooed up” by the sound, and then—aye, and then?—Some philosopher tells us that life in the dark is but a *compromise with death*. Bless his simple soul! That’s *his* experience no doubt. I only wish he’d been there to have seen our “compromise,” aye, and hear it too. It depends pretty much, I suppose, on who’s your companion in the dark, as well as your own capacity for enjoyment? Big brown cuirassed corn-craiks, crickets of the Gouph, horridly merry and noisy like ourselves (I’ve got one in a bottle), and other strange visitors, the whole neighbourhood, in fact, kept “dropping in” to see the fun. I killed one huge Galeodes hostilis, nearly three inches long, the fiercest and fleetest of all Karoo spiders, by the fire side, and his mate was my bed-fellow, sharing my cloak uninvited, and leaping out on the floor, when taking my bath at the Inn next morning. “Bath in the Gouph!” I hear you exclaim incredulously. Yes, truly, not only has “Prince Albert” its baths and a real running river,



but gardens and orchards and vineyards ; and listen, proud Graham's Town ! a church with a spire ! How I wished our Dean or Bishop could hear me, and see how I blushed in this small Karoo village, bringing in just £70 house-tax per year !

Such a "duck" of a village, too—quite a green oasis in the desert,—built on the hard molten rock, where, in consequence, every one wears brass hob-nails on his heels, deceiving unthinking enthusiasts with traces of spurious gold on the stones. Here we met Luttig, the lucky owner of the nugget and some farms in the neighbourhood, only three hours off. Only 24,000 acres, adjoining the gold farm on the west, quite "*eene kleine plaats*," said he ; and so in sooth it was, comparing it with others. Mr. Molteno, I found, had 50,000 acres adjoining the nugget farm on the north, which itself was over 46,000 acres in extent. Wonderful mines of wealth, thought I, whistling aloud, if they all turn out *auriferous*. Away we went "on the spoor,"—Luttig and the Civil Commissioner in one cart, ourselves in another, mapping and noting the time and the distances, and levels and different strata, and spying out fossils, all at the same time, at a pace of eight miles per hour—only four miles a piece, for Bain worked on one side and I at the other, and Hendrick picked up the specimens. Most laughable, truly, thought Hendrick, for he roared outright at times. Suddenly we stopped at a house, where the first cart had outspanned already, and there stood a portly figure with a smile on his genial face, beaming with good nature and intelligence, a genuine Dutch edition of good old Mr. Pickwick. Slowly, solemnly withdrawing his hand from his pocket, he handed the nugget, "*Daars hy !*" ("There he is !") said he (by way of a welcome and the conventional "*goen daag*,") with a knowing half wink, half twinkle of the eye, that said as plainly as eye could speak. "I've secured the farm, old fellow !" "*Daars hy ! Wat denk ye ?*" ("What think you ?") "I'll tell you to-morrow," said I, scrutinizing with my lens the bright lump of gold, which I saw at a glance had come from no quartz vein ; no nugget of that size ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  oz.) that I had ever heard of had been found in the quartz rock, but hundreds, aye thousands, much bigger are found in the "drift," or alluvial gravel derived from the older rocks. It had scratches on it, too, and small bits of crystalline quartz, rounded on the edges by attrition,—clearly an alluvial nugget, wherever it may have come from.

Time's up ; cart's inspanned. Off we all go again, over the bare, shrubless Karoo, treeless, soilless, brown and blue crumbling grits or shales of *Dicynodon* rock, or "*gruisklip*," whose ancient inhabitants, huge extinct saurians, have not enough earth to bury their bleaching bones, scattered everywhere around. Small chance *here* for an alluvial gold-field, thought I, as we trotted along. At the homestead of "*Spreeuwfontein*," where we halted for coffee and friendship, we found the poor old people (the owners) dejected and sad at the prospect of gold being found and their farm dug up. "*Myn magtig ! Die land is nu al zoo arme ; will julle dit nog verder uitputte ?*"

("Gracious Heaven! the land is already so poor; are you going to dig it out—exhaust it—*still further?*") They fervently hoped neither "Saamie" nor we should succeed in finding gold, as then they would keep their farm. "Of what use," said they, "will the 3,000 sovereigns\* be to us here in the Gouph? We can't eat them; we don't want them; *we won't have them*; we'd rather keep the farm, home of our childhood, dry and drear as it is." We reached the outstation "Gatsplaats," at 6 p.m., but as I particularly wished to see Lodewyk, the finder of the nugget, before any one knew who we were, or why we had come, Luttig and I rode off at once into the veldt, and found him a mile off, returning with the sheep, which Luttig drove home, whilst I, shaking hands with the little bronzed Boertje, familiarly "*more Capense*," we soon were "as thick as two thieves," and long before we had reached the "diggings," I knew the whole history by heart, and that of all who had visited the spot, and of the neighbours *who hadn't*, and the dress of the only "tramp" that had ever travelled that way. He was an intelligent lad of some thirteen summers apparently, and *no winters*,—solarized, in fact, like an over-exposed photograph, brown as the Karoo itself. No wonder that Babe, the 'cute Yankee, took him for a yellow Hottentot! What will the Darwinians say (quoting Babe as their authority) of this undoubted development of Boer into Hottentot, by the mere solarization of a dozen summers? He'll figure in all ethnological works in future where Darwinian influence extends (perhaps in *Punch* too), as "the Babe and the Boer." Lodewyk's story, extracted on the spot, was plain and straightforward. He showed me the spot (in a sheep-track) where he saw, as he thought, the droppings of a newly-born lamb, and kicking it aside, he felt that it *couldn't* be; so picking it up, took it home to his mother, who also agreed it was something "*rarre*" (queer), and showed it to Botman, her husband, when he woke from his usual siesta. He pronouncing it, solemnly yawning, "*een snaakse, mooie ding*," pitched it into the wagon-chest, the family cupboard, where it lay for some two or three weeks, till Meyer, a neighbour, happening to pass, saw it, and declared it to be either copper or gold, and told Luttig, who finally bought it for £5 5s., astonishing by this liberality the owner Botman, who never expected to get even a pound for it. It was dark before Lodewyk and I got back to the camp and the hissing supper and boisterous expectants; and if ever a merrier, jollier party lay grouped round a bivouac fire in South Africa, I'd just like a glimpse at their photographs—that's all—to be able to swear to it! *Two* Pickwicks (Dutch pattern), one magistrate, a doctor, a surveyor, and Hendrick, all embryo geologists, and wits, of course, of the first water (rather rare in the Gouph). We covered ourselves up in the sand in the river bed, just dragging—for

\* S. Luttig had offered and got the refusal of the farm for £3,000 if gold were found there.

form's sake—a cloak over us. The Boer family, too, slept outside the house, on the “werf,” simply because they'd outgrown it, or that the house had become much too small for them in the progress of time matrimonial,—a common occurrence in the Gouph, where none ever die, and “swarming,” like the habit of bees, is a thing not unusual!

A careful examination next day of the rocks and rivulets, levels and topography, by Bain and myself, the Magistrate and both Luttings aiding and abetting, till fairly knocked up with toiling up and down gullies and kopjes in the blazing sun, yielded the following results: No vestige of gravel or “drift,” save the pounded “gruisklip” of the rocks on the spot,—not even enough to hide the bones of the monster “Oudenodon,” which lay within forty yards of the spot where the nugget was found, and which, by barometer, proved to be in the *highest part of the Gouph*,—its water-shed, in fact, whence the water flows eastwards into the river through Meiring's Poort, and westwards into the Gamka. Not the highest flood ever known could have driven the nugget up there where we found it,—no quartz reefs, no igneous rocks, not even metamorphic strata of any kind, the usual habitats of gold where not alluvial. The inference seemed quite conclusive, as it didn't grow there, and couldn't have been brought there by “drift,” or by flood, or other natural causes—there must have been *human agency* at work—but *who? why? and when? and where* did he get it? If colonial, was it brought from the *Zwarteberg*, or the *Mordenaars Karoo*, by some Bushman or wandering Hottentot, or by his hairy prototype, the other “wild man of the rocks?” If *not* colonial, *who paid for it?*—when and how was it imported? This, with some other things there, must still remain, I fear,—unravel them who can,—a “*mystery of the Gouph!*”

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## A Lady's Reminiscences of Scotland.

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### NO. I.—A MONTH AT ARRAN.

It is a cold, raw morning in the end of June (and Scotch mornings can be cold and raw to perfection, even thus far on in the summer season); nevertheless, a merry, joyous party, of which I have the good fortune to be a member, start from Glasgow at 7 a m., per steamer *Guinivere*, for the lovely Isle of Arran, where we purpose rusticating for a month. Nought care we that the air is keen and the wind biting. The worst trial—that of early rising and preparing for the start—is over, and the ladies of our company, muffled up in innumerable cloaks and railway-rugs, are nestled together on one of the paddle-boxes, in preference to remaining below in the comfortable, but close saloon.

As to our “better-halves” and brothers, they stroll about, enjoying the keen air and their “aromatic weeds,” and gallantly pointing out to us all objects of interest as we pass down the

beautiful Clyde. This river is one of the principal sources of wealth to the commercial metropolis of Scotland ; and whereas fifty years ago there was scarcely a depth of five feet at high water, at the present time there is upwards of twenty-two feet, and vessels of the largest class can unload and load at the docks. During the last hundred years nearly £3,000,000 sterling has been expended on harbour and river improvements, but, notwithstanding this, a great deal yet remains to be done, as during the hot weather, the stench between Glasgow and Greenock is almost unbearable, and I should advise all who have regard to their olfactory nerves to proceed by train as far as the latter place, and then join the steamer. Let me mention in passing that the first steam-ship ever used in Europe—the *Comet*—was launched on the bosom of the Clyde in 1812, and plied between Glasgow and Helensburgh.

But, meanwhile, the *Guinivere* and the time have both been going rapidly on their way ; we have passed Govan, Renfrew, honoured by being the first possession of the Stuart family in Scotland, and by now giving the title of “ Baron ” to the Prince of Wales ; Bowling, Dumbarton—or as it was originally called Dumbriton, the “ Hill of the Britons,”—with its abrupt rock rising to a height of 560 feet, on whose summit is the castle where Wallace was once confined, and where his huge two-handed sword is still exhibited ; Port Glasgow ; and Greenock, one of the most considerable seaports in Great Britain, whose harbours occupy more than 30 acres in extent, and whose cemetery contains the tomb of Burns’ “ Highland Mary.” At nearly all these places we have either dropped or taken in passengers with loads of luggage, for Glasgow is almost deserted during the summer months, all the world and his wife hastening with bag and baggage to “ the coast,” where the family remains until autumn, Paterfamilias meanwhile going to and fro in one or other of the many steamers which daily ply between the watering-places and the City.

Our squires have been below for the last half-hour refreshing the “ inner man ” with one of the substantial breakfasts which are provided on board this steamboat,—a feat which we womenfolk, however, have not attempted. And now the real enjoyment of the sail commences, for the river is wider, the odours are no longer unpleasant, and, oh, the scenery on either side is charming. Wemyss Bay and Skelmorlie, with their rich foliage reaching down to the very shore, and their picturesque houses nestling in amongst the woods, luring all passers by to come and take up their abode amid such fairy haunts ! While further on are the Islands of the Cumbraes, where we touch first at Largs, famous in ancient time for a great battle wherein Alexander III. overthrew Haco and his Norsemen ; then at Fairlie, noted for its clipper yachts, after which we cross towards the straits dividing the Big Cumbrae from its smaller brother, and enter the beautiful Bay of Millport, whose town lies snugly ensconced upon its bosom. The Dowager Countess of



Glasgow owns a handsome Gothic residence here; and, indeed, one of the principal features of loveliness along the banks of the Clyde, giving an exquisite variety to the otherwise unbroken line of watering-places, are the many splendid mansions owned by the Scottish aristocracy which enliven its shores, now standing out in bold relief and hoary grandeur, and anon embosomed in trees, and exhibiting naught but a turret here and there, or what dim view a stray peep through the foliage may disclose.

By this time we have reached the mouth of the Firth, and pass on seawards towards Arran—whose rugged mountains rise fully to view in all the stern beauty of their outline,—and in about another hour the *Guinivere* slackens speed, and stops at the unpretending harbour of Corrie, a tiny village in one of the most picturesque parts of the island, which as yet boasts no quay, and contains, to our great satisfaction, very few houses. Others besides ourselves, however, seem equally charmed with the romantic spot, and the two boats which have put off from the shore are speedily filled with passengers and luggage, while the steamer puffs away, and is shortly lost to sight. By 2.30 p.m., we have reached our new abode and partaken of a substantial meal in true pic-nic fashion; the gentlemen are already out exploring, and we ladies are, with the aid of the servants, unpacking, and trying to make our “Cottage by the Sea” as comfortable and homelike as possible, which, by the way, does not take long, as the domain is far from extensive.

And now for a word or two about the place in which we have for the present cast our lot. With the exception of a few farms, it belongs to the Duke of Hamilton, who occasionally occupies the handsome castle which stands embowered in trees near Brodick, and who seems to have a particular objection to permitting houses of any size or elegance to be built, lest the retirement of the island should be destroyed. There is, however, a capital hotel at Invercloy, and accommodation of the poorest kind is eagerly sought after by those who have once tasted the delights of a summer in Arran.

Occupying an area of not more than 165 square miles, being 20 miles long, by 12 broad, every inch of ground teems with life and beauty, as if Dame Nature, in one of her kindest moods, had striven to outvie herself, and form a fairy Paradise, combining the rugged grandeur of the varied mountain peaks, whose serrated edges, exhibiting a thousand grotesque forms, stand clearly forth against the summer sky, with the shady glens and murmuring rivulets, or the white sandy shore upon which the ocean waves sport at their own sweet will. “Both to the geologist and the botanist, Arran affords a rare field for study,” say the guide-books, of which, by the way, we have invested in a rare stock, meaning to “do” the island thoroughly; but, as of the former science I am sadly ignorant, I shall only advise those who are anxious for knowledge to go and explore for themselves. With regard to plants, the numerous conditions of soil yield a great variety, and some of the glens are peculiarly rich in cryptogamic

specimens, so that we are hoping to make a good collection. Time, who travels rapidly in all parts of the globe, I believe, seems to have given his chariot wheels an extra oiling just now, for he speeds his flight in a most alarming manner, and what with excursions by water and picnics on land, the days are ended ere we fairly realize that they have commenced! The gentlemen, accompanied by one brave representative of the fair sex, have ascended "Goatfell"—or, as it was originally and far more poetically called, "Ben Ghaidh," the Mountain of the Wind—the highest elevation in Arran, being 2,875 feet above the level of the sea,—and were well rewarded for their exertions by the extensive view which they obtained, as, it being clear weather, Loch Fane, the Firth of Clyde, the Islands of Argyshire, and even the shores of the Emerald Isle were visible.

And oh! the delicious boating! Ladies and gentlemen pulling by turns, and with right good will, in order to explore some distant nook, or drifting gently along, enjoying the calm sunlight of the afternoon. Being considered the invalid of the party, an invalid's privileges are always accorded to me, such as the cushioned stern of the boat, or the most comfortable seat in the wagonette, in return for which I am expected to steer (an occupation that, being by no means my forte, usually ends in a beseeching entreaty from the oarsmen to cease my efforts!)—to read the news when we have a paper, to hand out the bon-bons, and, in fact, at all times to fill the easy and honoured position of an elderly dame. In addition to this, the dearest, wee, shaggy, Shetland pony, rejoicing in the euphonious title of "*Jess*," has been hired, and bears my weight in all the walking excursions—a task which she likes amazingly, as a lazy amble is quite sufficient to keep up with the pedestrians! Our groom, "Archy," is a quaint specimen of the native race, and seems to take life as easily as the pony, only, poor fellow, he is hunchbacked, owing to a fall from the mast of some ship in which he once served as sailor.

The great excitement of the day at Corrie is to go down to the landing-place about one p.m., to see what passengers or cargo the rival steamers *Guinivere* and *Hero* will severally disgorge; thence to hasten to the primitive post office to inquire for letters and papers, and, if possible, to look over the contents of the post-bag personally, as the genius in charge is apt to forget to deliver epistles for some days after they arrive. In connection with this remissness a ludicrous incident happened one forenoon—a friend who had inquired in vain for an anxiously-expected *billet-doux*, and who has the misfortune to be lamentably short-sighted, being discovered *peering into the post office window through a pair of binoculars*, which zeal was rewarded by his actually discerning with their aid a budget addressed to himself! This carelessness of postal delivery causes occasionally comical confusion, e.g., the advent per steamboat of perchance a large party of friends who had written before to say they were coming, and for whom you now feel that there will be a terrible scarcity of "loaves and fishes." However, such accidents

only add to the fun, and if the hasty repast prepared be not sumptuous, it is at least wholesome, and well-seasoned with good companionship and mirth.

There is a delicious "Burn" not far from our house, where these impromptu pic-nics usually take place, and we desire no softer or pleasanter couches than the fresh green ferns which grow in such luxuriance along the water's edge, the only pity being that we spoil their beauty by reclining on them.

*Apropos* of the "Burns," they serve another purpose besides pic-nics, for, whenever a damp or wet day comes, away go the gentlemen with worms, lines, and all other necessary paraphernalia to fish for trout; and if they do not return home so laden with spoil as they could wish, they are at any rate kept out of mischief and preserved from the *ennui* which a wet day in the house would assuredly entail! We have had some friends from the South of England staying with us, and together we made an excursion to Glen Sannox, which at first disappointed me somewhat, having a bare, bleak look, but as we penetrated further, the solitary wildness of the moorland struck one with feelings of admiration and awe,—the jagged hills on either side shutting off the outer world, and no sound being heard but the murmur of the brook which flows now smoothly along its course, and anon gurgles and eddies over a rocky bed, or the whirring noise of some startled grouse, who are as yet unprepared for the noise and activity which may thrill through their haunts next month. Glen Rosa, however, gives us unqualified delight, as, although narrower than Glen Sannox, there is more verdure in the valley, and the many herds of the small Scotch cattle which browse along its stream or climb upon the rugged sides of the mountains, together with its sudden bends and capricious windings, add incessant variety and occasional softness to a scene of exquisite grandeur and beauty. Not until we reach the head of the Glen, however, do we attain the *ne plus ultra* of our surprise and delight, for there a series of small cascades burst upon our view, and the day being a peculiarly sultry one, the plashing of the mimic torrents falls with a deliciously soothing influence upon our ears, and the hour of rest—lolling on the grass, and feasting our eyes upon a scene which would do honour to the brush of a Turner—is by no means the least enjoyable part of the excursion. In order to vary our expeditions, we drive one morning to Brodick, and embark in the steamer *Lady Mary* for a sail round Ailsa Craig; and a thoroughly pleasant trip it is, in spite of showery and somewhat rough weather. By dint of careful watching on the part of our squires, and of prompt action in seizing an opportunity on our own side, we at length obtain capital seats on deck (though the vessel is literally crammed) where we can enjoy "ease with dignity," and yet command a good view of the lovely coast of Arran, whose shores our boat is rapidly skirting, touching successively at Lamlash and Whiting Bay, where we find that the *Lady Mary's* powers of elasticity are great, as she takes in numbers of fresh passengers.

While in Lamlash harbour let me say a word about "Holy Island," an irregular cone of rock 900 feet high, which shelters the mouth of the bay. In ancient times it was the site of a Cathedral said to have been founded by St. Molios, a disciple of St. Columba. A cave on the isle is exhibited as the abode of the saint, and contains a shelf of rock which formed his bed, and an almost obliterated inscription on the roof. The "holy father" died at Loch Ranza—a place we hope soon to visit—at the advanced age of 120 years, and his remains were interred in the Clachan burying-ground. And now we are steaming on again, have called at Whiting Bay, so named on account of its excellent Whiting fishery; passed the tiny island of Pladda, with its two light-houses; gained a distant view of Turnberry Castle, whose wondrous "magic light" lured Robert the Bruce over from Brodick to the coast of Ayr, in hopes of regaining the home of his ancestors, and, above all, the freedom of his country; and are now striking right across towards our goal, which rears its solitary head in the offing like a huge iceberg. But the breeze is freshening, the sea has become rougher, and the rolling and, at times, pitching of our vessel as she "ploughs the waves" in her strength, is much increased, causing the hasty descent of many a nervous or "seedy" individual to the saloon, there to prostrate themselves on a couch, and add their contribution to the moans of an unhappy multitude. Lest you should never have had the pleasure of seeing "Ailsa Craig," let me tell you that it is a rocky, conical island, rising abruptly from the sea to a height of 1,103 feet, barren to a degree, but the abode of millions of sea-birds, such as the Puffin, the Razor-bird, the Cormorant, the Gannet, the Kittiwake, &c., some of which are good eating, and others valuable on account of their feathers, the Craig being rented from the Marquis of Ailsa for the sake of these birds, numbers of which are sent across to Girvan at stated times to be plucked. The rock itself being of a fine basaltic texture, and taking an excellent polish, is also largely used in the manufacture of curling-stones. Excellent banks well stocked with fish surround this "craggy ocean pyramid," but of human occupants there are none save the two solitary keepers who inhabit a hut on the shore. The remains of an ancient castle are, however, visible near the summit, and the majestic crag has oft been celebrated in Scottish song, the poet *Keats* adding a sonnet to its other tributes of homage.

The *Lady Mary* now passes round the pile close in to shore, and meanwhile four guns are fired off, the effect of which is marvellous. Perfect *clouds* of divers and other sea-fowl fly up from every nook and cranny, and whiz around, completely darkening the sky with their numbers, one of our party inelegantly, but by no means inaptly, likening them to "showers of pepper!" And yet on looking through a glass, it seems as if each rocky eyrie is still white with the feathered tribe; and, on inquiry, we learn that the Solan Geese, having far more self-possession than their *flighty* brethren, instead of



being startled by the sound of a gun, merely stretch their long necks forward and gaze curiously round, as if to inquire the meaning of so impertinent a disturbance! Having viewed our island friends to every one's entire satisfaction, the steamer turns its back upon the massive column, and steers its homeward way, making the usual stoppages to disembark excursionists, until at length we find ourselves once more in Brodick Harbour, when we step quickly on the quay, and are soon driving briskly towards Corrie.

The next day is the Sabbath, and as the nearest church is at Sannox, a distance of three miles, those who are able walk over—for we would not shock the proprieties of the strict Scottish natives by using either “Jess” or a “machine” on that day; while the remainder wend their way, book in hand, to the rocks which line the shore in front of our abode, there to worship in one of Nature's fairest temples. By dint of the allurements of bread and jam, we have succeeded in getting a very informal sort of Sunday School during the absence of the church-goers, and amongst other attendants the bonniest wee thing, a grandchild of our landlady, perches herself on my lap and lisps the hymns on the picture cards I give her, in the sweetest possible manner.

Arran abounds in memories of Scotland's hero, Robert Bruce, and accordingly one day we pack snugly into a “machine,” as all and sundry of the island vehicles are termed, and set off over the hills to Loch Ranza, a distance of about nine miles. Sir Walter Scott, in his “Lord of the Isles,” beautifully delineates the wild and picturesque scenery of this romantic bay, where Bruce landed from Kintyre on his way to attempt once more the liberation of Scotland, and where the “Maid of Lorn” took refuge in the Convent of St. Bride, all traces of the latter place being now, however, obliterated. “The lone hamlet which the island, bay, and circling mountains sever from the world,” is now replaced by a small herring fishery; but the ancient beauty is yet unmarred, and the “everlasting hills” still guard the solitary spot.

Thoughts of the Bruce and his valiant struggles lead to another pic-nic to a more distant part of our island home, and one bright morning two wagonettes convey some of our party across the rugged country through the small but pretty Glen Shirag as far as Shuskin, where the vehicles are put up at a primitive little inn, and the remainder of the journey is performed on foot (after a good draught of ale by way of invigoration!) through a heavy, toilsome marsh, to the “King's Cave.” Tradition says that Bruce took refuge in these huge caverns, and various inscriptions and letters cut in the rock are attributed to him, the different chambers being called respectively “King's Kitchen,” “King's Stable,” &c. Luxuriant specimens of the “Hartstongue” and “Royal” ferns grow in and above the caves, and after some difficulty and great perseverance and scrambling on the part of our gallant knights, a few splendid plants are obtained as trophies and memorials of the visit. A little to the

south of the caves is the basaltic promontory of Druimodune, whose cave Fingal is fabled to have inhabited ; and on the northern side of the King's Hill, at the farm of Tormore, are some ancient Druidical remains, three gigantic obelisks of red sandstone being specially conspicuous.

From the caves the tourists walk on to Blackwater Foot, where the "machines" meet them, the hampers are unpacked, and a substantial meal is eagerly partaken of, preparatory to the long drive home, which latter place is finally reached about 8 p.m.

And now for a careful unpacking of the precious ferns ! Alas ! alas ! great is the consternation and vexation to find that, through some terrible mistake, they and the basket in which they were so cosily packed, have been left behind at Blackwater Foot ! There is no help for it, however ; and after sundry moralizings about "spilt milk," "no pleasure without pain," &c., and a hearty laugh at the expense of the unfortunate mortals who so heroically risked life and limb in capture of the treasures, and who consequently feel their loss most keenly, the subject is dismissed, and the weary wanderers retire to rest.

But the mouth of our sojourn has come to an end. We spent the last forenoon in taking a tender and almost sad farewell of the many sequestered nooks, where we have spent such happy days. For the last time we sit upon the stern old rocks that girt the shore ; "Jess" bears her burden for a farewell walk ; and even "Archey" comes in for a lingering adieu ! The *Guinivere* draws swiftly nigh, and we tear ourselves away, and once more hasten to her outstretched arms, to gaze again upon the varied beauties of the Clyde, and to review the pleasures of the time that now, alas ! is numbered with the past.

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### Notes on Rural Matters.

IN announcing last month contemplated increased proportions and improvements in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, the Editor wrote :—"one who, more than any other we could mention, is competent for the task, has kindly agreed to furnish MONTHLY NOTES ON COLONIAL AGRICULTURE, which will embrace every point of special interest obtainable from the agricultural journals, published either in Europe or elsewhere." This is complimentary ; but it speaks only of part of what I wish. Besides agriculture, it is proposed to embrace in these "Notes" botany, horticulture, aboriculture, and, in short, all RURAL MATTERS of apparent interest, especially in their relations to our climate and circumstances. Notices of the introduction of new or rare seeds, fruits, and trees—their flowering, fruiting, produce, and probable success at the Cape—will be given. The introduction of stock will also receive due prominence.

In the West, these subjects, or some of them only, receive a passing notice in the columns of a newspaper, which, from its nature, is ephemeral,—and no record is left of the introduced or introducer. The pages of the *Magazine* are a more fitting and permanent place of record for what is done and doing amongst ourselves and elsewhere, in the various departments named. The field sketched out is a large one; but, with earnest intentions, we hope to be able to fill, for a time, the pages kindly placed at our disposal by the Editor, with matters interesting or useful, in some measure, to readers of the *Magazine*, who have not the same opportunities of perusing the periodical literature nor of consulting the standard works on those subjects. It must be clearly understood that we do not so much profess to teach as to give the teachings of others.

Never at any time have we heard less complainings and grumblings at the season, the crops, and the stocks, amongst that class whose traditional inheritance it is to grumble—the farmer. If he has an unfavourable season, scanty crops, small vintage, loss in stock, &c., he grumbles, naturally perhaps. If he has an extraordinary vintage, heavy crops, and a great clip, he worries himself, and every one near, with his grumblings at the want of fustage, the want of labour, and the low price of wool just when he has so much. This season, however—and although the rains were somewhat late—is all that the agriculturist could wish, and we have heard little of the farmer's privilege exercised so far. We hear that in all directions the extent of lands sown with grain is largely in excess of last year's, 1870,—which was largely in excess of the preceding year, 1869. Prices for all cereals have been low of late, compared with former years. With increased quantity, the farmer hopes to make up what he loses in price. The fact is curious, but not unknown to economists that, in certain directions, low prices stimulate production, which, of course, in the order of things, can only have the effect of further lowering prices.

Account sales of the wheat shipped to a market in England have not yet, we believe, been received. We shall be pleased to hear the shippers have made a good thing of their venture.

THE cultivation of the sugar beet, for the manufacture of sugar, is engaging the attention of some of our farmers, and its cultivation is stimulated by an annual prize of £10, offered by the Agricultural Society. For the information of those concerned, the following extracts are given,—taken from an admirable lecture delivered by Dr. Voelcker, at the rooms of the Society of Arts, London:—

“The plant, good sugar-beet, possesses the following characteristics: 1st. They have a regular pear-shaped form and smooth skin, long, tapering, carrot-like roots are considered inferior to pear-shaped Silesian beets.

“2nd. They are symmetrical, and not throw out forks, or fingers and toes.

“3rd. Good beets have a white firm flesh, a delicate and uniform structure, and clean sugary taste; thick-skinned roots are frequently spongy, and always more watery than beets distinguished by a uniform and close texture.

“4th. They weigh, on an average, one and a half to two and a half pounds a piece. Neither very large nor very small roots are profitable to the manufacturers of sugar. As a rule, beets weighing more than three and a half pounds are watery, and poor in sugar; and very small roots, weighing less than three quarters of a

pound, are either unripe or too woody, and in either case yield comparatively little sugar.

"5th. Good sugar-beet shows no tendency to become necky, and their necks are always smaller than those of inferior beets.

"6th. Good beet-roots are considerably heavier than water, and rapidly sink to the bottom of a vessel filled with water. The specific gravity of the beet-root affords a pretty good test of their quality,—for the greater this specific gravity the richer they will be found, as a rule, in sugar, &c., &c.

"7th. In a well-cultivated soil beet-roots grow entirely *in* the soil."

Dr. Voelcker said further on in his admirable lecture:—"The farmer will run very little risk of trying the experiment to grow sugar-beets instead of mangels, for, if he cannot obtain a good price for his roots from the sugar manufacturer, he can use the beets for cattle-food; and, although he may not grow so heavy a crop as he does when he plants common mangels, it has to be borne in mind that one ton of sugar-beets is quite as valuable, as cattle-food, as at least one and a half tons good common mangels." This is important, and should be borne in mind as a valuable fact, both by mangel and sugar-beet growers.

THE question has been asked lately, what has become of the pure alpacas imported into the Western Province about thirty years ago? The following, we believe, are the facts concerning them: They were four in number, and bought in London by Mr. Peter Hiddingh for the sum of £100. Before reaching Cape Town, however, they netted the purchaser £150, or thereabouts. Mr. Hiddingh, not having then a suitable place for them, presented the four animals to his brother, Dr. Hiddingh, who had them placed on a farm at Koeberg, where they thrived exceedingly for a time, and took to the veldt quite kindly. Attempts to get a cross between those alpacas and the Cape buck, or goat, were not successful. This was a primary idea in the first purchase of those animals; but it, as we think might have been expected, failed to be realized. They bred in, and one kid was dropped; but this little one was destroyed by the ram. Of course, the rams should have been separated from the ewes after a season. Through carelessness of those, so it is said, in whose charge the animals were, the whole, shortly after, were worried and destroyed by dogs—not wild dogs—but the domestic animals on the farm, where, unfortunately, the alpacas had been placed. There are coloured drawings of those alpacas in the possession of the executors of the late Col. Shawe, which we are promised a sight of, and we may have more to say of them at a future time.

GARDENS everywhere at the Cape are looking their worst. Leaves are falling, weeds are growing, and the general dampness and coldness of the soil at this season retards all growth in tender subjects, making this season the least interesting of the year at the Cape. Many of our lovely "Cape bulbs" are now lifting their heads, but only to bow again and take their departure. Pity, those fair forms and lovely colours are so fugacious. Strelitzias, Bugainvilleas, Camellias, and Poinsettias are almost the only plants in flower in gardens. The latter is a very effective plant, and it is surprising it is not more extensively cultivated for winter decoration. It requires a sheltered warm situation to develop its gaudy crimson floral bracts. We have lately seen some capitally-grown Cyclamens—a charming winter-blooming plant, designed almost for the parlour, and giving a most delicious odour.

SOME additions have lately been made to the collections in the Botanical Gardens. Notably a "Ward's" case of grafted Malta, or blood-red orange trees, sent from Italy, and presented by our late Governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse. A parcel of seeds has been received from Dr. Scheffer, of the Botanic Garden, Buitenzorg, Java, who requests an interchange of seeds and plants. Some seeds have also been received from the neighbourhood of the Tatin Gold-fields. A Ward's case of plants has also been received from the Botanic Garden, Adelaide, S. Australia. Although a very large proportion of the species received in this case are already in our collection, still several arborescent forms, long *desiderata*, have been added to our collections.

LATE advices inform us that Dr. Hooker has gone for a few weeks to Morocco,



on a botanising and collecting tour. From the known liberality of this eminent botanist, we hope to participate in any distribution of his collection made during his present tour, in a country so similar in climate, and some other respects, to our own.

SCIENCE, in its various branches, has made solid progress in New Zealand, in the course of the past few years. In a comparatively short space of time the New Zealand Institute (the Royal Society of the Colony) has inaugurated and established at Wellington, a Museum, Observatory, and Chemical Laboratory; and we now learn that a Botanical Garden is in course of formation near the town, and is being completed as rapidly as the small funds voted by the colonial government will allow. At present forty-three acres of land are under preparation (upwards of thirty acres more than the entire area of our Cape Garden), through which a large extent of walks has been cut, winding in gullies, among tree ferns, &c., so that a very fine effect is produced. It is intended—says a New Zealand paper—to collect in this garden all the TREE FERNS from other parts of the Colony,—thus a very valuable collection will be made. A nursery has been formed, and pits for raising plants from seed, and preparing them for distribution. Already hundreds of people visit the Garden on *Sundays* and *holidays*, and find delight therein—the Gardens being entirely *free* to all decent in demeanour and dress. When are we to have an institute of a like character at the Cape?

IT may interest our fair readers to learn the kind of flowers which entered into the composition of the Royal Bouquet, and the Bouquet of the Princess Louise, on the occasion of her marriage with the Marquis of Lorne. Orange blossoms (of course), *Phælænopsis grandiflora*, *Odontoglossum pulchellum*, *O. Alexandræ*, *Lycaste Skinnerii alba*, *Cymbidium eburneum*, *Calanthe vestita alba*. These six species all are epiphytal orchids: *Rhododendron jasminæflorum*, white roses, *Bouvardia longiflora*, *Adiantum cuneatum*, *Gleichenia flabellata* (the two latter ferns), and myrtles. Her Majesty's Bouquet, not being so restricted in point of colour, was even more effective. Coloured orchids, pink roses, gardenias, and other flowers lent their charms to complete the Queen's Bouquet. It is observable that, for the most part, the bouquets were composed of blooms of epiphytal orchids, a class of plants hardly in cultivation yet at the Cape. There are a few good species in the collection of W. W. Dickson, Esq., and also at the Botanic Garden. The native species of epiphytal orchids are mostly found in the Eastern Province. They are few in number, and insignificant in appearance, compared with the gorgeous species from the Eastern Archipelago and South America. Our terrestrial orchids, however, are unequalled by those of any country—*Herschellia cœlestis*, *Disa grandiflora*, and *D. melaleuca*—for example.

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## British Kaffraria.

THIS territory, wherever it is entered from the old or western colonial limits, strikes one as deserving something more than the notice accorded to simply pleasing or even beautiful scenery. There is in it a speciality and distinctiveness that cannot escape the notice of any one, and especially a geologist. Something of the same kind may be observed in passing from Graham's Town to Bathurst,—that is, from the Graham's Town elevation over the face of the lower level to the sea-coast; a region of undulating grassy land, interspersed most liberally with clumps of shrubby trees, sheltering an undergrowth of various creepers and aloes peculiar to the country, and having quite the aspect of ornamental artificial gardening adapted to park scenery, on a grand scale. Here and at the Olifant's Hoek there would seem to occur the first approximation towards a tropical vegetation, so far

as its irrepressible natural luxuriance is concerned,—unaccompanied, however, by that marly unctuous soil which, in the tropics, gives rise to a luxuriance of ephemeral vegetation that not only augments the amount of productive humus, by decomposition, but from which is exhaled the greatest amount of deleterious gases, so utterly inconsistent with the health of animal life, other than that of reptiles. This sort of semi-tropical agency commences at the Olifant's Hoek, and extends along the coast-line gradually; as that line trends to the east and north, becoming more and more luxuriant, until, at Natal, we come upon the mangrove, growing along the margin of the harbour, down to the level of the lowest tides. Of the Olifant's Hoek level, or its geological character, I have no personal knowledge; but it is evidently part and parcel of the band of alluvial deposits that extend all along the coast to the eastward, in which the influence of latitude on vegetation becomes most marked and decided. There the first germs of tropical vegetation appear; and as we proceed eastward, these indications increase,—as at the Kowie, Fish River, Kieskamma, Kei, &c., up to Natal. Combined with the effects of higher degrees of latitude, we cannot but observe the marked influence of a gradual change of soils, from an arenaceous or sandy loam to that of a rich unctuous marl in the lower steppes of Kaffraria, having a dark ferruginous colour, evidently capable of producing any vegetable product suited to humid equatorial or semi-equatorial heats. The Kaffrarian districts comprising the lower steppes, the superficial soils and rocks, Mr. A. G. Bain observed to me when he first passed over them, appeared to him to indicate the most igneous region he had ever seen, so much so that he looked upon it as entirely igneous. All the superficial rocks were of greenstone and basalt, and the soils were as surely the result of their decomposition. I was, however, enabled to show him, by specimens from the underlying rocks, that what he had noticed was merely a surface coating, for beneath it I had discovered beds of fossiliferous shales, full of plant impressions, chiefly of ferns and equisetum,—but without a single shell or bone. It is remarkable that the country from Keiskamma Hoek to the coast is covered with vast plateaux and boulders of greenstone, mixed up with as vast tracts of the same in a state of decomposition *in situ*, coupled with beds of columnar basalt. It is the more curious, from the fact that in no instance can we trace in it the slightest sign of dykes or upheavals; that is, there is no apparent disturbance of the underlying shales and sandstones, which, for the most part, may be considered nearly horizontal, their dip to the north-east being so slight.

And in some places, as in the slope from King William's Town to the flat above, leading in the direction of the Dohnie, a band of greenstone occurs, intercalated between two beds of shale. It is impossible, therefore, to come to any other conclusion than that these widespread sheets of igneous matter must have been spread over the country from some lateral source, in a semi-fluid state, probably under water,—for, in no instance can we discover any symptom of vitrification of the stratified beds upon which the greenstone lies conformably. It is only in the upper beds that anything like amygdaloidal character appears, and then of a curious and irregular appearance. The mass of the rock is of a dark, hard, and compact structure, sprinkled with white flinty felspathic nodular concretions, very suggestive of fossil-shells, hundreds of which came under my hammer without revealing the slightest indication of organism.

As I have said, the surface appearance of the whole of British Kaffraria, from Keiskamma Hoek and Hangman's Bush on the road to the Dohnie, to the coast, suggests nothing but the existence of a purely igneous region; but in the valleys, ravines, and water-courses, although the lower alluvial deposits are certainly made up of the decomposed detritus of greenstone or basalt, it is clearly evident that the substratum of rock is of aqueous stratified sandstone and clay shales, containing plant impressions in such abundance and variety as to induce some Germans, practically acquainted with coal-mining in Europe, to sink shafts in various localities; confident, from the composition of the deposits, that they must be in connection with coal-bearing strata. All their efforts proved futile, for not even

the slightest streak of coal was ever found. It is true that none of these shafts were of any considerable depth; but from all I could learn on the subject, the further search for coal would be hopeless.

In a region such as this, where igneous rocks so much prevail, even in horizontal beds, it cannot be deemed a very wild speculation to believe that there may occur amongst them deposits of various metals and precious stones, particularly in localities where botryoidal iron-stone, in vast areas and in a decomposing state, exists,—as in the neighbourhood of Hanover, on the road to Stutterheim, from King William's Town, or even in the country between Bailie's Grave and the Kies-kamma Hoek.

In my hurried journeys over these portions of the country, I fancied I could detect specks of gold amongst the pyrites contained in the ironstone gravels; not knowing then, as I do now, that in Australia rocks containing large quantities of pyrites could be profitably worked for gold, if only yielding four or five dwts. of gold per ton of crushed material.

There is one thing, however, to be noticed in reference to the alluvial deposits of British Kaffraria, which is, that they are almost altogether devoid of rolled pebbles of any kind; but are made up of either red or white loamy matter, through which are interspersed considerable quantities of stalactitic concretions of magnesian limestone, often taking the form of encrinites externally, and being in their hollow centres filled with ochreous friable matter. These nodular concretions, when calcined and ground by Mr. Trill, the colonial engineer, as an experiment, yielded a good hydraulic cement, which, in connection with the marine works contemplated at the Buffalo Mouth, might become of some value, particularly if properly calcined and ground on a large scale, as in the manufactories of England.

It will be seen that I have used the term "steppes" in connection with the physical profile of this country. I do so because the country to the eastward of Algoa Bay, from the coast to the interior, consists of a succession of plateaux, rising one after the other, each of considerable width. From the Kowie to the base of the Graham's Town hills we have one of about twenty-eight miles, where we come upon a rise of considerable height, say of 1,500 feet; from thence again to the Kromie and Winterberg ranges there is another flat of undulating character, after which follows a higher region, extending northward to the Sneeuwberg, with Queen's Town and Shiloh. In Natal, the same gradations occur, so that the land rises steplike from the sea to the interior, and not as in the western portions of the Colony, where for the most part our coast-line is almost fringed with mountains.

HENRY W. PIERS.

## Derelicts.

VESSELS abandoned at sea! masts gone, bulwarks carried away, rudder unshipped, plunging, rolling, battered by storm and tempest, out of all likeness to the noble craft which, as each of them started on their voyage, "walked the waters as a thing of life." Such, in a moral aspect, are the subjects of my paper,—alas! too frequently to be seen in the hospital wards of a sea-port town, especially of a port like this, the only outlet of a large province, to which all the homeless vagrants drift, to eke out a miserable existence, and end their career in the dead-house of the hospital. To have one's wards sprinkled with such cases; to go day after day to the bedside of each, knowing them to be utterly hopeless "*nullis medicabilis herbis*," "having more need of the divine than the physician," is a task which is very trying, and offers a sad view of human life.

"Derelicts" have not all sailed from the same port, neither are they confined to

one sex. Many that I have met with have been discharged soldiers, who have been roaming about the Colony since the earlier Kafir wars; been "everything by turns and nothing long"—as grooms, masons, gardeners, "meesters;" but getting too infirm and idle even for a "meester," they have dragged their weary bodies over the hot roads from the interior, and become at last "derelicts" in the Bay. The tide is swelled also by mechanics long out of work; young men with no definite occupation, who having been turned adrift, perhaps, for indistinct notions between *meum* and *tuum*, have never had the courage to try again the straight and narrow way; but wandering farther and farther from the road, have lost themselves in indifference to good report or family name, and become "derelicts" of a very sad type indeed. Whenever a human being becomes what I mean by a "derelict," I have very, very rarely seen the slightest improvement in him, either bodily or mentally, and this experience makes the care of him so depressing.

The demon of the storm, which in two thirds of these cases has brought about the shipwreck, is "Alcohol." Like "Ariel" in the "Tempest," "now on the beak, now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, he flames amazement,"—he casts his potent spell on the mariner, and the noble vessel is "dashed all to pieces." Once this fiend gets possession, he seldom or never is driven out; but permeating every artery and channel of the body, causes heart and brain physically and morally to break up. "Much experience bids me thus declare" that the only way to combat this most powerful fiend of the day is to flee from him,—no compromise, no half measure will do. The effort to get away is tremendous; but it must be made, or sooner or later comes the shipwreck. Now and then I have seen a case which has happily righted itself, floated off the bar or rocks, and gone down the stream of life without becoming a "derelict."

The female "derelict" is more rarely to be met with; but when a woman becomes a derelict, by reason that she is a woman, the picture is more startling, and, at the same time, inexpressibly sad. In a late number of the *Saturday Review* there is an article on "Drawing-room Alcoholism," showing how the demon, in one of its Protean shapes, has of late years made his ravages among, if I may coin a phrase, the drawing-room classes of society, where often a ceaseless round of gaiety and dissipation, producing *ennui*, lowness of spirits, feeling of sinking, &c., causes the bright armour of Sobriety, Temperance, and Chastity to be thrown aside; the fiend insinuates himself, unnoticed at first, till the whole bulwark of her womanly instincts are broken down, the fiend gets possession, and then the storm drives the poor "derelict" into clouds and thick darkness, undreamed of in her morning of life. This type of derelict, of course, is seldom met with in hospital; but not unfrequently we open our doors to poor creatures,—abandoned, homeless, friendless, drifting to the same desolate shore. I think the first cause in the majority of these cases is the demon of "Worry," in the shape of ceaseless routine of household drudgery, over-nursing, ill-treatment driving them to the seducing influence of the demon Alcohol,—and then, both together, they make short work of it, and the poor vessel, before she is half over the voyage of life, becomes a "derelict." I have observed that the woman—if not too far gone, and if sheltered in the quiet haven of a hospital, from the demon Worry—not rarely presents signs of restoration; and I have in my mind's eye, at present, one who had been buffeted by the storm and tempest of Worry and Alcohol, out of almost any semblance to a woman for a few months, under the refining influence of discipline and sympathy, become restored to a wonderful degree of humanity, until the end came, and she went down not altogether a "derelict,"—catching, I think, a glimpse of the light on the farther shore.

I believe in America the State has, of late years, taken in hand the re-fitting of "derelicts," who have become so by Alcohol; and the details of the working and results of such institutions are most interesting and encouraging. I think it would be well if in every State there should be a harbour made, where authorized pilots should go out to meet derelict specimens of humanity, and, *volentes volentes*, bring them into port, and perhaps help them to start on a fresh voyage.

F. E.

Port Elizabeth.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Mark Twain.

WHO is Mark Twain? Not many months ago this fresh and genial humorist from California was scarcely known outside of his own American circle, and now, through the whole length and breadth of Europe, there is scarcely a place where his shilling volumes of travel and fun have not penetrated and made themselves popular. Let us glance at the history of this extraordinary writer.

Samuel L. Clemens began his literary career in 1863, and in an advertisement of the *Territorial Enterprise* defines his position as an editor to be as follows:—"Our duty is to keep the universe thoroughly posted concerning murders and street fights, and balls and theatres, and pack-trains, and churches, and lectures, and school-houses, and city military affairs, and highway robberies, and Bible societies, and hay wagons, and the thousand other things which it is within the province of local reporters to keep track of and magnify into undue importance for the instruction of the readers of a great daily newspaper. Beyond this revelation, everything connected with these two experiments of Providence must for ever remain an impenetrable mystery." Acting up to this view of life, he contributed a series of remarkably original articles, abounding in drollery and grotesque humour, to various journals of San Francisco. He then wrote "The Jumping Frog," which at once gave its author an immediate and wide-spread popularity; and in the Spring of 1867 he took part in an extraordinary pleasure trip round the world, the first idea of which was projected at New York. A steamer was to leave that port in summer, says his biographer, cross the Atlantic, make the circuit of the Mediterranean, stop at the principal places along the coast of Spain, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and Syria; the passengers were to visit Rome, Cairo, Jerusalem, and everywhere else besides, see all places of interest, visit all historical sites, be back in New York in time to attend to their winter duties, and all for the sum of 1,250 dollars in American currency, or less than £200 English!

The incidents of this famous and gigantic excursion, and the results arrived at, are described by Mark Twain in the two volumes

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now before us. The first, entitled "The Innocents Abroad," gives the details of the trip from New York as far as Naples; while the second, under the title of "The New Pilgrim's Progress," furnishes an account of all that the excursionists experienced in the Holy Land, and among the classic localities of the Grecian and Syrian shores.

Of these volumes it may safely be said that they record the impressions produced on a man of humorous perception, who paid his first visit to Europe without a travelling tutor, university education, or a stock of conventional sentimentality packed in his carpet-bag. As such, they abound with humour of the quaintest kind; interspersed with passages of a very lofty and powerful nature, and overflowing with fun and satire of the broadest description. Without the sly humour of Irving, or the laughable drolleries of Dickens, there is yet an amount of originality about Mark Twain that is very appreciable in these days of plain speaking and graphic detailed writing. Caustic and dry himself, he is for ever putting his audience on the broad grin, and never seems happier than when exploding a venerable legend of the old world, or smashing all sentiment out of objects hitherto removed beyond the regions of matter-of-fact. In a word, he reminds us of Heinrich Heine and poor Thackeray, and is in every way worthy of the times that gave him birth, and made him the lively instrument for nineteenth century satire.

After sundry difficulties with the weather, and about finances, the *Quaker City* having at length got under way, soon made her passengers more than lively and contented; and Mark Twain tells us that but for the fact that he knew of nothing to sing, he could have almost wished to lift up his voice and sing out of pure thankfulness at being off at last, and out on the Atlantic.

It was breezy and pleasant, but the sea was still very rough. One could not promenade without risking his neck; *at one moment the bowsprit was taking a deadly aim at the sun in mid-heaven*, and at the next it was trying to *harpoon a shark in the bottom of the ocean*. What a weird sensation it is to feel the stern of a ship sinking swiftly from under you and see the bow climbing high away among the clouds! One's safest course that day was to clasp a railing and hang on; walking was too precarious a pastime.

By some happy fortune I was not sea-sick. That was a thing to be proud of. I had not always escaped before. If there is one thing in the world that will make a man peculiarly and insufferably self-conceited, it is to have his stomach behave itself the first day at sea, when nearly all his comrades are sea-sick. Soon a venerable fossil, shawled to the chin and bandaged like a mummy, appeared at the door of the after deck-house, and the next lurch of the ship shot him into my arms. I said—

"Good morning, sir. It is a fine day."

He put his hand on his stomach and said, "*Oh my!*" and then staggered away and fell over the coop of a skylight.

Presently another old gentleman was projected from the same door with great violence. I said—

"Calm yourself, sir; there is no hurry. It is a fine day, sir."

He also put his hand on his stomach and said, "*Oh my!*" and reeled away.

In a little while another veteran was discharged abruptly from the same door, clawing at the air for a saving support. I said—

“Good morning, sir. It is a fine day for pleasuring. You were about to say——”

“Oh my!”

I thought so. I anticipated *him*, anyhow. I stayed there, and was *bombarded with old gentlemen* for an hour perhaps; and all I got out of any of them was, “Oh my!”

I went away then, in a thoughtful mood. I said, this is a good pleasure excursion. I like it. The passengers are not garrulous, but still they are sociable. I like those old people, but somehow they all seem to have the “Oh my” rather bad.

I knew what was the matter with them. They were sea-sick; and I was glad of it. We all like to see people sea-sick when we are not ourselves. Playing whist by the cabin lamps when it is storming outside is pleasant; walking the quarter-deck in the moonlight is pleasant; smoking in the breezy foretop is pleasant, when one is not afraid to go up there; but these are all feeble and common-places compared with the joy of seeing people suffering the miseries of sea-sickness.

After making great fun out of the various attempts at relieving the tedium of a long voyage by horse billiards, “a mixture of hopscotch and shuffle board, played with a crutch,” writing up journals, card-playing, betting, dancing, magic lantern views, and lecturing, including prayer-meetings, he says of the latter pastime:—

There were those among the unregenerated who attributed the unceasing headwinds to our distressing choir-music. There were those who said openly that it was taking chances enough to have such ghastly music going on, even when it was at its best; and that to exaggerate the crime by letting George help, was simply flying in the face of Providence. These said that the choir would keep up their lacerating attempts at melody until they would bring down a storm some day that would sink the ship.

There were even grumblers at the prayers. The executive officer said the Pilgrims had no charity:

“There they are, down there every night at eight bells, praying for fair winds—when they know as well as I do that this is the only ship going east this time of the year, but there’s a thousand coming west—what’s a fair wind for us is a *head* wind to them—the Almighty’s blowing a fair wind for a thousand vessels, and this tribe wants Him to turn it clear around so as to accommodate *one*,—and she a steamship at that! It ain’t good sense, it ain’t good reason, it ain’t good Christianity, it ain’t common human charity. Avast with such nonsense!”

Taking it “by and large,” as the sailors say, they had a pleasant ten days’ run from New York to the Azores, about 2,400 miles. The first island in sight was Flores. It seemed only a mountain of mud standing up out of the dull mists of the sea:—

But as we bore down upon it, the sun came out and made it a beautiful picture—a mass of green farms and meadows that swelled up to a height of fifteen hundred feet, and mingled its upper outlines with the clouds. It was ribbed with sharp, steep ridges, and cloven with narrow canons, and here and there on the heights, rocky upheavals shaped themselves into mimic battlements and castles; and out of rifted clouds came broad shafts of sunlight, that painted summit, and slope, and glen with bands of fire, and left belts of sombre shade between. It was the aurora borealis of the frozen pole exiled to a summer land!

It is in such brief, lively, and graphic sketches of passing events that the pen of Mark Twain excels. Nothing escapes his keen eye.

He takes in everything at a glance, and seems ready for every incident, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. Can anything be more pointed than his review of the characteristics of Portuguese colonization, when he says of Fayal and its people, that—

The island belongs to Portugal, and everything in Fayal has Portuguese characteristics about it. But more of that anon. A swarm of swarthy, noisy, lying, shoulder-shrugging, gesticulating Portuguese boatmen, with brass rings in their ears, and fraud in their hearts, climbed the ship's sides, and various parties of us contracted with them to take us ashore at so much a head, silver coin of any country. We landed under the walls of a little fort, armed with batteries of twelve and thirty two pounders, which Horta considered a most formidable institution, but if we were ever to get after it with one of our turreted monitors, they would have to move it out in the country if they wanted it where they could go and find it again when they needed it. The group on the pier was a rusty one—men and women, and boys and girls, all ragged and barefoot, uncombed and unclean, and by instinct, education, and profession, beggars. They trooped after us, and never more, while we tarried in Fayal, did we get rid of them. We walked up the middle of the principal street, and these vermin surrounded us on all sides, and glared upon us; and every moment excited couples shot ahead of the procession to get a good look back, just as village boys do when they accompany the elephant on his advertising trip from street to street. It was very flattering to me to be part of the material for such a sensation.

The community is eminently Portuguese,—that is to say, it is slow, poor, shiftless, sleepy, and lazy. There is not a wheel-barrow in the land: they carry everything on their heads, or on donkeys, or in a wicker-bodied cart. The donkeys, the men, women, and children, all eat and sleep in the same room, and are unclean, are ravaged by vermin, and are *truly happy*. It is in communities like this that Jesuit humbuggery flourishes. The great altar of their cathedral, and also three or four minor ones, are a perfect mass of gilt gimcracks and gingerbread, and they have a swarm of rusty, dusty, battered Apostles standing round the filagree work; some on one leg, and some with an eye out, but a gamey look in the other, and some with two or three fingers gone, and some with not enough nose left to blow,—all of them crippled and discouraged, and fitter subjects for the hospital than the cathedral.

After another week of buffeting, tempestuous, and relentless sea,—a week of sea-sickness and deserted cabins,—of lonely quarter-decks drenched with spray,—a week of shivering in the shelter of life-boats and deck-houses,—they came to the stormiest night of all; the last night was the worst of all:—

There was no thunder, no noise but the pounding bows of the ship, the keen whistling of the gale through the cordage, and the rush of the seething waters. But the vessel climbed aloft as if she would climb to heaven—then paused an instant that seemed a century, and plunged headlong down again, as from a precipice. The sheeted sprays drenched the decks like rain. The blackness of darkness was everywhere. At long intervals a flash of lightning clove it with a quivering line of fire that revealed a heaving world of water where was nothing before, kindled the dusky cordage to glittering silver, and lit up the faces of the men with a ghastly lustre!

Fear drove many on deck that were used to avoiding the night-winds and the spray. Some thought the vessel could not live through the night, and it seemed less dreadful to stand out in the midst of the wild tempest and *see* the peril that threatened than to be shut up in the sepulchral cabins, under the dim lamps, and imagine the horrors that were abroad on the ocean. And once out—once where they could see the ship struggling in the strong grasp of the storm,—once where they could hear the shriek of the winds, and face the driving spray and look out



upon the majestic picture the lightnings disclosed, they were prisoners to a fierce fascination they could not resist, and so remained. It was a wild night—and a very, very long one.

These extracts will give a fair idea of the author now under review, but they fail to reproduce the verbal photographs in which places like Gibraltar, Morocco, Tangier, Pompeii, Jerusalem, Paris, &c., stand out in the very highest relief. Of Tangier and its conservative inhabitants, well may Mark Twain say :—

What a funny old town it is ! It seems like profanation to laugh, and jest, and bandy the frivolous chat of our day amid its hoary relics. Only the stately phraseology and the measured speech of the sons of the Prophet are suited to a venerable antiquity like this. Here is a crumbling wall that was old when Columbus discovered America ; was old when Peter the Hermit roused the knightly men of the Middle Ages to arm for the first Crusade ; was old when Charlemagne and his paladins beleaguered enchanted castles and battled with giants and genii in the fabled days of the olden time ; was old when Christ and his disciples walked the earth ; stood where it stands to-day when the lips of Memnon were vocal, and men bought and sold in the streets of ancient Thebes !

The Phœnicians, the Carthagenians, the English, Moors, Romans, all have battled for Tangier—all have won it and lost it. Here is a ragged, Oriental-looking negro from some desert place in interior Africa, filling his goat-skin with water from a stained and battered fountain built by the Romans twelve hundred years ago. Yonder is a ruined arch of a bridge built by Julius Cæsar nineteen hundred years ago. Men who had seen the infant Saviour in the Virgin's arms have stood upon it, may be.

Near it are the ruins of a dockyard where Cæsar repaired his ships and loaded them with grain when he invaded Britain, fifty years before the Christian era."

Filled with thoughts like these, it is something like bathos to be introduced to the allurements of Paris, where our travellers made some very remarkable notes as to the manners and customs of its people. And now that Paris has been half blotted out by the Communists, and its Emperor hurled from his throne, it may not be uninteresting to accept the following tribute to its glory and his renown :—

We have come five hundred miles by rail through the heart of France. What a bewitching land it is !—What a garden ! Surely the leagues of bright green lawns are swept and brushed and watered every day and their grasses trimmed by the barber. Surely the hedges are shaped and measured, and their symmetry preserved by the most architectural of gardeners. Surely the long straight rows of stately poplars that divide the beautiful landscape like the squares of a checker-board are set with line and plummet, and their uniform height determined with a spirit level. Surely the straight, smooth, pure white turn-pikes are jack-planed and sand-papered every day. How else are these marvels of symmetry, cleanliness, and order attained ? It is wonderful. There are no unsightly stone walls, and never a fence of any kind. There is no dirt, no decay, no rubbish anywhere—nothing that even hints at untidiness—nothing that ever suggests neglect. All is orderly and beautiful—everything is charming to the eye.

In France, all is clockwork, all is order. They make no mistakes. Every third man wears a uniform, and whether he be a Marshal of the Empire or a brakeman, he is ready and perfectly willing to answer all your questions with tireless politeness, ready to tell you which car to take, yea, and ready to go and put you into it to make sure that you shall not go astray. Once on board, the

train will not start till your ticket has been examined—till every passenger's ticket has been inspected. This is chiefly for your own good. If by any possibility you have managed to take the wrong train, you will be handed over to a polite official who will take you whither you belong, and bestow you with many an affable bow. They have no railroad accidents to speak of in France. But why? Because when one occurs, *somebody* has to hang for it! Not hang, maybe, but be punished at least with such vigour of emphasis as to make negligence a thing to be shuddered at by railroad officials for many a day thereafter.

This is a matter well worthy of imitation in other and equally civilized communities, and beats *Punch's* suggestion to tie a director always in front of each engine, *for fear* of accidents! The whole of the description of Paris is excellent; and nothing can more exactly hit off the *can-can* dances in public than to say of them that they consist of "shouts, laughter, furious music, a bewildering chaos of darting and intermingled forms, stormy jerking and snatching of gay dresses, bobbing heads, flying arms, lightning-flashes of white stockinged calves and dainty slippers in the air, and then a grand final rush, riot, a terrific hubbub and a wild stampede! Heavens! Nothing like it has been seen on earth since trembling Tam O'Shanter saw the devil and the witches at their orgies that stormy night in 'Alloway's auld haunted kirk.'"

Who that has ever visited the "*Jardin Mabille*" can fail to recognize the extraordinary features of that resort of furious Bacchantes and dancing dervishes, where all dance as wildly, as noisily, and as furiously as they can, and where the more you expose yourself the more you are applauded. But Paris is full of these surprising exhibitions, and Mark Twain says you can obtain everything under the sun there *except an easy shave*. High and low he searched everywhere for a barber's shop without success. At last he applied to a wig-maker, who promised to remove his beard. An amusing colloquy follows, and the end of his droll adventure is this. He wishes to be allowed to recline at full length in a cushioned invalid chair, with pictures about him, and sumptuous furniture, with frescoed walls and gilded arches above him, and vistas of Corinthian columns 'stretching far before him; with perfumes of Araby to intoxicate his senses; and the slumbrous drone of distant noises to soothe him to sleep; at the end of which he is to wake up regretfully, and find his face as smooth and as soft as an infant's. This is his dream; here is the reality:—

I sat bolt upright, silent, sad, and solemn. One of the wig-making villains lathered my face for ten terrible minutes, and finished by plastering a mass of suds into my mouth. I expelled the nasty stuff with a strong English expletive, and said, "Foreigner, beware!" Then this outlaw strapped his razor on his boot, hovered over me ominously for six fearful seconds, and then swooped down upon me like the genius of destruction. The first rake of his razor loosened the very hide from my face, and lifted me out of the chair. I stormed and raved, and the other boys enjoyed it. Their beards are not strong and thick. Let us draw the curtain over this harrowing scene. Suffice it that I submitted, and went through with the cruel infliction of a shave by a French barber; tears of exquisite agony coursed down my cheeks now and then, but I survived. Then the

incipient assassin held a basin of water under my chin and slopped its contents over my face, and into my bosom, and down the back of my neck, with a mean pretence of washing away the soap and blood. He dried my features with a towel, and was going to comb my hair; but I asked to be excused. I said, with withering irony, that it was sufficient to be skinned—I declined to be scalped.

I went away from there with my handkerchief about my face, and never, never, never desired to dream of palatial Parisian barber-shops any more. The truth is, as I believe I have since found out, that they have no barber-shops worthy of the name in Paris—and no barbers either, for that matter. The impostor who does duty as a barber, brings his pans and napkins and implements of torture to your residence, and deliberately skins you in your private apartments. Ah, I have suffered, suffered, suffered here in Paris; but never mind, the time is coming when I shall have a dark and bloody revenge. Some day a Parisian barber will come to my room to skin me, and from that day forth that barber will never be heard of more.

In this connection he then tells us an anecdote of a grim practical joke played upon himself, which is too good to be compressed:—

I was writing in our front room one afternoon, and trying hard to keep my attention on my work and refrain from looking out upon the canal. I was resisting the soft influences of the climate as well as I could, and endeavouring to overcome the desire to be indolent and happy. The boys sent for a barber. They asked me if I would be shaved. I reminded them of my tortures in Genoa, Milan, Como; of my declaration that I would suffer no more on Italian soil. I said, "Not any for me, if you please."

I wrote on. The barber began on the doctor. I heard him say—

"Dan, this is the easiest shave I have had since we left the ship."

He said again, presently—

"Why Dan, a man could go to sleep with this man shaving him."

Dan took the chair. Then he said—

"Why, this is Titian. *This is one of the old masters.*"

I wrote on. Directly Dan said—

"Doctor, it is perfect luxury. The ship's barber isn't anything to him."

My rough beard was distressing me beyond measure. The barber was rolling up his apparatus. The temptation was too strong. I said—

"Hold on, please. Shave me also."

I sat down in the chair and closed my eyes. The barber soaped my face, and then took his razor and gave me a rake that well nigh threw me into convulsions. I jumped out of the chair: Dan and the doctor were both wiping blood off their faces and laughing.

I said it was a mean, disgraceful fraud.

They said that the misery of this shave had gone so far beyond anything they had ever experienced before, that they could not bear the idea of losing such a chance of hearing a cordial opinion from me on the subject.

It was shameful. But there was no help for it. The skinning was begun, and had to be finished. The tears flowed with every rake, and so did the fervent execrations. The barber grew confused, and brought blood every time. I think the boys enjoyed it better than anything they have seen or heard since they left home.

While in Paris, he learned that the Emperor of the French and the Sultan of Turkey were about to review 25,000 troops at the *Arc de l'Etoile*. So he quickly secured a good place, and presently, in a cloud of dust, with colours flying, a brilliant staff, and a gallant escort of cavalry, the two great men came into view:—

Was ever such a contrast set up before a multitude till then? Napoleon, in a military uniform—a long-bodied, short-legged man, fiercely moustached, old,

wrinkled, with eyes half closed, and *such* a deep, crafty, scheming expression about them!—Napoleon, bowing ever so gently to the loud plaudits, and watching everything and everybody with his cat-eyes from under his depressed hat-brim, as if to discover any sign that those cheers were not heartfelt and cordial.

Abdul-Aziz, absolute lord of the Ottoman Empire—clad in dark green European clothes, almost without ornament or insignia of rank; a red Turkish fez on his head—a short, stout, dark man, black-bearded, black-eyed, stupid, unprepossessing—a man whose whole appearance somehow suggested that if he only had a cleaver in his hand and a white apron on, one would not be at all surprised to hear him say: “A mutton-roast to-day, or will you have a nice porter-house steak?”

Napoleon III, the representative of the highest modern civilization, progress, and refinement; Abdul-Aziz, the representative of a people by nature and training filthy, brutish, ignorant, unprogressive, superstitious—and a Government whose Three Graces are Tyranny, Rapacity, Blood. Here in brilliant Paris, under this majestic Arch of Triumph, the First Century greets the Nineteenth!

Napoleon has augmented the commercial prosperity of France, in ten years, to such a degree that figures can hardly compute it. He has rebuilt Paris, and has partly rebuilt every city in the State. He condemns a whole street at a time, assesses the damages, pays them, and rebuilds superbly. Then speculators buy up the ground and sell, but the original owner is given the first choice by the Government at a stated price before the speculator is permitted to purchase. But, above all things, he has taken the sole control of the Empire of France into his hands, and made it a tolerably free land—for people who will not attempt to go too far in meddling with Government affairs. No country offers greater security to life and property than France, and one has all the freedom he wants, but no licence—no licence to interfere with anybody, or make any one uncomfortable.

As for the Sultan, one could set a trap anywhere and catch a dozen abler men in a night.

The bands struck up, and the brilliant adventurer, Napoleon III, the genius of Energy, Persistence, Enterprise, and the feeble Abdul-Aziz, the genius of Ignorance, Bigotry, and Indolence, prepared for the Forward—March!

In four short years, what changes have not taken place in and over the various spots and personages described in these pages! It reads like the deepest irony to peruse this sketch, and judge of its truthfulness by the light of recent events.

To give some idea of the lovely places laid waste by war, take the following extract. It is graphic, picturesque, touching, and strictly true, and yet we question how many people have ever been able to realize it in all its grandeur and magnificence, who have been actually at Versailles:—

Versailles! It is wonderfully beautiful! You gaze, and stare, and try to understand that it is real, that it is on the earth, that it is not the Garden of Eden—but your brain grows giddy, stupefied by the world of beauty around you, and you half believe you are the dupe of an exquisite dream. *The scene thrills one like military music!* A noble palace, stretching its ornamented front block upon block away, till it seemed that it would never end; a grand promenade before it, whereon the armies of an empire might parade; all about it rainbows of flowers, and colossal statues that were almost numberless, and yet seemed only scattered over the ample space; broad flights of stone steps leading down from the promenade to lower grounds of the park—stairways that whole regiments might stand to arms upon and have room to spare; vast fountains whose great bronze effigies discharged rivers of sparkling water into the air and mingled a hundred curving jets together in forms of matchless beauty; wide grass-carpeted avenues that branched hither and thither in every direction and wandered to seemingly interminable distances, walled all the way on either side with compact ranks of leafy



trees whose branches met above and formed arches as faultless and as symmetrical as ever were carved in stone; and here and there were glimpses of sylvan lakes with miniature ships glassed in their surfaces. And everywhere—on the palace steps, and the great promenade, around the fountains, among the trees, and far under the arches of the endless avenues, hundreds and hundreds of people in gay costumes walked, or ran, or danced, and gave to the fairy picture the life and animation which was all of perfection it could have lacked.

It was worth a pilgrimage to see. Everything is on so gigantic a scale. Nothing is small—nothing is cheap. The statues are all large; the palace is grand; the park covers a fair-sized county; the avenues are interminable. All the distances and all the dimensions about Versailles are vast. I used to think the pictures exaggerated these distances and these dimensions beyond all reason, and that they made Versailles more beautiful than it was possible for any place in the world to be. I know now that the pictures never came up to the subject in any respect, and that no painter could represent Versailles on canvas as beautiful as it is in reality.

However, we are not now concerned with the glories of Paris and its surroundings, but rather with the peculiar excellencies of Mark Twain's pen. By a few clever touches he brings the most complex scenes vividly before us, and especially in his powerful but unaffected description of natural scenery reminds us of that vigorous blunt old sailor, the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*. To walk through the Continental galleries with Mark Twain is to be kept in roars of laughter all the while at his *naïve*, quaint method of expressing his feelings; and never, since Dickens laid down his pen, has any other man succeeded equally well in reproducing his minuteness of detail, and conscientious labour over apparent trifles. His humour, no doubt, is occasionally broad, and there is a seeming irreverence about his mode of handling Scriptural subjects that jars on one's moral sense of the fitness of things; but take him for all in all, he is as much superior to Artemus Ward as that gentleman was to the author of "Verdant Green."

His account of Milan Cathedral reads like a poetic dream, made manifest to the touch by marble and precious stones; and his remarks upon the custom of embalming the dead are full of a deeper wisdom than would at first sight appear. Nothing can be truer than his contemptuous notice of those would-be critics who infest the galleries of the Continent, and throw themselves into raptures over canvasses that have been literally destroyed by time and neglect, and scarcely retain a trace of the master-hand who portrayed them.

It vexes me to hear people talk so glibly of "feeling," "expression," "tone," and those other easily-acquired and inexpressive technicalities of art that make such a fine show in conversations concerning pictures. There is not one man in seventy-five hundred that can tell *what* a pictured face is intended to express. There is not one man in five hundred that can go into a court-room and be sure that he will not mistake some harmless innocent of a jurymen for the black-hearted assassin on trial. Yet such people talk of "character," and presume to interpret "expression" in pictures. Take, for instance, Da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper: This picture is about thirty feet long, and ten or twelve feet high, I should think, and the figures are at least life-size. It is one of the largest paintings in Europe.

The colours are dimmed with age; the countenances are scalled and marred,

and nearly all expression is gone from them; the hair is a dead blur upon the wall, and there is no life in the eyes. Only the attitudes are certain.

People come here from all parts of the world, and glorify this masterpiece. They stand entranced before it with bated breath and parted lips, and when they speak, it is only in the catchy ejaculations of rapture—

“O, wonderful!”

“Such expression!”

“Such grace of attitude!”

“Such dignity!”

“Such faultless drawing!”

“Such matchless colouring!”

“Such feeling!”

“What delicacy of touch!”

“What sublimity of conception!”

“A vision! a vision!”

I only envy these people; I envy them their honest admiration, if it be honest—their delight, if they feel delight. I harbour no animosity toward any of them. But at the same time the thought *will* intrude itself upon me, How can they see what is not visible? What would you think of a man who looked at some decayed, blind, toothless, pock-marked Cleopatra, and said—“What matchless beauty! What soul! What expression!” What would you think of a man who gazed upon a dingy, foggy sunset and said—“What sublimity! What feeling! What richness of colouring!” What would you think of a man who stared in ecstasy upon a desert of stumps and said—“Oh, my soul, my beating heart, what a noble forest is here!”

It would be useless to here attempt to reproduce the many funny sayings to be found scattered about Mark Twain's books; but they are there in dozens, and can easily be traced up at a trifling expense. Whether at Venice, in the Catacombs, in Jerusalem, Pompeii, or the Colisseum, the man will have his joke, and is not deterred by any associations from laughter, even where it is decidedly out of place; but surely this is a fair fling at his own countrymen:—

There are Americans abroad in Italy who have actually forgotten their mother-tongue in three months—forgot it in France. They cannot even write their address in English in a hotel register. I append these evidences, which I copied *verbatim* from the register of a hotel in a certain Italian city—

“John P. Whitcomb, *Etats Unis*.

“Wm. L. Ainsworth, *travailleuse* (he meant traveller, I suppose), *Etats Unis*.

“George P. Morton, *et fils, d'Amérique*.

“Lloyd B. Williams, *et trois amis, ville de Boston, Amérique*.

“J. Ellsworth Baker, *tout de suite de France; place de naissance Amérique, destination la Grand Bretagne*.”

I love this sort of people. A lady passenger of ours tells of a fellow-citizen of hers who spent eight weeks in Paris, and then returned home and addressed his dearest old bosom friend Herbert as Mr. “Er-bare!” He apologized though, and said, “’Pon my soul, it is aggravating; but I can’t help it. I have got so used to speaking nothing but French, my dear Erbare—damme, there it goes again!—got so used to French pronunciation that I can’t get rid of it; it is positively annoying, I assure you.”

Such silly snobs as these deserve to be fixed in amber of this kind, or set in the pillory of just men’s ridicule. The great Mr. Thackeray had some English specimens in his collection, and it would not be difficult, we will be sworn, to even pick up other

bright youths of this kind at the Cape ; but let them take warning, and improve their manners and pronunciation.

Speaking of the extraordinary wealth enshrined in the foreign churches and their treasure closets,—of the thousands of churches in Italy, each with its untold millions of treasures, and each with its battalion of priests to be supported, he approves of the action of King Victor Emanuel in *confiscating* this property to the use of an impoverished State, and carrying them on under Government supervision ; and very pertinently asks :—

Where is the use of allowing all those riches to lie idle, while half of that community hardly know, from day to day, how they are going to keep body and soul together ? And where is the wisdom in permitting hundreds upon hundreds of millions of francs to be locked up in the useless trumpery of churches all over Italy, and the people ground to death with taxation to uphold a perishing Government ?

As far as I can see, Italy, for fifteen hundred years, has turned all her energies, all her finances, and all her industry to the building up of a vast array of wonderful church edifices, and starving half her citizens to accomplish it. She is to-day one vast museum of magnificence and misery. All the churches in an ordinary American city put together could hardly buy the jewelled frippery in one of her hundred cathedrals. And for every beggar in America, Italy can show a hundred, and rags and vermin to match. It is the wretchedest, princeliest land on earth. \* \* \* The people there live in alleys two yards wide, which have a smell about them which is peculiar but not entertaining. It is well the alleys are not wider, *because they hold as much smell now as a person can stand*, and of course, if they were wider they would hold more, and then the people would die. These alleys are paved with stone, and carpeted with deceased cats, and decayed rags, and decomposed vegetable-tops, and remnants of old boots, all soaked with dish-water, and the people sit around on stools and enjoy it. They are indolent, as a general thing, and yet have few pastimes. They work two or three hours at a time, but not hard, and then they knock off and catch flies. This does not require any talent, because they only have to grab—if they do not get the one they are after, they get another. It is all the same to them. They have no partialities. Whichever one they get is the one they want.

They have other kinds of insects, but it does not make them arrogant. They are very quiet, unpretending people. They have more of these kind of things than other communities, but they do not boast.

They are very uncleanly—these people—in face, in person and dress. When they see anybody with a clean shirt on, it arouses their scorn. The women wash clothes half the day at the public tanks in the streets, but they are probably somebody else's. Or may be they keep one set to wear and another to wash ; because they never put on any that have ever been washed. When they get done washing, they sit in the alleys and nurse their cubs. They nurse one ash-cat at a time, and the others scratch their backs against the doorpost and are happy."

We had marked many other passages for extract, but our space is exhausted. We have only room for a story which fairly exhibits some of the best peculiarities of Mark Twain's style, and which story alone, if well told, would have made the fortune of any ordinary *raconteur*, and kept him in good dinners for a whole London season. He tells it of a lawyer friend of his, who had gone out to the wilds of California to begin life :—

He found that country, and our ways of life there, in those early days, different from life in New England or Paris. But he put on a woollen shirt and strapped a navy revolver to his person, took to the bacon and beans of the

country, and determined to do in Nevada as Nevada did. Oliver accepted the situation so completely that although he must have sorrowed over many of his trials, *he never complained*—that is, he never complained but once. He, two others, and myself, started to the new silver mines in the Humboldt mountains—he to be Probate Judge of Humboldt county, and we to mine. The distance was two hundred miles. It was dead of winter. We bought a two-horse wagon, and put eighteen hundred pounds of bacon, flour, beans, blasting-powder, picks and shovels in it; we bought two sorry-looking Mexican “plugs,” with the hair turned the wrong way, and more corners on their bodies than there are on the mosque of Omar; we hitched up and started. It was a dreadful trip; but Oliver *did not complain*. The horses dragged the wagon two miles from town, and then gave out. Then we three pushed the wagon seven miles, and Oliver moved ahead and pulled the horses after him by the bits. We complained, but Oliver did not. The ground was frozen, and it froze our backs while we slept; the wind swept across our faces and froze our noses. *Oliver did not complain*. Five days of pushing the wagon by day and freezing by night brought us to the bad part of the journey—the Forty Mile Desert, or the Great American Desert, if you please. Still this mildest-mannered man that ever was had *not complained*. We started across at eight in the morning, pushing through sand that had no bottom; toiling all day long by the wrecks of a thousand wagons, the skeletons of ten thousand oxen; by wagon-tires enough to hoop the Washington Monument to the top, and ox-chains enough to girdle Long Island; by human graves; with our throats parched always with thirst; lips bleeding from the alkali dust; hungry, perspiring, and very, very weary, so that when we dropped in the sand every fifty yards to rest the horses, we could hardly keep from going to sleep—*no complaints* from Oliver. None the next morning at three o’clock, when we got across, tired to death. Awakened two or three nights afterward at midnight, in a narrow canon, by the snow falling on our faces, and appalled at the imminent danger of being “snowed in”—we harnessed up and pushed on till eight in the morning, passed the “Divide,” and knew we were saved. *No complaints*. Fifteen days of hardship and fatigue brought us to the end of the two hundred miles—and the Judge had not complained. We wondered if anything *could* exasperate him. We built a Humboldt house. It is done in this way: You dig a square in the steep base of the mountain, and set up two uprights and top them with two joists. Then you stretch a great sheet of “cotton domestic” from the point where the joists join the hill-side down over the joists to the ground; this makes the roof and the front of the mansion; the sides and back are the dirt walls your digging has left. A chimney is easily made by turning up one corner of the roof. Oliver was sitting alone in this dismal den one night by a sage-brush fire, writing poetry; he was very fond of digging poetry out of himself—or *blasting it out when it came hard*. He heard an animal’s footsteps close to the roof; a stone or two and some dirt came through and fell by him. He grew uneasy and said, “Hi!—clear out from there, can’t you!” from time to time. But by and by he fell asleep where he sat, and pretty soon a mule fell down the chimney! The fire flew in every direction, and Oliver went over backwards. About ten nights after that he recovered confidence enough to go to writing poetry again. Again he dozed off to sleep, and again a mule fell down the chimney. This time, about half of that side of the house came in with the mule. Struggling to get up, the mule kicked the candle out and smashed most of the kitchen furniture, and raised considerable dust. These violent awakenings must have been annoying to Oliver, but he never complained. He moved to a mansion on the opposite side of the canon, because he had noticed the mules did not go there. One night, about eight o’clock, he was endeavouring to finish his poem when a stone rolled in—then a hoof appeared below the canvass—then part of a cow—the after part. He leaned back in dread and shouted “Hooy! hooy! get out of this!” and the cow struggled manfully—lost ground steadily—dirt and dust streamed down, and before Oliver could get well away, the entire cow crashed through on to the table and made a shapeless wreck of everything!

Then, for the first time in his life, I think, Oliver complained. He said—  
*“This thing is growing monotonous!”*



## Variation in Butterflies.

BY J. C. SEAMAN, M.D.

MR. ROLAND TRIMEN has observed that Natal is a spot "where an entomologist might profitably spend a lifetime ;" and so prolific is the field, possessing, as it does, both the heat of the tropics and the colder breezes of a more temperate zone, that insects of almost every clime are represented at certain seasons of the year. The lepidopterist, however, will frequently be puzzled as to the individuality of the butterfly he may have captured. It may present all the characteristics of a well-known species, but upon closer examination will be found to exhibit indications, or markings, not evident in others. In a few minutes he perhaps catches a second butterfly of the same family, and in this he finds the faint markings of the former fully developed, and his astonishment is increased when he discovers that, besides retaining all the external colouring of the former one, this insect has also faint indications of a new character not traceable in the other. He possibly catches a third, which, in its turn, has all the features of the other two still more vigorously developed, together with fresh markings altogether new, and not discernible in either of the others. To solve so Protean a difficulty our collector has recourse to the first book of reference at hand ; but alas ! "confusion" too frequently becomes "worse confounded." He finds his butterfly not only tallies with a description in the book, but that it has many features the book does not enumerate ; in fact, that, although it may belong to the same *genus*, it varies so considerably as an individual, that its precise identity is extremely doubtful. A reference to the common "red tip" of the genus *anthocaris* will afford ample illustration. One specimen may be described as possessing an apical red patch, moderately indented by an outer blackish border. The base of the wing is slightly greyish, whilst the general surface is a pure white. In the hind wing the base is slightly greyish, and indications of black spots appear at the extremities of nervures. In a second specimen, the blackish border of the apical patch will be found to have visibly increased, and the base of the fore wing will be much more clouded and lengthened horizontally. The hind wing is also much more clouded at base, and the black spots are now fully developed at the extremities of nervures. A third example will give us all the characteristics of the previous two, more strongly marked, whilst the cloudiness at the base of the fore wing has now become a narrowly-defined horizontal bar. Longitudinal markings are also perceptible towards the base of the discoidal cell of the lower wing. A fourth specimen will be similar to the last, but with its horizontal bar on the upper wing broader and darker. On the lower wing a similar bar will be

apparent at the base, of which the longitudinal markings, now well developed, form the apices. Indications of a third bar are also manifest. A fifth specimen will have its third bar well defined, but almost merged into the other by the thick coating of black scales now covering the surface of the lower wing. The sixth example, and last of the group, has all its bands and spots broader, darker, and generally merged into each other. Little of the white surface can now be seen, the intervening space between the bands being thickly powdered with grey atoms. I have selected the above *genus* as typical of the variation evident in some lepidoptera of this Colony. These butterflies exhibit successive stages of colouring, gradually increasing in each specimen until we reach the apparently matured or perfect insect. Yet if we place the first one beside the last, so little is the resemblance between them that we might readily suppose them different species. But this is not the case. In the transmission of character, no link is wanting; the intermediate forms are there, and certain features display themselves which had all along, as it were, been written in invisible ink, to be at last completely evolved in the perfect insect. Now, the question is, how is this variation produced? Among other causes assigned by naturalists for variation in insects may be enumerated soil, food, hybridity, climate, and the adaptation of species to the circumstances under which they live. With regard to the latter conclusion, so strikingly illustrated in Mr. Wollaston's wingless beetles of Madeira, I need make no reference here, as variation in the colouring of our lepidoptera cannot be influenced by the circumstances under which they live as butterflies, although it may be attributable to the conditions under which they have been born. In order to explain this assumption more clearly, it will be necessary to consider the embryological features of insect life. If we examine a chrysalis, we are able to make out through the thin envelope all the external organs of the body enclosed in the most orderly and compact manner. The antennæ are very conspicuous, folded down parallel with the legs, and precisely in the centre will be seen the tongue, unrolled, and forming a straight line between the legs. The unexpanded wings are visible on each side, very small, but with all their veinings distinctly seen, and the breathing holes, called spiracles, are placed in a row on each side of the body. The duration of the chrysalis stage, like that of the egg, is extremely variable, and dependent on difference of temperature. As an instance of this, one of our common English butterflies has been known to pass only seven or eight days in the chrysalis state. This would be in the heat of summer. In the spring the change occupies a fortnight; but when the caterpillar enters the chrysalis state in the autumn, the butterfly does not make its appearance until the following spring. It has also been proved by experiment that if the condition of perpetual winter be maintained by keeping the chrysalis in an ice-house, its development may be retarded for two or three years beyond its proper time; while on the other hand, if in the middle of winter

the chrysalis be removed to a hot-house, the enclosed butterfly makes its *débüt* in ten days or a fortnight. It is obvious from these facts that warmth is essential to the evolution of the butterfly, and that as the temperature is increased, so does the length of time passed by the insect in the chrysalis state proportionably lessen. In a climate, therefore, like that of Natal, where the rains of the early spring are frequently succeeded by considerable heat, myriads of insects appear which otherwise must have remained much longer in the *pupa* form. What is likely to be the result of this premature development—this sudden emergence in the *imago* shape? Are we to suppose that a creature thus hurried into life under the influence of a few hot days is equally finished with the one which the fulness of time alone brings forth? We may, I think, reasonably assume an opposite conclusion. Nature, however, has in a great measure provided against these influences of climate, either by the structure of the chrysalis, or the habits of the *larva*. Thus, some of our chrysalides which are suspended from trees are composed of thick fibrous casings, calculated to resist both heat and moisture to a great extent. With others, the caterpillar burrows in the ground, and the chrysalis is thus sheltered in a great measure from all external action by the intervening earth. But, in some instances, the protection offered by habits or structure is insufficient to shield the embryo from the effects of climate, and by observation we shall find that it is in the *lepidoptera* which have been thus exposed to external conditions in the *pupa* form that variation is most strongly marked. Microscopic examination shows that the last process a butterfly passes through previous to birth is the formation of the scales or plumage. Is it not possible, therefore, that an insect prematurely evolved from its chrysalis, under the conditions I have described, should lack the finish or completion in detail of the more gradually developed ones? Butterflies, we must remember, never grow after they have once emerged. As the insect is born, so it remains. May we not, then, with some reason assume that incomplete colouring or variation from the ancestral type is the result of this premature evolution of the insect from its shell? Various facts apparently favour the hypothesis. During the bright, warm days of the winter the butterfly first described may be frequently taken. A few weeks subsequently, the second one appears, which exhibits much more colouring than the former. Later still, if the weather be warm, the third one is to be found, and indications of a transverse bar or stripe are displayed upon its upper wing. Still later, and the fourth butterfly is taken, in which the bar is fully developed on the upper wing, whilst indications of a second stripe are manifest on the lower one, together with a general cloudiness on the surface of each. Thus, in course of time, we reach the last of the group,—a summer butterfly, so different in appearance from its first progenitor that we might suppose it a distinct species, were it not for the connecting links so carefully sustained throughout the series. The *pupæ* of these butterflies are boat-shaped, of a thin material,

and generally found on the edge of forests, in the open plain, and other exposed situations. They would therefore be subject to climatic influences in no slight degree. Most of the varieties or unfinished specimens I have taken in the open fields; but at the thickly-wooded and naturally sheltered Kranskloof I have only found the very clouded or perfect insects. This circumstance favours the hypothesis. The dense foliage and bush of the Kranskloof would protect the *pupa* deposited there from the action of the sun, and serve to maintain a more equal temperature than an unsheltered expanse could offer. The immature insect would thus be enabled to pass gradually through its various stages, and emerge from its chrysalis when fully developed. It may be objected that if this view of variation be correct, varieties would in turn produce varieties, and thus constitute a new species. To refute such a criticism, it is only necessary to refer to Mr. Darwin's researches on atavism or reversion to ancestral type. It has been satisfactorily proved that modifications produced by certain causes disappear with the cessation of that action. The illustration rabbits offer of this natural fact may be familiar to the reader. The colour of rabbits in their wild state is grey or brown, but under domestication we get black, black and white, and white ones. If, however, domesticated rabbits are allowed to run wild again, or resume a state of nature, in the course of a few generations their progeny will all have returned to their ancestral colour. This tendency to recur to an ancestral form—a tendency noticeable even under domestication—is a fact of profound significance, and as the same laws apply equally to different aspects of life, it is obvious that the progeny of these butterflies would not be simply counterparts of their parents, but would possess additional markings, gradually increasing in each generation, until they had returned in every feature to the original type. In this manner it would follow that, although a certain season might be so uniform in temperature that no premature evolutions occurred, still variation would be sustained, the result of this reversion to ancestral type, which in its different stages would be going on. It remains to be determined, however, whether premature evolution is a primary cause of variation, and this can only be decided by the careful observation of collectors. We are cognizant of two important facts which it will be necessary to bear in mind: First, that warmth is essential to the development of the butterfly from its *pupa* state, and that as the temperature is increased, so does the duration of the insect in chrysalis proportionably lessen. Secondly, that the final processes a butterfly must undergo previous to emergence, are the formation of the scales or plumage, which constitute the markings or distinctive character of the insect. As we have ascertained that certain conditions of temperature, such as unusual warmth, accelerate emergence, may not the prematurely evolved butterfly be deficient in its complement of scales, or, in other words, present those modifications which we recognize as the phenomena of variation?



## Sun-light.

Sun ! glorious, bright, life-giving now, and splendid !  
 A spectral dream when Time and Life are ended !  
 Resplendent now in glory, Prince of Light,—  
*What* when deep darkness brings the long, lone Night !

Darkness, perchance, for all unknown the gloom,  
 Deepening in Death, which threatens, shrouds, the tomb ;  
 Seeming to say, “ Wait still some coming hour,  
 When *thy* bright glow must feel death’s ruthless power.”

*Now* see we thee create, renew, absorb,  
 All loveliness—a wonder-working orb ;  
 Shall Fate reclaim such splendour lent from Heaven ?  
 Thy world of order lost ere yet scarce given !

For what to Time are thousand-thousand years ;  
 What, but the dreads of vain, brief, mortal fears ?  
 Days come and vanish,—close the weird-drawn scene,—  
 Behind death’s veil we learn what all may mean.

Ah ! Sun, if thou forsake us, how shall stay  
 All being basking bright in thy warm ray ?  
 Where, then, the life of man, the tree, the root,  
 The bud, the graceful flower, the clinging fruit ?

Where, then, quick life, tormenting while it charms,  
 Where chilling dread, the shuddering soul’s alarms ?  
 Thought, vivid thought, for ever lost and gone,  
 Cares, fevered dreams, merged in the darkness lone !

Still, let not sorrow cloud the waning day,—  
 No shadows darken, no sad thought pourtray  
 The memory of scenes loved,—once too dear,—  
 Not *lost*, yet nigh, as soon to reappear.

But who shall tell the last drear moment’s dread,  
 When coiling Fate will link us with the dead ?  
 What misery *then* would sink, nor yet redeem,  
 One moment to prolong thy latest gleam ?

And who that gaze on thee but must retrace  
 A gleam of love, an anxious, fond embrace ;  
 When all of life seemed wrapt in one brief hour !  
 Moments that *could* not know Destruction’s power !

Centre, bright source of Life, are thy last beams  
As evening shades to pass, or fleeting dreams ?  
Dreamlike to come, to fade, to disappear—  
Phantoms of thought, afar, and yet so near !

Some may have looked for thee at dawning day,  
Tracing in changeful tints each changing ray ;  
Watchers but few ;—yet whoso has could see  
Force, thought, existence, centred all in thee.

In thee ! Yea, glorious, lovely, now to sight,  
Glowing in spheric form, essential light ;  
Yet all thy glory pales, a flickering shade,  
In His, who thee and worlds more fair has made.

Nor know we why life's blossoms, joys, are frail,  
As spring-flowers fall and shrink when strikes the hail,—  
Why cold of wintry life should still return,  
While storm-fed clouds gloom low with aspect stern.

But, doomed are we, thus frail, to live, to die,  
To cling to darksome night, though dawn is nigh ;  
Shade-like to fade, when fades our Sun's last ray,  
Trusting a Future, bright in life's new day.

Then, who that waiting thus returning Morn,  
Lost in drear thought, but feels the bitter scorn,  
The hate, of littleness, its scenes betray,  
Nor longs to dwell afar, to be away !

'Tis hard to live, to live the living death,  
'Tis harder still to know each soft-drawn breath,  
Each heart's pulsation soon must fail, must cease ;  
While life-dreams, lingering loves, dark doubts, increase.

'Tis sad to see the sun's bright radiance close,  
Each day of pleasure, grief, toil, pain, or woes ;  
More sad to know his glory *could not last*,—  
To cling to joys, time-worn, for ever past !

Again, in thought entranced, we view thee, Sun,  
Light the horizon, when the day is done ;  
With rays wide-spreading, slowly fade and fall ;  
Closing a scene regrets shall ne'er recall.

Yet, in the future, beams a radiant Morn !  
Nature's brief solitude forbids to mourn :—  
Though all of earth's material beauty bright  
Thus fades, must die, to win the eternal Light.

## Life at the Cape.

BY A LADY.

### LETTER XI.

Port Elizabeth, 26th June, 1862.

\* \* \* \* We are stopping here a few days, until we can get a wagon and mules to take up our large party to Graham's Town. It is not much of a town to look at, but for many years it has been the chief port for supplying goods to the interior, and landing troops and Government stores in the event of war. There is a pleasant air of bustle and business about the place, and its streets are well lined with good-sized stores and shops. The main street extends parallel to the shore for about two miles, with cross lanes on either side, and, towards its western end, is full of traffic and bales of wool, and hides, and bullock-wagons, and energetic Englishmen, with a dash of Germans and Yankees, all hurrying to and fro. But behind and above this long commercial street—across whose western end a handsome Town Hall, intended also as a Library and Athenæum, and I don't know what more, has been built—extends "the Hill," on whose breezy heights the mercantile grandees of the town have built their villas, and enjoy their Olympian dignity, far removed from the vulgar herd below. The ascent to this hill is very steep; but the seaward view from the top is charming, with the wide expanse of Algoa Bay right before you, glistening in the sun. The villas already built are generally neat and tasteful, and some of them very handsome; but there is plenty of room for more along this extensive flat, at present too bare, treeless, and bleak. A "park," however, has been laid out in commemoration of Prince Alfred's visit, and the Hill, besides, has been embellished, or disfigured, with the funniest monument you ever saw, in the shape of a diminutive and stumpy pyramid, raised by a former Governor, Sir Rufane Donkin, in memory of his wife, the Lady Elizabeth, after whom the town is called.

The anchorage is about a mile from shore, and I don't know that I ever had a more unpleasant walk than from the primitive landing-place up to our hotel. The wind blew us back one step for every two we took in advance, and, raising the sand in clouds, filled one's mouth and eyes with grit, so that you could neither see nor speak, and could only struggle on blindly. Having been previously well wetted while landing in the roomy surf-boat—(a rude contrivance for passing goods and passengers ashore by warps, and only one remove from the barbarous custom of being carried out in the arms or on the shoulders of brawny, naked Fingoe coolies)—we could well have been spared the infliction of plodding knee-deep in dust

and sand, and ruining our best clothes ; besides which I had been so thoroughly weakened by previous sea-sickness, that a cab of some kind would have been a real boon to us poor discomfited wretches ; but cabs in Port Elizabeth, there are none. Curiously enough, I never had been attacked by the *mal du mer* before ; and I little thought, as the steamer slipped out of Table Bay on Friday morning so quietly, that I should so soon be so horribly ill in the short chopping seas off the Cape Coast. Unfortunately, our vessel pitched very much, and I soon had to stagger to my berth, and there remain for the rest of the trip. Oh, the weary length of those hours ! As I lay in helpless misery, loathing food and life, I thought I had found out the true meaning of the old fable of Andromeda and the Dragon—for surely that dragon must have been sea-sickness ! Was I not here like another Andromeda bound to my rock, for could I get away ?—in the grip of a cruel sea-monster, who, with horrid noise and crash, continually drove great bolts from one side of my head to the other, and every now and then his dreadful breath, warm, oily, smoky, came in puffs in my face, filling me with inexpressible loathing and disgust. Amidst it all, one line from the “*Tempest*” kept continually recurring, “*Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground.*” And, assuredly, I have had my wish, for it is literally barren acres at Port Elizabeth that we have come to ! Strange as it may appear, it is said that ninety years ago, this very barren spot was covered with a big forest, out of which fertilizing streams hurried down to the sea ; but not a trace of it now is to be seen, though it would not be very difficult, one would think, to make trees grow again with a little care. I suppose it is the old Cape story, that it is too much trouble, and that it does not much matter whether there is shade in the land or not.

Apparently, we have not come here a bit too soon. Every day some “lame duck” is turning up, giving dreadful accounts of the weather off the coast. According to the papers, it has been raining and blowing at Cape Town ever since we left—pouring water through the roofs of houses as if they were sieves—gables and chimney-tops flying in all directions—ships in the Bay drifting and snapping their cables—the streets knee-deep in mud—the Frontier road impassable, and every one walking about in oil-skins and sea-boots. Here, on the contrary, things are more quiet in the roadstead, and more bustling in the town.

After Cape Town and its queer mixture of colours and creeds, Port Elizabeth looks very flat and uninteresting. One misses the bright, good-humoured faces of the Western folks, and the easy-going air of its Dutch community ; but, then, the “Bay” people insist upon it that they are more go-ahead in their views, and infinitely more bustling and enterprising in business. It may be so, but a little modesty and reserve of manner are not without their charm, and might with advantage be introduced into the East. It is good to grow rich, but it is still better to do so gracefully. Material



prosperity is all very well ; but then it is unpleasant to be slapping your pockets and jingling your money always, whenever you get the chance. You cannot be two days in Algoa Bay without having it dinned into your ears that it is *the* port of the Colony, and that it is by far the most influential, the most wealthy, and the most intelligent district of the Colony,—just, for all the world, as if it was American in heart and soul, and could afford to look down upon the older province which suckled it. \* \* \* The water collected from the roofs into tanks is very bad, and very different to the bright, sparkling, almost effervescing water you get from Table Mountain. This defect, coupled with the fact of most of the merchants having no suburbs to fly to, and their enforced residence on the Hill, may account somewhat for the reputed hospitable manners of “ Bay ” folk, who seem to be much given to dinner and evening-parties, and who actually possess a theatre of their own, where full houses are now rewarding an enterprising low-comedy actor of the name of Parry, who is “ starring ” the provinces. There is also a circus here in full swing, which is nightly crowded in a way that would astonish you, and the feats of agility and strength are regarded by the blacks as almost supernatural. To watch their astonished faces as the circus ponies go through their tricks is quite a sight. \* \* \* \*

14th July.—Graham’s Town is very pretty, very clean, and very pleasant ; but its prettiness is peculiar. It has not the prettiness of Worcester, and it is not so impressive in its surroundings as Cape Town ; but it is full of associations, and is notoriously gracious to Her Majesty’s servants. In fact, the tone and character of the place are decidedly British, and the fierce-eyed natives who prowl and stalk about its suburbs are almost as independent in their bearing, and wanting in deference and politeness, as if they hailed from Birmingham, instead of from their well-wooded fastnesses. There is not a trace of Dutch rule ; Jack Kafir is evidently as good as his master. You get no cheerful “ good mornings ” from the labourers ; no one takes off his hat to strangers ; and on the whole, there is more sturdy independence peeping out under brown skins than is quite good for the community whenever the day comes that they will have to part with the red-coats. \* \* \* \*

We left the Bay early on the morning of the 27th, in a light little wagon drawn by a “ span ” of mules. They took us along at a good rate, so that we reached here late on Saturday evening following. The country through which we passed was uninteresting ; first, miles of uncultivated flats, then a broad, sluggish river—oddly called the Sunday’s,—then a steep ascent to a swelling upland, and a succession of gently sloping hills, dotted with patches of bush and scrub. I don’t think we saw a single tree, but there was plenty of bush—thick and impenetrable. From one of these clusters out sprang a buck, just as we trotted past, and this was the only sign of game we saw on the road, with the exception of a hare

that went leaping along lightly in the "veldt" from one bush to another, much to the excitement of the boys, who wanted to give chase to it.

In the evening we outspanned at a small inn, or "accommodation house," where we ordered dinner and beds, and where I was glad to rest, for travelling in a mule wagon, let me tell you, is not a very easy or pleasant mode of conveyance when the roads are rough and uneven, and full of boulders and ruts. They served us with a very good dinner and made us very comfortable, and brought us a huge pile of *Illustrated London News* when we asked for something to while away the hours till bed-time! So that even in this out-of-the-way part of the world there was no lack of literary entertainment.

Early next morning we were thoroughly roused by the noisy smacking of our driver's long whip, which he kept cracking about until we had snatched a breakfast and were ready to start for another day of jolting and bumping along abominably rough roads. To relish home comforts, one ought to try a few days' roughing of this sort, and I will warrant your being pleased with very inferior house accommodation indeed, rather than risk the bruises peculiar to Frontier travelling. The scenery in the latter part of the journey, however, was very fine. The wooded slopes of the Kariega were beautifully picturesque; and our ascent of Howison's Poort, which opens on the height above Graham's Town, reminded us in part of Bain's Kloof itself. There is not so much of wild rugged grandeur, but it is still very well worth seeing. \* \* \* \*

20th July.—The streets of this "City of the Settlers"—as the inhabitants love to call it—are wide, and clean, and neatly bordered with trees, and have pretty gardens attached. It is built in a hollow among hills, and you come suddenly upon it. Looking down upon the city from these heights, it presents a very charming picture, owing to the clusters and belts of trees in various directions, chiefly oak and Australian blue gum. The private gardens abound with orange and lemon trees, and the cypress also seems a great favourite; but I think this latter is too heavy and funereal to be quite ornamental, and is fitter for a church-yard. I don't think I saw any vines about, but fruit trees, generally, are well represented, and the flower-gardens are fairly kept up. As for the scenery hereabouts, it is made up of green slopes and of a succession of picturesque hills following each other in rounded curves like the great waves of the Atlantic. The kloofs and ravines on the other side are pretty well wooded, and there is the same exquisite variety of tints on the crags as in the West—a mixture of soft greys and steely blues, and tender violets melting imperceptibly into the sky. Above all, a wildness and a solemn stillness everywhere that are very striking. \* \* \*

26th July.—The people here are exceedingly kind and social. In the absence of public amusements, there are archery parties, charades, picnics,—indeed, we might go out every day if we chose.

As there are no official big-wigs residing here, beyond the Lieutenant-Governor and his staff—bluff old General Wynyard—there is more of social equality in Graham's Town than in Cape Town. It is more of a garrison town. It is fonder of soldiers. There is more of the Colonial element than in Cape Town, and the peculiarities of its society are provincial, and just what one might expect from its peculiar position inland, as the head-quarters for many years of large bodies of troops. The ladies, all the same, are a little stiff and constrained in manner when abroad, but in their own homes are thoroughly unaffected and genial. It is astonishing to see how well most of the women, born and bred in the Colony, manage their households, especially when it is so difficult up here to hire or keep good servants long. They seem to practise economy without meanness, and, with the embarrassing aid of Kafir and Hottentot "helps," will themselves give you a dinner or supper that is well cooked and well served up, and everything quite *comme il faut*, without being ashamed of their share in the performance. They are also well skilled in the mysteries of preserves and cakes, and are quite able to make their own dresses; and during Kafir wars have earned very fair reputations for knowing how to load and handle a gun, and stand up in defence of their own hearths and homes, just for all the world as if they had been Canadians. In fact, we have a good many quiet heroines in our midst, and as for Frontier heroes they stalk about in scores, bearing good old Scotch names, and worthily sustaining the fame of their ancestors in the chase and the war-path. One family in particular is like a race of giants—composed of seven tall, gaunt, grey-bearded youngsters—a band of brothers, whose bronzed and grizzled faces bear marks of the exciting life they have led for the last twenty years, and whose keen, light-blue eyes and tawny hair prove their Saxon descent from the kings of men; and yet, withal, so simple in their tastes and talk, that it is only by accident you ever get a glimpse at their experiences. \* \* \* With all their simplicity and household industry, both men and women are not without a great deal of intelligence and *savoir faire*; and the younger women especially are bright and merry. Owing, however, to their distance from the sea-ports, and lack of news, they have one great defect. They are very fond of gossiping about their neighbours, and, with the greatest candour, will give you a short biography of half the people in the town on the slightest encouragement. This love of gossip, I presume, arises from an amiable desire to be agreeable, and to put strangers on the same footing as themselves; but it is too dangerous a habit to be indulged in long, without more or less degenerating into scandal, and it is a terrible foe to real social happiness. On the first blush of acquaintance, I was inclined to ascribe this habit to sheer want of ideas; but, on further inquiry, people tell me this is not so, but that they simply have never tried to cultivate the art of conversation, and that those who read and are really well-informed, hesitate to express any opinion of their own, and look

with a sort of suspicion on those who do, as if they were showing off. Be this as it may, it is quite clear to me already that in the society here there are evidently more circles within circles than one would expect to find in so small a place. All the respectable part *seem* to belong to one class—professional and mercantile; but I suppose there must exist certain shades of difference only apparent to old residents, for one of my newly-made friends tells me that one's position here hinges a good deal upon your place of worship, and that churches are stricter tests of your value in Graham's Town than wealth or breeding. "You may be better born and better bred than any of them," she said indignantly, "but if you don't go to the Established Church, you are not in society: you belong to *Chapel* people." If this is true, it is a very sad state of things; but it is hard to know how in a cathedral town with a regular Bishop, Dean, and Chapter, it is possible to avoid mixing up one's theology with one's visiting list. There is a narrowness about religious feuds that is inexpressibly disheartening to new arrivals; and I hope we may find more catholicity of sentiment prevailing than what I have been led to expect in this so-called "City of the Saints."

*3rd August.*—The chief amusement here seems to be on horse-back. Large riding parties are made up constantly, just as at Brighton, and the girls go scampering about the plains of Botha's Hill in every direction, with very inadequate escorts indeed. The roads are too bad for carriage exercise, and are really disgraceful, as compared with Wynberg or Rondebosch highways, or even the much-abused road out of Cape Town to the Flats, which we in our ignorance used to think so very uneven and dusty. In these rides you meet with many objects of interest in the landscape, as some chatty little friend points out this and that place as having been the scene of some thrilling incident during the late Kafir wars. Here a bush and there a tree, here a crag and there some secluded valley, serve to recall many vivid scenes of blood and rapine. From the long range of hills just above Graham's Town, on a clear day, you see before you an extended landscape, full of quiet beauty as well as wild magnificence; and in the far distance jut out the peaks of the Amatola Mountains, stretching away into the very heart of Kafirland. These, and the Katberg and Winterberg, at this distance, much resemble the Drakenstein and Bain's Kloof ranges; but I am told on approaching them that they are very much handsomer—their lower slopes being grassy-green, and their middle heights girt with magnificent forests, above which their bare, craggy summits soar into the sky.

As yet I have not done much walking, as it takes some time to get comfortably settled; but James and the boys have been out exploring in the neighbourhood for ferns, and give very glowing accounts of what they have seen. There are few sounds I like better than the ripple and gurgle of water, and I think if I could find a pretty, pebbly brook close by, with shady trees



overhanging it, I should be quite happy; but I might just as well wish for the moon. There is a trickling stream of water just by Fort England, dignified by the name of "Washer-women's River." A few bushes mark its course through the yellow clay, but it is soapy, uninviting, horrid. There is another "*river*" at the foot of the hill, but I can neither see it nor hear it, and I only know it is there by a line of green reeds and bushes. You will laugh at the fuss I am making about the want of water, but wait till you get to a dry climate, and you will think very differently. If you are fond of being out of doors, the absence of shade very soon makes itself felt, and, of course, where there is no water there can be no trees, and you cannot walk very far without suffering from the heat, even at this time of year. Having heard of a clump of willow trees by the water-side, we set out after breakfast one morning to spend some hours in pleasant idleness under its protection. We went over the slope of a hill where the butts are placed for the men's shooting practice, and found it covered with grey stones and dwarf euphorbias—ragged and brown—so much so, that in the wars these plants have often been freely mistaken at dark for savages lurking in ambush, and well peppered by the patrols. This hill is one of a long series which stretches eastward for miles in bare stony ridges; and after passing it we got into a maze of mimosa thorn bushes, among which we threaded our way till we reached our rendezvous. The only flowers we saw were some wild cinerarias and a very small flowering red heath, with a few splendid proteas. Hovering over a little pool of stagnant water, which we had to cross, there also flitted by a magnificent blue dragon fly, and another with a body of bright ruby velvet, but birds were scarce. At last we reached the willow trees, by a small stream with steep banks, and while the boys disappeared to hunt for crabs, I sat me down and was soon absorbed in the sense of solitude and silence bred of the utter loneliness of the place. Not a sound nor sign of life came to disturb my thoughts, though the ground was covered with ants innumerable, bundling about in all directions. It is in moments like these that the sense of distance from England presses upon the heart unduly. The wildness of the scenery, the savage solitude, the melancholy silence of the eternal hills, all call up reminiscences which fill you with home-sickness. If hermits wish to put away all thoughts of this world, they cannot do worse than retire to the wilderness. Their most suitable cells will be found in the attics of a noisy house, where they can concentrate their thoughts by stuffing their ears with cotton. As for me, I shall never again trust myself to these torture chambers of the desert, they make you too melancholy, too miserable, too sad. \* \* \* \*

Far different was our next excursion with a pic-nic party to Fern Kloof, when there was noise enough made for dozens of magpies. To get to it we had to ascend "Signal Hill," from the top of which is to be seen a capital view of the whole district of Lower Albany,

with the sea beyond, full thirty miles away. This being the highest point of land, we had a fine tableau spread out before us, in which the rugged hills and thick patches of bush were beautifully relieved by the gay colours of the ground under cultivation; the light green of the corn-fields and the dark red of the ploughed land refreshing the eye in every direction with their contrast.

Beginning at the top of the hill where we stood, and filling up all the valley, was a dense mass of bush. This was Fern Kloof—into which our party dived, and was soon lost to sight. Beautiful tree ferns grow luxuriantly at the bottom of this kloof, but I did not see them at all, for I found the descent so fatiguing that I had to give it up before I had got half way down, so I sat down on a gray-lichened stone and began to sketch the prospect. Merry voices issued from the bush below my seat, and appeared to sound in every direction. By-and-by, I heard a scream, and then shouts, and directly afterwards a great deal of laughter. I stood up to see what was the matter, and presently one after another of the party came into view—struggling upwards, flushed, panting, and laughing like madcaps. “What is it all about?” I asked a merry-looking girl who was the first to join me. Too much out of breath to speak, she pointed up the valley, and there to my horror, when I looked, I saw a troop of twenty or thirty big baboons coming leisurely towards us over the tops of the bushes! I turned to flee, and in spite of assurances that they would not attack us, I pushed on as fast as I could, without once stopping until I had regained the green sward at the top, and could feel myself tolerably safe from the embraces of those hideously ugly monsters, who seemed so disposed to join our *al fresco* meal uninvited. What a fiasco that would have been!

9th August.—’Tis time I told you something about the natives. The Kafirs would interest you very much. They have such splendid figures, and the women, with their small feet and finely-modelled arms, are perfect studies for a sculptor! They are, however, very plain, with fierce savage eyes, and a total want of that broad, good-humoured grin, so pleasing in the negro. They are a very proud race, seldom laughing, dignified, self-contained, and haughty in their manners. Nearly all the servants are Kafirs. They wear no distinctive dress like the Cape Town Malays, but just deck themselves in any cast-off clothes that they can pick up cheap. The women either wear a frontlet of shells, or tie a red or black cotton handkerchief like a fillet round their heads, leaving the hair exposed, as you see in Egyptian pictures. They bear but an indifferent character for honesty or fidelity, and at the order of their chiefs would desert in a body and murder their old masters as soon as look at them. The first time I went to church I could not help laughing at the antics indulged in by a number of girls who preceded the band down the street. They were evidently very fond of music, and they kept time to it in the most grotesque manner,—bending, twisting, sidling, and throwing their arms about and looking as if

every joint of their supple and whirling bodies was in motion, yet keeping perfect time to the music. They are quick to observe, and seeing me laugh they kept turning their heads towards me, grinning their widest, showing their teeth, and evidently redoubling their exertions. A few days ago there was a grand Kafir holiday, the anniversary of something, I hardly know what, but as it began with an examination of the Kafir schools in the Wesleyan Chapel, I suppose it was connected with that. After the examination was over, all the school children and all the Kafirs in the town trooped away up to a grass-covered hill close to the town, to be there regaled with buns, and spend the rest of the day in dancing and games. I have been told that it is the habit of the Kafir women and girls who are in service to save up their scanty wages for some months, in order to provide themselves with fine dresses on this occasion. I cannot say much for the taste displayed, but certainly the finery was very great. For instance, two girls wore canary-coloured lama dresses, with flounces of canary and purple alternately. Nearly all wore smart little print "cappies" highly starched, surmounting the black kerchiefs on their heads. A few indulged in jackets, but the greater part wore heavy plaid shawls scarf-wise. Some of them had ornamented their dresses with a *passementerie* of patchwork. Others wore white muslins trimmed with broad braid of many colours. But what pleased us most was to see the manner in which they abandoned themselves to their enjoyment, like children, without a thought beyond the present. Their chief amusement seemed to consist of dancing in circles composed only of girls. Dear me, how they did dance! It made one's eyes ache to look at them, and though, to be sure, their dancing was barbarous, their faces ugly, their figures coarsely draped, and the noises they made hideous, yet they did enjoy themselves so much, and seemed so full of life as if they never could know what exhaustion meant! We judged it wise, however, to keep at some distance from these circles, as the *bouquet de natif* was very powerful indeed.

Despite the influence of music, these people seem to have very little idea of singing, and only on one occasion did I hear a good voice in a native. By the merest accident one evening I was sitting at the open window of my room, when all at once somebody near me burst into song. At the first notes I started to my feet. The effect of that magnificent voice was electrifying. I hurried out into the garden, and guided by the sound, I peeped out between the pomegranate bushes, and there, below in the moonlight, sitting on the grass with a child on her lap was the singer, a half-caste girl, trolling forth the most ravishing melody. For ten minutes I listened to one of the most beautiful voices it has ever been my good fortune to hear. It was a splendid soprano, but it had a plaintive character of its own, a certain wild, fluty, indescribably rich tone about it that one occasionally finds in Scotch voices. I could not catch the air, but the words were evidently German, and the thrilling notes of

that sweet singer have haunted me ever since. Upon going up to speak to her she told me her name, and said that she was only passing through the town with her mistress. Unfortunately I neglected to ask where she lodged and who her mistress was, and so I have missed the chance of ever again hearing her sing, for with cultivation I am quite assured *that* girl might have earned a fortune in London.

15th August.—By the post from Cape Town we have been greatly shocked at the news of the death of our kind old friend, Dr. B——, who was not only one of the pleasantest of doctors and very clever in his profession, but the nicest of men and an accomplished musician. Many a pleasant evening have we spent at his hospitable house, where you were sure to meet with a hearty welcome and thorough good company. To say of him that he was kind is nothing; he was more than kind. He was a most attentive, affectionate friend in sickness, and attended upon you more like a lady nurse, speaking so softly and charming you with his conversation and kindly gentle ways. I hear the funeral procession was nearly half a mile long, and though the rain was pouring in torrents, yet all the gentry of the place turned out to attend upon his burial. If ever a man was beloved by his patients, he was, and his place will not be easily filled up. Although Cape Town is well supplied with skilful practitioners, it is not every day you meet with so worthy and able a man as our old friend, or one who was in every sense so decidedly a gentleman in all his ways. \* \* \* Talking of Dr. B——, poor man, reminds me that his pet hobby—good scientific music—is quite in its infancy here, even more so than at Cape Town, where concerts are very popular. You may hear fine voices occasionally, but they are entirely without training. Nearly every other house possesses a piano—more or less good—but the young ladies, though they can ride bravely and dance to perfection, set your very teeth on edge when they try to sing. They are so much afraid of opening their mouths, for fear of looking ridiculous, that they sing through their teeth with a mumbling indistinct utterance, and a lifeless manner that is enough to make your flesh creep. Even the choir at the Cathedral is feeble; and the only place where you are likely to hear fair music is at the Roman Catholic Church,—and even that is nothing out of the way to those who have heard better at oratorios and concerts in Europe. If the Governor's wife would set the fashion and encourage amateur concerts, I have no doubt we should all follow suit up here, for from what I have seen and heard I am quite sure a good singing-master would find a splendid opening at Graham's Town. If you know of such a man who has no objection to travelling some thousands of miles in search of health and wealth, you can give him this hint; but, mind you, he will have to be very stern and precise and stand no nonsense from insinuating young pupils! If he is not proof against sweet smiles and bewitching dark eyes, let him rather stay at home.



## On the Origin of Language.

As the question of the Descent of Man is again engaging a good deal of public attention, it may be that also the kindred one of the origin of language will excite some interest. Now, although philology is not my profession, yet, as in a former period of my missionary career, I had occasion to study one of the most original dialects of the ancient African Bantu family, I shall perhaps not be charged with presumption if I venture to express an opinion on a subject which otherwise I should have hesitated to approach. It is a fact that in the Bantu family we have language in a very early stage of development ; here we can trace its beginnings much more satisfactorily than is generally believed possible.

I hold, on the ground of observations I have made, that man received from his Creator not a fully-developed language, finished like the music of the nightingale, but something infinitely superior to the instinct of animals—reason, intellectual power to *create* language. Language is the natural utterance of reason. It is obvious that the groundwork of language was not laid by savages, but by intelligent beings, who were so far from wildly throwing out clicking or other barbarous sounds,\* that they were even unacquainted with the flat vowels *e* (in *red*), and *o*, and only used the three vowel sounds *a* (in *bard*), *i* (in *hill*), and *u* (in *full*). It is, indeed, remarkable, and a strong argument in favour of the unity of language, that the same three pure vowel sounds, which by some of the highest authorities (Gesenius, Grimm) are regarded primary in Semitic and Indo-European languages, should also bear that character in the wide-spread Bantu family.

It may be observed in the elementary parts of speech that consonants, and also vowels, were at first not applied arbitrarily, as is the case now in the present advanced status of language, but according to fixed laws, which made it possible for the first family of men to understand each other, though there can be no doubt that language, whilst in its infancy, was to some extent aided by gestures which may be inferred from the fact that such opposite by-meanings, as up and down, in and out, are sometimes found to meet in one and the same root.

The first utterances of man were probably sounds similar to *ka*, *pa*, *ta*, with a wide range of meaning. These monosyllables were, however, as has been said, not arbitrarily produced, but in such a

\* It is unquestionably true that generally those sounds which require the greatest exertion in pronouncing have a claim to priority. Thus, if a root is pronounced in one dialect *thitha*, and in another *lila*, we know at once that the former pronunciation is nearer the original than the latter. But to assert that those languages whose sounds are most rude, rough, and clicking are the most primitive types of speech, appears to me a misapplication of an otherwise sound principle. So much is certain, that the clicks which are found in some dialects of the Bantu family do not properly belong to the latter: they are merely an additional element, like the excrescences of a tree

way that the sound appeared in some connection or harmony with the object, action, or condition it was intended to represent. Thus the sound *ka* or *kha*, agreeable to its guttural nature, was a fit sign for such notions as to breathe, to live, to move; and as originally verbs and nouns were embodied in the same root, *ka* or *kha* would also mean a living, moving one. The labial *pa* or *pha* expressed the idea to blow, to wave; and the root *ta* or *tha* to be motionless, to be dead, to die, to cause to die, to bite, hurt, kill.

I do not maintain, however, that all primitive roots were monosyllables. Roots formed in imitation of sound would probably in the very beginning of language have more than one syllable; but if we may judge from our experience in the Bantu family, the number of this kind of roots was comparatively small. There can be no doubt that in the Bantu roots the more rational principle of motion has the advantage over the onomatopoeic element.\* Nor are there many traces found in the names of animals which could justify the assumption of some philologists that roots have been gradually shaped into decent articulations from the roars and cries of animals. A few, indeed, there are, corresponding to our pee-wit, cuckoo, but by far the largest number originated from observing the different qualities and habits of animals. Hence, in the Bantu family, the lion is called (in Herero) the flesh-chopping one; the buffalo (in most dialects) the treading, stamping one; the goat the inquisitive, curious one.

A further development was effected on the principle that kindred notions were expressed by kindred sounds, as for example: *path*, *pass*; German, *stecken*, *stechen*; *stick*, *stitch*. In Herero, *tya* signifies to say, *ba*, to mean; *ta*, to die, *ra* (*la*) to lie; *kara*, to sit, *yara*, to lay; *tyinda*, to go out, *hinda*, to cause to go out, to send.

The number of roots was still more increased by the natural process of pronouncing each root with the three primary vowel sounds *a*, *i*, *u*, whereby one root was split into three, each having, besides the radical sense, a by-meaning, caused by the respective vowel. I am aware that this opinion will be objected to by many who hold that the vowels are meaningless sounds.† Voltaire's witty definition

\* Perhaps it will be well to say a word in explanation of what is meant by the principle of motion. In the Bantu languages, the primary sense of by far the largest number of roots indicates some motion or other. To shut, for example, means properly: to move together, referring to two parts which, in shutting, move together; the inner sense of to cease is, to run far, out of sight (German, *vergehen*); of to hear, to bow down (the ear); to sing is, to throw out (sounds); to level, to run over the surface; to saw, to run through.

† It is argued that some words appear, in different dialects, with different vowels: *foot*, for example, is in Sanscrit *pada*, Latin *pes*, Saxon *foet*; therefore it is affirmed the vowels have no meaning; as if the ancient Aryan language could have afforded to allow such a variety of vowel sounds in designating a single object! Surely, of the foregoing forms only one can possibly have retained the original vowel sound: the others are mere variations. When the laws of the vowels ceased to be known, the latter were of course applied indiscriminately. What the Englishman terms *high*, the German *hoch*, the Icelandic has full liberty to pronounce *háa*. But it was not so at the beginning.

of etymology as "a science which pays little attention to consonants, and to vowels none at all," is, alas! as far as the vowels are concerned, applicable not only to etymology, but to philology in general. Now, whatever may be the experience of linguists in Indo-European and Semitic languages, in which (especially in the latter) such a great fusion and confusion of vowels has taken place, it remains an undeniable fact that in the early period of the formation of roots the use of the vowels was *not* arbitrary, but was regulated according to fixed laws. This can still be observed in the Bantu family, as I have endeavoured to explain in my pamphlet, "The Vowels" (Cape Town: J. C. Juta).

The three primeval vowel sounds were in the beginning employed to denote those relations of space and locality which we express by means of prepositions. The vowel *a* signifies, on the ground, on the surface. Any action, motion, or condition naturally inciting a horizontal gesture, would seem to fall into the sphere of this vowel. *A*, in primitive roots, means about, abroad, far, wide, together. It has in some cases, however, a more general meaning, and serves as a neuter. The vowel *a* may be said to have been employed whenever the action, motion, or condition did not strictly demand either *i* or *u*. The vowel *i* means in, within, and also, in a number of roots, from within, *i.e.*, out, outside, out of the way. And the vowel *u* has the power of pointing upwards to motions and actions in the air, which would call forth, as a natural gesture, the lifting up of the arm. *U* means upward, on high, over (over a river, *i.e.*), through, overflowing, much, full, round, ahead, erect, above, and in some roots also from above, *i.e.*, downwards, down, under.

In order to give the reader some idea how the vowels have been made serviceable in forming new verbs in Herero, I shall advert to the groups of *pata* and *kanda*, both of which have the radical sense: to move, to go, to run.

*Pata*, v.n., to close, shut, properly: to *run together*, viz., two parts, *i.e.*, to shut.

*Pita*, v.n., to go out, to *run out*, to move from within.

*Putá* (in *puta-ra*), v.n., to stumble, properly: to *run down*, from above.

*Kanda*, v.n., to congeal, to *run together*.

*Tyinda* (kinda), v.n., to remove, to leave, to go out, to *run out*.

*Kunda*, v.n., to be full (applied to numbers), properly: to *run over*.

In the further process of development, roots were doubled (*la*, *lala*) compounded (*ka*, *ta*, *kata*) expanded (*kata*, *kanda*), contracted (*kanda*, *kana*), transposed (*kata*, *taka*), and also frequently abbreviated, and as roots of this description are met with in all parts of the world, it is evident that all these laws must have been in operation at that remote period when the ancestors of the Semitic, Aryan, Bantu, and other nations were still under one roof, for "the

formation of roots belongs to the earliest times, when the families of languages were not yet separated" (Gesenius).

I believe that the primitive roots are still the common property of all nations, but they appear with different meanings in the different families; hence the difficulty to identify them. The Herero verb *kuta*, for instance, and our adjective *good*, *gut*, *got*, may be identical; both words may possibly have sprung from the same root. The primary sense of *kuta* is, to run over; hence its meaning in Herero, to be full, to have enough, to have abundance; and in our languages, to be complete, full, kind, benevolent, &c. The Sanscrit word "*patha*, a way, region" (*path*, *pad*, *pfad*); and the Herero verb *vatha*, to reach (originally by running, *om-bathe*, foot); the Gothic noun "*andeis*, end;" and the Herero word *yanda*, or *anda*, to cease, have probably the same origin. If the primary sense of a word is known, it is easy to recognize it in the different meanings in which it may occur in different languages.

The main reason why meanings of a dissimilar nature often emanate from one and the same source, is to be found in the important truth (which is also set forth by Mr. Döhne) that a primitive root generally gives a description of a whole action in all its various phases; or, as Dr. Bleek well expresses it somewhere, it describes "the whole situation." As an illustration, I may refer to the Herero root *tyinda*, which means—(1) to move out, to leave, to remove; and (2) to carry a burden. Now, *tyinda*, to remove, and *tyinda*, to carry, are not different roots; in both cases we have the same root, describing "the whole situation": for when a tribe removes, burdens must be carried by men or beasts. Consequently *tyinda* (*shinda*, *sinda*) may in one language signify to leave, to remove; in another to carry a burden; in a third to travel,—not to mention other ideas associated with the situation of a tribe removing from one place to another. One more instance. The Herero root *kara* (*kala*) conveys the meanings to sit, to stay, to exclaim, to produce, to scratch, to slit—meanings as heterogeneous as they possibly can be, and yet all centring in one root! Now, suppose that in *kara* (*kala*) we have the description of a poultry-yard, or the ancient obsolete name for *hen*, which is seen sitting, hatching, producing, scratching, exclaiming, calling; and all is plain.

It is of course impossible to compress even the outlines of all that might be said on primitive language within the narrow compass of a brief paper. It would be interesting to trace the formation of the different parts of speech, how verbs and pronouns (primitive nouns) emanated from one and the same root, how the combination of a pronoun and verb produced a noun, &c.; but that would lead me too far.

In conclusion, I may remark that the view which I have taken of our subject is the fruit of researches, carried on many years ago, and it fully agrees with what the inspired Record tells us of the creation of man, and the origin of language. It is, indeed, strange



that, especially among the friends of the Bible, the notion should so widely obtain that the first man was miraculously endowed with a copious philosophical language, though it is distinctly said that he *practised* language among the animals, and that the LORD God brought the animals unto Adam to see what *he* would call them : and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof (Gen. ii., 19). The origin of language, says Herder, is really divine, in so far as it is human.

F. W. KOLBE.

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### The Battle of Boomplaats.

[The writer from whose work the subjoined translation has been made is Doctor Eduard Kretzschmar, who published his "South African Sketches" at Leipsig in the year 1853. Having acted in the Olifant's River district for seven years in the capacity of physician—made many journeys along the borders of the Colony—spent several years in the Midland and Eastern Provinces—and finally resided in Cape Town for some considerable time, the doctor claims for himself an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the colonists. His little volume is extremely interesting and amusing, and well worth the perusal of German scholars, both on account of the practical and useful dissertation it contains on the *materia medica* of the Cape, as well as for the graphic and highly comic pictures it presents of the domestic life of the Boers, whom, it must be confessed, the author criticizes as unmercifully and in as exaggerated a manner as Mayhew does the Germans. The "Sketches" are avowedly written for the purpose of combining the *utile* with the *dulce*. If we *are* to swallow his pills, the Doctor will take care that there is an orange ready to suck. The following account of an historical incident, connected with the Trans-Gariep emigrants, may interest the readers of the *Cape Monthly*, who must, however, determine for themselves in what proportions the *utile* and the *dulce* are mixed, as the translator has no opportunity of ascertaining how much of it is authentic, and how much pure romance.]

ON the 20th November, 1845, the sun was sinking towards the horizon when a long column of soldiers—by the Boers ironically called "Red-jackets"—arrived on the banks of the Orange River. Their dusty clothes and glowing faces testified to their having had a long day's march. The van was led by half a regiment of Scots, in their well-known tartans. They were followed by the same number of infantry of another regiment. Then came a body of Dragoon Guards, whose polished breastplates and helmets reflected the sun's rays like short swift flashes of lightning. Close behind the Dragoons rode a column of dusky horsemen in dark-green uniform. These were the Hottentot sharpshooters, who, during the last Kafir war, deserted to the enemy almost to a man. The rear was brought up by two light field-pieces.

Scarcely had the column reached the river's bank, when a wagon, followed by several horsemen, came in sight in the distance. Eight swift mules soon brought the vehicle up, and the cry of "the Governor" ran along the ranks. An old but wiry man, whose brilliant victory at Aliwal has deservedly gained for him a place in the annals of India, alighted from the wagon, and, saluting the officers, began earnestly to gaze across the stream.

"Sir Harry," he said, turning towards a young Dragoon officer—Sir Harry Darell—who was standing close to him, "it seems we have come to a stand-still, though I would it had been possible to reach the opposite shore to-night. I have long been well acquainted with most localities in the Colony, and also with this ford, and, if my memory deceives me not, it can only be crossed when the rocks still appear above that foaming current; it would not surprise me, when the day breaks, to see our Republican friends posted over yonder."

"Will your Excellency permit me," said the fiery Darell, "to try the passage, and to occupy the opposite shore? I am anxious to become acquainted with these Duffel-jackets."

"Sir Harry," answered the Governor sternly, "those same 'Duffel-jackets,' as you term them, are people who bear manly hearts under their duffel. I know them well, and doubt very much whether their courage has deserted them along with their loyalty. I grieve," he added, "at the necessity which compels me to take strong measures against a people amongst whom I had many friends. Let the men dismount."

"Captain Fordyce," cried Sir Harry Smith, and pointed at the excavation on the opposite bank through which the road to the river ran between steep rocks. The Captain bowed, and placed his two field-pieces so as to command the ford.

The word was passed, and the troops bivouacked for the night. On the other shore nothing stirred excepting that a head was cautiously projected over a rock, and which, after scanning the British camp through a telescope for a considerable time, again disappeared.

One after another the camp-fires died out, and the chaos of noises was lulled to a deep stillness, only broken by the murmur of the stream and the sentry's cry of "All's well."

\* \* \* \* \*

That same evening, about a day's journey from the Gariep, there sat at a fountain, overshadowed by a few leafy trees, some men conversing at a fire. A short distance off their horses were grazing under the charge of a half-naked native. Against one of the trees rested a long rifle. Daylight had faded away, and it was already dusk. Suddenly one of the party commanded silence, and placing his ear to the ground, exclaimed, "They are coming! They are near at hand!" Another Boer stood up, and shading his eyes

with his hands, peered intently along the road. "There they are—I see them now!" said he. "Heaven be praised!"

Two travel-stained faces became visible through the darkness, approaching the fountain at a sharp canter. "They are coming, Oom Andries," said one of the horseman, throwing himself out of the saddle. "They are coming, and camp at the Great River to-night; but they can hardly cross it, for the water was rising."

"Is the Governor with them?" inquired Andries Pretorius, for it was he, the respected leader of the Boers. Nothing distinguished him from those by whom he was surrounded but a manly, pleasant-looking face, clear grey eyes, and a calm, collected bearing.

"I believe so, Oom Andries," replied the other. "He intended to remain at Colesberg till this afternoon, and to catch up the troops at the Gariep this evening. Sir Harry Darell is there with his Dragoons, Fordyce with his field-pieces, the Totties under Brown, and the Scots under McMahon."

"Humph!" said Andries thoughtfully; "Sir Harry has been sharp about it. Neef Carel," he added, turning to one of the party, "ride over and take the news to the field-cornet. To-morrow everything must be ready. I don't trust Sir Harry!"

The Boer sprang into the saddle and disappeared in the darkness. "This information," remarked Pretorius, "will be more than sufficient for our friends. Now, what is there more?"

Two letters were handed to him, which he carefully perused by the flickering light of the fire. "We have nothing to expect from our friends in the Colony," he exclaimed drily, and handed the letters to his neighbours. "Sir Harry has been too quick for them. This other is from Nel, who went to Graham's Town to lay our complaints once more before the Governor, but he has been unsuccessful, and all they did was to draw his attention to the war-like preparations."

A deep silence ensued. "So then there is no other course open," he sighed. "The Lord's will be done!" For some time the party remained wrapt in thought. "What more?" at last exclaimed the leader. The messenger handed him a written document. He smiled as he read it, and handed it to his companions. It was a new proclamation, offering one thousand pounds for Pretorius's head, dead or alive. "Risen from £500 to £1,000!" cried one. "I congratulate Oom. Oom is becoming valuable."

So the evening passed away. Late at night a messenger from the Boer lager came to say that 500 wagons had that afternoon proceeded on their way further up the country. "That is well," remarked the Boer leader; "then, at all events, the women and children are out of the way. Take this paper," and he handed the messenger the proclamation about the thousand pounds reward. "take it into the lager that the people may learn its contents."

The following night the little English army encamped at the same fountain, where unmistakable traces still remained that the

Duffel-jackets had been there. Planted erect in the ground stood an ox-yoke, to which was attached the Governor's proclamation, underneath which was written in pencil "Andreas Enrico Salus." The Governor determined to follow up their track next day.

It was early in the morning, and the air yet cool, when on the 22nd of November, 1845, the long column of troops wound through the wide plain, in the midst of which lies the beautiful fountain of Boomplaats. Low ridges crossed like ribs the level valley, whilst a higher chain of hills, over which the main road disappeared in the distance like a thin white stripe, shut out all further prospect. The Governor had left his wagon, and now rode at the head of the Dragoons. Far ahead, and scattered on both wings, scouted some of the Hottentot sharpshooters; then came the solid mass of infantry, with the field-pieces in their midst, and a crowd of Darkey horsemen brought up the rear. They were still following the track of the Boers; and the sun was blazing at its hottest as they reached the foot of the last range of hills. Here the spoor branched off in two different directions. Instead of crossing the hill, one portion of the Boers had struck off to the left and the other to the right. For some moments the column paused, and horsemen darted to and fro to follow up the spoor. "Forward!" again resounded along the line, and the troops slowly ascended the height. Then, sudden as lightning, the brow of the hill blazed with the flash of rifles. A fierce conflict ensued, a long line of smoke rose slowly upwards, and a thousand polished barrels glittered for an instant in the sun, and then disappeared. Death and confusion were in the midst of the little army, but "Charge!" was again the cry, and the shrill sound of the fife and the drum revived the spirits of the men. The cavalry now endeavoured to deploy. Again the hill top broke into a blaze of fire and smoke, rifles cracked, men fell, and horses ran wildly in all directions. But "Charge! Charge!" still resounded from all sides, and the summit was gained. Many had not reached it. The hill was cleared, but at the foot of the mountain the main body of the enemy was seen rushing towards their horses, which were being held in a long row by a few men who were mounted, and ready to join in the flight.

"Captain Fordyce!" cried the Governor, who had just reached the summit on his snorting charger; but two cannon shots showed that the Captain had anticipated the word of command. Several Boers fell, and their horses dashed riderless away.

The Dragoons charged down the incline as fast as its stony nature would permit. Then there arose a column of dust, and the long line of Boers fled like a whirlwind across the plain. Suddenly they halt, and await the pursuer. Upon them rush the gallant dragoons, with Sir Harry Smith at their head, and the Hottentot corps close behind them. A loud shout rends the air—volleys are fired on both sides, and once more horses break, riderless, out of the cloud of dust that lay upon the battle-field. Again the Boers rode swiftly off to



form front further off. At them again went the Dragoons and Totties, and "Sabres! Sabres!" was the word. At last the line of the Duffel-jackets was broken, and, completely routed, they fled in scattered groups in all directions. But woe to the rider that was hardy enough to follow. Swift as lightning the Boer loads his piece—down goes the powder, on it drops one of the bullets he holds in his mouth, and dead lies the luckless pursuer under his fatal aim.

The fight is over. The shrill notes of the trumpet sound the retreat, and the scattered horsemen return. Many are lying upon the hill-side whose ears that trumpet can no longer reach; and far away on the plain two dark lines of bodies mark the spot where the final stand had been made and the last struggle had taken place. The conflict had been short, but bloody.

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At the close of the day, at a place far inland, a large body of Boers was assembled—all silent and dejected. They had come to bury their dead, and when the sad ceremony had been performed, Pretorius addressed them in the following terms:—

"Friends and relatives,—Our last hope is gone. Many who were dear to me as the apple of my eye I see amongst us no more. They are sleeping the long sleep. Would God I were with them! Wherever we go, the oppressor's foot is upon our necks. To resist longer were folly. Go home and submit to the British Government."

"No, never!" cried all as with one voice.

"Friends," repeated Pretorius, "hear me! hear me! Wait for better times. Submit. I shall not blame you."

"No" and "Never" again resounded from all sides. "Better the wilderness. Up, and let us trek beyond Magaliesberg."

And beyond Magaliesberg they went.

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## *A Lady's Reminiscences of Scotland.*

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### NO. II.—A TRIP TO THE HIGHLANDS.

GLASGOW is once more our starting point, only this time we are settled comfortably in the train which leaves the Queen-street Station at eleven a.m., and in about an hour we hope to reach Balloch, and join the Loch Lomond steamer.

Yesterday it rained steadily—by no means an uncommon occurrence in the city, as its tears flow freely on all occasions, giving it the appearance of a child with a dirty face, down whose cheeks the briny drops course slowly, but constantly, leaving streaky vestiges of their too oft recurrence! However, I do not for a moment wish either to insult or to underrate the dear, venerable place, for "old

age is honourable," and the bishopric of Glasgow is said to have been founded by St. Mungo as far back as 560 A.D., while its massive cathedral, and the adjoining necropolis—which forms so imposing a background, and wherein lie the mortal remains of many a noble spirit, from John Knox down to modern times—may well call forth a meed of lowly homage. Add to this the extensive and picturesque West End Park, whose suburbs are adorned with the elegant mansions of the merchant princes, and the magnificent pile of the new University Buildings; and, omitting all minor points of interest, it will be evident that the Glasgow "folk" have good cause to be proud of their domain from an artistic as well as a commercial point of view. But, *revenons à nos moutons*. I said yesterday was *wet*; well, to-day is, for a wonder, brilliantly fine, and the sun smiles approvingly upon our expedition. With our spirits as high as the barometer, we speed along the line of the old Roman wall built by Antoninus, contrasting the present with the past, and wondering what kind of changes seventeen centuries in the future would develop to Macaulay's New Zealander! Passing through a tunnel to Cowairs, we there take in all passengers from Edinburgh, and proceed to Maryhill, a bustling little place, which seems more like a huge suburb of Glasgow than a town on its own account. The Forth and Clyde Canal here join in a series of locks, which run parallel with us as far as Bowling, and on the left-hand side we have a fine view of the handsome lunatic asylum "Gartnavel." From Maryhill to Dalmuir, thence to Kilpatrick, said to be the birthplace of Erin's patron saint, and on to Bowling, where we view the ruins of Dunglas Castle on a promontory jutting out into the Clyde. The scenery here is very grand, and the steep crags of the Lennox Hills bring to remembrance the vain attempts of the poor young Prince Charles Edward to command the guns of Dumbarton Castle from their heights. By the way, it is a curious fact, with reference to the great basaltic rock of Dumbarton, that the Scotch thistle, now becoming so rare in its native land, still flourishes upon that elevation in all its pristine strength and beauty! Arrived at the station on the outskirts of this important town, we change for Balloch, and proceed northwards through the beautiful vale of the Leven, touching at Renton, the birthplace of Smollet, the novelist, Bonhill, and Alexandria, and finally arriving at our first destination on the Balloch Pier, whence we are shipped on to the steamer *Prince Consort*, and start for a sail up Loch Lomond.

Think not that I am about to attempt a description of this "Queen of Scottish Lakes." Far be it from me to be so presumptuous, as naught less than a poet's pen—aye, and a right gifted poet, too—could do anything like justice to the marvellous expanse of beauty and softness, commingled with haughty grandeur and weird majesty, which spreads before us. Those who have sailed up the Loch well know how inadequate any effort would be to paint the fairy scenes which make so indelible an impression on

the heart, but which are too lovely to be clothed in the coarse robe even of earth's choicest language. I shall merely call to remembrance, as we steam along, the various objects of interest which we pass, leaving each one's imagination to fill up all unseemly gaps, and to shade off the rough sketch according to their several abilities.

A few dry facts will perhaps prove a fitting commencement; so I must tell you that this "diffusion of water" is the largest of the Scottish lakes, being twenty-three miles long, but varying very much in breadth, the widest part being only about five miles. On its eastern side, and about the centre of the Loch, its godfather, Ben Lomond (from the British word "Llummone," signifying a *beacon*), rearing his proud head to a height of 3,192 feet "through shrouding mists, looks dimly down," and forms the terminus of the great Grampian chain; and, be the sky ever so clear, he and his almost equally gigantic brother, Benvoirlich, are "diademed with clouds," and reign as monarchs over the multitude of

"Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,  
The fragments of an earlier world,  
And mountains that like giants stand  
To sentinel enchanted land."

Loch Lomond was in ancient time celebrated for *three wonders*, viz., waves without wind, fish without fin, and a floating island. The solution of these marvels proves unpleasantly simple,—for, after all, a little superstitious mystery is sometimes delightful,—as the first phenomenon probably originated in the *swell*, which, after a storm, causes the wider parts of the lake to ebb and flow; the second takes its rise either from the fact that vipers swim from island to island, or, as some of the old writers state, that there are in these waters fish somewhat resembling the herring, only dry and unpalatable, called the pollack or powan, which have no fins; and as for the third, history or tradition say that in the fifth century, one Keith McIndoill made an island of large square beams of oak, firmly mortised the one into the other! About thirty fairy islets lie scattered over the surface of the water, "as quietly as spots of sky among the evening clouds," and lend an inconceivable charm to the panorama which gradually opens to our view. Inch Tavanach, or Monk's Island, is considered to be the loveliest amongst the group, and here all the "Dr. Syntaxes of sketching celebrity" are sure to land—the general view from this spot being finer than at any other part. The southern portion of the Loch is broad and expanded, and its banks, "with verdure clad," have more of the English style about them than the idea one usually forms of "Old Caledonia, stern and wild." Almost immediately after leaving Balloch, we see to the right of the steamer the ruins of Balloch Castle, the stronghold of the Earls of Lennox during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries; while more conspicuously

stand forth Cameron House, Auchendennan, and Auchinlieglish,—all mansions worthy of note, and giving a picturesque and appreciable variety to the scenery. And here it may be as well to state that, as on the Clyde, so on Loch Lomond, and indeed on the borders of almost all the Scotch and English lakes, are erected at various distances, according to the wealth and taste of the several owners, castles, mansions, or fairy-like cottages, breaking in somewhat, perhaps, upon the *solitude* which is one of Nature's greatest charms, but which, nevertheless, make up for their intrusion by yielding diversity to the prospect, and forming a rich contrast to the wild, romantic spots upon which they are usually situated. At one part of the lake, below Luss, the islands are somewhat thickly grouped together, the largest of them, Inch Murrin, being used as a deer-park by the Duke of Montrose, and having on its south-west end the remains of another of the old Lennox fortresses. The steam-boat wends its way through several of these tiny islets, with unpronounceable names, but lovely faces (*e.g.*, Inch Cailliach, or the Island of Women, so called from a nunnery having once occupied its site); while on the inland shore we perceive the beautiful estates of Ross Priory—from whose hospitable roof Sir Walter Scott so often hied to perambulate the country his genius has made classic—and Buchanan House; and presently we stop at Balmaha Pier, whence we cross carefully between divers more "Inches," some of them large and richly wooded, and others scarcely perceptible above the water, to Luss. After leaving this place, the Loch gradually narrows, and assumes a less cultivated, but a far sublimer and more majestic appearance, the "sylvan mountains laden with beauty" confining the prospect more rigidly, but to display the greater glory of their own deep chasms and forest glades. Tourists who wish to climb Ben Lomond get out at our next halting-place, Rowardennan, where, by the way, we discharge a cargo of about a dozen young English "swells," whose comments and chit-chat hitherto have afforded us so much amusement that we feel quite sorry to lose them. A little further on, at Craigrostan, is a cave where our old favourite, Robert Bruce, is said to have taken refuge after his defeat by McDougall of Lorn; and tradition saith that, having spent the night in company with a flock of goats who were herded there, so pleased was the fugitive with his nocturnal associates, that when he came to power he made a law exempting all goats from "grass-mail" or rent! To the north of Craigrostan, Rob Roy's prison, an arch-shaped cavern formed of two huge boulders, is pointed out, and we read that from this place that dauntless chieftain inflicted the following singular punishment: a rope being tied round the waist of the obstreperous party, he was lowered once or twice into the Loch, a depth of thirty feet, with a gentle hint that if this ducking did not quench his rebellious spirit, the cord would be fastened round his neck instead!

The *Prince Consort* now puffs away to Tarbet, decidedly the



largest and most influential place on the Loch, and where the combination of mountain scenery (including the singularly-shaped summit of the "Cobbler") may be viewed to perfection. Here there is a palatial hotel, and several elegant villas, occupied during the summer months by numbers of Edinburgh and Glasgow gentry, with whom Tarbet is a favourite watering-place. Inversnaid is the next pier, and finally we reach Inverarnan, at the extreme end of the Loch, passing on the way Eilan Vhow and Inverglass, two islands, which in olden days were strongholds of the McFarlanes, and noting also a curious rock called the "Bullstone," which forms a natural pulpit, and from which, *on dit*, at stated periods during the year, the parish minister of Arroquhar is still obliged to preach. We remain for some time at Inverarnan, and have ample opportunity to explore the "mountain and flood" which mingle so closely, as the silver Arnan, the deep Falloch, and the torrent of the Inish, chatter, roar, or tumble playfully over rocks and along glens within short distances of each other; while rich mosses and luxuriant ferns cling lovingly to the sides of the rugged old hills which foster them. On its homeward journey, the *Prince Consort* drops us at Inversnaid, and after a good rest, and an enjoyable dinner, the evening being tempting and the air balmy, we stroll down to the pier, and hire a boat for a row to Rob Roy's Cave. A word or two regarding the antecedents of this famous outlaw may, perchance, not be deemed inappropriate by way of beguiling our voyage thither. A gentleman by birth, being the son of Colonel McGregor, of Glengyle, he forfeited his property at Inversnaid to the Duke of Montrose, by whom he was forcibly, though legally, deprived of his estate during an absence from home,—a circumstance that caused his wife to compose the pathetic air so well known as "Rob Roy's Lament." Then commenced his predatory life, which has been so fascinatingly delineated by Sir Walter Scott; and he was one of the last Highland chieftains who collected the obnoxious "black-mail" tax.

Our gondolier is a weather-beaten old man, with a pleasant face and a long tongue, who informs us that he is a descendant of the famous McGregors, and who seems, from his own account, to be a Jack of all Trades in the tiny village where he, like his fathers before him, has been born and bred. Arrived at the cave, with some difficulty we climb up to its narrow mouth, and with still more faith we squeeze into the first opening, and then descend a "ladder of rope" to the haunt of the robber chief, which certainly appears a most unenviable retreat by the dim light of the torches we carry. Having taken a sufficient survey, we feel rather glad to emerge once more into the moonlight, and watch the quaint shadows flung from rock and cranny on the unruffled bosom of the water.

Our oarsman suits his stroke to the calm slow music of the hour, so that the little trip proves a most delightful one, especially as we gain several pieces of local information from our guide, who, with

a pitying patronage of our ignorance (for what place in creation is so important as Loch Lomond?), informs us that the principal fish in the lake is trout, which are very abundant, but that years ago salmon used to come up, and are even now on rare occasions caught; that this placid surface is sometimes almost instantaneously lashed to fury by the angry breath of the mountains around; while on other occasions a deep-blue belt across the water is the sure precursor of a storm. I have since heard that in 1755, during the dreadful earthquake at Lisbon, Loch Lomond was greatly agitated, and rose suddenly far above its ordinary level, sinking, however, at an equally rapid pace, which erratic course it pursued for some time, finally leaving a boat high and dry forty yards beyond the ordinary limit of the water's edge.

The following morn wakes bright and cheerful, and, after breakfast, we climb up the ascent behind the hotel to view the "Falls," of which we have heard so much, and which really would be very fine were there only a trifle more water in them! Wordsworth has, however, immortalized them in one of his most beautiful poems, "The Highland Girl," though I fancy he must have seen the "tumbling cascade" under more auspicious circumstances than we do. On descending, and while waiting for the coach which is to convey us to Loch Katrine, we take a look at the "Visitors' Book," and lo! in the record dated a couple of days before our arrival, figure the names of two Cape students, who, perchance, have golden dreams of mounting the Colonial Woolsack in some future era of Responsible Government! We feel quite friendly towards them when we see the familiar words "Cape of Good Hope" flourishing after their respective patronymics, and it looks so undeniably *distingué* that we cannot refrain from announcing, through the pages of the old folio, that we also are from "abroad!" But now the coaches, four in number, are drawn up in front of the hotel, and we are advised by a considerate host to take our seats betimes. By the way, this same landlord is a noble specimen of the handsome Highland type, being of such fair proportions that it has passed into a kind of proverb in these parts to say "as good-looking" or "as tall as Blair of Inversnaid." An insurmountable difficulty immediately presents itself to my feeble mind, for not having either the lithe springiness of a monkey or the climbing abilities of its more fully developed descendant, man, how on earth am I ever to scale the dizzy heights of the vehicle before me? Here our friend, the boatman, who seems to be hovering round, after the manner of the canny Scotch, in hopes of earning a few extra pence, ostentatiously brings forth a ladder for "the leddy," and in due time we are comfortably planted on the box of the conveyance, which appears to have the best horses. (It afterwards turned out that these ladders are kept at all the stages where coaches ply, on purpose for ladies, so that I am not the only weak-minded female in existence, which is a comfort to learn!) It proves to be just as well that we have

taken the precaution of settling, for when the Loch Lomond steam-boat arrives, such a crowd disembark, and make a rush for these same coaches, and the scrimmage which ensues is awfully amusing, as those who run the fastest get the best seats; while unfortunate mortals who have the disadvantage of being stout or elderly, come panting up in time to squeeze in behind,—all the places being outside ones, and the vehicles looking very much like huge “drags.” How shall I describe my sensations during that first ride on the top of a coach? To tell the truth, at the commencement, and indeed a good way along, I yielded to a cowardly fear, and was besieged with a dread of being suddenly dropped from my frightful and unnatural elevation, and of my then gelatinous remains being gathered up and commented upon by the occupants of the conveyance behind us! But when, at the end of an hour’s hard galloping o’er hill and down dale (the spirited horses being judiciously coaxed on by a Jehu ambitious to be first in the race), I found that I, in common with the other passengers, yet survived, and that the frail tenement of which I had been so nervous was still firmly knit together and uninjured, it dawned upon me that outside coaching really might be the pleasant pastime I had so often heard it called, and ere many days elapsed I had learned to enjoy it thoroughly, to prefer a seat next the driver to any other place in any other vehicle; to look down from the imperial heights of my new station upon the numerous pedestrians we constantly passed with the air of a giant towards a pigmy; to regard railway travelling as “slow;” and, finally, perfectly to agree with the opinion of many an antiquated “whip,” beside whom I have had the good fortune to be planted, that travelling in this manner is *the way, par excellence*, of appreciating Scottish scenery, and that all innovations are obnoxious!

But, oh dear! I am wandering sadly from the course of my narrative (a very unusual procedure on the part of a woman, as you will readily admit!)—so I must hasten back to say that the country we are now traversing is barren and wild to an extreme, till we reach Loch Arklet, which opens to view with the sparkle of a tiny, but precious, gem in the centre of the valley we are crossing. A house in the distance is pointed out as the birthplace of Ellen McGregor, Rob Roy’s wife, and nearer Inversnair are the ruins of an old fort, erected by the Government in 1713, to check the predations of the outlaw, and a few rude stones marking the site of some ancient cemetery. But “time and tide have washed away, like weeds upon the sands, crowds of the olden life’s memorials,” both here and elsewhere, and “imagination’s utmost stretch” is oft required to invest with their real importance these feeble relics of the past.

And now we have reached the Garrow of Stronachlachar, about two or three miles from the western extremity of Loch Katrine, and at the neat little inn at whose door the coaches deposit their

freight we take a hasty luncheon, and then embark on a diminutive steamer,—which is as usual crowded,—to make the personal acquaintance of the romantic spots with which, thanks to the magic genius of Scotland's greatest modern bard, we have all been familiar from our childhood.

Ten miles long, by two broad, Loch Katrine, or Ketturin, has, at our starting point, a somewhat tame appearance, serving as an excellent foil to the loveliness that ere long is revealed to view. The Glasgow waterworks take their rise a little below Stronachlachar, a circumstance so thoroughly practical that fiction instantly gives way to sober matter-of-fact civilization. The water is conveyed by a tunnel, 6,975 feet long, through the mountain to Loch Chon, and thence by various pipes and aqueducts to the great city, which can thus be supplied at a rate of ninety million gallons per day.

But the soothing influence of the bewitching lake speedily drives away all thoughts of this prosy "discrepancy," and as we pass the exquisitely wooded eminence of "Ellen's Isle," the Lady of the Lake casts a dreamy glamour around us, and we live over the fairy past for a short delicious period.

"High on the south huge Ben Venue" towers in his strength to a height of 3,009 feet, "while on the north, through middle air, Ben An heaves high his forehead bare," and crowds of lesser celebrities, some clothed with verdure to their very summits, and others exhibiting the grim nakedness of their stalwart limbs, group thickly round, as if to shield from all obtrusive gaze the winsome charms of the waters which they sentinel.

Jutting promontories, adorned with "lichens wild," green islets and miniature bays, blend their respective features till the whole is "beautiful exceedingly," and soon we come to the famous Coir-nan-Uriskin, or Goblin's Cave, a deep vertical gash formed by some terrible convulsion of nature, and which "grey superstition's whisper dread" assigned as the retreat, in olden times, of the "urisks" or "shaggy men," beings answering precisely to the description of the Grecian satyr! This cave overhangs the lake in solemn grandeur at the base of Ben Venue, one of the most picturesque mountains in Great Britain, comprising the dignity of Alpine scenery with the luxuriant wildness of foliage peculiar to the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

At the head of the lake an exceedingly fanciful boat-house and pier are erected of gnarled wood, interlaced irregularly together, and the instant we touch, off rush the shoals of excursionists to the coaches which are once more in waiting for them. A very benevolent individual, with whom we have been chatting pleasantly during the sail, volunteers to post on, and keep me a seat,—an attention for which I am deeply grateful, as, being fleet of foot, he secures the favourite box-station, and in due time I am safely hoisted up, and we are off! Off through the "Trosach's rugged jaws," through



scenes which "defy the pencil and the pen," every turn of whose road reveals a "tangled screen" of living beauty, and is fraught with memories of Snowdown's knight and his romantic story. The pass is about a mile long, surrounded on every side by hoary mountains, from whose precipitous crags spring the oak, the alder, and the weeping birch, while flowers of a thousand hues waft a sweet perfume upon the "west wind's summer sighs." So firm as hold has the poetry of the gifted minstrel taken in the mind of the people, that the guides and coachmen seem to attach a veritable historic importance to every place connected with the narrative, and we are almost moved to shed a tear over the last resting-place of the "gallant grey." On emerging from the magnificent gorge, we come into sight of the Trosach's Hotel,—a handsome turreted building, somewhat after the Scottish baronial style of architecture,—which boasts, in addition to its very superior accommodation, an unpronounceable Gaelic name of at least five syllables. A couple of days is well spent at this delightful retreat, roaming the woods in fancy free, and, as coaches are continually passing to and fro, we easily manage to get seats again, and start forward to finish the tale Loch Katrine has commenced. "The copsewood grey that waves and weeps on Loch Achray" now opens to our gaze, and whilst we drive along the margin of this exquisite lake,—which abounds in trout and salmon,—its varied charms displayed in one harmonious whole, we remember how long, long ago the Fiery Cross oft sped on its stern mission along these very shores, and recall the prompt obedience of the brave old Highland clans to the leaders whom they followed so devotedly. On the left the driver points out the "Brig of Turk;" further on is the hamlet of Duncraggan, and presently we are again careering along the water's edge, and "Vennachar's broad wave" stretches before us with one solitary island, "Inch Vroin," to break its glassy surface. This lake is about five miles long and one and a half broad; its shores are richly wooded, and it also is well stocked with fish. Ben Venne and Ben An form a splendid background to it, while on our other hand, we are told, is Lanrick Mead, the muster-place of the old Clan Alpine; and just beyond that the Wood of Lamentation, so named in memory of a funeral party of 200 having been drowned while crossing the lake at that part. Coilantogle Ford, "Clan Alpine's outmost guard," is the next feature of interest, and then down in the valley before us lies Callander, "one of the varied realms of fair Menteith," and right glad are we to see its jaunty villas and comfortable cottages, for already "the shades of eve come slowly down, the woods are wrapped in deeper brown," we poor mortals are shivering in our eyries, and longing to stretch our limbs and indulge in a more substantial repast than the rich mental feast with which we have been favoured. How glad we are that we have written beforehand to secure rooms, for the hotels are all crowded at this season, and several unfortunate parties are turned reluctant

from the door of the "Dreadnought," to drive elsewhere in search of accommodation.

Just in time for Table d'Hôte dinner, so we hurry up to No. 93, perform our ablutions, and re-appear, in fresh array, in a period so short that it would be incredible were it not that hunger prompted haste. Now that the evening is before us, and having nothing better to do, let me say a few words regarding the Table d'Hôte. To us it affords immense amusement, and is infinitely preferable to dining alone. One sees such varieties of human nature conglomerated together, yet each keeping to themselves, or gradually picking out and fraternizing with kindred spirits; some "hail fellow well met" with all; others reserved and stately; some purse-proud and arrogant; others with the quiet refinement of the true aristocrat. To us "Capeites" this mixture affords a rare source of interest, and in our private parlance we soon dub our immediate neighbours with the titles we deem most appropriate. Sometimes a mere chance proves whether our surmises are correct or not, but more frequently they only help to enliven a fleeting hour, just as we ourselves, doubtless, in turn afford a passing speculation or amusement to those around us. To-night, for instance, we sat opposite a family consisting of father, mother, and two sons, who remind us so vividly of Dickens' "Veneerings" that we at once christened them after their prototypes. We saw them first at Inversnaid. They came up in the Loch Katrine steamer, and behold! here we have met again at Callander. Père Veneering is stout and pompous, and bears in every portion of his frame the magic announcement, "I am a monied man;" while Mrs. V. airs her wealth on her person by coming down to breakfast in a gorgeous silk robe laden with jewels; appearing at luncheon in another equally imposing garb, and finally rustling in to dinner the very acme of dressiness! This is pleasant, and of course arises from a benevolent motive, as we shall in time, doubtless, inspect all her wardrobe, and be able to copy the latest fashions. The only drawback is, that, as the resplendent quartette unite in depreciating every article of diet set before them in rather warm terms, we poor plebeians, who think the cooking very good, feel quite small and out of place in our proximity to such unparalleled magnificence! On the other hand we met in the Loch Katrine steamer with a charming young couple, apparently still in their honeymoon ("Edwin and Angelina" is the term we apply to such delightfully-situated mortals!) and when we recall the sweet face of that "child-wife," we wish that *they* had been travelling the same route, and happened to light on the same hotels as we do, instead of these Veneerings. However, it can't be helped, and, speaking of that, reminds me of the hundreds of people who are going over precisely the same sight-seeing ground this year, and yet how very seldom two parties follow exactly the same rotation. You sit next some one at breakfast, and, if you fraternize at all, he will perhaps ask what particular

exploit is to occupy you during the day, and when you reply, ten to one if he does not say, "Ah! I was there yesterday, and to-day I proceed to such a place;" to which you probably respond, "How singular! Why we only arrived from that very spot last evening;" and so on.

But meanwhile the moon has risen, and the evening is really too lovely to be wasted in an hotel parlour, be the latter ever so comfortable, so we muffle up warmly, order a chaise, and drive through the celebrated Pass of Leny to the romantic shores of Loch Lubnaig. This pass was in ancient times an almost inaccessible entrance to the Highlands, and skirts the edge of Ben Ledi by a sombre ravine in whose depths the river from which it takes its name thunders along a rocky bed. It has been justly said "that there is no such climate for all kinds of beauty and grandeur as the Highlands," and a wilder spot could scarce be found than the road we are now traversing. 'Twas along here that Angus of Duncraggan sped in his turn with Roderick Dhu's Cross of Fire, and the ruins of the Chapel of St. Bride, where he delivered the symbol to the young bridegroom, "Norman, heir of Armandave," are pointed out as we issue from the pass. And now Loch Lubnaig appears in view, hedged in by "shaggy, brown mountains," who reflect their fantastic shapes on its clear blue surface till a sense of awful loneliness steals into the very soul of the beholder. Eve with "western shadows long" seems the meet queen of such imposing grandeur. "There is no breeze upon the fern, nor ripple on the lake," and naught breaks the stillness save the occasional leap of some char or trout, and the whirr of a few timid grouse whom we have roused from their slumbers. Spell-bound and fascinated, we gaze in silence for awhile, and then drive home, glad that we have seen the beauties of this lonely place at so appropriate an hour, yet to be haunted during the night by weird visions of its mysterious ghost-like shades, and the dark Spirit of Solitude whose secret abode we have dared to penetrate.

Morning, however, dawns in radiant splendour, and its genial influence chases away all gloomier thoughts, and leaves but sweet remembrances behind. The forenoon passes in loitering about the pretty village, built on the banks of the River Teith, and from the picturesque bridge which spans the river just opposite our hotel, we obtain a splendid view of the surrounding country. The houses are built of a species of rough conglomerate, but are nevertheless exceedingly tasteful in appearance, and as the Teith affords excellent fishing (we had the pleasure of seeing a salmon leap high in air just now), the numerous villas are easily let to lovers of the sport. The valley itself is richly cultivated, but just behind it the hoary head of Ben Ledi (or the Hill of God), with a host of smaller, though equally inaccessible elevations, seem to cut it off from all communication with the outer world. Close to the village are the supposed remains of a Roman camp, and it is said that the terrible mountain chain

formed a natural and successful barrier to the inroads of those dauntless old conquerors, as this camp is the boundary of their "foot-prints" in these regions.

There are some really pretty peasant children playing about the "haugh" in front of us, and, on chatting to them, we are surprised to find how intelligent they are,—all who are of any likely age being able to read, and seizing with avidity some cards with picture verses on them. And yet we ought not to be surprised, for it is a notable fact that the lower classes in Scotland are far better educated, as a rule, than the peasantry of any other country, Germany, perhaps, excepted. The Scotch have, indeed, from the earliest times shown a remarkable attention to literature, and many of the greatest names in the British world of letters claim the northern of the sister lands as their birth-place, a circumstance the more praiseworthy when we remember how, during so many troublous centuries, she was harassed and upset by internal struggles and foreign foes.

The programme for the afternoon consists of going to hear "Bracklinn's thundering roar," and we are proportionately disappointed when we *don't* hear it, as lack of water parches the mouth of the thirsty torrent, and in place of the angry leap of a mighty rushing river to a depth of fifty feet, we merely behold a mimic cascade do the same leap, gracefully enough, albeit with a paltry show. There is no doubt, however, that in the rainy season the fall would be a very dangerous place, and to cross the narrow rickety bridge thrown over it from bank to bank would be fraught with much peril, as a series of shelving rapids, or places where rapids would then be, and dark linns terminates in a deep bed formed of huge particles of rock, along which the torrent could easily be imagined to froth and roar most alarmingly. Notwithstanding our disappointment, the trip is well worth the trouble, were it only for the capital view obtained of the fertile valley of the Teith, which lies embowered in trees at our feet, and the grand mountain panorama which stretches away before and around us, so that the excursion contributes a due quota of pleasure, which, after all, is the primary object of our search. There are such a multitude of solemn-faced, white-chokered, and exceedingly "fussy" waiters hovering about the "Dreadnought," that I am quite thankful when dinner is over; and after evening coffee, a little more strolling about the village, and an hour's delicious idling on the green mound by the bridge, form an agreeable conclusion to the last day of our stay here.

"Variety is charming," and so when the morning brings "soft" weather, as they call this steady, soaking rain, we try to believe that it will be "fun" to travel in it, and determine to adhere to our original plan of leaving by the 10.15 a.m. train. When we are paying our bill at breakfast, we observe that Père Veneering is paying his also; in fact, everyone at the table observes it, as he appeals in a general way to the sympathies of the public, having been charged



6d. for a glass of ale which he is sure he never had. A dozen fussy waiters are called in turn, "Not that he objects to spending money, but to being cheated," &c., and finally the matter is settled to some one's satisfaction, we presume, and the breakfast party return from this little diversion to their more serious occupation.

Packing up and driving to the railway station do not take long, and on entering the waiting-room it is an intense satisfaction to find that "heaps" of other people are also going to try the "variety" of travelling in "soft" weather. We step into a carriage with only two other occupants, and, after getting comfortably settled, take a quiet opportunity of reconnoitering our new companions. The one is evidently a young clergyman, the other a nice-looking youth dressed in the most expensive and elegant of travelling costumes, and, from sundry signs developing about the pair as we journey on, I conclude finally that they are tutor and pupil, who, but for this frightful war, would probably have been on the Continent instead of here, just as dozens of "Edwins and Angelinas" and hundreds of ordinary folk like ourselves would have been. In such case we should all have missed one of the most glorious lines of railway journey ever laid! First we skirt the shores of Loch Lubnaig, and the rain which patters against the panes of our carriage, and stirs up the sullen waters of the lake, seems just in keeping with the ideas we formed the other night when we drove upon the opposite side. The grim old mountains have veiled their secret recesses with Heaven's own impenetrable mist, and the very train seems to hasten on as if to withdraw itself from that sacredness of solitude. We have soon left it behind, and are now speeding round the head of Loch Earn, the whole seven miles of whose length can be viewed at once as it lies in an almost straight line. The banks of this lovely expansion are gaily fringed with copse and brushwood, its waters are so deep that they never freeze, and the mountains which guard its strand "kiss high heaven" in the exuberance of their exultation.

But "Time, Tide, and the Railway Company wait for no man" so we take a bird's-eye view and are hurried on to Glen Ogle, where, from the extreme danger of the route, we are fortunately *obliged* to proceed very slowly, and can thus drink in its beauties at leisure. Methinks all the savage wildness of Highland scenery culminates here: the mountains tower defiantly on either hand of the narrow valley, a deep ravine stretches along below us, and our iron horse snorts and toils its way upon a narrow ledge of road made at infinite cost and labour high up on one side of the gorge. I believe I ought to feel very much frightened, as the line is said to be so unsafe that the company will probably abandon it; but the sublimity of the prospect almost takes away my breath, and leaves room for no other emotion save that of intense admiration and awe. Perhaps, however, we all feel a little thankful when we emerge from the dangerous path without accident of any kind; but we would not have

foregone the expedition for any risk, and are right sorry to step out from the carriage at the little station which branches off to Killin.

Here an omnibus waits to convey passengers, and, on stepping into it, who should I see already comfortably settled but Mrs. Veneering! The inside is full of ladies, so the gentlemen have to be content above, and shelter themselves from the pelting storm as best they may. Our way lies through a miserable village, by the side of a little stream, at present rejoicing vociferously over the added stores it is rapidly gaining, and we are followed by a score of ragga-muffins, who delight in tumbling over one another and scrambling for the coppers thrown out to them, and who are, moreover, so agile and "to the manner born" that they pick the money and themselves up in no time, and are after us again to beg for more.

Arrived at the prettily-situated hotel, we are besieged by a couple of individuals selling "cairn gorms," and, after politely informing them that we are at present too wet to attend to their behests, we hurry inside to change our damp garments and solace both the inner and the outer man. It seems as if we were *always* eating, but really, what with the constant change and exposure to the keen air from "morn till dewy eve," one *does* become ravenous, and it is no wonder, therefore, that the poor hotel-keepers charge so exorbitantly for a meal!

And now, gentle reader, it is decidedly too moist to proceed further this afternoon, and as to-morrow is the "Day of Rest," permit me to take leave of you until the weather begins to clear a little, when I shall be most happy to have your company in a few more of our peregrinations. When next we meet we shall enter "fresh woods and pastures new." Meanwhile, *au revoir*!

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## A Climb up the Thebus Berg.

BY G. GREY, M.D., F.G.S., EDIN.

WHO, with any ordinary knowledge of the physical geography of the Cape Colony, has not heard of the famed Thebus Berg? Although far from the loftiest, it is, owing to its comparatively isolated position, probably the most conspicuous, as it certainly is in form and general outline the most curious, of all the mountains belonging to the Cradock and Middelburg districts, not to say of the whole Colony.

I will, for the nonce, assume the Thebus to belong to the Cradock district as well as to that of Middelburg,—for, although in reality in the division of Middelburg, it is situate within a stone's throw of the boundary line. I may be actuated by a selfish motive (speaking

topographically, of course); but I desire to impress the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* with the idea, for the time being, that the district of Cradock holds, if not a material, at least a moral right to the Thebus Berg,—and this must surely carry considerable weight, in a literary point of view. Has the Thebus not been frequently referred to in the published writings of the mighty hunters of the land as the pet mountain of the Cradock district? At Inverness, in the year 1859, a day or two before I made an ascent of Ben Nevis, the monarch of mountains of Great Britain, it was Gordon Cumming himself, that worthy offshoot of the great house of Argyll, who spoke to me of the Thebus Berg as being his first love! “The dear old Cradock Thebus, how much would I give to see it now,” were, I well remember, the last words he uttered on that occasion. But he was destined never to see it again. Then, as regards a “material” right, I may perhaps be allowed to assert as my conviction—deduced from reasons it were out of place here to advert to—that our claim to the Thebus is undoubtedly stronger than that of the Orange Free State to the territory now held by Waterboer, west of Ramah and David’s Graf! To this, however, I hope no one ventures to reply “But that is not saying much.”

I need scarcely remind the readers of this journal that the name “Thebus,” Anglice “Tea-caddy,” has originated from the peculiar configuration of the mountain. Of course, the head and shoulder of the tea-caddy stamp of structure is all that in reality exists, for had the mountain taken to itself the entire form of that useful household article, alas for all the aspirations of the would-be climber! In truth might he then exclaim “Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.” The Thebus Berg, from whatever aspect we view it, presents the appearance of a rounded volcanic cone, crowned with a lofty, though slender-looking, perpendicular cap of basaltic greenstone, the whole being wonderfully symmetrical in figure and outline. Including an allowance, hereafter explained, the reading of my aneroid gave as the height of the entire structure 1,930 feet from the base, and 5,870 feet above the sea-level; that of the vertical crowning piece is as nearly as possible 200 feet, its perimeter (quite circular) being about 250 yards in extent, as I estimated it. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that it is the perfect regularity throughout of its different component parts which gives to the Thebus its very striking appearance. I should here observe that its altitude is identical with that of a neighbouring table-mountain.

It was on returning from a journey to the northern part of this district, undertaken at the request of the Government, with the laudable object of warding off certain variolous diseases threatening the Colony, that I arrived at 9 a.m. on the 28th June at the foot of the Thebus Berg. Here I had arranged to meet an esteemed friend and collaborateur, and we intended to have made the ascent together; but alas for the uncertainty of human hopes and desires! To my great disappointment, Dame Fortune played us the slip, and

although both parties climbed the mountain within perhaps an hour of each other, we never met, after all. The weather having for some days previously been rainy and unpropitious, I was glad to find the early morning promising well. Nevertheless, on outspanning at the farm-house of the hospitable Mynheer van der Walt, I had grave doubts as to the result of the expedition, for

“The morning air around the berg,  
Was misty from the floating cloud.”

But mist and cloud speedily cleared away, and, failing to see or hear anything of my friend, I resolved on climbing apace, accompanied only by my faithful “Ascanius.”

The mountain was steep, and the ascent, therefore, by no means playwork; but we managed to accomplish it, at least as far as the foot of the krantz, in a little more than an hour. After enjoying awhile the surrounding view—and this was in itself an ample reward for our labour—we proceeded to search for some practicable spot where we might attempt a final struggle up the craggy krantz. Our inspection, however, proved very unsatisfactory, for the precipitous rock-mass seemed from no point to depart from a pure perpendicular. But we were not to be quite outdone; and after some consideration we fixed upon a spot on the north-east side, where, by dint of taking advantage of every available foothold, we at length attained an elevation which we reckoned to be quite, if not more than, half way to the very summit (100 feet approximately). “We can get no further; let us here rest awhile and be thankful,” I ejaculated. To look directly beneath us appeared likely to result in a total loss of physical balance. In order to prevent so dread a catastrophe, I was glad to ensconce myself as firmly as possible in a cranny behind the rock on which I had found a footing, and occupy half an hour or so in scratching my name on the hard trappean block. I hope the inscription will long remain for the edification, or otherwise, of future aspirants to the summit of the Thebus. It is a matter of satisfaction to have to report that the descent of the mountain was, after this, quickly and safely accomplished.

Although most of the mountainous elevations throughout this district partake of like physical characteristics, being distinguished by the same peculiar igneous formation, and clothed with identical horizontal (though, by the way, not invariably horizontal) strata of the secondary age, yet the eruptive action appears at a few spots only to have been isolated in a marked degree; the formation of the Thebus affording, *par excellence*, a case in point. The result of weathering over the surface of the Thebus Berg, and on the flats around it, is seen in great force; the whole having been, in consequence, considerably modified in form. It is not too much to say that the strata of the hills and the extensive valleys (or flats) surrounding have been almost solely produced by atmospherical and aqueous influences. Also, an inquiry as to how far the existing rocks



of the several mountains and mountain-chains of the vicinity owe their present form, as well as the alterations on their original structure, to metamorphic action, would, I think, well repay the labour of a careful observer. It is highly probable that to metamorphism in certain favoured spots Southern Africa is indebted for its rare and curious mineral ores, as also the precious stones and gems which have already gladdened, and will, I hope, for many a long day continue to gladden, the eye and to cheer the heart of numbers of our enterprising, though occasionally, until a recent date, desponding fellow-colonists.

The shales and sandstone flanking the Thebus Berg are for the most part made up of the grey and red varieties common to the hills of the Cradock district. They form part and parcel of the rock-formations belonging to the secondary or mesozoic (dicynodon) strata, and are associated with alluvial deposits; also, we find intercalations here and there of disintegrated crystalline and sedimentary rocks. I noticed occasional fragments of old schistose rocks, and pieces of trappean material scattered amongst the shales—evidences of the effects of an igneous as well as a metamorphic agency now long extinct. I was told at Van der Walt's house, foot of the Thebus, that hæmatite (red iron ore) has been occasionally picked up on the mountain sides; but as my informant did not produce any for my inspection, and I could notice no such ore on my visit, the statement requires confirmation. In illustration of previous igneous action on some of the old sandstones, it is no uncommon thing to find vitrified substances agglutinated to and likewise penetrating the matrix of the dicynodonts. So marked is this, that a very high geological authority in England has suggested the idea that these organisms may have been imbedded in volcanic ash. My impression is that metamorphic action has been largely at work in connection with these and other of our sandstones. As bearing on this subject, it is not altogether improbable that, should amygdaloidal (vesicular) greenstone have been erupted, and, while yet in a state of fusion, acted upon and altered the carboniferous formations of the secondary strata, which prevail from that locality (Thebus) to the north of the Stormberg,—the original matrix of the diamond may yet be found to have extended to this district. A statement lately published (well-authenticated) concerning the discovery of a diamond in the metamorphosed formations near to Burghersdorp—identical, I believe, with many of our own—helps, I think, to strengthen my views, which are put forward on the assumption that the amygdaloidal greenstones and metamorphic rocks have played the greatest part in the production of the gems. By heat-action certain portions of the carboniferous strata of the Stormberg have been altered to graphite, and also anthracite; and, in connection with this fact, Professor Rupert Jones has advanced a well-considered hypothesis on the probable production of the diamonds of the Vaal district through igneous and metamorphic agency, altering carboniferous substances belonging to

the latest formed of the Karoo strata, which have been traced to that region (vide *Geological Magazine*, No. LXXX, February 1871). At the conclusion of his article, Professor Jones refers to a theory (previously suggested) on the possibility of the diamond having been produced from hydro-carburetted emanations in like manner as sulphur is produced from hydro-sulphuretted compounds.\*

In conclusion, to revert to the proper subject-matter of this paper, viz., the ascent of the Thebus Berg, I trust I may not be accused of an overweening conceit when I state, as my firm belief, that no individual had previously attained a higher spot on the crowning krantz than did my attendant and myself on the morning of the memorable 28th June last. Two traditions on the subject of ascents are at present current in the vicinity (unauthenticated, unfortunately!) The first is, that an ill-fated personage (name and date of ascent not recorded) many years ago succeeded in scrambling alone to the summit; but, being unable to effect a descent, his bones lie bleaching there to the present day. The second is, that a land-surveyor once on a time also reached the top; and that, in scanning the surrounding scene, his field-glass accidentally escaped his grasp, and was lost in a chink of the rocks, where, of course, it is yet supposed to be. But this gentleman, though it is presumed that he descended safely, appears to be as unknown to fame as is the first-mentioned; and surely, if successful, he would have placed the fact of his plucky adventure on record. The use of scaling-ladders is the only method I can propose as likely to ensure success. An experienced Alpine climber might perhaps think it worth his while thus to risk his life. Of course, many persons may, after all, doubt whether the end would really justify the means. Yet, I dare say, one may hear some day of a clamber to the very summit of the Thebus Berg being *un fait accompli*.

Cradock, July 14, 1871.

\* With reference to the above, as relating to the origin of the diamond, I would suggest that, during the intense heat generated in the formation of an igneous amygdaloidal rock certain carburetted particles might be propelled suddenly into its fused substance, and the carbon being precluded under such conditions from acquiring the requisite oxygen to form carbonic acid, and, further, from surrounding pressure being unable, while yet fused, to be dissipated, such particles of carbon on cooling might possibly assume their proper crystalline form. At any rate, the latest investigations go to show that the diamond is really of igneous origin. Therefore, in the great laboratory of Nature, a union (difficult in some respects to reconcile it, may be) may possibly have sometime been effected between certain fused substances of the igneous-amygdaloidal and the organic-carboniferous formations; and the latter, so far from undergoing decomposition, have been in reality refined to perfection in the process.

I would observe that in a recent analysis, by Professors Rupert Jones and Tennant, of thirteen lots of specimens belonging to the immediate connections of the diamonds of the Vaal, kindly forwarded to me by Mr. E. T. Cooper, Government Surveyor, and transmitted to the Geological Society, more than three-fourths were found to be of an amygdaloidal nature. I must not at present dilate on the subject of diamonds; or a reference to subsequent alterations occurring to the matrix, in the matter of the various disintegrating and depositing processes, effected through the action of aqueous, atmospherical, and other natural forces, during long periods of time, ought to have due consideration.—G.G.

### The Three Graces.

The Graces three—how potent is their art  
 To bind the sense, and win the willing heart !  
 To fairest forms what witchery they bring,  
 Like fruits to autumn-tide or flow'rs to spring !  
 When trained by them, 'tis pleasing to behold  
 The lovely figures cast in beauty's mould,—  
 With the enchanting Roman wriggle, blend  
 The Alexandra limp and Grecian bend.  
 My own sweet Leila, though with beauty grac'd,  
 Alas ! too often disappoints my taste :  
 She lacks, with all her mental elevation,  
 The fascinating charm of affectation.  
 Unhopping in their gait, her pretty feet  
 With even step move gently o'er the street ;  
 While, with firm shoulders and unshaken sides,  
 Quiet and upright as a queen she glides.  
 But, ah ! what thrilling rapture should I feel,  
 Would she but learn to wriggle like an eel,  
 Like a bent pin to stick her hind parts out,  
 And limp like Dives tortur'd with the gout !  
 Oh ! she would seem—so beautiful her face is—  
 A very Venus, deck'd by all the Graces.

E. J.

## Notes on Rural Matters.

THE prospects of cotton cultivators in the East are improving. We are told on the best authority that upwards of 400 bales of ginned cotton will be shipped from the Cape, for a European market, this year. On the 10th of this month, August, there is to be a Cotton Show at King William's Town. The prize-list is liberal, and the general rules fair and encouraging to the competitors. The first prize is £30 for the largest quantity of *ginned* cotton (that is, cotton cleared of seeds), not less than 1,000 lb., or its equivalent (3,000 lb.) in seed, of marketable quality and condition. We hope the Show will prove a great success, and stimulus to the further development of an important industry. The sister Colony of Natal is striving, too, in the direction of cotton-growing. At Pietermaritzburg the annual Show of the Agricultural Society was held in May last, when considerable quantities of cotton, ginned and unginned, were shown; but neither the quantity for competition nor value of the prizes offered was equal to those offered by the King William's Town Committee. Liberal as they are, Parliament is to be asked to supplement them by a vote of £100.

IN the schedules of prizes issued by our several Agricultural Societies at Natal and the Cape, there is, we venture to say, an important feature ever wanting, viz., prizes for written essays on the cultivation, or manufacture, or preparation of exhibits. We have no doubt such essays would be forthcoming if encouragement were offered. Their value to the tyro or beginner would be great, saving many from disheartening failures. Take cotton cultivation in illustration of our views. What is known authentically of its cultivation at the Cape? Where is the farmer, anxious to make a trial, to procure information? It nowhere exists. And yet there are men amongst us who are successful in its cultivation, and who, no doubt, would make their practice public in the form of an essay, or otherwise, if inducement is offered. Such essay or detail of practice, prepared for the press and published by the Society giving the prize, would be most valuable as a guide, philosopher, and friend to the intending cultivator. The statistics also would be most valuable. At present, we do not know whether 150 or 400 lb. of clean cotton per acre is the produce of our fields. What it costs per acre to cultivate, &c., &c., are matters we are quite in the dark about.

The early successes of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, and many of the vast benefits to the country which have resulted from the efforts of that Society, are acknowledged to have been produced by the system it inaugurated and followed out, so long as circumstances required, of offering prizes for essays on exhibits, and on all rural improvements—draining, fencing, planting, building, feeding and fattening of stock, &c.

THE coffee crop in Natal this season is largely in excess of the estimated returns. It is calculated the yield for this season (1871) will reach 1,000 tons, representing a sum of nearly £40,000. The planters of Natal, by their patient and persistent industry, are now happily overcoming long years of disappointment and discouragement.



ment. The coffee-planter does not sow and reap in a year, but must wait and toil several years before he reaps a return. It is the same in all coffee-producing countries, but in Natal the difficulties and delays were greater. The country was new to the planter, and the crop was new to the country; and every step was an experiment, the results of which had only to be waited patiently for. Late accounts state that "the want of labour to pick fast enough (the coffee berries) is severely felt."

At the last Show of the Pietermaritzburg Agricultural Society, a prize of 10s. was given for the best six ostrich eggs! This is an article of produce in which the Cape could successfully compete with "little" Natal. At the same Show the exhibits of cheese were numerous, and the quality excellent. This is an article of Colonial produce we seldom see on our exhibition tables. Indeed, we only recollect of once seeing, two years ago, some cheese from Worcester, which we thought very good, but the judges thought otherwise, and neither commendation nor prize was given to the exhibit.

Natal lately sent home some fibres for report. The sorts were China grass, two samples; banana fibre; and agave fibre. Dr. Forbes Watson, to whom they were referred for report, says of each it *might* bring *if*, &c. Very unsatisfactory. They do not appear to be more successful with fibres at Natal than are our enthusiasts at the Cape.

The Royal Horticultural Society of England have issued a schedule of prizes for collections of *Economic Entomology*. It is wonderful how little cultivators in all countries know of winged *pests* (?) and their larvæ, which play such sad havoc amongst growing crops. The object of the Society in issuing this prize schedule is, to secure at their periodical shows exhibits of insects injurious to any one plant, as the oak, apple, cabbage, wheat, &c. The insects are to be shown as much as possible in their various stages of development. Shortly, the exhibit must illustrate the life of the insects, and the injury it does to vegetation.

A new disease has made its appearance on the vines in Australia, causing great tribulation and fear amongst the *vignerons*. By last accounts it does not appear there was anyone on the spot competent to deal with the character of the disease or its cure. We learn that specimens of vines with the disease in various stages were sent to England for examination by the Rev. M. J. Berkley, the eminent cryptogamist, who reports there is not a trace of *fungi* upon them, and, above all, there is no resemblance to what takes place from the attacks of *oidium*. The disease is called "Black Spot" by the Australian wine-farmer. From the brief description given of the disease, it appears analogous, if not identical, with what is known amongst us as "rust." Happily, the "vine disease"—*oidium*—which played such sad havoc in our vineyards before the sulphur cure was energetically applied, is dying out. We know of several vineyards where the disease was most virulent a few years ago now entirely freed from its attacks. The farmer should not relax in his observations, nor in the energetic application of sulphur on the most minute appearance of disease on his vines.

At the Botanical Garden living plants of *Stapelia hirsuta*, and a species of *Crassula*, have been received from Mr. Von Ludwig, of Namaqualand,—both plants being in the collection some time before. That northern region is the *habitat* of many rare and curious forms of bulbous and succulent plants, any or all of which we would be only too thankful to receive. From Mr. Gillman, also of Namaqualand, dried specimens of a species of *Hydnora* have been received, probably *H. triceps* of Meyer. It is specifically distinct from the species we have gathered at Hout Bay, but it grows parasitically on the same species of euphorbia—*E. caput-medusæ*. The *Hydnora* is known to colonists as “Jackal Food.” When cooked in native style, it is “not so bad” when nothing else is within reach. A “Ward’s” case of plants has been received from England per *Roman*, a donation to these Gardens from Mr. J. C. Holding, the late popular Secretary of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society. The case contained many floricultural novelties, such as new double Azaleas, double and single Petunias, Pelargoniums, Fuchsias, Ageratums, perennial Phloxes, Pansies, etc.

On entering the Botanical Gardens by the gate opposite Government House, and turning to the right, the visitor will see a remarkable plant, rarely to be seen in flower at the Cape. It is the “Australian Rock Lily”—*Doryanthes excelsa*. The grandest of a grand family of plants—the *Amaryllidaceæ*—of which our “Chandelier Lily,” *Brunsvigia Josephineæ* is an example. The Australian Rock Lily is of more gigantic proportions, however, one specimen having a flower stem 20 feet in height, surmounted by a grand corona of deep crimson flowers. This is the second time of flowering of this plant in twenty years. Other plants in the garden have not flowered at all in that time.

THE *Sarracenia purpurea*, of which mention has of late been made in the local journals as a cure for small-pox, is indigenous to North America, where it is found growing in low boggy situations at a very low temperature. In Britain its cultivation has been attempted in likely situations, but, so far as we know, without success. In America the plant has a reputation as a specific in small-pox, and several medical authorities are quoted in support of its virtues; but in Europe no satisfactory results have followed its use; indeed, it is stated in one scientific journal that either as a cure or an eradicator of the effects of small-pox, the *Sarracenia* is utterly valueless. *Melia azadir-achta*—the Cape “syringa” tree—is extensively used in India in cases of small-pox. The syringa is really a native of India, although found in every village at the Cape as a shade tree. It is, indeed, become quite *naturalized* (without Act of Parliament), and if really possessed of any virtue as a cure for small-pox, it is important to have the tree so extensively distributed, and that it is so well adapted to our soil and climate. In Indian practice the fresh leaves are used to allay irritation of the skin in small-pox, and also to prevent the pitting and marking of the skin. Dr. Wright, an eminent medical authority in India, states that the leaves beaten into a pulp, and externally applied, act like a charm in removing the most intractable forms of *Psora*, and other pustular eruptions.

HERE is something for the bald, the grey, and to those who *will* have auburn or chestnut hair. The prescription is given as we received it. Boxwood, according to the old herbalists, was used from a remote period to render the hair auburn, and we are told that a young woman in Lower Silesia, whose hair had fallen off after a severe attack of dysentery, was advised to wash her head with a decoction of boxwood in order to induce it to grow again. This she did, and hair of a chestnut colour grew on her head, as she was told it would do; but having used no precaution to secure her face and neck from the lotion, *they* became covered with red hair to such a degree that she seemed but little different from an ape or a monkey! It is wonderful! "Nic Culpepper, student in Physic and Astrology," and, we may add, prince of quacks, makes no mention in his "Herbalist" of boxwood as a hair-restorer.

WITH Englishmen, a subscription list, like a public dinner, is an institution. Their annual voluntary contributions for public and charitable purposes make up a marvellous sum of money. We are led into this strain by observing that the "French Peasant Farmers' Fund" has nearly reached the enormous sum of £50,000, besides large donations in kind—seeds, roots, plants, implements, &c. The objects of the fund are to meet the wants and relieve the sufferings of the numerous small farmers who have lost all by the invasion of their country, and, by supplying seeds, &c., and means to purchase the several requirements of cultivation, diminish their sufferings, and enable them to start again. Compared with Britain, the number of small farmers in France with small holdings is very great. The intense desire of the French peasant to possess a holding, however small, has caused great subdivision of the land, and the creation of a tenantry little removed above that of an ordinary labourer. The invasion and the effects of the war have fallen heavily and painfully upon this class. It is for their assistance the fund exists. There is also a fund, already large in amount, for the relief of small nursery and market gardeners who have suffered from the same cause.

MUCH has been written on the influence of trees on climate. Amongst ourselves there is hardly a farmer but can tell of the decrease in the strength of the water springs when the "bush" is destroyed in the neighbourhood. As bearing on this subject, the following extract is important and appropriate at this season when everyone is, or should be, planting trees. We quote from a paper by Mr. D. Milne Howe, Chairman of the Council of the Meteorological Society, and published in the *Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society*. The title of the paper is, "Suggestions for increasing the supply of spring water to Malta, and improving its climate." There is much in the paper of very general application. We give that which is of especial application to the Cape:—

"The influence of forests on climate has been made a subject of investigation by meteorologists of late years; and though much still remains to be done, yet some important points have been established. The highest temperature of the air occurs in summer, between two and three p.m., but trees do not attain their highest temperature till nine p.m. Changes of temperature take place slowly in the tree, but in the air they are rapid. Hence trees may be regarded, like the

ocean, as powerful equalizers of temperature, in moderating the heat of the day and in maintaining a higher temperature during the night. Since air is heated by contact with the soil, and since trees shield the soil from solar radiation, it is evident that trees diminish the force of the sun's rays, especially in the lower stratum of the atmosphere which is breathed by man. Trees exhale moisture, and thus produce cold in the air by the latent heat extracted from it. From this lowering of the temperature, and from the moisture which is exhaled, dry winds acquire greater relative humidity, and thus are deprived of much of their noxious influence, and, since trees break the force of the wind, their beneficial effect is greatly augmented. During the night the process of terrestrial radiation lowers the temperature of a tree at a slow rate. First, the upper leaves are cooled; then those leaves immediately under, and so on until the whole are cooled. Now, in the earlier part of the day, before the tree is heated by the sun, its cool leaves present a very large surface to the air currents which pass through them. Hence, the cooling influence of trees is very considerable, which all must have experienced in the deliciously cool breezes of well-planted parks on a warm summer day. This refrigerating influence of trees is sometimes well seen in the earlier part of the day when the air is filled with fog. In such cases heavy drops of water fall from the trees, and increase on occasions to the copiousness of a heavy shower; and, doubtless, when the air is saturated, the rainfall will be heavier when the wind advances on a forest whose temperature is several degrees lower than that of the surrounding district where there are no trees. Hence, then, it may fairly be inferred, if it has not, indeed, been proved, that trees bring about a different distribution of the rainfall, as respects the time of the day and the season of the year. Trees serve another important purpose. When rain falls on so dry and bare a soil as Malta, it runs off at once and is lost in useless, if not destructive, floods. But since the roots of trees penetrate the soil, and so loosen it and render it porous, much of the rain is not only received and preserved by the trees, but what falls to the ground is allowed to sink into the soil and fill the reservoirs of the deep-seated springs. And since, owing to the stillness and greater dampness of the air among trees, the evaporation from forest soil is only about a fifth of what it is in an open country. Woods regulate the flow, and retard, if they do not altogether prevent, the drying up of springs."

A NEW specimen of the Mammoth tree of California—*Wellingtonia (sequoia)*—has been discovered in Southern California, measuring 40 feet 4 inches in diameter, seven feet thicker than any previously discovered. If a section of this vegetable giant was placed in Government Walk, it would entirely block up the way from rail to rail.

THE *Gardener's Chronicle* publishes a letter from Dr. Hooker, now on a botanical tour in Morocco, dated at Tetuan, giving an interesting account of his travels as far as that place. The country is described as magnificent, with a climate rather more moist than was expected. The implements of husbandry and the system of cultivation are rude and barbarous in the extreme, yet excellent crops of wheat, barley, flax, legumes, &c., are raised; while oranges, figs, walnuts, dates, almonds, olives, and ground nuts are plentiful. The inhabitants, mostly Arabs, are steeped in ignorance and filth. Some rare, and, it is believed, *new* plants have been discovered. Altogether, the Doctor and party appear well satisfied, so far, with their tour.

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## Notes by the Editor.

IN the June number of the *Cape Monthly*, and in the second of his delightful papers on the geology of his tour to the Gouph, Dr. Atherstone describes a shell cave at Mossel Bay just immediately under the cliff of Cape St. Blaize, of which he says :—

We visited the celebrated shell cave mentioned by Burchell and others, which gave its present name to Mossel Bay, and about which they speculated so wildly in supposing that sea-birds had carried the “hundreds of wagon loads” of shells to the present height above the sea; others that it was part of a raised beach, upheaved with the rise of the continent. From the bones and ashes and charcoal mixed with the shells, and the fact that none but *edible* shells are found, there can be little doubt that it was in reality an ancient “kitchen-midden.”

Since this appeared, we had an opportunity of revisiting, in the course of last month, and pretty carefully exploring, the similar shell caves and “raised beaches” on the estate of Mr. McKellar, at Cape Point; and the result was strongly to confirm us in our previous opinion that these relics are unmistakable indications and traces of real upheaval. At Cape Point—and on either side of the peninsula—these shells are to be found in immense profusion, and at various elevations from, say, forty feet to four hundred. And they certainly are not all “edible” shells. Both in the caves and on raised summits, as well as on intervening slopes, they are found of the most varied sorts, and mingled with smooth pebbles and boulders of the most marked sea-worn character. At one place—the summit of a bluff known as Matroosberg, rising almost precipitously from the sea to a height of four hundred feet—and extending over several hundreds of yards, we found shells presenting precisely the same appearance as those now on the beach at Kalk Bay, and mixed freely with sea-sand, only coloured slightly by the vegetable humus. It is but right to say that in the same locality were found some specimens of native pottery, of which an excellent sample was given us by Mr. P. D. Martin, of Simon’s Town, for the South African Museum; and likewise that, as we were informed by Mr. Martin, in some of the shell caves years ago, human bones were found mingled with the shells. But the extent to which seemingly “raised beaches” have been observed,—not at detached spots, but more or less along the whole coast,—appears to us a strong testimony in favour of the gradual upheaval theory. They have been observed, for example, near Camp’s Bay; at Cape Point; at Port Beaufort; at Mossel Bay (on the north as well as the south side of the promontory); in covered strata some miles from the mouth of the Zwartkops; and so forth. We submit this note merely in a tentative fashion, to direct attention to the subject, and to elicit observations, either *pro* or *con*, from such of our correspondents as may take an interest in the subject.

WE have been favoured a fortnight ago with a copy of the *Eastern Star*, a newspaper published in Graham’s Town, and ordinarily, we believe, more distinguished for its peculiar politics than its contributions either to literature or science. In the

issue forwarded to us, however, a learned Theban discourses on the theme of Colonial Scientific Work; and does so after a fashion which would have induced us to set him down as a solemn prig, were it not he has the grace to confess that the day when he wrote "was one of his bilious days, and that other things than the *Cape Monthly* had then disagreed with him." But as to one particular assertion of his, at once bumptious and silly, it is as well that we should set him clearly to rights. Referring to the present *Magazine*, he says:—

It does not require much sense to see that if there are any men in the Colony whose scientific labours are worth paper and print, such men will hardly present the firstlings of their thoughts and years of toil to the *Cape Monthly*, there to be mixed up with the farrago of light literary padding, which one lazily reads to the accompaniment of an after-dinner cigar. At least, this will not be the case till European scientific journals have ceased to exist. The editor may rest assured that good scientific work is dreadfully scarce; and in the distribution of it by its few possessors, which, like kissing, goes by favour, *the Cape Town editor will not get so much as the scrapings of the dish.*

This last sentence smacks amusingly of the rabid tendency of the paper in which it appears to reduce every great question of South African progress and improvement to the wretched degradation of mere territorial or provincial rivalries. But simply as a matter of pleasant fact, we beg to assure this great anonymous wiseacre that *every scientific man in South Africa, without exception, to whom application has been made* for contributions to the *Cape Monthly*, has readily responded to the request; and that among these are gentlemen of the highest eminence in their respective departments—writers whose productions are heartily welcomed and have appeared in English periodicals of the highest order, from the quarterly to the weekly. We greatly regret that we had not made application, among others, to this swellish and bright particular writer in the *Star*; and if he now favours us with his name we shall repair that neglect with the least possible delay. And when we do so we shall explain to him that in our judgment it forms no part of editorial responsibility to correct occasional mistakes of correspondents in matters of suggestion or opinion, such as the one he points to in the Reptilian Monograph in the July number—which, as it happens, we did chance to observe when we first perused the MS., but which we deliberately allowed to stand, simply as part of a communication to which the writer appended his name—a name familiar enough, we may add, to naturalists of no less distinguished a rank than Huxley and Owen. In so acting we imitate the example of such a periodical as *Nature*, where week after week letters appear from the most eminent men, containing errors and mistakes which are brought into controversy in the next succeeding number. If the writer on whose bilious nonsense we have been commenting is prepared to abandon his scientific snobbishness—which of all genera of that ilk is about the most objectionable—and to go in for practical work on the only level at which either scientific or literary work is practicable at the Cape, we shall, as we have already indicated, be very glad to welcome him as an assistant in what to ourselves, as to our correspondents, is for the present at least, as it had been for years before, a mere labour of love.

WE have only room for a sentence or two to ventilate a little grievance respecting the circulation of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* by post. The rate now imposed is *threepence per copy, or twenty-five per cent. of the whole cost*; while English periodicals of three times the actual weight are forwarded to all parts of the Colony for nothing at all. A representation to this effect was made to the Government last year; and it was pointed out that a clause *had been expressly inserted* in a recent Post Office Amendment Act for the purpose of ensuring that any colonial magazine which might come into existence should be conveyed, as newspapers of the same weight are, at the penny rate. The legal adviser of the Crown, however, no doubt for good and wise reasons of his own, decided adversely. Against that decision we appeal to public opinion, and through that to His Excellency the Governor, with a confident assurance that Colonial literature will not long continue to be subjected to far heavier, and all but prohibitive, restrictions than those imposed on periodicals from home.

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## The South African Museum.

30TH JUNE, 1871.

IN the statement of contributions to the South African Museum, kindly published in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* of March last, there was an omission which I much regret, viz., a good collection of birds' eggs from Mr. Sydney Jackson, the arrangement and identification of which was personally attended to by his son.

Since the last published statement, the following contributions have been received, viz. :—

From Dr. Exton, some specimens of pebbles from Campbell Town; agates from sand-flats south of Bamanguatu; stone arrow-heads from Boatlanama, Bechuana country; and specimen of stilbite from Molappo hills, border of Matibili country.

From Dr. G. Atherstone, from the Gamtoos River, fine (white veined) black marble, discovered by him on his memorable tour to the Gouph, extending from 70 to 80 miles, capable of being shipped from the quarry into barges down the river; together with other specimens of lime and sandstones, conglomerates, &c., from the same locality.

From Mr. J. J. Cruywagen, sen., of Wellington, pebbles of agate and quartz from Sifonel, and a specimen of quartz vein from the Gouph, where it is said a gold nugget has been found.

On the Cape Flats I found some stone implements, and was kindly favoured with some well-wrought stone arrow and spear-heads from the same locality, by Mrs. Dale.

From Mr. Odewahn, South Australia, received five cases of insects.

From His Excellency R. W. Rawson, Governor of Bahama, a box of shells, reptiles and fish.

From Mr. Lucas, D'Urban Road, a fine eagle—*Circaetus thoracicus*—the stomach of which contained a snake undecomposed, 2 feet 4 inches long, and two smaller ones in the lower intestines in a partial state of decomposition.

A very fine specimen of boomslang, or tree snake, from Mr. Du Toit, of Rondebosch.

Mr. Russouw, of Malmesbury, has brought in some specimens of a dark earthy shale, somewhat similar to the shales of the Witzemberg Flats, and some quartz crystals, to which he attaches some importance as connected, in the district, with considerable quartz veins, having a north-west and south-east direction.

From Mr. Hall, jun., Namaqualand, a large and curious black beetle—*Brachysenus*.

Specimens of Hyalite or Muller's glass and asbestos, from Dr. Exton; also from Mr. Truter, a piece of confusedly crystallized bladed talc, much resembling double axis mica.

Mr. Louw, of Witzemberg Flats, has supplied a large series of very interesting specimens of fossiliferous shales from the shafts sunk at his cost in searching for coal. According to Wylie, they are upper Devonian.

Mr. Maskew presented a small specimen of gold quartz obtained from Mr. Robt. Williams, of Pleasant Creek, Victoria, South Australia.

From Mr. H. Atmore, a bottle of reptiles.

A black and white muishond (*Zorilla striata*) from Mr. R. M. Ross, of Rondebosch.

Mr. Holding, on leaving the Colony, sent in a case of beetles and moths.

Miss Elliott, of Rondebosch, has presented a large and various collection of minerals and fossils procured in America from the Rev. Dr. Beadle, of Philadelphia, including corundum and alusite, fine sheets of talc, and slabs of sandstone with excellent fossils of fish.

A large scorpion from the Rev. — De Vries, of Sutherland.

From Mr. Thos. Mathew, an extraordinary large toad.

Mr. Wright, M.L.A. for East London, a collection of chalcedony, striped jasper, agate, &c., from the Vaal River Diggings.

Mr. P. de Smidt, of Calvinia, has supplied a number of quartz crystals, clear, smoky, and topaz coloured, as well as crystals of calc spar.

From Sutherland the Messrs. J. and M. Commaille, have supplied a quantity of curious quartz crystals, chiefly octahedrons, which are internally interspersed with specks and even cubes of iron pyrites, some specimens of fibrous iron, a fibrous metallic-dark, coloured vein stone, not yet determined, chalcedony, and what are called by the farmers "Thunder Shells," which only appear after thunder-storms. They are dead shells of the helix or snail form.

A large collection of pebbles from the Sifonel diggings, presented by Mr. Uys, of D'Urban.

From Mr. Duminy, of D'Urban, a large elephant's bladder.

Mr. Kuys has sent in a large molar from the jaw of an elephant dug up on the Blaauwberg Flats.

Mr. J. Hudson, of Mossel Bay, skin of *Recurvirostra avocetta*—a white wader bird, with long upturned bill.

HENRY W. PIERS, Acting Curator.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## Sir John Herschel at the Cape.

BY SIR THOMAS MACLEAR, F.R.S.

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### PART I.

THE earthly remains of Sir John Frederick William Herschel, Bart., the most justly celebrated astronomer and philosopher of modern times, rest beside those of Newton, in Westminster Abbey. He died at his residence Collingwood House, Kent, on Thursday, the 11th of May last. The following extract of a letter from Miss Herschel to my daughter, Mrs. Mann (who had been visiting at Collingwood in April), written on the day of his death, describes the peaceful departure of this truly great and good man :—

“A week before, he consented to see a doctor, who, with Dr. Stewart (Lady Herschel’s brother), succeeded in allaying the cough. On Tuesday, the 9th, he kept his bed, feeling that he could recline more easily than he had done for a long time, having been obliged often to sleep all night in his arm-chair ; but, though he had less pain, and could bear to be read and chatted to (bearing everything so patiently and humbly), it was evident that his strength required the utmost support from nourishment and stimulants. Still we rejoiced in his rest, till a change came on early this morning, and from the first alarm he sank rapidly. All was peaceful and perfectly painless in his last hours. He passed away in sleep—only ceasing to breathe.

“Poor Mama is calm, but very worn and exhausted, this evening ; and I have been writing so many letters that I have now only time to say how I feel sure of your affectionate sympathy with us.

“Will you please to communicate our sad news to your father, who, I am sure, will grieve for one he valued so much ? ”

Thus departed one whose transcendent genius was unsullied by the slightest tinge of dogmatic egotism, and, like Newton, he was humble almost to a fault.

He enjoyed a quiet jest or humorous tale, if free from sarcasm and personally inoffensive. He was fond of poetry ; an admirable

contriver of innocent amusement ; and, blessed with domestic happiness, his mind was not distracted from his scientific pursuits. On learning, a month before his death, that I had a fancy for old nursery rhymes, he Latinized a few, and enclosed them to me with a note dated 9th April, written apparently with a firm hand, and without any indication of personal suffering. I received them, together with the news of his death, on the 21st of June !

Having enjoyed the privilege of close intimacy with him while he resided at the Cape, I venture in the following pages to give a general outline of his engagements during that interval.

It is proper to record in this place that to his powerful influence and representations, the Cape Royal Observatory is indebted for its present equatoreal instrument.

With regard to myself and mine, it is proper to acknowledge that he has been a staunch unflinching friend from the moment of our first acquaintance.

Sir John Herschel and family embarked at Portsmouth, in the *Mount Stewart Elphinstone*, on the 13th of November, 1833, and arrived in Table Bay on the 15th of January, 1834. His family then consisted of Lady Herschel and three young children, namely, William James, Caroline Emilia Mary, and Isabella. The servants included John Stone, a mechanic, for obvious services. Sir Benjamin and Lady Durban, and suite, were fellow-passengers.

Having landed his astronomical instruments without accident or injury of any kind, they were deposited, by permission of Deputy-Commissary Petrie, in the store-houses of the Commissariat Department, while Sir John searched the neighbourhood of Wynberg for a fitting residence, including a suitable spot adjacent to it for establishing the instruments. The search was of short duration ; indeed, he found a place almost at once, which possessed the conditions he required, namely, the mansion and extensive grounds, sheltered by high trees, called "Feldhausen," the property of Valentinus Alexius Schonberg ; and until the proprietor could turn out, and a few repairs be effected, he obtained of P. B. Borchers, Esq., the temporary tenancy of the house "Weltevreden" (now called "Stanhope House"), situated at a convenient distance from "Feldhausen," for the immediate accommodation of his family, while the short distance between the localities enabled him to superintend the erection of the 20-feet reflector, which he pushed on with energy ; and on the 22nd of February his curiosity was gratified by a view in that noble instrument of the double star  $\alpha$  Crucis, and the nebula about the variable star  $\eta$  Argus ; and on the 5th of March he commenced a regular course of sweeping.

The erection of the building, surmounted by a revolving roof for the reception of the equatoreal instrument, and the planting of piers for supporting its polar axis, were finished in April. By the 1st of May the equatoreal was mounted and adjusted, and on the following

day the micrometrical measures of southern double stars was commenced by the measurement of  $\alpha$  Centauri, the chief among them.

This equatoreal was the instrument employed by Sir John throughout the whole of his double-star measurements in the northern hemisphere. The 5-inch object glass was the work of the celebrated Tulley, focal length 7 feet, mounted on a polar axis according to the English system, in contradistinction to the German short axis, supported by a single pillar in the centre of the room.

Besides the 20-feet reflector and the equatoreal, he had the short portable reflector, which was so profitably employed at Slough by his aunt, Miss Caroline Herschel, the companion and assistant for many years of his father, Sir William.

The frontispiece to the volume "*Results of Astronomical Observations at the Cape of Good Hope, by Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart.,*" furnishes an excellent view of the 20-feet reflector and equatoreal room building, taken at the dwelling-house end of the long avenue approach from the public road. A line of high trees bordered each side of this avenue, similar to the high trees at right angles to it seen on the left, bordering an extensive plantation of Cape pine. The trees on the northward side, in the immediate vicinity of the equatoreal room, were not so high. Upon the whole, the position of the instruments was pretty well sheltered round from S.E. by S. to the N.E.—an important desideratum of defence against the clouds of dust and the vibrations occasioned by roaring south-easters. At the left side of the circular rail on which the 20-feet reflector revolved there was a winch at which the man sat who moved the telescope in azimuth, in compliance with orders from aloft. The imposing mass of part of Table Mountain and Devil's Berg, seen in the back-ground, presented no obstruction to ordinary observation; but on the important and interesting occasion when Halley's comet was advancing to perihelion, it prevented valuable observations which its absence would have permitted being made.

The cottage adjacent to and S.E. of the mansion (not visible in the engraving) became a general work-shop, laboratory, and store, for carpentry, speculum polishing, and other mechanical operations. A table carried groups of bottles containing chemical agents—results of experiments on the colour of flowers, and mysterious compounds, at least to the uninitiated. But Sir John had little time for chemistry, although a favourite pursuit with him, for all clear nights were devoted to sweeping with the 20-feet reflector, or to measuring double stars. The registers of the night work were regularly examined in the day-time, when whatever needed re-observation were noted, particularly passing sketches of nebulæ, clusters, planetary nebulæ, or colours of stars. For relaxation and health, he occasionally took horse exercise, gathering and transplanting bulbs, &c.

Hospitality was not overlooked. The occasional gatherings at

"Feldhausen" consisted of the *élite* of the Cape, adorned by the presence of Lady Herschel, whose intellectual and personal gifts were combined with graceful conversational talents.

With reference to "Feldhausen," it may be well to record in this place that in the year 1835 Sir John became the proprietor instead of the tenant of the estate. Mr. Schonnborg's affairs pre-disposed him to part with it, and Sir John agreed to purchase it, unincumbered, for the sum of three thousand pounds sterling. The transfer is dated 27th February, 1835. A considerable portion of this valuable property was then covered with timber, chiefly Cape pine.

The following incident is also worthy of record, for the purpose of explaining the origin of a misplaced name. Mr. Schonnborg requested a small bit of the land at the southernmost limit of the estate, far away from the mansion, upon which he might run up a dwelling for himself. With his wonted liberality, Sir John complied with the request, and likewise with the desire of the old lady (Mrs. Schonnborg) that the spot granted "*henceforth shall bear Sir John's family name.*" A memorandum of this affair, signed by Sir John, appears on the page following the official transfer in the Registrar of Deeds' Office in Cape Town. Schonnborg built the house; his successor enlarged it; and now (1871) the handsome country residence "Herschel" is the property of J. Busk, Esq. This vanity on the part of the old lady might mislead strangers with respect to Sir John's residence. If the name had been stamped on "Feldhausen," the act would have been sanctioned by universal suffrage, and in accordance with common sense. The Herschel Obelisk close to the mansion, which marks the position of the 20-feet reflector, is at a long distance from a dwelling that bears the name "Herschel," and ere long the intervening space will be dotted with houses.

It is proper to record that the entire cost of Sir John Herschel's Cape expedition was defrayed by himself, and that he had no official alliance with the Cape Royal Observatory. Yet the profound respect and esteem on the part of the Director of that establishment for Sir John's superlative talents and acquirements, and for his unalloyed friendship, valuable advice and assistance on many occasions, created an alliance infinitely more binding than could have been guaranteed by any other means.

Sir John's object at the Cape was a survey of the southern heavens, in accordance with the plan pursued by his father and himself of the northern. Mounted on the stage of the 20-feet reflector, and looking down the tube, a zone of celestial objects, reflected by the mirror, passed slowly along, panorama fashion; and when a double star, or nebula, or planetary nebula or cluster, or remarkable colour of a star, or, indeed, any object worthy of note appeared, he measured its distance from the nearest fixed star by means of the attached micrometer; and as the telescope approximately coincided



with the meridian, the small attached quadrant and the chronometer enabled him to calculate the position of the star referred to sufficiently near to identify it in a catalogue. If no such star could be found in a catalogue, or, if found, its recorded place seemed to be incorrect, his own approximate position was transmitted to the Observatory, where its correct position in the heavens was determined by means of the meridian instruments. The total number of these requirements, chiefly in Right Ascension, during the four years of his sojourn, amounted to about 670, and this service represents the *only* astronomical aid he derived from the Observatory. The weight of incidental astronomical items rested on the opposite direction.

Notwithstanding the unflinching labour devoted by Sir John to astronomical and collateral scientific pursuits, he found time to help on general education and knowledge. He usually took the chair at the examination of the students of the South African College. He presided at the first anniversary meeting of the friends of the Popular Library, held in the Commercial Hall, Cape Town, on the 18th of August, 1835. The body of the hall was nearly filled, and the gallery crowded by some hundreds of young people, juvenile emigrants, apprentices, and others, who listened with apparently intense interest to the proceedings. The following passage from Sir John's opening address on the occasion represents pretty well the tenor of the whole :—

But to reclaim the mass of a nation from barbarism, it is not enough that books should be printed—they must be *read*. To give that noble invention, printing, its full effect as a civilizing agent, its inestimable products must not be confined, like the luxuries of life and the gifts of fortune, to a few, but must be made to circulate among the many—not regarded as an adjunct of superior station and wealth, and limited in their use to persons of the higher classes, the cream of society, but diffused throughout the great subordinate mass, and brought into contact, if possible, with every individual of a State. Such is the object aimed at by institutions like the present—an object which it seems hardly possible to imagine any simpler or more efficacious mode of accomplishing. When he looked around him, and saw such an assembly as the present brought together at this remote point in furtherance of such a purpose, his mind was filled with sentiments of a solemn and affecting kind. Who could say what might not be the ultimate effect of this undertaking, or what destinies might not take their origin from this beginning?

His Honour Sir John Wylde, the Chief Justice, Anthony Oliphant, Esq., the Attorney-General, and others addressed the meeting.

We have here the forerunner of the system of education promulgated by Sir John in the year 1838, shortly before he embarked for England.

Shortly after his arrival at the Cape, Sir John was elected President of the Cape Town Literary and Philosophic Institution, which became under his rule what might be expected. The meetings were held in the hall of a building which accommodated the museum of

that period, and is now the property of the Roman Catholic Bishop. The locality is rather interesting to astronomers, forasmuch as the garden behind called "Concordia Gardens," nearly a century back, was the place where the astronomers who accompanied Captain Cook made their observations; and still more interesting, forasmuch as Sir John Herschel presided in the adjacent building, over the Literary and Philosophic Institution, from 1835 to March, 1838. The house and garden where the Rev. Fearon Fallows, M.A., resided, pending the erection of the Cape Observatory, is a little way further up, and is now the property of Mr. P. Stigant. Perhaps the earliest Cape Town astronomical station worthy of note was the *pavilion* in Government Gardens, where, by permission of Governor Van der Stell, the Jesuits who accompanied the French expedition to Siam made their observations in June, 1685.

The need of regular and continued meteorological observations was a prominent subject at the Institution meetings. There could be no doubt that Mr. Fallows had kept a journal, although it was not left at the Observatory. The journal kept by Captain Bance, R.N., at the Port-office, afforded an approximate knowledge of the meteorology of Table Bay. This journal was commenced on October 15, 1828, and comprehended fifty-eight months, the entries at 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. Wahlstrand's meteorological register, printed in the *Cape Gazette* of 1820-'21, was found untrustworthy. A meteorological committee was appointed, of which the Rev. Dr. Adamson was a leading member. Sir John drew up elaborate instructions, under the title "Instructions for making and registering Meteorological Observations in South Africa and other countries in the South Seas; also at Sea." (This valuable document will be referred to hereafter, and perhaps reprinted at full length. It would occupy about twenty pages of this Magazine.) He proposed that, irrespective of the regular journal to be kept at the Observatory or elsewhere, there should be quarterly term days, namely, on the 21st of March, 21st of June, 21st of September, and 21st of December, the observations to be hourly or two hourly throughout the twenty-four hours. This proposal contemplated the probability of enlisting a few amateurs whose imperative occupations might not permit them to keep uninterrupted daily journals, yet would admit of four days in the year being devoted to meteorology, and with the obvious advantage of obtaining coincidence with respect to local times. The scheme was adopted six years after at the several magnetical and meteorological stations set on foot by the British Government, exclusive of the regular daily journals.

Early in 1835, Dr. Whewell's tide investigations led him to seek information from Sir John regarding the phenomena of the Cape tides. The "establishment" in Table Bay (about two and a half days) was pretty well known; but this was a small item of the proposed inquiry. Having consulted with Sir John, and communicated with the naval authorities in Simon's Bay, two gauges were

constructed, one for each bay. That for Table Bay was fastened to the seaward end of the old south jetty. Now came the pursuit of tide waves under difficulties. The journey from the Observatory, the sojourn at the end of the jetty, sometimes in the night, during fifteen or twenty minutes, in all winds and weathers, with globe lamp and note-book, were duly appreciated. Although "Feldhausen" is distant over six miles from Cape Town, Sir John proposed to take a share in the service. In June he wrote as follows:—

Feldhausen, June 11, 1835.

T. MACLEAR, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—Whewell writes that the Admiralty have ordered a tide series at all the Coast Guard stations during the month of June, and earnestly entreats for corresponding observations here, especially of the times. I have written to Mr. Deas Thompson to suggest the desirableness of urging on his observer *extra care*, and of some personal superintendence on his own part (being *on the spot*) at convenient hours, so as to ensure a good series there (Simon's Bay).

Since Major Cloete has been gone, I know not who has the command of the Jetty Guard; but as you are, of course, in communication with his *locum tenens*, you may inform him of the circumstance that the observations of the current month will be especially brought into comparison with the English series for an important scientific purpose.

Is there no one in Cape Town who would occasionally attend at the gauge half hour before and half hour after *expected* high or low water, to observe as follows (Whewell's own suggestion)? Let 3 p.m. be (for 4) the expected time:

1st. At 2½ p.m., read off the height or depth on the index in contact. (Call it *a*.)

2nd. Note, as usual, the time and height of the high or low water, and register them as usual. (Call the height *h*.)

3rd. At 3½ p.m. read off again the height or depth, by bringing the index into contact (noting as secondly, where it stood, and then restoring it so as not to intercept the usual course of registry. Call this *b*).

$$\text{Then 1 hour} \times \frac{\sqrt{(h-a)(h-b)} - (h-b)}{b-a} + 2\frac{1}{2} \text{ p.m.}$$

will be the true time of high or low or low water.

Might not Chase be bitten to do this for a few days in this month, so as to mark the thing with greater authenticity? \* \* \* \*

I have got a fine set of micrometrical measures of *h*'s great satellite; but what is become of the distant one?

Yours very truly,

J. W. F. HERSCHEL.

P.S.—On second thought, I have put a P.S. to my letter to Deas Thompson, requesting him to engage a man to make (at my expense) hourly observations from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m., to the end of the month. The situation of Simon's Bay is so beautifully adapted to the purpose, and the float apparatus excellent. It is probable that we shall now have hard N.W. gales, and a horrid "Atlantic swell," which is Whewell's great bugbear, in Table Bay, rendering the observations less valuable.

J. F. W. H.

The knowledge of the Admiralty order to the Coast Guard, together with the fact that Sir Frances (then Captain) Beaufort

filled the office of Hydrographer to the Admiralty, left no doubt on the responsibility of the Observatory for the expenses.

On comparing the Simon's Town with the Table Bay tide observations, the times of high and low water were found very nearly coincident; therefore, when the self-registering gauge was sent from England five years after (1840), it was erected adjacent to the Simon's Town Naval Yard, where it remained twenty years, to secure tide measures during one revolution of the moon's nodes. After this it was removed to the Table Bay Docks, where it was much wanted, and is still in action, and it is to be hoped will long continue there in action.

The following note will show that Sir John was suffering from *over-work* in the spring of 1835, not from the cause he assigned :

Feldhausen, Wednesday Morning.

MY DEAR SIR,—A distressing languor and debility, which I have found creeping over me for some days, has to-day reached the point of incapacitating me from any exertion. I feel quite unable to go into town; should you attend the meeting of the S. A. Institute, pray be kind enough to hand in the accompanying packet (containing our meteorological observations), and explain my reason for non-attendance, requesting any of the V. P. S. who may be present to take the chair.

I begin to fear that we arrived too late in the last summer to get a full seasoning for the hot weather, and that I shall have, in consequence, much of the same ground to go over again this year; so that I really dread the two next months. One comfort I have, however, in this, that the effect on my constitution seems not inflammatory, but depressing. I have no tendency to fever, but, on the contrary, a pulse weak and slow to the extreme.

I remain, my dear sir, &c.,

J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

P.S.—If you do not attend the meeting, be so kind as to give the parcel to the bearer, who will take it into town to the Museum. If you do, re-address to Dr. Adamson—it will save you the trouble of writing.

Having mislaid a memorandum-book, and as the minutes of the Literary and Scientific Institution are not immediately available, I am rather uncertain regarding the contents of the above-mentioned packet, but I have little doubt that it conveyed the second report of the Meteorological Committee, read on 11th July, 1835.

Referring to the printed copy of that report, communications had been received from various parts of the Colony—in most instances expressing great willingness to co-operate in the observations recommended, but almost in every case complaining of the want of meteorological instruments, and in some requesting a supply. A register had been received from Captain Wolfe, Commandant of Robben Island, of the state of the barometer, interior and exterior thermometers, wind, weather, &c., at the hours agreed upon during January, February, March, and April—the barometer an indifferent instrument.



From Worcester, a register of the thermometer only, received from P. J. Truter, the Civil Commissioner.

From the Royal Observatory and from "Feldhausen," hourly observations at the solstices of December, 1834, and June, 1835, and the equinox of March, 1835. The latter Sir John had discussed, and reported the result as follows :

The comparison of these observations has shown that, in this locality at least, even at stations so near together as "Feldhausen" and the Royal Observatory (4·1 miles), the fluctuations of atmospheric pressure are very far from nicely corresponding; and that, so long as any wind subsists in a mountainous district, the atmospheric strata can by no means be regarded as horizontal. The calm, however, having been complete and uninterrupted for ten successive hours on the night of the 22nd ultimo, afforded an excellent opportunity for determining the difference of level of the two stations, which appears to be 129 feet 8 inches, subject to a trifling correction for the Zero points of the barometer, which remains to be more exactly ascertained.

Communications had also been received from Sir Edward Ryan, Chief Justice of Calcutta, containing a register of the barometer kept by himself during his passage from Table Bay to Calcutta in the months of December, January, and February, 1834-5; and from — McHardy, Esq., surgeon on board the *Mount Stewart Elphinstone*, containing a similar register made in the voyage of that ship from Table Bay to London during parts of the months September and October, 1834; from Captain Wauchope, H.M.S. *Thalia*, containing extracts from a journal of the barometer and thermometer, &c., observed on board H.M.S. *Eurydice*, off Saldanha Bay, during a heavy gale in 1819; as also in Table Bay during a violent north-wester in 1817; and lastly from H. W. Junes, Esq., surgeon on board the *Sherburne*, containing a similar register kept during the approach to and after the arrival of that ship in Table Bay in January, 1835.

The journals of Sir E. Ryan and of Mr. McHardy, especially the first, afford strong corroborative, and, indeed, quite decisive evidence of that important meteorological fact of a considerable depression of the barometer in approaching the equator from extra-tropical latitudes. Sir E. Ryan's barometer, previous to his sailing, was compared, through the medium of a portable barometer in possession of Sir J. Herschel, with the mural circle barometer of the Cape Observatory, the difference of which, from the standard of the Royal Society, had been previously ascertained by two distinct comparisons agreeing perfectly, *inter se*, made by the intervention of the above-mentioned portable barometer, which had been brought to the Cape by Mr. Henderson, and again transported by him to London. By these comparisons it was found that Sir E. Ryan's barometer required a correction of — 0·116 inches to reduce it to the Royal Society's Standard. This correction being applied, and the reading so corrected being reduced to the freezing temperature, and classed into groups in zones of 10° in breadth, proceeding northwards and

southwards from the equatorial zone (between the latitudes  $5^{\circ}$  N. and  $5^{\circ}$  S.), according to the observed latitudes of the ship at noon of each day, gives as follows :

|                 |                |                |                 |                |                 |
|-----------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Latitudes .. .. | $0^{\circ}41'$ | $9^{\circ}50'$ | $19^{\circ}12'$ | $31^{\circ}0'$ | $38^{\circ}25'$ |
| Barometer .. .. | 29.821         | 29.849         | 30.030          | 30.125         | 29.934          |

The results from McHardy's are as follows :

|                              |                |                |                 |                 |
|------------------------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Mean Corresponding Latitudes | $1^{\circ}42'$ | $9^{\circ}20'$ | $19^{\circ}41'$ | $31^{\circ}20'$ |
| Barometer .. .. .            | 29.821         | 29.802         | 29.960          | 30.085          |

The total depression concluded from the latter series of observations agrees very nearly in amount with that stated by Sir John Herschel as the result of his own observations during his voyage from England. The general fact may now, therefore, be looked upon as unequivocally established; and it is hoped that it will henceforth attract the attention of all voyagers, and that observations will be diligently accumulated for the purpose of ascertaining the law of variation of atmospheric pressure in all latitudes, both within and beyond the tropics, and in either hemisphere, since it is very possible that the same exact law may not be found to apply to both, and that the Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific Oceans may offer differences depending on their different extent and relation to the continents adjacent to them.

If, in an article like this, it be allowed to speculate on the causes of meteorological phenomena, it appears extremely probable that the equatorial depression in question arises from the same cause which produces the trade winds, viz., the rarefaction and consequent ascent of the equatorial air, which, although constantly supplied from the extra-tropical latitudes, is yet not supplied *instantly*, nor without due dynamical motive force, which in a free elastic fluid *can* be no other than an excess of pressure on the side from which the pressure is drawn, or (which comes to the same thing) a diminution of it in the nature of a "*suction*" on that side towards which the superficial currents rush; which excess and diminution obviously arise from the overflow of the unsustained portion of atmosphere above the equatorial zone into the regions beyond. The inquiry, therefore, connecting itself as it does with all the greater phenomena of meteorology, assumes a high degree of interest, and will no doubt be studied with the perseverance and exactness it merits.

With respect to the tidal observations, the commencement of which I have described above, I quote the following from one of Sir John's reports to the Meteorological Committee:—

A series of observations of the height and times of high and low water at Simon's Bay, extending from January 26 to June 30, has been obligingly submitted to the consideration of the Meteorological Committee by J. D. Thompson, Esq., and the Astronomer Royal. It has not yet been possible to compare them with any theory, and, indeed, it would be premature to attempt it here, as they will require to be combined with the mass of knowledge now accumulating on this subject in Europe, to render them in any degree available.

One remarkable result, however, may be mentioned here, which offers itself on a very cursory inspection of the heights, as compared with the declinations of the sun and moon, viz., that while the monthly fluctuation of the mean sea-level, arising from the moon's alternate occupation of the northern and southern hemisphere, is scarcely perceptible, amounting hardly to two inches, its annual variation, due to the similar approach of the sun to the northern and southern solstice, is much more considerable, and forms, indeed, a prominent feature in the tides of the coast, amounting to no less than eight inches, or nearly a fifth of the average difference between high and low water, as the following brief table will show—in which the interval embraced by the observations is divided, not as usual into lunations from full to full, or from new to new moon, but into periods marked by the moon's passing from north to south of the equinoctial. By this division the effect (if any) of the moon's change of declination compensates itself, and leaves the solar effect in evidence. The cause of the prominence thus given to this part of the sun's agency appears to lie in the length of its period compared with the moon's, which gives time for the waters of the whole ocean to accommodate their general level to actual force by bodily transfer from one part of the globe to another, and by assuming at each instant (what the tides of short period have never time to do) very nearly the figure of equilibrium due to this particular modification of the disturbing forces. (It is not necessary to give the table of observations.)

At the meetings of the Institution of Wednesday, September 3, and October 1, Sir John gave the results from his reduction of the barometer and thermometer observations during fifty-eight months, at the port-office, furnished by Captain Bance, R.N. As before stated, the times of observation were 9 a.m. and 3 hours p.m. :

1st. The atmospheric pressure at Cape Town is subject to a considerable and very regular annual fluctuation, amounting, when reduced to the temperature  $32^{\circ}$  F., to  $0.287$  in., the highest level being attained about the 16th of July, on an average of five years.

2nd. That the barometric pressure is also subject to a regular diurnal fluctuation, whose average amount on a mean of the whole year may be stated at  $0.027$  in., the highest pressure taking place at about 9 a.m., and the lowest (so far as can be gathered from observations made only at the hours above mentioned) at 3 p.m.

3rd. That the daily oscillation is itself subject to an annual alternate increase and diminution, the limits being  $0.0198$  in. and  $0.0322$ , the former or lesser diurnal variation corresponding to the middle of January, and the latter or greater to the beginning of July.

4th. That these fluctuations are maintained with such regularity that there is not a single month in the fifty-eight examined, in the mean of which the daily oscillation does not appear, and that in the annual oscillation (with the exception of one remarkable anomaly, produced by the tremendous storm of July, 1831) not only does every year exhibit the fluctuation in question, but its progress is marked by similar stages, or phases of increase and diminution, the most remarkable of which is a temporary suspension of the regular, rapid rise of the mercury towards its maximum, usually taking place about the latter end of May or beginning of June.

5th. That, contrary to the usually-received notions, the rainy season at the Cape corresponds to a generally elevated state of the barometer, although it is true that particular storms of wind and rain are often marked by a temporary depression.

Sir John further observed that the amount of the annual barometric variation at the Cape corresponds pretty nearly with the amount of a depression of the mercury which he stated to have been

observed by himself in his voyage hither, at and near the equator, below its habitual state in the extra-tropical region—a depression then noticed, as he at that time supposed, for the first time, but which it appears had also been (very recently) noticed, and made the subject of inquiry and numerical computation by Professor Schow, of Copenhagen, in a paper published in the *Annales de Chemie* for June, 1833.

Sir John also further stated that the mean annual barometric fluctuation at Calcutta, on the average of between two and three years' observations made by M. Princep, examined by him, appears to be much greater than at the Cape, and, what is very remarkable, in a contrary direction, the maximum of Calcutta corresponding to the minimum at the Cape; and he attributes this to an actual bodily transfer of a portion of air from hemisphere to hemisphere, by the alternate heating and cooling of the two hemispheres as the sun crosses from side to side of the equator. The effect of this cause, which he considers to be general over the whole earth, will be to modify the regular and constant effects of the trades by a set of periodical winds differing materially in their character from local monsoons; and to this cause he is supposed to attribute the observed annual oscillation of the extreme north and south limits of the trade winds. The northern hemisphere, he further observed, being, by reason of its greater quantity of land, more superficially heated than the southern, it should be expected that the mean pressure beyond the southern tropic should exceed that beyond the northern; and he suggested this as a subject worthy of examination by meteorologists properly situated in both hemispheres.

Lastly, he observed that severe gales, occurring whether in summer or winter, appear to depend on causes entirely extraneous to the regular periodical fluctuations of pressure, and are probably dependent on causes of a local and transient nature, but that *a correspondence of extraordinary seasons* in distant parts of the globe may be expected to accompany great occasional deviations from the usual law of these fluctuations in any given place, and that it is far from impossible that an assiduous attention to this point may ultimately enable us to predict their occurrence.

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## The Farewell.

It must be said !—They pass away,  
 The gentle and the true ;  
 And, though reluctantly we say,  
 It *must* be said,—“ Adieu !”

’Tis the old story. Each in turn  
 Of sunder’d friends can tell ;  
 Nor half their value do we learn  
 Till bidding them farewell.

The heart might harden into stone,  
 With pain succeeding pain,  
 For those who leave us one by one,  
 And ne’er return again.

Some down in earth’s dark bosom sleep ;  
 Some far o’er ocean rove,  
 And there find other homes to keep,  
 And other friends to love.

And waking dreams our tears beguile  
 While sadly musing o’er  
 Each wistful look, each loving smile,  
 Which we behold no more.

Yet memories of the days gone by,  
 Not all are charg’d with woe,—  
 Some, even while we heave the sigh,  
 A chasten’d joy bestow.

The dear ones, for whose sake we bless  
 The turf beneath our feet ;  
 To dream of whom is happiness,  
 And ev’n to grieve is sweet.

The pure—the good—to know that they  
 Have lov’d us in the past  
 Is joy to light our onward way  
 While life and feeling last.

These thoughts are treasures of the heart ;  
 To these we fondly cling ;  
 Nor would we have such thoughts depart  
 For all that wealth can bring.

## South African Agriculture.\*

BY F. W. REITZ, ESQ., M.L.A.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

FOURTEEN years ago I had the pleasure of reading a couple of lectures in this town on "Cape Agriculture," and was honoured with a more numerous audience than I could have expected from a population not truly rural. I had for some time thought, before resolving to resume the subject in a similar manner, that what would amount to a sort of brief, though, I fear, very imperfect, history since that period might interest a sufficient number to induce me to come forward once more.

I shall endeavour to touch on the same matters contained in those two lectures, so as to enable us to see in how far we have progressed, or where we have learnt some experience, either to modify previous views, or to act more vigorously with regard to those which have been confirmed; and in conclusion, or incidentally, I shall endeavour to show how far we have advanced in the cultivation of those products which have till lately met with little attention, or which have within the last few years been recommended to our consideration.

I began my lecture with some comments on horse-breeding. On reperusing what I then said, I do not find that I have much to add. If anything, horse-breeding has been less attended to than before. Mr. Charles Barry and others deserve credit for importing, or encouraging the importation of, Suffolk punches and drays as an experiment, to establish in the Colony a breed of comparatively heavy draught horses, which it is thought will supply the demand of the grain country of the Cape and Malmesbury districts, where improved methods of ploughing, and the want of sufficient pasture to maintain at a less expense a large number of oxen, makes a system of more perfect culture and the employment of such true pullers as the Suffolks advisable; but when we come to the subject of ploughing and ploughing matches I shall be able to revert to that question.

I think it will now be admitted that I was not far wrong when I recommended a dash of the Arab,—taking into consideration that horse-breeding can only be made to pay, generally speaking, by not going too far in any attempts at artificial feeding.

In 1857 I expressed my regret that Lord Charles Somerset had so exclusively encouraged the English race-horse, whilst the rearing of separate breeds for separate objects had been as good as neglected; but it will be in the recollection of those who heard me, or who saw

\* This review of the recent progress and present state of our colonial agriculture was delivered some weeks ago as a public lecture in Cape Town. We publish it now precisely in the same form in which it was delivered.—ED. C. M. M.

my lectures in print, that I at the same time expressed a hope that the breeding of the English blood horse would not be entirely abandoned, believing that we should always require them to cross with other breeds, where speed and mettle were necessary ; but at present, I fear that, except Messrs. Van der Byl, Melck, and Kotzé, no other breeders find it worth their while to rear pure stock ; and yet, for the Indian remount—if Mr. Bayley's untiring efforts and unanswerable reasons for preferring Cape-bred horses should in the end prove permanently successful—a considerable amount of English blood will annually be required by our breeders throughout the Colony.

Another recommendation of Mr. Bayley's has not met with the attention it deserved. When sheep-breeding was found to pay better, and the rearing of horses, with the additional drawback of horse-sickness, had much decreased, that gentleman very sensibly advised our smaller farmers to keep a dozen or more mares each, with which they could do their ordinary farm work, feeding them moderately when employed, or during droughts and horse-sickness, so that they might be able to produce a more valuable animal, fit for exportation, or, to some extent, for use in the Colony. I recollect when I was in Scotland that at the proper season, on market days, half a dozen or more stallions of different breeds were exhibited, and the farmer, selecting the one which suited his purpose, would agree with the owner on what particular day he was to visit his farm. These owners were men who could just raise as much as would pay for the stallion and a Shetland pony, on which last they rode from place to place, in this way making a pretty good income for men in their station.

Whether the railroad or South American importations have brought down the price of mules, it is hard to tell ; but the effect has been to stop the importation of large jackasses, so that asses of diminutive size have become a drug, whilst good-sized animals are still scarce.

I omitted to say that it is difficult, in the absence of newspaper information, or unless the agricultural periodical, *The Farm*, takes it up, to judge whether that portion of the undertaking of the Agricultural Company lately under Mr. Hall's management, which was connected with the exportation of horses, was a failure, and, if so, for what reason.

Now, as to cattle-breeding,—I think the question may be considered settled, that for towns and villages, where cows must be fed, the Dutch breed has been found to answer best ; but when the natural pasture of the district is all that we are to depend upon, great difference of opinion still exists, and the system of crossing half-bred Dutch, Ayrshires, and Alderneys, without any fixed principles of constant selection, is much the same as ever. I cannot speak from experience ; but, as far as I can learn, the Devons have been tried and condemned, whilst the English short-horn has not been much supported in the West, though good prices have been given in the

East. We have, again, no means of ascertaining with anything like accuracy what the result of the experience of Eastern Province farmers has been.

Our Agricultural Societies, however, have of late made a great improvement in their mode of awarding prizes by a more strict classification of different breeds; so that I hope we shall in time be able to find out whether the real merits of such breeds as the Kerry are such as they have been described. Pasture is everything, and breeders cannot shut their eyes to the fact. Even in Namaqualand—that arid country—they have two very distinct breeds of horned cattle, entirely owing to the nature of the pasture.

With regard to *sheep and wool*, the French merino seems, after all, to have stood the test of experience best; but it has not a long-stapled fleece, although the quantity of wool and size of the sheep are quite equal to what our colonial grazing grounds can be trusted with. They are not perfect in shape,—narrow-hipped, and wanting in barrel; yet, strange to say, they are, notwithstanding, healthy, and the rams good lamb-getters.

I must add that the batch imported through Messrs. Jamieson & Co. in the commencement of last year from Rangin, in North Germany, though evidently of the French merino and Rambouillet breed, showed great improvement in shape. It was clear that the selection of breeding stock had been carried on in Germany with the same minute attention by means of which in former times the Electoral merino was produced from a very different variety originally, viz., the Spanish Escorial merino. Of course, in Germany, where super-Electoral wool, clipped from ewes producing less than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of wool, is no longer sold at 7s. and 8s. per lb., breeders have gradually increased the weight of carcase and fleece, and that by artificial feeding.

It would be a curious experiment to try whether, for colonies, where mutton is smelted down, owing to its low price, it would not be possible, by a system of crossing and selection, to produce a race with comparatively small carcasses and larger fleeces. Practical men may smile at such theories; but we all know that Bakewell produced a breed of cattle and sheep of a perfectly new variety by constantly selecting such as were small in the bone,—by these means substituting flesh and fat for bone, so preventing waste of nourishment on a less useful part of the carcase.

Our danger at present is that, owing to the low price of all wools, growers generally are becoming indifferent as to quality; and rather than give a moderate price for superior rams, the great majority either use their own stock or such as can be purchased at the lowest rate. This will in a few years tell on our exports. Our only chance is to keep ahead of South America as regards quality, and abreast of the Australian Colonies if possible.

In how far Australia and South America have advantages over us in the cheapness of land, even after so many years' endeavour,



I have been unable satisfactorily to ascertain. All I can do, by-and-by, is to give very brief statistics, gleaned here and there, leaving you to draw the inferences for yourselves. It is not an easy task, for we know even in this Colony how calculations as to the capability of farms in the same district or in another vary in the opinion of different judges. Nor need we ascribe such estimates to mere interested motives—for owing to the fickleness of our seasons, it is next to impossible to arrive at anything like certainty as to the average number of sheep per morgen a farm or a district can bear. Our statistics, as obtained from the last census, are admitted to be next to useless; and, for the purpose of ascertaining the average amount of stock depastured in each district, an annual enumeration on an economical plan, though less accurate, would be far preferable to a quinquennial one; and yet, upon such data alone can we go safely to work in trying to find the intrinsic value of mere sheep-walks. Where lands are improvable by irrigation, or where, without irrigation, a considerable portion of a farm can be put under the plough, of course the calculation becomes still more intricate. There is no doubt that pasture land, even when wool was higher in price, had risen to an artificial value, till, as with the Dutch tulip, people went on paying a shilling more than others did, without asking further questions.

But as a vast extent of South Africa will never become fit for arable purposes, and no other animal is likely to be so extensively reared as the wool-bearing sheep, for whose fleece there always will be a demand, it is clear that our land, when it has fallen (which I dare say it has) to the price of similar land in other wool-exporting countries, is likely to remain firm; for though it appears that, without taking South America into consideration, even Australia continues to increase in the quantity exported, we must not forget that the population of the world is becoming more civilized, and that of America rapidly increasing, and, consequently, the consumption of woollen fabrics also. In 1828, only twenty-eight million pounds of wool were imported into England from all quarters. The importation in 1866 amounted to two hundred and thirty-nine million pounds. In little more than forty years the demand has increased more than eight-fold, so that, on the whole, we may expect, now that the sheep-producing countries are pretty well stocked, the rates of consumption will, after a few years, excel the ratio of production. Nor can we maintain that our Colony, which forty years ago produced about forty thousand pounds of wool, and now exports nearly forty millions, has retrograded.

Before concluding this portion of our subject, I hope I shall not weary you by reading the following memoranda:

In Latham's "River Plate" you will find "sour grass" and "sour soil" spoken of. The destruction of more lasting grasses, and the increase of what we call "opslag" grass, is accounted for by overstocking,—and this, let us remember, in a country where land is said

to be abundant and cheap. Then the advantage of eating down coarse herbage is also mentioned; whilst burning the veldt is considered absolutely necessary. Then we have allusion made to the *flechilla*, or arrow-weed, apparently as detrimental as the *Xanthium spinosum*.

The increase of wool is said to have been from 16,000,000 in 1853, to 115,000,000 in 1866,—of course, in the grease.

When we come to the value of grazing land, however, the discrepancies seem very great. Latham speaks of land near Buenos Ayres as selling for £2,500 to £5,000 per square league (or 3,000 of our morgen), and even as high as £10,000, upon which from 10,000 to 20,000 sheep can be kept; but also mentions £30 per 1,000 sheep as the common annual rent, or 8d. per head, which last we shall see by-and-by is also the price per annum mentioned by Duffy as the Government price per annum in Victoria, and which is about the value of the yearly grazing of a sheep in our own Victoria West, where I am told £25 per 1,000 is the price usually paid.

Mr. Wyndham, of Natal, who visited a Mr. White's estate in Buenos Ayres, says seven leagues of camp or veldt will hold 27,000 sheep, and speaks of £2,000 per square league; and further on says 10,000 or 20,000 sheep can be kept on a square league. I am inclined to take the letting price of land as the best criterion.

Mr. Gavan Duffy, in his "Guide to the Victoria Land Law," at p. 21 (published in 1862) says:—"The runs will be valued in the course of the year at 8d. for every sheep, with a proposal of selling at 5s. for every sheep's grass run." I may mention, in passing, that between 1852 and 1859 the number of sheep seems to have been stationary in Victoria. As far as I can make out, they don't, on an average, keep more than three sheep on two acres, and considering the immense extent of grazing ground that is enclosed, this is not much above what we could do in our best pastures. But then comes a puzzler. In "Archer's Notes on Victoria" (from 1835 to 1860) we are told that between 1854 and 1856, 1,200,000 acres were sold at an average of £1 per acre.

Notwithstanding these discrepancies, we find that on reflecting how greatly, even within the limits of the South African Colonies, the capacity of maintaining a certain amount of stock within certain areas varies, particularly in dry and moist years and seasons, there is a remarkable similarity in the pasture and climate between South America and Australia and South Africa, so far as these affect the production of sheep and wool,—though with shepherds paid three times as much as we pay ours here, and with sheep at so low a figure as to necessitate the boiling down process, mere logic is of no avail.

Even with labour for strictly agricultural operations at the rate it is in those Colonies, whilst the price they sell wheat for is so very low, the only way to account for the anomaly is that European servants are worth so much more; and to explain why such labour

is less valuable here, we must recollect that isolated attempts at improved management has this drawback, that such high farming is apt to place the farmer at the mercy of the few able farm servants, who, as they say of Responsible Government here, cannot be replaced when most wanted.

In going over my old lecture, I find the Angora goat was the next subject treated of. I shall not detain the audience by repeating what I then said, but would merely express my regret that instead of paying the expenses of an agent to the last great Paris Exhibition, the money, and more too, had not been employed to send a competent person to Asia Minor, to obtain the necessary information with regard to the pasture, climate, price, and, above all, purity of blood of the goats around Angora. I have seen nothing in print on the subject except the paper so often adverted to of the ill-fated Conolly, published as far back as 1840. I admit that it would be difficult to find the right man to undertake the tour, but if a practical Cape farmer, an honest, active, intelligent young man with some experience in goat breeding, could be found, it is not too late yet, for undoubtedly the loss and detention to the Colony must be very great, and the nascent spirit of enterprize runs great risk of being extinguished if large numbers of indifferent goats, perhaps picked up anywhere between the Caspian Sea and Angora, are sent here by local agents, whose principal aim it may be to make out a good bill for commission and so on.

However, let our Agricultural Societies, at any rate, continue to give prizes for the best stock and mohair, and a great deal may be done by selection and care to keep up a good breed in the Colony, even when the importation of superior animals proves difficult. The apparently improving state of our exports of this new article seems to be genuine, and ought to teach us never to despair, even if olive oil and silk, and the like, should be talked about for almost an age. We cannot always account for apathy—no one can explain why we should not have commenced exporting Angora wool twenty years ago, even without the slightest expectation that this branch of industry would ever be as productive as the sheep's wool has been.

Besides, although I do not believe there ever will be the same demand for the one which there has been for the other, still there are hundreds of thousands of acres in this country better suited for goats than for sheep, or where the former can be reared without any detriment to the latter, whilst at present, at any rate, goats' wool commands a higher price.

I suspect, if not the very first, one of the first batches of Angoras was taken to Graaff-Reinet by Mr. Vos, who for some time had the management of the late Col. Henderson's farms, and as is generally known Col. Henderson was the first importer of these animals into the Colony. Probably from this small flock the produce was sold by Mr. Vos to Graaff-Reinet growers, who subsequently through importations by Messrs. Mosenthal, and very lately through Messrs.

Blaine and others, have carried on the experiment with zeal, till it has become a success in many parts of the Eastern Province, which last year exported between 300,000 and 400,000 lb. of mohair (*Volksvriend*, March, 1871); whilst in the West, I blush to say it, with the exception of Mr. Vos, son-in-law to Mr. T. Myburgh, and one or two others, scarcely any one produces a bale of goat's wool, notwithstanding the energy displayed by Mr. Charles Barry and others to stimulate our Western Province agriculturists. And here I may as well insert a few extracts from *The Farm*, an Eastern Province periodical, May, 1869:—Nel sold his clip at 2s. 6d. per pound; Blom and Frost equally successful. According to the *Standard's* report, Evans, of Graaff-Reinet, from 1,700 goats clipped 5,000 lb. at 2s. 6d., and a small parcel at 3s. 6d.; but it appears that the owner subsequently told the editor that he only clipped 3,000 lb., and that the highest price was 2s. 1½d. So that we must sometimes take newspaper reports *cum grano*.

I don't think there is anything else I have to say with regard to the rearing of animals, except the new domestic fowl called the *Ostrich*. At the great Swellendam Show-dinner in 1864, I prevailed upon the late Mr. Van Dyk, who lived near Malagas, to make a speech, and tell the company what he had done as an ostrich-breeder. I remember one of the most active supporters of our Agricultural Societies ridiculing the idea, and saying to a friend of mine, "Your Uncle Frank is a theorist, or a visionary, or something of that sort." I only wish I could lay before this assembly ample statistics of the number of ostriches domesticated since that day, and the value of their feathers as an exportable commodity. Mr. Kinnear, of Beaufort, has so lately published the result of his calculations of profit and expense from actual experience, that I need not repeat it. There is no doubt, I believe, in the mind of any man who has given it a fair trial, that ostrich-breeding is the most profitable farming we have now, or, perhaps, ever had. Mr. Moodie has proved to me that even where the animals are entirely fed artificially, the expense is comparatively little, and many who have paid £8 and £9 for ostriches have had their capital repaid within a twelvemonth. I have only lately heard of two or three young farmers who have purchased one of the most valuable farms in the George district, and who began after the very first year to pay off their mortgage out of ostrich feathers alone, for they have a large flock in their possession.

I thought at one time that ostriches might be bred more economically in a half-wild state, and that the difficulty of plucking them might be overcome by such means as chloroform,—an experiment which Sir G. Grey once asked me to come and see in the Government Gardens, and which succeeded,—but I have changed my opinion in that respect.

The only danger is that, being a mere article of luxury, entirely dependent on the freaks of fashion, the market may become overstocked. Well, if we consider how wild ostriches, where the Cape



Parliament cannot reach them, are unprotected in the vast interior, from whence large supplies have hitherto been derived, and how traders and hunters, within and outside the Colony, have helped to decrease their number as rifles increased in accuracy and the distance they carried, we may safely look to a steady demand for the next ten or twenty years; and if at the end of that period we should have to cut the throats of every bird, we shall in the meantime have made hay whilst the sun shone; and who knows what other resources may not, during that interval, be opened to us?

I shall not, as I did on a former occasion, inflict two lectures upon my hearers; but to escape a double dose, you will have to be lenient with me, if, in proposing to go on to the second branch of our topic I warn you beforehand that I shall have to study a brevity which cannot but leave some most interesting details entirely out of consideration, whilst I shall have to pass over altogether the remarks I should have wished to have made had time allowed me, as to the diseases of horses, sheep, and horned cattle,—merely drawing attention to the fact that the experience of late years seems to go far to prove that glanders, farcy, and strangles put on very different forms in this climate, compared to what is observed in Europe.

Commencing with the vegetable product which at one time was our surest source of income—*wine*, I am under the disagreeable necessity of proving to you that I was quite right in my theory forty years ago, and that nothing that has been done, written, or said since has in the slightest degree tended to upset what I then said. I know this may appear like vanity (although I do not arrogate the discovery to myself), but as long as it is not a matter of indifference to me whether from what I enunciated nearly half a century back my opinions are to be more or less confided in, I cannot feel that any false delicacy should bind me to be silent.

At the first Show held at Caledon by the Western Province Agricultural Society, the late Mr. Philip Myburgh, of Somerset West, came to me with a glass of wine and asked me to taste it; he had, as one of the judges, decided that it should have the prize. I tasted it, and told him it was not wine grown in Stellenbosch or the Paarl, and certainly not at Hottentot's Holland. He replied he could not tell. "Depend upon it," I said to him, "this is Worcester wine;" and so it turned out. Now, my object in making this lengthy statement is to give you another proof of the fact that we do not look sufficiently *to the soil*. There has been up to the present time only one vineyard found in Worcester where such wine can be grown, and it is a small piece of ground; but who has tried to prove that there are not many such spots scattered about on other farms, where valuable qualities are never discovered, because all the grapes from every variety of soil on those farms are thrown into one vat and irretrievably mixed?

I must be excused for dwelling on this subject, and repeating what I have so constantly tried to inculcate, by line upon line, for after

what I have just read was penned I saw Mr. Blore's pamphlet lately published, and find him giving an extract from a letter dated Rheingau, July, 1870, in which the writer says,—“Mr. Blore refers to some farm in the Worcester district which produces a peculiarly good wine, and seems at a loss to account for it; and yet it might have occurred to him that Constantia presents a parallel case.” He next goes on to say that “some of the Johannisberg wine fetches ten times the price of other Rhenish wine, and that the steward told him that was owing specially to the soil.” At page 22, just four pages further, Mr. Blore, in speaking of this very vineyard in Worcester, says, “Whether it arises from the mode of planting, the nature of the soil, the mode of pressing the juice, the fermentation or the subsequent manipulation, *none can tell*; but there lies the small farm, which for years and years has commanded an extraordinary price for young wine.”

Now, if Mr. Blore had made inquiry at Worcester, he would have learnt that there are vineyards close to this erf where neither manipulation nor mode of planting will enable the proprietor to produce a similar product, and that the superior spot spoken of has often changed hands, and has been in possession of people who knew little or nothing of wine-making, and yet succeeded in producing it of the same quality as the previous proprietors. If such men as Mr. Blore continue to doubt, I almost despair of convincing any one of the facts with regard to Johannisberg and the Medoc vineyard which I published twenty-five years ago, and which Mr. Blore's correspondent reiterates.

If we paid more attention to the soil, and kept the growths separate, a great deal of Cape wine would still find a market out of the Colony; but I no more believe in companies being able to enhance the value of our wines generally, than I believe in the possibility of turning every drop of Bordeaux into Chateau Margaux—neither capital, nor the philosopher's stone, nor Liebig can do it.

I don't say that keeping our wine longer, selecting, and attention to the temperature of the cellar and fermentation, are matters of indifference, but no great companies are required for these purposes; and there are surely capitalists enough who would be glad to compete in order to make a good percentage, if the profits, as far as the wine merchant is concerned, are in reality what they appear to be.

Perhaps the diamond mines, which for the time have proved a windfall to the wine-farmers by raising the price of brandy, may have the disadvantage of withdrawing attention from the necessity of being more careful in the management, and, above all, in the selection, of our vineyards.

The only observation I should like to add, in order that our proprietors of vineyards may be induced to make their experience more publicly known, is that in the hanepoot and muscadel grape the so-called “black rust” has made as much havoc in some districts as *oidium*; and though lime has been talked of and used, I know

of no results of such experiments having been published,—a proceeding we might certainly expect from the wine-growers, who, as a whole, are the most intelligent of our agriculturists.

The fine seasons we have been blessed with of late have obviated the necessity of importing breadstuffs to any extent; but unless irrigation makes much greater progress than is indicated by the few private reservoirs, a drought may come when least expected, and the promising market of the Diggings be thrown open to other countries. The idea of meddling with free trade in grain may again be revived; but with Natal as an open port, such artificial means of encouraging the growth of wheat in our corn districts will avail us little.

Whatever the extreme supporters of railways may say of “this Colony being unable to compete with other countries as long as we have not the iron road,” my firm persuasion is, that we never can enter into such a competition, either in producing articles of export or, in the long run, furnishing our own markets for home consumption, unless we push on faster with *irrigation works*. I admit the advantage of cheap transport, and notwithstanding the immense sums which have been wasted on our roads and bridges, it is doubtful whether it was not better to have lavishly expended a great deal, than to have sat still and done nothing; but I hold that whilst we have done the one, we have left the other entirely undone.

Large works, such as private individuals could not undertake, would prove beneficial in a greatly multiplied ratio. A small lake, capable of irrigating in the dry season a very large extent of country, could be formed at far less expense compared to smaller works for irrigating a smaller area. Once more I say, there will be found large tracts of Government land, now worth less than a shilling an acre, which can be made to produce grain, some sixty and some an hundred-fold, by irrigation alone. I have been asked, What do the advocates of Government interference propose? Well, in the first place, a commission to examine and report on such public lands as I have alluded to, which can be pointed out in the first instance by the civil commissioners and divisional councils; then an experiment on a considerable scale with convict labour. If it should be proved that, after deducting the necessary outlay—notwithstanding the expensive way such things are, often unavoidably, carried on by Government—a large profit has been made by the subsequent sales of the improved land, we may safely begin to offer similar areas for purchase to capitalists—here or in Europe—and companies will soon do the needful, whilst the labourers imported for such projects may be expected consecutively to settle down on the “oasis” they have themselves created.

Again, we must have better local legislation, and such as is adapted to a country watered as ours is, to ensure equitable rights to public streams. Then we must have right of passage where large rivers can be saved from running into the sea. It is not too much to expect that, to some extent, the Government should be empowered

to cause tentative surveys to be made, showing where a river head could be led to, and approximately what surface of valuable land could be put under water, even in the winter and autumn months only. If by some unforeseen accident such dreams should disturb the slumbers of any patriotic Executive (for woe betide the private individual whose interest in the public weal takes that direction), then, and not till then, we shall listen to Mr. Brounger, or any other man, who has never planted a forest in the dry Karoo, when he proposes to secure fuel along the railway line. When I speak so hopelessly of the Executive, I wish it to be clearly understood that I merely ask the Government to take the initiative. If the Governor were Jupiter himself, all our invocations would be useless, unless we ourselves are ready to put our shoulders to the wheel.

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### *Thoughts.*

“The sun set in a sea of brilliant hues—  
Crimson and gold and azure ; one by one  
I saw the colours blend and interfuse,  
And follow down the pathway of the sun.  
I almost wished with them to fade away  
Over the distant edge, and die as they.”

Thus spake my friend, half lightly ; but my heart  
Shrank, trembling at the words with sudden dread !  
“And when the time shall come for us to part,  
Must each go on his way alone ?” I said ;  
“And in that unknown country shall we meet,  
Or seek each other with unresting feet ?

Shall we love there, as here,—what thinkest thou ?”  
He answered slowly, with a thoughtful face :  
“If from my nature could be taken now  
All memories, passions, hopes, the love and grace  
Which is of thee, and maketh up the whole,  
'Twould leave the merest shadow of a soul ;—

But if our lives begin anew, 'twill be  
As if we ne'er had lived.” With blanched cheek  
I answered, “Say not that, it frighteth me.”  
“Why ?” said he smiling. “How art thou so weak ?  
Why fear or wonder ? Let us live our best,  
And to our Father's goodness leave the rest.”



## Ostriches and Ostrich-farming.

The fleet-footed ostrich over the waste  
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste.  
Hieing away to the home of her rest  
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,  
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,  
In the pathless depths of the parched Karoo.

WHEN our poet Pringle wrote these lines, some fifty years ago, flocks of wild ostriches were common within the borders of the Colony. But the process of extermination then already commenced, has until lately been carried on to such an extent that there are very few places where families of the wild bird are now to be found. Eager, indiscriminating sportsmen and pitiless plundering natives have hunted them down, or harried their nests and scared them away from their old haunts into the far interior.

The increasing commercial value of the feathers, so largely in demand in the courtly and fashionable circles of Europe, and the corresponding scarcity of the birds within reach yielding such wealth, has, however, during recent years directed public attention to the preservation of the ostrich; and, as a gratifying result, has led to the development of a new colonial industry—that of Ostrich-farming. The Legislature, recognizing the importance of aiding this wealth-giving enterprise, has passed one enactment for the preservation of the wild birds, by imposing pains and penalties upon any person killing or wounding them, or disturbing their eggs, and another for protecting tame birds, in like manner as sheep, cattle, or other animals. Both measures were imperatively called for,—the one in consequence of the ruthless destruction of the bird, yielding, if not a golden egg, at least a golden feather, and the other by the extensive trials made by colonial farmers to secure the domestication of the ostrich. There is now no doubt of the complete success of this business. Ostrich-farming, breeding, and plucking is found to be not only practicable, but easy and profitable.

It is not long since the first attempt at the domestication of the ostrich was made. The earliest information of experiments in the matter reached us from France. The Imperial Society of Acclimatization of that country offered prizes for the multiplication of the bird; and in 1857, a resident in Algeria reported the successful hatching and rearing of some young ones from others in his possession. From that time, ostrich-breeding became an accomplished fact, and has been carried on in the north of Africa and other places, but with what success we cannot say. We desire only to state the very gratifying results which have been obtained in South Africa, as far as our personal observation and opportunities for obtaining information on the subject enable us to do.

From the picturesque peninsula of Cape Point, northwards to the Orange River,—from the sandy flats of Piquetberg in the west to the grassy plains of Albany in the east,—numbers of persons are now devoting their attention to this new industry. In one district

(Oudtshoorn), we have it on good authority, there are nearly a thousand tame birds; the Raubenheimers and Guests there have each got from one to two hundred; so have the Heathcotes and Murrays at Colesberg. But in most places, the flocks as yet are small, for the new occupation of ostrich-farming is but in its infancy, and there is considerable difficulty experienced in getting young birds for the purpose of rearing. Ten years ago, they might be had for a mere trifle. We remember, during a visit to the Saldanha Bay district in 1862, having purchased a couple six months old for ten shillings, whilst now the veriest chicks, fresh from the egg, fetch £5 sterling a piece, and after a few months as much as £8 and £10. The wild birds are sometimes pursued and caught, but generally they are so exhausted when run down that they do not survive. Their nests, however, when discovered, are watched with much interest, until the young brood make their appearance, when, according to law, they may be removed by the owner or occupier of the land where they are found; and from this source, as well as from the multiplication of the domesticated bird, the supply will in course of time be considerably augmented.

One of the first, if not the very first person to make the experiment of domesticating the ostrich in the Colony for commercial purposes was Mr. Kinnear, of Beaufort West. He commenced about ten years ago, and his success in breeding and rearing has been such as to induce many far and wide to enter upon what he has proved to be an interesting and highly remunerative undertaking. His establishment is a marvel of simplicity and compactness, and will astonish those who fancy that large tracts of land are indispensable to the farming of the ostrich. On eight acres of garden ground attached to his residence in the town of Beaufort, he has a flock of thirty birds, mostly reared by himself. This space is well hedged in and sown with lucerne; and we are assured that if well irrigated, it is capable of maintaining three times the number throughout the year. Adjoining it, there are one or two out-houses and sheds, where the young birds are sheltered in cold weather, and where the old ones are penned in at the time of feather-gathering, and quietly submit to be relieved of their gay plumage. "Plucking" or "nipping" are the methods adopted of taking the feathers; but the former is considered injurious, and the latter is preferred as the better of the two. The feathers are cut, and the stumps of the quill allowed to remain for two months, and then plucked out. When only eight months old the bird yields the young or chicken feathers, which are of comparatively small value; eight or nine months afterwards they are ready to be "nipped" again, and improve in quality with each successive occasion. From three pluckings of fifteen of the birds in full plumage, Mr. Kinnear last year received on the spot £240, which is at the rate of £120 a year, or £8 a bird; and this year having forwarded the feathers direct to the London market, the amount realized was equal to £10 a bird.

A portion of the little plot of eight acres is divided off into small

kraals or enclosures, where some of the birds are paired and the process of incubation is carried on. The old stories of the indifference of the ostrich as to its nest or its young are quite contradicted by their habits in the domesticated state. The natural solicitude with which they watch over their nest and the demonstrative manner in which they resent the approach of any strange intruder are most amusing to observe. In the wild state there are generally as many as five hens to the male bird in a nest, all laying together, and each taking their turn in hatching. But when, as in the case of Mr. Kinnear's flock, there are equal numbers of cocks and hens, they are separated into pairs and left together. This is not generally done before they are three or four years old, some birds laying at three, more at four, and some not till five ; but there are, of course, exceptions to the rule. July is the month they pair in, and the laying commences at the beginning of August, and continues with daily regularity for about six weeks when they commence hatching, which they conclude, say, in October. In a month or six weeks after this (at least, if the young birds have been removed) they begin to lay again (say in December), and continue a month or five weeks. At the first laying, they drop from fifteen to twenty eggs, and out of the latter number as many as sixteen have been hatched ; but the second laying and hatching are much smaller. It is noticeable that the male bird is much more attentive and assiduous than the female in the duties of incubation, frequently for sixteen hours at a stretch (from 4 p.m till 8 a.m.) he patiently sits on the eggs, and is only relieved by the female during the remaining eight out of the twenty-four hours. The latter, however, is a most attentive mother when the young chicks are developed.

Mr. Kinnear takes the young ones away when they are so strong as to move from the nest, which is in a day or two. They require to be kept warm, especially at night, and for this purpose are put into a high box, with a woolly sheepskin to lie on, and the top covered so as to retain the warmth, but taking care that there is sufficient air. In very cold weather, a room is heated for them, and they are not allowed to go out until the weather gets warm. They get, as food, chopped lucerne, cut as young as possible, as they do not like the stalks ; and some grains of wheat are scattered about for them to pick up, and also maize, as they get older. Clover would do as well as lucerne, and perhaps vetches. They are not allowed iron nails, brass buttons, or similar delicacies, which old travellers tell us ostriches are partial to ; but they always get sand, earth, and crushed quartz and bones, and as much water as they please, for they like to bathe and roll in the dust.

Several broods of young ostriches have been reared by Mr. Kinnear on his eight-acre farm, and have readily been sold on the spot at £4 and £5 a piece, the purchaser taking the risk of removing them. And this risk is not small if the distance they have to be carried is considerable, for the ostrich does not bear rough usage. A successful mode of transporting them is to travel with them by

night in a roomy cart or wagon, and rest during the whole of each day, to allow the birds to eat and refresh themselves. We know of a farmer who in this manner carried a young flock across the Karoo without any loss.

As a permanent food, Mr. Kinnear is satisfied that there is nothing equal to lucerne or clover, which can be grown pretty freely with good soil and moisture; and it is estimated that an ostrich will consume 20 lb. of chopped lucerne, a sheep 12 lb., and a horse of 14 hands 70 lb. The birds do not like grass or green forage, and prefer cabbage leaves, fruit, grain, &c. But on many places they are allowed to run during the day in the open fields or large fenced enclosures, picking up, in common with other animals, whatever is to be found on the veldt. This is the case with the flock of Mr. Meiring, near Worcester. He has now thirty birds, which are herded in the pasture lands each day, but during breeding and feather-gathering are kept at the homestead, and fed with lucerne and salt and the usual accompaniment of small stones and bones. Mr. Meiring adopts the system of cutting the feathers as they ripen, and each month the birds are brought in and examined for the purpose. He obtained for his pluckings last year in Cape Town an average of £8 10s. a bird. In Colesberg, again, some birds are depastured as freely as if they were in the wild state, native herds being in attendance on them. Mr. Sluiter, who has a considerable flock on his farm, considers that the feathers yielded by these birds are superior to those domesticated. Mr. Murray, of the same district, has a flock of eighty-six running in a walled enclosure of about 500 morgen extent, and is constructing another stone-walled enclosure of 2,400 morgen for the same purpose. Breeding has not been carried on successfully there as yet, but this probably is owing to their not having tried the plan of small kraals and pairing the birds, which is now being adopted. They also lost some birds from sickness a year ago, the only apparent cause of disease being a parasitic worm found in them. In Graaff-Reinet, again, the results of the experiment of breeding and rearing has been quite as favourable as at Beaufort West, and the name of Mr. Booysen, of that district, is nearly as famous in connection with ostrich-farming as that of Mr. Kinnear.

There is no doubt that this has now become a permanent colonial industry. That it is a paying one there is no dispute; and that it may be engaged in very generally by all classes the above facts clearly establish. The position taken by ostrich-feathers in our Exports shows what a valuable market it has opened to the Colony. Ten years ago, in 1860, the quantity exported was only 2,287 lb., valued at £19,201; while last year, in 1870, it was 29,000 lb., valued at £87,074. And when it is remembered that the average yield of a full-grown bird at each plucking is but a quarter of a pound of feathers, some idea may be obtained of the extent and importance of the domestication of the ostrich in South Africa.



## Life at the Cape.

BY A LADY.

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### LETTER XII.

Graham's Town, August 30, 1862.

\* \* IN the way of amusements there is but little to note. Every one looks out for himself; and, as every second person is decidedly serious, much personal exertion is the natural result. Of course, we help a little with our bands and parades, and there is always some rifle-shooting going on; but, to fresh arrivals, there is a certain dulness about this place, after the first few weeks of visiting and riding about, that is very infectious. There is some difficulty now in coming across one of the original old British Settlers of 1820—hale, grizzled old pioneers, whose experiences and adventures are so much nicer to listen to than the ordinary small-talk of society, dying of common place. One of these, the Hon. Mr. —, is one of the finest old gentlemen we have met here. He is still a strong, hearty, energetic public man, and describes with much quiet humour the doings forty years ago of himself and fellow-enthusiasts, when they came out here to enter upon their African heritage. It is so interesting to listen to his stories of the hardships they had to undergo, of the blunders they made, of their frights from wolves and elephants and tigers, and the daily and nightly excitement of their wild frontier life. Fancy a huge elephant stalking by a wattle-and-daub hut in the night, while the inmates were quaking in bed, and passing it so closely as to shake the plaster from the walls. Dear me! if he had only put his foot in it, what a hurly-burly would have promptly arisen! Forty years ago, and much of this country was a wilderness. It will take at least forty years more—unless many more English emigrate to it—to shake off the yoke of Dutch phlegm and the customs of the patriarchs, which now enslave the minds of all colonists. The young people here are not eager enough to learn new things. They regard everything from a colonial point of view, and seem to be ignorant of the fact that while they are basking idly in the sun, they are setting a very bad example to their native servants. I never knew such a place as the Cape for laziness, both of body, mind, and soul. There seems to be no stirring up the waters of imagination or ambition amongst the men, even when they have great influence with their fellow-creatures. The colonists, in fact, are shut out too much from the world and from politics. They don't see enough strangers. Their talk is of wool and wine and corn, and rust in the crops, and you hear but little of telegraph and railway, steam-engine and factory. Thus all thought seems to stagnate here. In its place you have empty gossip and neighbourly

scandal, which may be all very well for girls, but can never elevate them into intelligent women. And yet the material is so good, the children are so bright and clever, there is so much genuine good nature and natural good-breeding amongst the ladies, that it seems a thousand pities all this excellent English stock should year by year be doomed to degenerate, for want of some vivifying agency to help in its development. Of what use are all our missionary exertions amongst the dark heathen of Africa, if the highest ideal ever to be presented to them is the picture of a white man dawdling along in ignorance and poverty, and steeped to the lips with the self-conceit of a Kafir! In vain one looks around for fine hospitals, colleges, asylums, and universities *not* supported by Government. Of the many men who must have earned fine fortunes in this country, none have left a trace of their active benevolence or gratitude, by building up something for the benefit of the poor who are always with us: and I believe you may ride through the whole length and breadth of this extraordinary land without finding any mark of national genius, except it be in the engineering of the roads and mountain passes. The want of bridges alone is a test of their lack of practical energy as colonists; and how people can put up with "drifts" across streams that may rise in one hour, and take four days to subside again, is what puzzles every English officer stationed here. \* \* \* \*

*September 18.*—As there are rather more saints than sinners here, the tone of the town is serious, and people think much of their parsons, who discourse fluently enough in more places than their pulpits—even descending to poetry and Shaksperian readings, to say nothing of the musical glasses. The clergy in Graham's Town are very well supported, and are very fair specimens of the several denominations. The Bishop, as befits his station, is a kind old gentleman, very bland and polite, with charming white hair, much given to hospitality, and on pleasant terms with everybody. He is as well seconded as was Dr. Proudie of Barchester by Archdeacon Grantley, and Graham's Town society owes much to the fiery energy of Archdeacon M——. He comes from Oxford; is very dark, with a striking face, ploughed with deep lines of care and thought, and lit up by brilliant brown eyes. He is a very tall, thin, sinewy man, a tremendous walker, and fond of undertaking long journeys through his district with nothing more than a blanket and a Kafir guide, and he has frequently tired out a couple of these natives in the day's march. He is somewhat eccentric, is an excellent shoemaker, and is immensely popular with all classes for his talents, bluntness, and extreme conscientiousness. He has a very charming family circle, who contribute greatly to our entertainment, and his wife has the sweetest face and most endearing manners of any woman I have ever met. But the great pulpit orator here is an Irish Methodist, who would even create a sensation in London. He is a great deal cleverer than Spurgeon, and singularly choice and

refined in his language. To hear him for the first time is to throw you in a trance of delight and astonishment. A tall, pale, subdued young man, with a lofty forehead, light hair, and the most perfect command of a delicately modulated voice, he commences his address by laying down a few curt propositions, which he then proceeds to prove by arguments and apt quotations from all kinds of authors, and illustrated by tropes and comparisons drawn from a fervid imagination. Warming to his subject, his words are poured out like a lava torrent in a rapid and continuous stream,—thought upon thought, simile upon simile, image after image. There is not a moment's pause. There is no confusion, no hesitation, no misplaced word. The language—rich, copious, eloquent, bright with imagery, and broidered with jewels of thought—gushes forth with the most perfect ease and flow of musical and well-balanced sentences. And when at length he draws to the close, it is with a gasp of relief that you hear the brilliant peroration,—so great is the strain upon one's attention. Sunday after Sunday have I listened to this marvellous exhibition of memory and extempore speaking, and can now form some idea of what the Irish speeches of Sheridan and Grattan must have been like. Of course, Mr. G—— has his faults. He has more brilliancy than warmth—he dazzles and astonishes us with his talents, and, like all young men, plays more on the surface of a question than he will do when he is a little more experienced in touching the feelings. But, young as he is, he is a wonderful preacher, and is thrown away in such a retired place as Graham's Town. The Irish Catholics have also a good elocutionist in their priest, Dr. R——, and we have heard from him some admirable readings from *Pickwick* and from *Harry Lorrequer*, given with that oiliness and smoothness so peculiar to the real Irish blarney. But I think the greatest curiosity in the town, and the man with the widest influence, is the district-surgeon, Dr. —, who, besides being celebrated in his profession, is a great scientific savant, an active geologist, the cheeriest of men and of conversationalists. Not that the Doctor is anything wonderful to look at, but he is so full of fire and energy, so fond of poetry and fine scenery, so rapid in speech and motion, such a thorough enthusiast in fine art and everything *good*, that his brusqueness is forgotten in his goodness of heart; and in his agreeable company the hours fly only too quickly for his patients and friends. \* \* \* \*

*October 2.*—Don't say I am getting lazy over my journal, but the fact is, there is very little new to record; and, so to pass the time, I have been making some sketches in sepia of our servants. This is the history of one of them. We have taken a small Kafir boy into our service, and the young vagabond might have been brother to the immortal "Topsy," on account of all the trouble he has given us. The boy is a perfect imp, and is an inexhaustible source of amusement to the children. He is very sharp and clever, but no harlequin ever performed stranger tricks. Once or twice, under strong promises of good behaviour, he was allowed to come in to help to

wait at table, but his extraordinary contortions and grimaces during the progress of dinner speedily sent our steady old servant flying out of the room, and I heard a suppressed burst of laughter in the lobby. Since this time, instead of going along in a series of jerks, which looked as if he were trying to dislocate all his bones, he has taken it into his head to assume a very dignified carriage, which is almost more trying to one's gravity. He walks slowly with his head in the air, in an absurd caricature of a military step, and in this way hands about the dishes with immense "aplomb." He sleeps in the coach-house; and we found him one night lying under two chairs, which he must have carried out from the kitchen. He had fastened an open umbrella to the leg of one of the chairs, and then crept in under, wrapped up in his blanket, and I daresay fancied he was sleeping in his mother's hut far away in Kafirland. One day, on going out at the gate of our little garden, I noticed a heap of forks and spoons lying about on the grass, and, looking about, there was master Takkasa going along on his hands and toes, and making unearthly noises, like a monkey, all for his own amusement and practice, as nobody was near him. I pointed to the silver which he ought to have been cleaning, and told him somebody might steal it. "Oh no, missus, nobody steal what nobody can't eat." We caught him one day helping himself with great glee from the sugar-basin, and the servant gave him a box on the ear for his greediness. Takkasa came to me in great excitement—"I no take sugar; I only eat—what for he beat me; I not black fellow to steal sugar; I only eat;" which is a view of petty larceny shared in by a good many of his compatriots. As to his complexion, he is as black a fellow as I have ever seen. Only yesterday I heard the children laughing in the garden, and going out found this young imp with an old bonnet, which I had thrown away, perched on his woolly head, and wearing an imitation crinoline made out of an old rusty iron hoop, with some rags stretched over it. He was mincing up and down the path, holding a stick, with a large cabbage leaf at the end of it, for a parasol, and mimicking the affected strut of some passing passenger. He has not the slightest idea of paying any respect to anybody, but, fearing I might be angry, he tore off his finery, and hastily explained, "*That* not like missus; that Kafir girl;" and, apparently overcome by the remembrance of what he had been mimicking, he threw himself on the ground, and shrieked again with laughter. Such is some of the rough and rude material which many poor housekeepers have literally to work into shape before you can trust them to do the simplest thing; and the amount of crockery that boy has already broken in our household would have paid the wages of a good English maid servant, if only such a person could be got; but the fact is, it is a mistake to bring out English girls for service, for no sooner are they settled than they are followed about by so many admirers that in less than six months they are pretty sure to be married to some enterprising shopkeeper. I know of one lady who purposely selected a red-haired freckled



girl, with a squint, hoping to retain her services, and within a month she was engaged to be married to a baker. And many of the Germans are now marrying the lighter-coloured Creoles, because they can't help themselves to anything nearer to a white woman for the scarcity. \* \* \*

October 10.—Last week the troops were reviewed on the Flats at a place called Eland's Kloof, a pretty broken piece of ground, with plenty of bush. The Flats are just outside of the town—miles and miles of level ground, just as we saw round Worcester, and from which can be seen the Amatola Mountains and the Katberg. This is the favourite carriage drive. Here, too, is the race-course, and it is a splendid place for a gallop, as "Sunbeam" knows only too well. Here, too, come the cricketers, and those who are fond of looking on; and whenever any great match is on, they borrow the band, and then all the world and his wife make a holiday of it, and go out to see young Africa knock the wickets about, although some people think such meetings are sinful and a sure temptation to the young. The same, however, cannot be said of the Botanical Gardens, which, like those in Cape Town, are pretty and well kept, though on a smaller scale, and here also the band once a week attracts all the rank and beauty and fashion of the place to publish their new bonnets and dresses. These gardens, strangely enough, do not contain any portion specially set apart for the exhibition and study of South African plants. This seems a pity, as there are so many beautiful wild flowers everywhere that a stranger is only too anxious to see together, instead of having to hunt for them on the hills and in the kloofs. The Kafir tulip tree is a very handsome tree, and there are numerous fine lilies; but I missed many plants here which I had seen blooming in the well-arranged and well-filled conservatories of Cape Town. Mentioning conservatories, however, reminds me of a charming one erected here as a memorial of the gallant Colonel Fordyce, who fell in the last Kafir war. It is very handsome, and far more appropriate than the finest bit of marble. I wished I could have seen more activity in the distribution of forest trees of rapid growth. Surely, larches and pines ought to grow very well in this climate, where old people seem to live a very long time indeed, and where the churchyards are either crowded with infants or patriarchs, but very few of middle age. If I might judge from the tombstones, there is not much sentiment among the colonists. There are few epitaphs, few sermons in stone, few touching records of relatives' grief. A geranium bush, a rose tree, aloes, briars, and passion flowers are the chief ornaments to a simple grave. The vaults and tombs are hideously plain. There is nothing neat about these God's Acres. The walks are full of weeds, the enclosures rude and neglected, the memorials full of decay. There is no approach to Pere la Chaise or Kensall Green Cemeteries. It is just a *burial-ground*, more or less surrounded by walls, thickly planted with

cypresses, and giving abundant evidence of how little respect is paid to the remains and memory of friends when once they have shuffled off this mortal coil. Even at Cape Town there was an absence of neatness about these places that was in striking contrast with the limited churchyard set apart for the Malays. Here, though every inch was crowded with tombs, and the ground must have been stuffed with bones, yet everything on our visit was perfectly clean and in good order, and the enclosure firm and strong. The fact is, the rising generation are forgetting the forms and ceremonies of the older class of people, and even in the matter of their duties to the dead are getting as careless and slovenly as they generally are in everything else. \* \* \* \*

*November 12.*—Just this time last year we were in all the agonies of the south-easters in Cape Town! The rush and roar of those terrible winds will, at all events, not afflict us up here this month, and it is possible to do your shopping without being smothered in dust, or lifted off your feet. Not that there is much temptation at Graham's Town to stroll greatly abroad when it is so much easier and pleasanter to ride; but, still, various things have to be attended to, and one can now afford to laugh at one's experiences in Cape Town, and the ridiculous appearance which so many of us must have at various times presented to an observant public when out in a high wind. Although there are many very good shops and stores in Graham's Town, I have not succeeded in finding any poulterers, where game can be procured, and there seem to be no confectioners' shops nor eating-houses. Added to this, the fish-cart from the Kowie only comes now and again, and thus you will perceive we have reason to sigh for the fleshpots of Egypt, and for the very considerable difficulties thrown in the way of the cook. How people manage to give dinner-parties here at all is always a matter of surprise to me, and reminds me of a tale told me by a traveller, of a certain country place where the Civil Commissioner did a roaring trade as an amateur butcher, by riding some distance out from his place of residence, and buying up all the foot-worn and distressed oxen toiling across the flinty roads at a nominal sum. Having secured a few of these from the poor carriers, he would send the bellman through the village, announcing the arrival of fine fat beef, and soliciting family orders before proceeding to slaughter. When everything was fully subscribed for, the wretched animals were triumphantly shot, and mirth and plenty reigned throughout the district, in consequence of the activity and public spirit of its leading official. What a proud position for a lord-lieutenant of an English county thus feeding his vassals!

If the shops are nothing very ornamental in this City of the Saints, so neither are the churches and chapels. There are a great many places of worship, and the dissenters by no means are lacking in their love of good preaching; but the Dean and Chapter must have very hard work to reconcile it to their artistic consciences to have to take

charge of such an ugly building as the Protestant Cathedral. It is a huge squat yellow block occupying a central position in the town, and for want of a spire looks anything but a church. The site is so good that the ugliness of the structure, both within and without, is the more conspicuous. It is curious how little attention is paid at the Cape to the architectural beauty of its public buildings. One would have thought that with so much bright light, there would have been fostered a strong taste for the Gothic, and for cloistered shade ; but although the country seems made for Italian loggias and arcades and deep archways, yet all the houses are built on the northern or Dutch pattern—very plain, and stuck full of windows and narrow doors. I don't recollect as yet coming across a single instance of stained glass in churches or private dwellings ; yet, unless I am very much mistaken, such glass would glow again like rubies under the rays of an African sun, and glorify the most ordinary pattern. Considering the number of highly educated people who have settled here from time to time, and the ample incomes enjoyed by many, it has always been a matter of surprise to me, that more attention has not been paid to the decoration of the houses. It is not so with their gardens or equipages—because the gardens really are capitally looked after, and the horses, though small and not always well-matched, are still far from being ragged or neglected. But apparently no architects have ever thought it worth their while to try the Cape, and the result has been the uniform neglect of street and suburb, and an entire absence of picturesque effect. As usual, the Roman Catholics have been more successful in externals, and their church is well built, and looks something like a church ; while the large, handsome Commemoration Chapel of the Wesleyans has been spoiled by tawdry ornaments and badness of site. \* \* \*

After all, the great thing here is the climate. This is really splendid ; and in spite of drought and occasional hot days—take it all the year round—you can spend at least three hundred days in the open air in perfect safety to lung and chest. When it rains, it pours,—when it blows, it storms,—when it is hot, it is very hot ; but for all that, the climate is thoroughly suited to white people, and the children everywhere are the pictures of health—even amongst the soldiers. Can you say the same of many other parts of the world ?

*December 13.*—You will be sorry to hear of James's accident. While out riding, his horse fell with him, and in falling crushed him on the side, and, the doctors say, caused concussion of the spine. The brute must have rolled over him. Anyhow, he was ordered to keep quite quiet for a fortnight, and on no account to attempt to walk. He is now a little better, though his right arm feels numb, and we have been taking a trip to the sea-side for the sake of change and bathing. Now, when *you* wish to go to the sea-side you have only to write ahead, and engage nice lodgings at Hastings or Scarborough ; but here it is very different. One has everything to do and everything to think of. It took us some time to decide where we would go. The Kasouga was the prettiest

place, and the best beach ; the Kowie was the liveliest and the most convenient for getting things. Finally, we decided upon the Kowie, as there was more chance of getting fish caught there than at the Kasouga, and it did seem ridiculous to be at the beach, and then not to be able to get fish. So we hired a little cottage at the Kowie, containing nothing beyond a few tables, chairs, and iron bedsteads, and proceeded to fit ourselves for the trip by purchasing everything in the way of supplies according to a list given us by our kind doctor. The bullock-wagon which was to convey us and our things came early on the day we were to start, so as to have time for packing. It was a long and roomy vehicle, like a gipsy's caravan, and on the floor of it were laid our boxes. Then a cartel or loose board was swung on springs at the side of the wagon. On the cartel, mattresses were spread, and our bedding done up in soft bundles. With pillows and cushions arranged for seats, it was really very comfortable, and, to those not pressed for time, a by no means disagreeable mode of travelling. For days before we went I was busy getting everything together—stores of all kinds, eatables and drinkables ; in short, everything we could possibly want in a month, including crockery and cooking utensils, books, work, and the children's toys. At last everything was packed. I cast a final look around to see that nothing was left behind. "I'll tell you what you have forgotten," said the Doctor, poking his head in—"Where's your window-blinds?" "Here!" said I, triumphantly holding forth a roll of muslin and calico, with hammer and nails. He went away laughing, and did not suggest anything else. At ten o'clock our team of sixteen oxen was inspanned, our driver cracked his long whip, the Hottentot leader jumped to his feet, and trotted off in front of the span ; and so at last we were on the *trek*.

The country through which we passed is very pretty, green and undulating, and covered with flowers and patches of mimosa bush. We outspanned at a place called Blue-krantz, a lovely spot—where I could have stopped for a week. We took our tiffin here in pic-nic fashion, and drank the inevitable cup of strong coffee. While we were resting here, a group of red Kafirs passed us, fresh from Kafirland, carrying all their possessions on their heads. Their bodies and blankets alike were coloured with red ochre and clay. They had been engaged by a neighbouring farmer, and were going to their destination. The party consisted of two men and three women, with some children. The men walked first, with lithe erect figures and bold free steps—carrying only their "knobkerries," or wooden maces. Their dress was a greasy blanket, one end of which was flung over the shoulder. The women were clad in skin petticoats trimmed with beads ; they wore several bead necklaces and brass rings on their arms ; and one of them had on her wrist a bracelet made out of the feet of very small antelopes. The whole of their wealth was comprised in a couple of reed mats, two or three water gourds, a three-legged iron pot, and a tin can. A number of children quite innocent of clothing followed at their heels. When Kafir



women are young, they are generally shapely and graceful ; but as they grow older, the hard work put upon them makes them heavy and clumsy. One often sees fine intelligent faces amongst this wild people, but you still oftener meet with grey and wrinkled crones. Just before I left town, the son of a chief was pointed out to me, who had features—but for the colour—almost European. He was dressed like a smart farmer, in a suit of drab corduroy, with a pith helmet, and a pair of high patent leather riding boots, as well as gold chain and buckskin gloves—a regular swell ! He only wanted a silk umbrella and an eye-glass to be perfect.

It was eight o'clock before we reached the accommodation-house where we intended to stay the night. We got to the Kowie about three o'clock next day, and found our cottage rather small and looking very bare, but by the evening, when all our things were unpacked and properly arranged, it began to look quite comfortable again. When I saw the very dirty-looking sofa which our sitting-room contained, I congratulated myself on the forethought which prompted me to put up a few yards of chintz in my box. When this was nailed on, and the muslin blinds fixed, and a cover and some books thrown on the table—it looked quite another place. \* \* \*

The beach at the Kowie has immense sand-dunes—which were a source of great amusement to the children, who clambered up their steep smooth sides—for the sake of rolling down again, and vastly enjoyed the tumbles they got. The breezes are very delicious, and the waves at at night glow like snap-dragon from the phosphorus, and although the beach is not quite so interesting as dear old Camp's Bay, with very few pretty shells to reward your search, it is a fine healthy place. We crossed the river in a boat, and a little further on we found great quantities of very tiny shells. The rocks are full of little pools, well fringed with lovely sea urchins, and it was great fun feeding these with fragments of biscuit, and watching how they would draw in the bits of food with their long tentacles—evidently enjoying their morsels, and also as evidently showing temper when we cheated them with small white pebbles, which, after a few minutes' inspection, they would jerk out with violence and disgust.

Some days we spent our time looking for mussels and oysters, but only once did we find a tiny pearl in one. Some days we went picnicking in the bush, which is thick and luxuriant. At others we went up the river in the boat. It is a lovely river, very winding, and well wooded down to the banks, and always so still that no sound comes to disturb you, except the note of the kingfisher or the wild chatter of a monkey. Sometimes we strolled over to look at the harbour works—a sort of sea-wall which they are building out seawards, so as to free the mouth of the Kowie of the bar of sand, and deepen the stream ; but over and above everything we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves until our supplies ran short, and we began to get tired of “springers” and roman fish, when of course we packed up and went back again. \* \* \* \*

## The Young Wife's Sang.

Coo, Cooo ! My wee croodlin' doo,  
 The Cushat's up there in the tree,  
     Mammie sal sit  
     Here at the tree fit  
 Wi' her ae bairnie lad on her knee.

Coo, Cooo ! What says the doo ?  
 Sae heich there on the tree tap.  
     Aiblins she hushes  
     Her bonnie wee Cushies,  
 Like I hush the bairn on my lap.

Coo, Cooo ! What says the doo ?  
 Nane but the Cushat Doos ken.  
     The nest, look ! they quit  
     On the branches to sit.  
 My Bairn sune will toddle his lane.

Coo, Cooo ! What says the doo ?  
 Is she biddin her Branchers to flee ?—  
     Till Bairnie's a man  
     We 'll do what we can  
 To haud him wi' Daddie and me.

An' oh ! my bonnie wee croodlin' doo !  
 When Cushies ance leave nest an' tree,  
     They forget their ain mither  
     An' kin a'thegither,  
 But Bairnie sal ne'er forget me.

Coo, Cooo ! What says the doo ?  
 When Daddie took me frae my nest,  
     An' when I had you,  
     My ain croodlin' doo,  
 Wha was't that I likit the best ?

Aye, Cushat doo ! Troth, but that's true,  
 A' through the warld that's sae,  
     The young draw thegither  
     Leave father an' mither,  
 But thinkin' o't, aye maks me wae.

But the sun's neath the hill, an' the Cushat is still,  
 An' Daddie rides fast owre the lea.  
     Come ! Let us rin,  
     Or he'll be first in,  
 An' wantin' his bairnie an' me.

## The Auld Wife's Sang.

Oh blythely blinked *the mornin' sun* on Kirtlewater Haughs,  
When toddlin' there a bairnie I thocht na o' the morn  
An' played at Tigg\* or Hawpitty† anyth the muckle saughs,‡  
Or chasin' o' the Minnins I paidlet in the burn.

I mind weel o' my Father. He rade in graith§ wi' spear,  
His Clansmen a' cam' hame. He ne'er cam' back again.  
I mind my bonnie Mither weel, an' how she grat sae sair  
When tellin' me my Father dear at Dryfesands had been slain.

I mind weel a' the auld men in iron knaps|| an' jacks,¶  
An' couthy neebor auld wives, sae runklit, frail an' worn,  
Wha ane by ane at Middlebie were laid, or Pen-y-sax,  
An' yet I thocht na' o' my end. I'd scant thocht o' the morn.

Oh bonnie was the *forenoon sun* at fair Kirkconnel Lea,  
When lads tuk up my water stoups as I cam' frae the burn.  
I canna say how mony wooers cam' a' wooin' me.  
I never had a heavy thocht ayont the morn's morn.

But gladsomer the *noonday sun* in bonnie Kirtledale,  
When danderin' on the burnie's bank, a wooer by my side,  
Wi' beatin' heart an' willin' lug I heard the auld Love Tale,  
An' licked my thoomb to meet him at the Chantry o' St. Bride.

I beekit in my noonday sun maist a' the afternoon,  
We fended care, we hained some gear, an' mony bairns were born.  
But laddies thrived an' left us—our lasses tae richt sune  
Were wed—an' John was ta'en awa'. My lane I bide the morn.

Yet bonnie is the *gloamin'* on Kirtledale's green braes,  
Tho' whiles I'd like the gowan'd grass whar noo there's cloddy fields;  
But better is the braird an' haarst than frays o' my young days,  
An' better far than Border Peels,\*\* the Dalesmen's couthie bields.

I've noo been spared my fivescore years. My first a lassie free.—  
I had my John, my Bairns, an' O'es, fu' jimp anither twa.—  
Some lie near hame.—The ithers' banes are far o'er land and sea,  
Hunders o' bairns are sib†† to me, unkent sae far awa'.

But I'm behadden to ye a' that heed an auld wife's cracks,  
Wha' says, lang syne her runklet face like yours was young an' fair.  
Ye'll come an' see me carried to the stane at Pen-y-sax,  
Whar my dear John has lain his lane this forty year an' mair.

Y.

\* Catch-catch. † Hop-scotch. ‡ Willows. § Body-armour. || Helmets or skull-caps.  
¶ Scale-armour. \*\* Fortified houses or towers. †† Blood-relation.

## Mistaken Identity.

THE sky is bright overhead, the air is fresh and bracing, and from where we stand we see some of Dame Nature's finest landscape paintings. At a distance there is an amphitheatre of chalk hills, but covered here and there with beautiful green verdure. Labourers' cottages may be seen in the distance, and down in one part of the valley is a little town with white tall houses, and overtopping them all is the church spire. About a mile and a half to the left of the town, and on higher ground than it, is the Manor House, the property of Squire Crawford, surrounded by stately elms and magnificent oaks. It is with Crawford Manor and one of the white houses to the extreme right of the little town with which we have to deal. On a lawn in front of this house, on the evening of the 30th September, 18—, stood two girls, both attractive, both pretty, and yet totally unlike each other. The one, Alice Charlton, the daughter of the proprietor of the house—Colonel Charlton, a retired officer of the Honourable East India Company's Service—was a lively little blonde about the middle height, with a profusion of light, fair hair and a pair of mirthful blue eyes which ever appeared to be laughing; the other, Edith Payne, her cousin, had jet-black hair and melting dark eyes, fringed with long lashes.

"Come Edith," said Alice, "you know that you have taken quite a fancy to him, and I saw by the look he gave you when he said good afternoon in that demure manner of his that it was a case of love at first sight with him. Why, he hardly looked at me."

The "he" or "him" here alluded to was Reginald Crawford, the son of the old Squire at the Manor House, whom these girls had encountered for the first time; and this was how the acquaintance came about. The young ladies had been for a walk in the afternoon, and during their walk they had passed through a lane beautifully shaded on each side with high nut bushes, so high and so thick as effectually to hide from sight the cultivated fields on each side. Suddenly they were dreadfully startled and alarmed by two loud reports of a gun close beside them; whilst almost at the same moment two birds fell at their feet, and a tall, handsome stranger jumped over or rather scrambled through the bushes and stood near them. Directly he saw that he had frightened them, he doffed his cap and was profuse in his apologies for having disturbed and terrified them. He knew them by sight, and at once told them that he was Reginald Crawford, that he had just been called to the Bar, and had come down to look after the Manor House whilst his father was attending to his Parliamentary duties in London. Having obtained permission to walk home with them, and urging his father's intimate acquaintance with the Colonel, he had left them at their gate a few minutes before we found them standing in the lawn, having expressed his intention of calling to pay his respects upon the



Colonel in the morning. "Don't teaze, Edith, dear," said Alice, and the two girls entered the house together.

Besides these two girls and Alice's father, the only persons dwelling in the house were the Colonel's black man-servant whom he had brought from India, a cook, and the young ladies' maid. A boy attended to the garden morning and evening, but the work he did was under the superintendence of Edith and Alice, which probably accounted for the tasteful arrangement of the flower beds cut out in the lawn. It was seldom, as had been the case on the afternoon in question, that these girls were able to get out together, as the Colonel was laid up with liver complaint, the effects of the Indian climate, and he always liked to have either his daughter or his niece in the house to talk or read with him of an afternoon. And so, as one generally went by herself, the walk was seldom so extended as had been the case this afternoon; and when the girls went upstairs to take off their bonnets they naturally had a long talk as to the curiosity of their meeting with an adventure on one of the few occasions on which they had been enabled to get out together, and when they joined the Colonel at tea they told him of it, and he, knowing the Crawford family well, was much pleased, anticipating a new listener to his stories of Indian life.

True to his promise, young Crawford called upon the Colonel, with whom he soon became a favourite, which was in a great measure owing to the marked attention with which he listened to the old gentleman's rather monstrous stories of jungle fever, tigers, and pig-sticking, or to give its grander title, boar-hunting, and Crawford would often fain have accompanied the girls out for a walk when he was engaged thus entertaining or being entertained by the Colonel. One afternoon when they had left him so employed they suddenly met him, and Edith said, "Why, Mr. Crawford, what a short time you have stayed with uncle!" and he, to their surprise, stammered and seemed decidedly ill at ease; and after talking a few minutes, not at all in his usual lively manner, suddenly bade them good afternoon and left them. Edith, when out alone the following afternoon, met him, and asked him what he meant by his conduct of the previous day, but he only laughed at her, and was more than usually gay during the remainder of their walk. It now happened that the girls seldom went out without meeting him, and what appeared very extraordinary to both of them was, that when out alone Edith always returned home saying how lively and gay he had been, whilst Alice, on the other hand, spoke of his having been subdued and talking in a quiet manner, evincing, however, a depth of feeling. When they were both together, he was almost always the lively man they had first met, and addressed his conversation chiefly to the quiet Edith; sometimes, however, when in his more reserved mood, he appeared always to converse with the lively Alice. It must not be supposed that their meetings were limited to the occasion on which they met in their walks, for hardly a day passed without Crawford's

presenting himself at the house, either to see the Colonel, to lend the young ladies a new book, or to bring a plant for their garden. Matters went on in this way for somewhat more than a month, and these two girls, who dearly loved each other, could not help observing a certain restraint each on the other, and which neither of them could help owning to herself arose in some manner from their acquaintance with young Crawford. Yet each kept her suspicion to herself. One morning, about six weeks after their acquaintance with Crawford commenced, he presented himself at the house and begged that the Colonel and young ladies would attend a Fête to be given in the grounds of the Manor House on that day week, adding that his father would be down from town, and had expressed his hope that the Charltons would not fail to be of the party. The old gentleman promised for the girls, and said that he himself would attend, if possible. The day was looked forward to by both Edith and Alice with pleasure and hope, not, however, unmixed with anxiety, which feeling neither imparted to the other.

The eventful day at length arrived, as all days must and do, and a little after midday our two pretty friends found themselves without lack of cavaliers, who begged them to go to croquet, archery, or billiards, each according to his own particular fancy, and Alice went off to a croquet set, Crawford almost at the same moment coming up to Edith, persuaded her to take a walk through a part of the grounds. These two talked long and earnestly, frequently looking up into each other's faces, and by the time they had arrived at a lake, for which the place was noted, Edith had confessed her love and promised to be his wife. On the banks of this lake were situated two arbours around the outside of which twined creepers with pretty variegated flowers, these arbours were about one hundred yards apart with a row of lilac trees between them, and in the centre of this row was a boat-house. Crawford and Edith sauntered through these trees until they came to the second summer house, where he persuaded her to rest a little and then suggested a trip round the lake, which she thought would be very delightful.

"Then, darling Edith," said he, "I must leave you for half-an-hour whilst I go up for the keys of the boat-house. Can you be happy with your thoughts for that time?" Her reply was a fond look, and he went off. Edith was very glad to be left by herself for a short time. She wanted to realize to herself that he really loved her, and how happy she felt in knowing that she could faithfully and truly return his love. She had sat ruminating there for about twenty minutes when she was aroused by hearing Alice's voice not far off from her, saying "Now, be back soon, I will wait for you in that arbour, and then we will, as you wish, go for a row." Edith started up and there saw Crawford, with his arm round Alice's waist, give a kiss before starting off in the direction of the house. When Alice approached her, Edith said, "What, dear Alice, has that man been saying to you?" "That man, dear?" replied she; "it is Mr.

Crawford; and he has just asked me to be his wife, and I am so happy. Can't you be happy with me, darling?" "Alice," said her cousin, "not half-an-hour ago he asked me to marry him! I promised I would, and told him that I loved him dearly, and he has just gone to get the keys of the boat-house."

"Just what he has gone to get for me," returned Alice, and the two girls looked tearfully and sorrowfully into each other's faces, and then fell into each other's arms and sobbed bitterly.

"How cruel!" "how unkind!" "he can't be in his right mind!" and such expressions the poor dears sobbed to each other.

Presently footsteps were heard, and the two girls roused themselves, and stood facing the door of the harbour to let the treacherous man see that they could hold their own even under such trying circumstances. What was their astonishment to see Crawford, not alone, but accompanied by so exact a counterpart of himself as to make it difficult to tell them apart. Then spoke Reginald, "My twin-brother, Lionel, who six weeks ago returned suddenly from abroad, where he had been for the benefit of his health. Pray, forgive us. Edith, dearest, you will forgive me? Lionel, ask Alice to forgive you. When Lionel suddenly met you a few days after his arrival, and you spoke to him and he ran away, this little plot came into our heads. We never meant to let you meet thus without our having explained matters. Why we both forgot to do so to-day I can't tell. I suppose that we were both too happy to think of it, for Lionel has told me his secret. Are we forgiven? Is the right man loved by his chosen beauty?" The girls forgave them. The sprightly Reginald walked up with the quiet Edith, and the quiet Lionel with the sprightly Alice, and everything thenceforward went "merry as a marriage-bell."

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## On the Geology of the Cape Peninsula

### ALONG THE SHORES OF FALSE BAY.

IN reference to a note in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for August, I beg to submit some remarks, corroborating the views therein set forth, and detailing other peculiarities observable in the peninsula extending from Fishhoek Bay to Cape Point.

First, with respect to the shell caves, as contra-distinguished from kitchen middens. From previous suggestions, I was prepared to find that the isolated accumulations of sea-shells near Cape Point, at heights varying from 200 to 300 feet above the present sea-level, would be evidences of what are usually described as kitchen middens, or the refuse of edible mollusca, thrown into heaps, or into cave-like hollows, by aboriginal inhabitants of the coast. On personal examination of some of these pockets—for such I found

them to be—it became evident that, if they had been brought there by the hands of man, there must have subsequently occurred a great and wide-spread physical change in the structure of the superficial formation,—so that I could not rest satisfied with such an hypothesis.

The occurrence of the shell deposits I have examined appears as follows, viz. :—At a height of about 200 feet from the shore of False Bay, nearly on the level comprising Mr. McKellar's farm, which is in itself a gap in the stratified sandstone between Simon's Bay and the lighthouse at Cape Point, there is a band of coarse incoherent red sandstone, varying from ten to twenty feet in thickness vertically. How far it extends inland I cannot say; but seaward it forms a vertical escarpment, where the drift or blown sands have been removed. In the face of this sandstone, or partially consolidated sea-shore sand, cemented and coloured by the oxid of iron, are cavities of a semicircular form, filled with shells, sand, and pebbles, compacted and massed indiscriminately, exactly like distinct heaps accumulated along the shore after heavy gales of wind at the present time. Resting on this band of sandstone, like successive sheets of plaster of Paris, there is a bed of tufaceous limestone, extending some distance inland, forming, at the same time, the roof of the caves. This calcareous tufa has evidently been spread over the sandstone and shell caves subsequently to their formation, and in a plastic state, for it is seen to take the form of the upper surface of the shell accumulations, and has penetrated into the less compact portions in the shape of stalactites, like inverted pinnacles and vertical membranes, to a depth, in some parts, of twelve or fourteen inches. Wherever the shells are undisturbed, the tufa is clearly moulded to their form, and intimately ramifies their interstices.

From these circumstances it is natural to conclude that, since the accumulation of this sea-shore *debris* of shells, sand, and pebbles, some great physical changes have occurred, resulting in the existing elevation of the land to its present position, and the spreading over it of a bed of calcareous tufa. Geologically, these occurrences may be assumed to be of recent date, for amongst the shells, &c., I found some rib bones, possibly porpoise, of slight and slender form, thirteen or fourteen inches long, dry, and easily broken. The greater portion of the shells are broken up and fragmentary, and the most perfect in shape quite honeycombed. On the whole, the contents of the caves are precisely similar to undoubted sea-shore accumulations existing along the whole of the southern coast of the continent. That there are what are denominated kitchen middens to be seen in other localities, especially along the western coast to the north, in which it is affirmed that human skeletons have been found entombed in a sitting position, there is no reason to doubt; but that the shell caves of False Bay are the work of men's hands appears to me inconceivable.

Between Simon's Bay and Fishhoek Bay, the ridge of stratified rock is broken into ravines and valleys sloping down to the shore.



The surface of some is composed of white sand to the very summit, supposed to be constantly travelling up from the shore during the prevalence of south-east winds. The flat land above is also covered with sand, bearing a thick scrub of dwarfed bush and rushes. This upper sand, however, is quite distinct from that derived from the shore, and evidently results from the disintegration of the prevailing quartzite rock, which here and there stands up in ragged, irregular masses, externally rough and porous; but internally compact and conchoidal in fracture, with whitish glistening aspect. The upper land is not exactly flat, for it is broken up into valleys and low hills, but generally slopes down towards the open Atlantic shore to the west, in conformity with the dip of the rocks. From the heads of the sand-drifts coming up from False Bay, there are some spits or banks of white sand travelling across from east to west, which threaten to engulf some of the old agricultural farms midway between the two shores, and situated in the intervening valleys. One of these long sand banks I particularly noticed as likely, at no distant date, to completely cover up a farm, on which there is a beautiful assemblage of oak trees, planted in squares like the Government Garden of Cape Town. This bank of drift-sand is a long pointed spit, the sides sloping down at an angle of forty-five degrees, about thirty feet high, through which protruded the top branches of trees already buried in it. How long this work of destruction may have been going on, I do not know; but if steps be not taken to arrest its progress by planting with Hottentot fig and other suitable vegetation, very many acres of apparently good land will, before long, be utterly obliterated and ruined.

There is something very peculiar in the rock which rises directly from the lower level of the town, sloping up towards the mountain, deserving of some notice. It is unstratified, although where quarried or excavated, there appear horizontal thin beds of shells, indicating successive deposits. It is hard, harsh, and gritty—and not the least like sandstone—it is also ferruginous. To me it suggests the idea of indurated and consolidated volcanic mud. Its position is also remarkable, for both at Simon's Town and further along the coast to the southward, wherever it exists, it appears like a talus or mud bank formed under the protection of rocky prominences jutting out seaward,—as if, when accumulating under water, the set of the current had been from south to north along the shore, so as either to leave the material undisturbed where the talus occurs, or, on the other hand, to have deposited from mechanical solution those banks behind the projecting rocks on their northern faces. I fancy it owes its flinty-like character to an admixture of iron sand and magnesian limestone. For metalling roads it is excellent, and binds most perfectly. Some of these banks are one hundred feet high, and rest on the granite of the shore.

HENRY W. PIERS.

## Shell Caves.

IN the last number of the *Magazine* you call attention to the shell caves of Cape Point. I notice that the result of your personal examination is to incline you to differ from the remarks made by Dr. Atherstone on similar caves at Mossel Bay, which have given that rising port its name.

I think that anything that can throw light on the habits and customs of the aborigines should be interesting to those who have made this the land of their adoption; the old blood can still be traced among some of the inhabitants on the hills, but not a vestige of tradition remains. I therefore venture to send you a few remarks for the purpose of continuing the discussion, and eliciting information.

The subject of the shells and shell caves of Cape Point was first mooted in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, dated June, 1858, in Notes and Queries. A reply appeared in the following number; it might be worth your while to refer to these communications as a starting point. The geological and upheaval part of the argument I leave to those who are better able to explain it; I will simply take the caves as they are, and, without disputing the upheaval of the land at some time or other, will try to show from the following facts that the shells were never washed into them by the sea.

1st. The nature of the action of the waves and currents in a cave at water level would be to scoop it out, not to throw up a wall of light shells to a height of six or eight feet.

2nd. There are few stones, and but little sand intermixed; the shells are nearly all composed of the kinds that are eaten by people along the coast at present, the *Pere la Moon*\* (spelt as pronounced), or haliotis, is the species most numerous, and they look wonderfully fresh, and certainly unbroken by the surf.

3rd. Deeply embedded are found bones of various descriptions in good preservation, human skulls complete, heads and bones of the large antelopes, skeletons of birds. The leg bones of an animal as large as an elephant were found by a farmer in the vicinity, and Mr. McKellar, the present proprietor, picked up an eland's horn among the mass. Broken pieces of rude pottery and sharp stones are also turned up, or were, when the shells in these caves were used for lime-burning. Of late, however, the limestone rock has been used for that purpose, and the digging in the caves has been discontinued.

4th. Distinct ash heaps and marks of smoke have been exposed as the shells were cleared away.

5th. The tribes of Hottentots who peopled that part of the country on the arrival of the Dutch were called *Goringhaiconas*; to this branch

\* *Paarlemoer*, or Mother of Pearl.

belonged the Strandloopers, Watermen, or Vischmen, so often referred to in the early records. They frequented the coast extending on the west from Hout Bay, and from Kalk Bay on the east, to Cape Point. They subsisted on fish and shell-fish; and it is but natural that they should, in the course of ages, have left large deposits of shells by their kitchen middens. They were too indolent to hunt or attend to cattle—except to steal them. Among such a race, caves and clefts in the rocks would offer opportunities of saving labour; on both sides of the peninsula, where rude shelter could be obtained, there are similar deposits of shell, with bones and ash heaps.

Mark Twain, in describing three layers of oyster-shells and fragments of ancient crockeryware, as seen by him on the bank of a hill in Smyrna, 500 feet above the level of the sea, propounds the theory that the ancients may have had a *Restauraunt* at that place! But as there are three layers of shell and crockery, with three feet of solid earth between, and as it was unlikely that there should have been three *Restauraunts* in the same spot, at different ages of the world—and no traces of champagne corks being visible—he discards this idea. He then thinks the ark might have rested thereabout. But as Noah's family consisted of only eight persons, all told, they could not in a few months have consumed so many oysters, and as the beasts did not get oyster suppers, he rejects this also. An earthquake might have thrown the hill up from the bottom of the sea, but how about the crockeryware? He is then reduced to one last theory, which is a slender one, but not so much so when applied to the *haliotis*. The latter, as anyone can see, has greater capacity for enjoyment than the oyster; it can travel many feet in a tide; the few small shells which are not edible might have got a lift on the broad backs of their friends; it may have been the instinct of the *haliotis* in earlier times to seek entombment in the mountains. Modern science shows that some races have developed and that others have degenerated; probably the *haliotus* had no fine opportunity for natural selection, and without an infusion of fresh mollusca the species has become enfeebled!

This is how Mark Twain winds up his description of the Smyrna shell deposits:

"It is painful—it is even humiliating—but I am reduced at last to one slender theory: that the oysters climbed up there of their own accord. But what object could they have had in view? What did they want up there? What could any oyster want to climb a hill for? To climb a hill must necessarily be fatiguing and annoying exercise for an oyster. The most natural conclusion would be that the oysters climbed up there to look at the scenery. Yet when one comes to reflect upon the nature of an oyster, it seems plain that he does not care for scenery. An oyster has no taste for such things; he cares nothing for the beautiful. An oyster is of a retiring disposition, and not lively—not even cheerful above the average, and

never enterprising. But, above all, an oyster does not take any interest in scenery—he scorns it. What have I arrived at now? Simply at the point I started from—namely, *those oyster-shells are there*, in regular layers, five hundred feet above the sea, and no man knows how they got there. I have hunted up the guide-books, and the gist of what they say is this: 'They are there, but how they got there is a mystery.'"

S. T.

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"Let there be Light."

It is a fundamental law of the world in which we live, that truth shall grow—first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.—*Lord Macaulay.*

"Let there be light."—O highest good  
To erring mortals, sin-imbued,  
O Light of Life, our spirits' food,

Great Nurse of what is first and best,  
Be with us, in the deep unrest  
Of error and the shaken breast.

Be with us,—God, who gave us breath,  
And blessed our troubled life with death,  
In world-enduring fiat saith,

"Let there be light."—Yet hear Him speak :  
"Thy hand shall labour—thou shalt seek  
Thy joy with pain ; be strong and meek."

Yea, Father, give us strength to know  
The right, and meekness to forego  
The fruits of Hell, that work our woe—

To love the good, and shun the base,  
To pluck all darkness from the face,  
All error from the soul's embrace.

How is it? Is there any rest  
For those who choose the lamp unblest,  
A darkened Sun within the breast?

No rest, no peace ; they cannot find  
The ripened sweetness of the mind,  
The crowning joy of human kind.



Their house is builded on the sand,—  
A fickle trust, it cannot stand,  
When storm and tempest shake the land.

Deep-rooted Truth's foundations lie ;  
You see them not,—you may descry  
The pinnacle that threatens the sky.

But should the thickened vapour close  
Around the cock, what hope for those  
Who follow aye the wind that blows ?

What hope ? The gauge is lost to sight,  
The skies are dark, they ask for light  
To guide their footsteps thro' the night.

Light cometh, light from out the womb  
Of Chaos, flashed athwart the gloom,  
Dark exhalations from the tomb—

A warmish glare, a ghostly light  
That flickers vaguely to the sight,  
Confusing forms of wrong and right—

Deep night within, deep night without—  
Ah ! who shall scare the phantom rout,  
The treacherous brood of Sin and Doubt,

That strives with Truth, and vexeth sore  
Each loiterer at the Temple door,  
And checks his footsteps evermore,

And tempteth from the toilsome way  
That leadeth to the rising day,  
And Syren-like makes sweet delay ?

For where the far-off goal is set,  
The golden rays of Hope are met,—  
The brooding shadow haunts us yet.

Yet kindling Faith may note, I ween,  
Across the gloom a tender sheen,  
A gleam of promise dimly seen—

Tho' sadly gleams that chequered ray,  
'Mid twilight hopes and long delay  
Slowly it ripens to the day—

Aye, slowly as the current's force,  
That crumbles in its silent course  
The rocky fence of northern shores,

And sows upon remoter strands  
The happy soil that human hands  
Shall foster into mighty lands,

And speedeth on and ever sows;  
While here the advancing billows close  
And there an empire slowly grows.

Yet surely, surely comes the end  
Which He who ruleth all shall send,  
Earth's guardian Lord and helping Friend ;

Who helpeth every work begun,  
Who blesseth every good work done,  
Who crowneth every triumph won—

Who set the pearl beneath the brine,  
The metal in the sunless mine,  
Within the grape the beaded wine—

Who builds the stem upon the root,  
Upon the stem the branching shoot,  
Upon the branch the timely fruit :

And all things first in darkness rolled,  
That slowly shaped to perfect mould  
The earth might still His law unfold :

And set for man his heavenward course  
With measure of diviner force  
To knit delights with new resource—

To cross the vale of night, and climb  
The star-crowned height, where sits sublime  
The goal of Truth, the seal of Time—

The happy meed of conquering toil,  
Of thews well-tried in battle's moil  
For knightly deeds a knightly spoil.

Yet still whate'er of better things  
And happy fruit experience brings,  
One voice thro' all the ages rings,—

Thy hand shall labour, toil, and pain  
For ever, and the racking strain  
Of working arm and thinking brain :

Life's food from out the delvèd mine,  
O'er dizzy steeps, o'er tossing brine,  
With peril sought—such lot is thine :

And what may help thy stricken state  
Of Nature's laws, with stern debate  
Still wresting thro' the closed gate—

To roam and strive and moan for aye,  
Thro' night-long pain to happier day,  
Thro' error to the better way—

And seest, O yearning heart of man,  
The promise in the mighty plan,  
Thy rest, thy fruitful Canaan?

The heights loom dimly on the eye,  
But thro' the gloom a clearer sky  
Awaits thee to a refuge nigh—

Rest—rest most sweet when labour won,  
Heaven's gracious light and kindling sun  
For those who've wrought and toiled and spun.—

So speeds the course of high emprise  
'Mid rock and cave, 'neath angry skies,  
In foam and thunder heavenwise.

So speeds the course of golden thought,  
Thro' cloven rocks of error sought,  
To holiest purpose Titan-wrought.

For sluggard search or vain demand  
No answer—nor are issues planned  
To suit the idiot's deftless hand.

For since the day our world began,  
Long growth and still unfolding plan  
Illustrate all the life of man—

And ever must the law abide,  
By ordered growth and process wide  
God's greatness shall be glorified.

Consider by what vital power  
The seed is nursed from hour to hour,  
Ere launched upon the world a flower—

How cradled in the nether gloom  
Awhile, it springs as from a tomb,  
Then faithful to its happier doom,

Behold ! suffused with matchless dye,  
The rose, a rose for ever lie,  
A crimson glory 'neath the sky.

Ponder it, man, that happy birth,  
Thy heart's delight, the pride of earth,  
Sweet contribution to thy mirth—

What splendour from what nothingness !  
What potent energy to bless  
Long growth with final loveliness !

And may we not from primal gloom  
Like issue for the soul presume,  
A full-blown grace, a roseate bloom ?

For that which is above the flower  
A fuller growth, a happier dower  
Of promised majesty and power ?

Mark well the law, that thou may'st be  
A fountain from the rock set free,  
Rolled ever to the sunlit sea,

Rolled ever into widening space,  
To larger beauty, life, and grace,  
Rolled ever from the world's embrace.

Then as thy gross earth-nature dies,  
From out the tomb of death shall rise  
A light to light thee to the skies.

Take not thy counsel of the sod,  
The reptile's home, but look to God,  
And hang thy deeds upon his rod.

Look out—look up—Creation's voice  
Thrills forth in deepest tones—"Rejoice,  
All ye who make his law your choice !"



Be this a spell to nerve the arm,  
A rock-built hope, a mighty charm  
To stir the pulse or spread the balm—

A cloudy pillar in the air  
To temper Hope's delusive glare,  
By night a flame to light despair.

For Hope hath waning days, and night  
Shall quench the day and mask the right,  
And still thy soul shall lose her light.

And thou shalt eat 'mid wasting drought  
Of barren creeds the chaff of doubt,  
Before the grain is winnowed out.

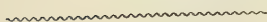
But faint not—let Hope's meteor blaze  
Above thee, shedding silvery rays  
Adorn the current of thy days.

O sweet to reach the long-sought goal,  
To see far-off the vapours roll  
Before the daybreak of the soul—

And sweet to scan the deep intent  
Of gracious promise, freely sent  
To faithful ears on wisdom bent,

Still happier in the answered "why,"  
With tempered heart and searching eye  
To love, to hope, to testify.

J. G.



## Science and Religion.

THE opening article of the present number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* contains a tribute of affectionate reverence to the memory of the late Sir John Herschel by his venerable and venerated surviving friend Sir Thomas Maclear. In connection with this, we need make no apology to our readers for publishing the following detached passages from the Sermon preached by Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey on the Sunday following the burial of Sir John Herschel in that sacred dust. The interest of this admirable discourse—which will be found in the last number of *Good Words*—is two-fold. It represents what we conceive to be the true relations between Science and Religion in the clearest light; and it gives touches here and there illustrative of the child-like simplicity and lofty aspirations of the great philosopher who has gone, with a sympathy and freshness and power which might have been expected from the large-hearted Dean of Westminster, to a greater degree perhaps than from any other living preacher in England. We only further premise that the text on which the discourse was based was Gen. i, 14 and 15.

\* \* \* There are two characteristics of the Biblical accounts of the sun and moon and stars, that contain the first stimulating thoughts of all the discoveries which have since been achieved. They belong to that side of the Bible which it possesses, not so much from its direct didactic character, but from that grandeur and solemnity of view which is the inalienable treasure of every book, of every mind, of every prospect of man or nature, in proportion as it rises, whether by grace or genius, above the common-place level of ordinary trivial things.

The first of these characteristics is the profound sense which the Biblical writers display of the sublimity and beauty of the divine order of heaven and earth. They knew not—they could not know—what it meant in all its parts. But it struck a poetic fire out of their inmost souls, that reproduced itself in thoughts and words, of which the child-like simplicity is only equalled by their inborn and supreme nobility. Human language has performed many marvellous feats since the first chapter of Genesis was written; but the saying of the heathen Longinus sixteen hundred years ago is still true—that nothing more sublime has ever been spoken than the words, “And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.” The hues of the rising and the setting sun have been depicted by many a poet and many a painter, have been analyzed by many a chemical process, by many an optical tube, since the shepherd king watched the rays of the early morning dart over the level line of the hills of Moab; yet no more life-like description has ever been given in few words than that of the sudden emergence of the sun’s bright face like that of a joyous bridegroom on his wedding-day from the curtain of his secret chamber—of the startling bound with which he leaps over the dark ridge of the eastern mountains like a giant rejoicing to run his course. The Grecian poets have sung of the repose of immortals and the toils of mortals, have handled with delicate touch the lights and shades of sea and sky; but we might search in vain for any expression of intense and abounding joyousness in the beauty of creation for its own sake equal to that which the Book of Job describes when it tells us, that at the laying of the foundation-stone of the world, “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.”\* The Mosaic cosmogonist, the Psalmist of Bethlehem, the Idumean

\* Job xxxviii, 7.

patriarch, could supply no theory of the universe; but they felt assured that in those glorious orbs there was an indication of divine power and wisdom beyond what they saw more closely around them. They were prepared, and they prepared others, to hear more; they put themselves and the world into an admiring, reverential, listening attitude.

And this brings me to the second point which I would name. They felt that there was something in these wonders which man was intended to understand and to read. At times they are overwhelmed by the greatness of the mystery—they look up in dumb astonishment: “When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?”\* “Canst thou,” it is said to Job, “Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth the constellations† in their season, or guide Arcturus with his sons?”‡ But these very phrases imply a search, a yearning after the hidden truth, the very opposite of dull indifference or superstitious fear. They mount at times into the full expression of what a great French scholar calls “the grand curiosity” of a scientific and inquiring age. “There is neither speech nor language” (so David sings) in those distant stars; “neither are their voices heard.” Yet, in spite of their silence, “their sound”—a sound of their own—“is gone forth through all lands, and their words unto the ends of the earth. Day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night revealeth knowledge.”§ Those lights which were set in the firmament of heaven were already seen to be not mere purposeless ornaments, not mere twinkling fireflies; they were set there (so the primeval historian tells us) “for signs and for seasons, and for days and years.”|| They were there for man to interpret, to explain; to hear that silent sound; to read those inarticulate words; to educe out of their mystic dances and labyrinthine movements, order and law, the ideas of time and of space, the witness which they bore to the glory of the first creative Cause, the service which they rendered to the use of the last created being.

That miserable antagonism which later ages have imagined between Religion and Science had no place in those venerable oracles of God; that unnatural civil war which in modern times has been waged under the opposing flags of Faith and Reason would have awakened not the slightest echo, because it would not have had the slightest meaning, in the minds of those primitive theologians, of those sacred philosophers.

If that question to Job has in our days been all but answered, if there have arisen those who have analyzed “the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and brought forth the constellations in their seasons;” if the simple reckoning “of days and years and signs and seasons” has grown up into the vast systems of astronomy and chronology of Kepler and of Newton; if the silent language of the stars has been read and expounded in all lands from the Arctic Pole to the Antarctic Ocean—it is because He who set those lights in the firmament of the heavens willed that there should be corresponding lights in the human soul on earth; it is because He planted an instinct in the spirit of man, which, in the presence of these wonders of creation, longed to see them face to face, eye to eye; it is because in these early records of the Book of Books there was implied and expressed that craving for an interpreter, for a translator, for an explainer of those mysteries—because, whilst clothing their bright ideas of the universe in such shreds of knowledge as they could put together, they were filled with a fearless desire for light, an eager restless movement after truth, such as best befits the truly religious mind, such as fills the human soul with the only true reverence, because it is the reverence of knowledge and not of ignorance.

This is the beginning of the world’s astronomy. This is the true relation of the Bible to Science. Not a system true or false, but an opening and encouragement for all systems—not a fixed letter to control and check, but a living spirit of freedom to encourage and stimulate all inquiry.

Most instructive would be the task to trace the gradual progress of that inquiry

\* Ps. viii, 3.

† “Mazzaroth,” probably the signs of the zodiac.

‡ Job xxxviii, 31, 32.

§ Ps. xix, 2—4.

|| Gen. i, 14.

—the full completion of that revelation. But on this day I would confine myself to such thoughts as are more immediately suggested by the passing away from amongst us of one who was amongst the foremost interpreters of nature in these our latter days.

Such a light set in the firmament of earth to meet the light in the firmament of heaven has been bestowed on us in that gifted spirit whose mortal remains were on Friday last laid beside his yet mightier master, amidst the mourning of all that England could show of scientific genius and research.

Of him, if of any, it might be said that he lived amongst those celestial luminaries. "Born under the giant shadow of his illustrious father's telescope," inheriting from him his aspiring tastes, and his unconquerable genius—the stars from his earliest years were his constant companions. "Light," he used to say, "was his first love." For him was reserved that task which the Book of Job describes as of superhuman magnitude—the exploration for the first time of the "wonders without number," not only in the familiar regions of the north, but in "the secret chambers of the south"—that Southern Hemisphere, whose marvels he has himself so eloquently described—"where a new heaven as well as a new earth is laid open to the gaze of the astronomer—a celestial surface equal to a fourth part of the heavens—the vivid beauty of the Southern Cross sung by poets, and celebrated by the pen of the most accomplished of civilized travellers"—the constellations which neither Moses, nor David, nor Galileo, nor Newton ever saw, but which shall look down on the future destinies of the teeming nations of the youngest born of the families of earth.

What the Psalmist regarded as the incommunicable attribute of Divinity was almost, if not altogether, achieved by those twelve years' unceasing labours and unwearied calculations of a single man. "He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names."† The glorious sun, whose daily rising was in the eyes of the earlier Psalmist at once so beautiful and so mysterious, became to this latest of astronomers the absorbing subject at once of his ardent imaginings and his profoundest speculations—"Where are thy beams, O sun, and whence thy everlasting light?" seemed to those who knew him best the motto engraved as it were over his study door.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now let us draw aside the curtain yet a little further, and pass to the yet more practical lesson from the spirit in which he laboured. Surely it is profitable to every one of us to contemplate that long life wholly given to those lofty, unselfish aims—working, as he himself expressed, "like a working bee at home," working to the very end, reserving almost his only indignation for that spirit of idleness and luxury which spends life without using it, which dissipates life without civilizing it. There is no child here present who may not take heart from the thought that these memorable labours took their rise in the filial pride and affection which enkindled in him the noble ambition to complete what his famous father had begun. There is no young man here amongst my hearers who may not be stimulated in a steadfast, onward course, when he is told of those early college days, when the young Herschel with two or three of his friends vowed (like a similar band almost at the same time‡ in a great neighbouring nation) that "they would put their shoulders to the wheel, and leave the world better than they found it." There is not a student or politician, there is not an artisan or an artist, of whatever kind, who may not be moved by the burning words in which the English philosopher six-and-twenty years ago urged on his laggard countrymen to follow the example, even then bright with transcendent brightness, of the science and industry of Germany; when he implored them to bear in mind that amidst the vast overwhelming accumulation of facts forced in upon us from every quarter,§ "What we want is Thought, steadily directed to single objects, with a determination to eschew the besetting evil of our age, the temptation to squander and dilute it on a thousand different lines of inquiry.

\* "Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers" (Hebrew, "the secret chambers") "of the south" (Job ix, 9).

† Ps. cxlvii, 4. ‡ See "Life of Baron Bunsen," c. i. § Essays, p. 651. See also p. 17.



The philosopher must be wedded to his subject if he would see the children and the children's children of his intellect flourishing in honour around him." There is not a soul engaged in the turmoils of private or of public life, of science, or theology, or statesmanship, who may not be raised beyond their petty trivialities by thinking of that venerable sage who lived through his long years above the stir of controversies, which he shunned, not from indifference, but from principle, without the slightest spark of unworthy rivalry either towards men or towards nations, fired only by that noble glow which results from companionship in honourable effort.\* "True Science, like true Religion, is wide-embracing in its aims and objects. Let interests divide the worldly, and jealousies torment the envious. The true votaries of science breathe, or long to breathe, a purer air. The common pursuit of truth," whether sacred or scientific, "is itself a brotherhood."† There is no one, old or young, who may not be soothed and elevated by the remembrance of the calm, cheerful, simple, sanguine faith with which he rose towards truth and light of whatever kind, like his own favourite bird, ever soaring towards the dazzling, sunbright sky—lark-like, "true to the instincts of heaven and home." "To spring even a little way aloft, to carol for a while in bright and sunny regions,—to open out around us, at all events, views commensurate with our extent of vision,—to rise to the level of our strength, and if we must sink again, to sink not exhausted but exercised, not dulled in spirit but cheered in heart—such may be the contented and happy lot of him who can repose with equal confidence on the bosom of earth, or rise above the mists of earth into the empyrean day."‡ Such, assuredly, was his lot of whom we speak—"always eager to cast down 'the High Places and Groves of Ignorance,' and to open the doors of the human mind to let in light and knowledge, yet always sure that right would come right at last, always content to urge the right rather than fight the wrong."

One remark in conclusion, which I will preface by a fine passage from one of his own popular addresses, in which he urges on his hearers the inestimable advantages of a taste for reading good authors. "Give a man," he said, "this taste, and you place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest of characters, who have adorned humanity; you make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating with thinkers above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization, from having before one's eyes the way in which the best bred and the best informed men have talked and acted."§ It was in a yet higher mood of the same vein of thought that, many years ago, in the hearing of one who well remembers it, there fell from his lips a like saying, in a burst of fine moral enthusiasm:—"Surely if the worst of men were transported to Paradise for only half an hour, amongst the company of the great and good, he would come back converted."

Such, in its measure, is the privilege which we have had and may have in dwelling even for a short time on the words and thoughts of a soul so pure and noble as that which has gone from us. Such, still more, is the privilege of those who were his companions and friends; who traced him from his blameless youth to his honoured grave; who were drawn round him in his quiet and simple home by the charm of his genius, by the yet more inexpressible tenderness of his affections; who now gaze up into heaven after him—the outward heaven, where his name is written in the stars, the spiritual heaven, where his name is written in the Book of Life.

For us, let us trust that he has "left the world better than he found it." For himself, let us use|| those humble and holy words of his own—

"Enough, if cleansed at last from earthly stain,  
My homeward step be firm, and pure my evening sky."

\* Essays, pp. 30, 634.    † Ibid., p. 680.    ‡ Ibid., pp. 259, 737.  
§ Ibid., p. 12.    || Ibid., p. 741.

## Notes on Rural Matters.

THE late rains during the latter end of August, and which extended east and west all over the Colony, must have been exceedingly acceptable to the farmer and planter. Not that the crops, plants, or veldt stood in need of rain, but, as the average quantity had not fallen, apprehensions were beginning to be entertained that we were to have a dry season. Now, however, those fears are allayed, and the copious fall of rain during the last fortnight in August brings us fully up to the average. The crops look promising in all quarters, and if the wheat crop escapes rust, the produce will be in excess of last year's yield. In England it was feared the wheat crop would not reach the average, and the quality was expected to be inferior. The heavy and continuous rains, accompanied with wind, in June, laid great breadths of the soft succulent wheat crop beyond recovery. The old home proverb—"A dripping June brings all things in tune"—will not be quoted with satisfaction by the English farmer this season. However, "it is a foul wind which blows nobody good," and the Cape farmer must, to some extent, benefit by the failure of the wheat crop in England. Prices will be maintained there, and we will have an open market for our surplus stock, which, let us hope, may be abundant. The wheat shipped to England this season is realizing fairly to the exporter, and, if present prices are maintained till the end of the year, we are safe. No sudden and great advance on prices can now take place in the English market, for free-trade and the well-established and rapid communications between those parts of Europe and America where vast quantities of grain are produced in excess of the requirements of the population enable speculators to pour quantities on the market as prices show a tendency to rise.

WE have heard of losses in sheep in some parts of the country from the heavy rains in June and July. Such losses will be of periodical occurrence where there are no means of housing "wet" sheep during inclement weather. We know a farmer in the Caledon district who is able to house nearly 3,000 sheep, and who, during all this season, has not lost a score of animals; while his next neighbour, with hardly so large a flock and no shelter, has lost hundreds.

PLANTERS in the Western districts will now have finished all fruit and forest-tree planting. Bananas and Custard-apples may, however, still be planted. Experience has taught us that those two fruit trees, and some other tender subjects, succeed best when transplanted after the heavy rains of the season are past, and when the temperature of both soil and air is rising. Every colonist who has at heart the progress and lasting prosperity of the Colony should at all convenient times and seasons plant trees, and urge the indifferent to do likewise. The proximate and lasting benefits derivable from plantations and forests in such a country as the Cape have been sufficiently enlarged upon in former papers.

It is gratifying to find some of our most intelligent Divisional Councils offering premiums to the planters of the largest number of trees in the division. Western

Divisional Boards might, if funds are legally available for such a purpose, follow the example set by the East, and organize a system by which the sides of every highway and byway in the West would be planted with trees, affording grateful shade to the traveller and shelter to adjoining lands.

THE King William's Town Cotton Show passed off, as was, indeed, expected, in the most satisfactory manner. The unsuccessful competitors even are, we are assured, "highly satisfied." We congratulate our Kaffrarian and Eastern friends on their great success. From personal observation two years ago, we were satisfied then that the cultivation of the plant in many parts of the East would be attended with abundant success. Then, as now, the problem has still to be solved—is it a paying and profitable crop? Will the successful competitors show an accurate balance-sheet? If favourable, the stimulus given to cotton cultivation would be immense. Upwards of 150 bales—nearly 70,000 lb.—was shown, principally Sea Island cotton. Mr. W. S. Barratt took the first prize of £30 for 10,000 lb. Sea Island; Mr. G. Elliot second prize, £20, for 7,000 lb. New Orleans. Six other prizes in cotton gins and money were given.

DURING September gardens begin to appear gay with flowers. Anemones, Ranunculuses, Stocks, Pansies, Azaleas, Petunias, and an innumerable host of annuals are in flower during the month. Hyacinths, Crocuses, &c., are just going out. The green-houses at the Botanical Garden are gay with Azaleas, Chorizemas, Cyclamens, Cinerarias, Begonias, Correas, Chinese Primroses—of these a very fine display, &c. A very curious and beautiful epiphytal orchid—*Angræcum sesquipedale*—may be seen in one of the houses; it has been in flower for four or five weeks, and is now rather "past its best." This species—*A. sesquipedale*—produces the largest flowers known in the order. The prodigious spur in well-grown plants exceeds a foot in length. More than twelve years ago we received our first specimen of this, then new, orchid from the Rev. Mr. Ellis, who, at the same time, contributed the new and interesting "lattice-leaf plant," *Ouvirandra fenestralis*, which, we regret to state, is lost to the collection of the Botanical Garden. Shortly after Mr. Ellis took home his grand *Angræcum* from our gardens.—(the first specimens were in our keeping while the reverend gentleman, who was *en route* from Madagascar to England, made a tour of inspection to missionary stations on the frontier; and, by-the-by, as we are never ashamed to tell the truth, we nearly lost the whole through want of proper appliances and unskilful treatment)—we received a communication from an eminent firm in London, offering us a commission to purchase three good specimens of the *A. sesquipedale* at one hundred guineas each! We were *not* successful. In English catalogues the plant is now offered at from three to five guineas each. Such is fashion in flowers.

IN the large collection of Grape-vines in the Cape Town Botanical Garden there are several sorts which are only fit to be treated as trellis vines. In the absence of a trellis they were planted, and are pruned and treated as dwarfs, just in the same way as hannepoots or muscadels. Under such treatment they never produce fruit in acceptable quantities. Last year, instead of cutting back the shoots in

the usual manner, and at the usual time, they were left till the sap was well up, and then cut back, but leaving from three to six eyes or buds, according to the strength of the shoot, on each. The result was a fair crop of grapes. We have followed the same practice this season, only cutting back a little earlier, to escape excessive bleeding. The sorts treated in this way are Pineau Blanc, Gros Guillaume, Syrian, Sultana, Black Persian, &c.

THE Royal Horticultural Society of England have paid Nottingham a visit—holding one of their great shows in the town, with the greatest success. The journals describe the show-tents and grounds as “a very paradise of flowers.” Fruits do not appear to have been so well represented as was expected, owing, perhaps, to the season in England having been exceptionally unfavourable for fruits. On the whole, however, the Nottingham show was a grand affair, and passed off with marked success. Amongst prize-takers, Mr. B. S. Williams, the eminent nursery-man and orchid-grower of London, appears the most successful.

DR. HOOKER and party have returned to Kew from their botanizing tour in Morocco, laden with botanical riches, and a vast fund of information regarding the country they have visited, and of which so little is known, physically or socially. In his letter to us, Dr. Hooker mentions the arrival in Europe from Australia of a monster fern, a species of *Todea*, weighing upwards of a ton. Nothing so “monstrous” amongst filices is found at the Cape. Our largest tree ferns, measuring some sixteen feet in length, and with spreading fronds nine to twelve feet in length, cannot weigh half a ton. Dr. Hooker requests some specimens, the largest obtainable, of our *Todea Africana* and other ferns, with large rhizoms, as *Aspideæ*, *Lomaria*, &c.

WE have received from Commandant Bowker some native seeds collected at the Diamond-fields, amongst which is a curious bean, much eaten by the Kafirs and natives of the interior. The beans are mixed with sand, and roasted in an iron pot before eaten, and are said to be most excellent. Mr. Bowker has not seen the plant growing which produces this bean. It appears to be a species of *Dolichos*.

THE cultivation of the “pea-nut,” known at the Cape as the “ground-nut,” has attained extensive dimensions in the United States of America. In New York alone, upwards of 550,000 bushels are sold annually. North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia, and South Carolina produce the largest quantity. Thousands of bushels are also brought to New York from other countries, principally from the East Coast of Africa.

The “ground-nut” is a botanical curiosity, from the peculiar structure of its calyx, which is of great length, and the singular habit of thrusting the ovary, after the fall of the flower, into the ground, where the two-seeded pod is perfected. The pods are never produced above ground, for should the ovary, through accident, be unable to thrust itself under ground, it soon withers without producing pods.

The “ground-nut”—*Arachis hypogæa*—is very little known at the Cape. A few are grown in the district of George, mostly as a garden curiosity. They might



be grown to an unlimited extent, being of the easiest cultivation. Light, warm, sandy soils are the best. In Australia, it is now extensively cultivated, and the "nuts" roasted are brought to table for dessert. We can vouch for their being delicious. The nut produces, by crushing, a valuable oil, the quantity large in proportion, and regarded as being quite equal to olive oil. The prostrate stem and leaves are excellent food for cattle.

THE acrid properties of the family of plants to which the common garden larkspur belongs have long been known, and fatal effects resulting to caterpillars, grubs, and winged pests, who may devour the leaves of the larkspur, have been frequently chronicled. In our experience, however, those animals have always exhibited the usual animal instinct of avoiding the larkspur, as they do other noxious food. An Australian correspondent of an Adelaide paper has discovered that the common grasshopper, and, of course, its allies, the locust, &c., rather prefer the larkspur, or any other species of delphinium, which they attack voraciously to their own immediate destruction. The correspondent of the Adelaide paper states that his crops, and vines in particular, were almost destroyed one season by the red-legged grasshopper. The following season he had larkspur sown between the rows of his vines, which shot up simultaneously with the shoots of the grape vines. In due time the pests arrived. They attacked the larkspur in preference to the soft and succulent vine shoots, and speedily perished. Might our country friends not try this remedy for locusts, in a small way first, just by way of experiment? We shall be glad to present packets of larkspur—*Delphinium consolida* var.—seed to all who will try it.

OUR American cousins long since invented a horse-clipping machine, which can be worked by hand or by steam-power, and is found of vast utility in countries like the United States, where the clipping of horses' coats at certain seasons is almost universal. A man, with the assistance of a boy, will clip six horses for one he can do with the common scissors, making better work, and with more ease to himself and the horse. But what is of more interest to us at the Cape is an American invention of a machine for sheep-shearing! a diagram and description of which is given in the *Agricultural Gazette* of June 17. It is stated "the machine has not yet been sufficiently tried to speak of its practical merits; but if it proves as successful as the horse-clipper, it will be a boon to the large flock-masters of Australia." No less so will it be to the Cape sheep-farmer; but, if it is found the sheep or animal requires to be "educated" to undergo the operation, the use of the invention will be limited at the Cape, at least for a long time to come.

THE arrival of imported stock is of rare occurrence now, compared with former years, when nearly every Indiaman touching at our port brought fresh blood to our studs, flocks, and herds. Indeed, the importation of thoroughbred horses had almost ceased of late years. The last, we believe, was Mr. C. Barry's high-caste Arab *Dragoman*, an Indian bred horse, till the arrival of the mail-steamer *Saxon*, which brought out two of the best horses—as suited to the wants of the Colony—brought to these shores for the last twenty years. *Belladrum* and *Robin*,

Barham by his son, there are two volumes of the most delightful literary reminiscences.—Lieut. Meade's Ride through New Zealand, followed by sketches of two cruises among the South Sea Islands, is one of the most refreshing books of the season, redolent of nature, and of the genial picturesqueness and vigour of style so characteristic of an English Sailor.

Another publication of particular interest at the present moment is the "Life of Bismarck," private and political, with descriptive notices of his ancestry, by John George Louis Hesekei, translated by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F.S.A., F.A.S.L. It is marked by no high literary skill, and is issued as a sort of catchpenny for the occasion. It is intensely interesting, however, chiefly from the private correspondence it contains. The only passage we can give is from one of the many pleasant letters to the Countess when he was sojourning in France in 1862. How different his sojourn then from now ! Writing from Biarritz, 4th August, 1862, he says :

"Last evening I reached Bayonne from St. Sebastian, where I slept for the night, and am now sitting in a corner room of the Hotel de l'Europe, with a charming view of the blue sea, which drives its foam between wonderful cliffs against the light-house. My conscience reproves me for seeing so much that is lovely without you. Could I bring you here through the air, we would immediately return to St. Sebastian. Think of the Siebengebirge with the Drachenfels placed on the sea-shore ; next to it Ehrenbreitstein, and between both an arm of the sea, somewhat broader than the Rhine, stretching into the land, forming a round cove behind the mountains. Here one bathes in transparent clear water, so heavy and salt that one floats, and can look through the broad rock entrance into the ocean, or landwards, where the mountain chains rise ever higher and more azure. The women of the middle and lower classes are remarkably pretty, some of them handsome ; the men are surly and uncivil ; and the conveniences of life to which we are accustomed are wanting. The heat here is not worse than there, and I think nothing of it ; on the contrary, thank God, I am very well. Yesterday there was a storm, the like of which I have never seen. On a stair of four steps on the harbour dam I had to try to mount thrice before I could get up ; pieces of stone and halves of trees were flying through the air. Unfortunately, this led me to retract my place on a sailing vessel to Bayonne, little thinking that in four hours all would be quiet and serene. I thus lost a charming sea passage along the coast, remained another day in St. Sebastian, and yesterday left in the diligence, somewhat uncomfortably packed between dainty little Spanish women, with whom I could not interchange a word. They understood enough Italian, however, for me to make it clear to them that I was pleased with their outward appearance "

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

Richmond, 11th February, 1871.

TO THE EDITOR : SIR,—As one of the unfortunate *Plattelands Heelmeesters* referred to by the writer of the article "Cape Doctors" in your last issue, allow me, for the information of the writer in particular, and of the public in general, to state that a *Plattelands Heelmeester* has a status

in Holland ; in confirmation of which I beg to enclose an affidavit of Dr. Zeederberg, of Hanover, of which the following extracts may suffice for the case in point :—

“ Having studied his profession in Holland, and resided there for several years, he is fully acquainted with the status of the medical faculty in that country.

“ That although the first two specially mentioned diplomas, *when granted* to the said Hendricus Fockens, entitled him to practise only in the country towns and districts of the Province of Friesland, in Holland aforesaid, he is *now*, by virtue of Article 21 of an Act of the Legislature of Holland, dated 1st January, 1865, authorized to practise *anywhere* in Holland aforesaid; and is, in fact, placed on an equality and a level with the said deponent and others who studied and took their degrees at the Universities of Holland.

“ That even before the passing of the Act mentioned above, there was substantially no real distinction and difference between the medical qualifications and capabilities of those who, like the said H. Fockens, passed their examinations before the local Medical Boards of the Provinces of Holland and those who took their degrees at the Universities of the same, but that the latter had the right to practise anywhere in Holland, whereas the former could do so only in the respective Provinces wherein they were examined and passed.”

I will limit myself to this, Sir ; and trusting to your impartiality to insert it in your next number,

I am, &c.,

H. FOCKENS.

From “ Observer,” a correspondent at Uitenhage who has had extensive opportunities of studying what is popularly and vaguely known as the Native Question, we have received some criticisms on the plans propounded by a writer in the *Cape Monthly* for January, in an article entitled “ Our Noble Selves.” We have room only for the following extract of “ Observer’s ” letter—which, however, contains the gist of the whole of it :

“ So far as subsidizing the chiefs is concerned and employing magistrates to bring it about, my conviction is, that it cannot and will not be done. The limits of this paper will not permit me to enter into argumentative proof of this, or it would not be difficult to show that the scheme would be utopian. But whilst it would be impracticable as applied to the Kafirs, it would not be less so in relation to the farmers. In the towns there would be no difficulty in obtaining 1s. 6d. per diem, or more, in wages, but in the country, where the majority are wanted for cattle and sheep herds, &c., it would at once bring all farming operations to a close. As a farmer (M.P.), when talking over the subject with the writer said, ‘ to take £36 in money for one man in two years would ruin him (the farmer) ; this would never do.’ The ordinary pay of a herd or shepherd is 10s. per month and food, but the cost of plain food to the farmer is very small, as often he grows the whole upon his own establishment ; yet notwithstanding food has been very abundant during the last few favourable seasons, it has been as much as the farmer could possibly do to carry on his farming operations.”

A correspondent sends us the following Oxford epigram, which was forwarded to him in MS. some years ago. As he has not seen it any time in print, he requests us to give it publication. It is *apropos* of the attempt of Pope Pius to make Cardinal Wiseman Archbishop of Westminster, A.D. 1850 :

*"Cum Sapiente Pius nostras spiravit in aras,  
Impius, heu ! Sapiens, desipiensque Pius."*

TRANSLATION.

"The Wiseman and the Pious, have laid us under Ban,  
Oh ! Pious man unwise, oh ! impious Wiseman !"

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ONE or two of our correspondents seem to be under the impression that the Sketch in our last entitled "The Battle of Boomplaats" was given as veracious history. They overlooked the introduction by our contributor who translated the Sketch from the German of Dr. Eduard Kretschmar, and in which he states explicitly that he only gave it as a sample of the author's South African stories, without pretending to determine "how much was authentic and how much pure romance." We are glad to state, however, that for the next number of the *Magazine* we are promised a descriptive sketch of the Battle of Boomplaats "by one who was there."

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A CORRESPONDENT writes to us, suggesting "the formation of an association of individuals in and about Cape Town under the denomination of a Natural History Society, in which, as at Port Elizabeth and Natal (and, we believe, also in Graham's Town), the various subjects of Geology, Botany, Conchology, Mineralogy, &c., may be discussed and exemplified as especially of South African interest and origin." He further says: "It strikes me that an organization of this kind could be brought about in an inexpensive form, in which periodically papers could be read and discussed leading to joint efforts, the result of which would by degrees bring out and develop step by step our true geological position, and as certainly reveal our mineralogical resources. Our great want is some organization or court of appeal by which to bring to the test of experience and acquired knowledge the varied observations of individuals—to concentrate thought in such a manner as to educe from isolated experiences something like well-considered and well-digested results." We need hardly add that we very heartily concur in the suggestion. The wonder is that it should not have been put in practice long before now—as indeed it was in the good olden times of the Literary and Scientific Institution, of which Sir John Herschel was, not merely the nominal and ornamental, but the very energetic and working President. But we have no room for further remarks this month. We merely publish the idea of our Correspondent, in the hope that it may speedily fructify in the minds of our readers.



## THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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### The Battle of Boomplaats, and what led to it.

IN the good old times, when there was no law against "wallopping Niggers," and when no "coloured person" could move about in the land without a pass, nor be abroad in the streets of our cities, towns, or villages, after "tattoo," unless carrying a lighted lantern, our brother-colonists of Dutch extraction bore the English yoke without exhibiting much impatience or restiveness. But after a time came first the Hottentot emancipation, as it has been termed, giving them the same freedom to roam at will as was enjoyed by Europeans. No lighted lanterns needed, nor passes required, nor could they be licked with impunity,—for a white man who in that way punished his Hottentot servant was liable to be brought before a magistrate, and sentenced to fine or imprisonment, at the will of that functionary; and as no pass was needed to enable the Tottie to find his way to the seat of magistracy, this often happened. The English yoke began to gall, and a blister was raised, which might have healed after a time, had nothing further occurred to keep open the sore. But soon followed the tampering with slaves. Masters and mistresses were required to keep books in which to register all punishments inflicted, and these registers had to be examined periodically by Government officials. This was regarded as a grievous injustice, as, in fact, striking at the root of the institution of slavery. Not that slaves were badly treated in this country,—on the contrary, as a rule, they were well treated and cared for, but it was felt that slavery and the accountability of owners to third parties could not co-exist. Once let the slave know that he might complain to a magistrate of ill-treatment by his owner, and there was an end to all discipline. Next came the total emancipation of the slaves, and the bungling of the Imperial authorities in the matter of compensation. The process was something like this:—First, the market value of the slaves was ascertained by commissioners appointed by Imperial authority to obtain that information; second, finding that the value so ascertained was about double the amount voted by Parliament to defray the cost, *i.e.*, £20,000,000, they reduced the compensation to be paid to about one half of the previously-ascertained value; and then, third,—which was considered the greatest grievance of all,—the money could not be paid on the spot, but must be received in England

upon production of complicated documents, which rendered necessary the employment of agents both in this Colony and in England. The result of all was that no one could receive more than one half the amount at which his slave property had been valued, minus agent's charges, &c., and many, owing either to their own or their agents' mismanagement, got much less, and in some cases nothing at all.

These things rankled in the bosoms of all who had pecuniary interests in slaves, and gave rise to a desire on their parts to get away from a Government under which they considered that gross injustice had been done them.

The slave question affected chiefly the Western districts and some of the Midland, particularly Graaff-Reinet, which then was an extensive district, embracing what now are Colesberg, Middelburg, Richmond, Murraysburg, &c. In the more Eastern districts slaves were few and far between; but there they had their own particular grievances in Kafir depredations, insecurity of life and property, and periodical wars. And at the time when the Western dissatisfaction on the slave question was at its height, in the East there was equal dissatisfaction with the results of the Kafir war of 1834-5, and the reversal, by orders from home, of the measures adopted by Sir Benjamin D'Urban for future safety.

In consequence of these things, there was a pretty general feeling throughout the country, that the proper thing to do was to quit the Colony, and endeavour to found elsewhere an independent Government, suited to the wants and wishes of the people. This feeling once roused, leading and influential men took it up, and helped to work out the plans. Among these may be named Pieter Retief, of the Winterberg, Gert Maritz, and Andreas Pretorius (commonly called "Long Andreas") of Graaff-Reinet, and the Uys family, of Uitenhage; all persons well known and generally respected, and who were sure to be accompanied or followed by considerable numbers of farmers from their several localities. It was arranged that they should move in the first instance across the Orange River, and there consult as to future plans.

In a short time large numbers of these people had crossed the river, and on consulting together, it was determined to form a settlement at Natal, a sea-port being an object of importance to them. Some had their misgivings about Natal, and rather leaned to the idea that it would be better to cross the Vaal River and seek for a port more to the eastward. A large majority, however, was in favour of Natal, and thitherward they moved.

In all their movements, care was taken to enter into written treaties with native chiefs and people, by means of which they considered that they acquired rights to lands and other privileges. In course of time their leading wagons passed over the Drakensberg into Natal, crossed the Tugela River, and formed encampments further on in the neighbourhood of, or upon, the Bushman's River. From here they sent messages to Dingaan, the Zulu chief, informing him of their arrival,

their object and intentions, and their desire to enter into treaty arrangements with him, and to live in peace and harmony. The reply was an invitation to send some of their principal men to his kraal to talk the matter over with him, and to settle matters as desired. In an evil hour this was acceded to, and Pieter Retief, with a number of others, proceeded to Dingaan's kraal, where they were received with great cordiality, and in a few days had, as they thought, settled everything to their satisfaction. They then took leave of the great Chief, got their horses saddled, and were about to depart back to their encampments, highly pleased with having so easily accomplished the object of their journey. While busy with their preparations, a message came from Dingaan desiring to see them once more before their final departure. They went to him unarmed, and then, without a word of warning, they were fallen upon by overwhelming numbers of Zulus, dragged off to the place of public execution, and there butchered in cold blood; and immediately after this, several regiments of Zulus marched for the Boer encampments on the Bushman's River, and coming upon the most advanced of them unexpectedly, succeeded in massacring a great number of the Emigrants, including women and children, who were mercilessly stabbed with assegais, or beaten to death with clubs. The camps a little further off having heard of this, made hasty preparation for defence, and when in their turn attacked, succeeded in driving back the enemy after some hard hand-to-hand fighting.

As before stated, some of the Emigrants held to the opinion that the best course for them was to cross the Vaal River, and endeavour to form a settlement there. In consequence of this many did not go down to Natal, but took a more northerly direction towards the Upper Vaal River; but they did not go very far before they came into contact with the people of that barbarous Chief Moselikatse, whose hordes fell upon the advanced wagons, and murdered all they could get hold of—men, women, and children,—carrying off all their stock and other property. Subsequently, these barbarians were made to pay dearly for their treachery, for the Boers being strengthened by reinforcements from the Colony, and having placed their women and children at safe distances, took measures for inflicting severe chastisement upon their enemies. In the encounters that now took place, the Boers were everywhere successful. Vast numbers of the natives were shot down. Dingaan himself was forced to abandon his country, proceeded eastward, among strangers and former enemies, by whom, after a time, he was murdered; and Moselikatse, after suffering great losses, was driven back into the interior, and ultimately to the neighbourhood of the Zambezi, where he died a year or two ago.

The Boers were now masters of the situation. Those that crossed the Vaal River, and took possession of the country out of which they had driven Moselikatse, found no other native tribes within reach sufficiently formidable to cope with them. While in the Natal country, the Zulus had been taught such a lesson as would keep them quiet for a long time to come.

The Emigrants now thought their troubles pretty well at an end, and commenced to make arrangements for their future government, established courts of landdrost and heemraden for civil jurisdiction, and appointed commandants, field-cornets, &c., for military purposes. Maritz was placed at the head of the civil departments in the Natal country, and Pretorius, as Commandant-General, became chief of the military organization. These matters settled, things went on swimmingly for a short time; but then a difficulty arose of more formidable dimensions than any heretofore encountered, by the British Government laying claim to the Natal territory, and informing the Emigrants that they were British subjects,—and neither there nor elsewhere would they be permitted to form an independent settlement. This intimation was quickly followed by the arrival of a small detachment of troops, which had marched from Graham's Town overland by the coast route. To this display of force the Boers decided upon offering armed opposition, and formed a strong encampment near the line of march along which it was known the British troops must pass. The officer in command hearing of this, took up a position in the neighbourhood, and having made that sufficiently secure to protect it from such arms as the Boers could bring against it, held a council of war with the two or three other officers under him, to decide upon what they could do with their very limited numbers (about 150 men) to compel the Boers to break up their encampment and disperse. The result of this council was (acting probably under the impression that they might catch a weasel asleep) to determine to make a night attack upon the Boer camp. Acting up to this determination, all the men, except a score or so left to protect the camp, marched out one clear moonlight night with two six-pounder field-pieces drawn by oxen, and proceeded along the beach at low water, in the direction of the Boer camp. The Boers having full information of this movement from their scouts, who every night watched the British camp from neighbouring high lands, quietly got together a sufficient number of their men and placed them under cover of a thick bush, which at one point ran down almost to the water's edge, and close to which the British column must pass, with orders to open fire upon it when opposite to them. These orders were strictly obeyed. The troops, unaware of the enemy's presence, were taken by surprise. The oxen drawing their guns and some of the gunners and other soldiers were being shot down by an invisible foe, and they had to retreat as best they could to their camp, leaving their guns with killed and wounded on the field, or rather on the sea-beach with a rising tide.

All this small detachment of troops could do now was to make their camp snug, and hold out until reinforcements could arrive, which in those days of difficult communication must needs be a work of time. They did hold out, however, for more than a month, during a large portion of which time they lived on a very small allowance of horseflesh.

We will now pass over an interval of time from 1842 to 1847,



during which much was done by this Government with a view to satisfy the Emigrants, who, however, had but one desire, and that was to shake off the English yoke and become a free and independent republic; and finding that this desire could not be realized in Natal, a large number of them resolved upon abandoning that country and recrossing the Drakensberg, and joining their brethren on and beyond the Vaal River; but before carrying this resolution into effect they determined to make one more and final effort to obtain their freedom by negotiation with the Governor of the Colony, and Andreas Pretorius was selected to proceed to Graham's Town, where the then Governor—Sir H. Pottinger—was, and endeavour to procure through him what they so much longed for. He started on his mission, travelling overland, chiefly on horseback, for roads scarcely then existed, through what is now the Orange Free State, and upon arrival at Graham's Town, after a very fatiguing journey of some 800 miles, at once opened up communication with the Governor and solicited an interview. To this application he received a reply from the Governor's private secretary, conveying His Excellency's refusal to see him, or to hold any communication with him upon the subject about which he had undertaken so long a journey. This was a bitter disappointment, and Pretorius returned to Natal more determined than ever, if possible, to secure the desired object. On his way back through the districts of Somerset, Graaff-Reinet, and Colesberg, he was everywhere received by his countrymen with open arms, and much sympathy was expressed towards himself and fellow-emigrants by all. Immediately upon his return to Natal with the tidings of the failure of his mission, the people at once prepared to trek.

Just at this time (towards the end of 1847), Sir Harry Smith arrived at Cape Town as Governor of the Colony, and as soon as possible put himself in communication with Andries Pretorius, expressed much sympathy with him and the expatriated farmers generally, notified his intention of proceeding to Natal as soon as possible, and his determination to make suitable arrangements for them in regard to land, &c., and urged them not to quit Natal until his arrival.

After staying a few days at Cape Town, Sir Harry proceeded to the Frontier, "patched up" a peace with the Kafirs, issued proclamations extending the boundaries of the Colony in various directions, and then departed overland for Natal.

At Philipolis he saw Adam Kok, and invited him and his "Raad" to accompany him to Bloemfontein, in order there to enter into fresh treaty arrangements. The Basuto Chief Moshesh was also invited to come there, likewise Moroko, the Chief of the Baralongs. The first and last came, but not Moshesh, who, however, afterwards met the Governor at Winburg. With these several chiefs, Sir Harry succeeded in coming to terms which he considered satisfactory, his chief object being to secure to the Emigrants the lands they occupied

within the territories of these chiefs. This accomplished, he hurried on to Natal, and on reaching the Tugela River, found there Andreas Pretorius and the foremost of the "trekkers." They were awaiting the Governor's arrival before ascending the mountain. He staid two days there, discussing matters with Pretorius ; but did not succeed in stopping the trek. Sir Harry was prepared to grant land on low rates of quitrent, and to meet them in everything but the principal object they sought for, *i.e.*, freedom. He could not grant this. So they determined to try to procure it in some other way.

The Governor here issued a proclamation, notifying his arrangements with the native chiefs above mentioned, extending Her Majesty's sovereignty over them and their territories, and established a Government for the "Orange River Sovereignty," at the head of which was placed Major Warden, who had previously held the appointment of British Resident there, under provisions of earlier treaties.

At Pietermaritzburg further proclamations were issued, notifying the terms on which lands might be acquired (much easier than pre-existing arrangements), and having for their object generally the satisfying of the people.

No doubt these arrangements did have some effect, and caused many that would otherwise have trekked to settle down in Natal ; but Pretorius and his followers left, and joined their countrymen on the other side of the boundary.

Sir Harry embarked at Natal in Her Majesty's steamer *Geyser*, landed at East London, and at once proceeded overland to Cape Town. Addresses poured in upon him at every town and village, and deputations waited upon him, particularly of the clergy and heads of the Dutch Churches, in which and by whom he was particularly thanked for all he had done to benefit their expatriated countrymen. The measures he had adopted were regarded as most liberal, and such as should satisfy the most disaffected of them. The Governor returned to Cape Town on the 1st of March, 1848, after an absence of little more than three months, during which he had traversed the Colony from one end to the other, gone overland to Natal, and, as he fondly hoped, laid the foundation for future peace and prosperity everywhere.

He had, however, not been long at the seat of Government before intelligence arrived that Pretorius was stirring up troubles ; meetings had been held among the Emigrants at which they were addressed by Pretorius and other leading characters. All the injustice, and, according to their ideas, degradation, they had suffered in the Colony were strongly commented upon, and their losses and sufferings at the hands of the savages in the early days of their migration brought prominently forward, and they were urged to make one further and bold attempt to secure their freedom. They were strong enough—if they would be united—to defy the interference of the Colonial Government, and it only required unity to secure for themselves all the territory

north of the Orange River, and to establish their own form of government.

Major Warden, in reporting these occurrences, and the threatening aspect of affairs, represented the inadequacy of the force under his command to cope with any considerable number of Boers, and strongly urged the need for reinforcements being speedily sent up to Bloemfontein. For a time these representations were unheeded. The Home Government had not yet fully sanctioned all that had been done, and indeed were known to be somewhat alarmed at the extension of Her Majesty's sovereignty into such vast unknown regions, and it would not have been convenient at that time to have to report that it had been necessary to largely reinforce the small garrison at Bloemfontein at the Imperial cost. He was allowed, however, but little time for consideration, Pretorius having decided to make the attempt to establish his own Government north of the Orange River, and believing that if not all the Emigrants, at least a very large majority of them were with him, went boldly to work, issuing proclamations and warnings, calling out a large commando, and requiring all to aid and assist in the movement, under pains and penalties in case of refusal or non-compliance with his requirements.

There were at that time some of the Emigrants, and those the most respectable and wealthy, who were well disposed towards our Government, and who very decidedly objected to Pretorius's proceedings; but they were in the minority, and unable to offer effectual resistance. Had Sir Harry strengthened the military force at Bloemfontein, and attached to it an officer superior in rank to Major Warden, who in case of need would have assumed the chief command, possibly, with the aid of these well-disposed Emigrants, the troubles that followed might have been avoided. Pretorius might have seen the hopelessness of being able to accomplish his object, and have remained quiet beyond the Vaal; but Sir Harry could not believe that Pretorius would do more than threaten. At length, however, he was compelled to see that matters were serious, and when once convinced, he was not slow to act. His eyes were opened to the real state of affairs by the arrival of a report from Major Warden, that Pretorius was within a few miles of Bloemfontein with a force largely superior to the small garrison under his command; that a demand had been made upon him to evacuate the country north of the Orange River, with the British troops and civil functionaries within a given time, failing which he would be attacked, and such removal enforced; that in consequence of this, he had, after full consideration, and some negotiation, acceded to the demand, and was on his way to the Orange River, and after crossing that stream would encamp on the left bank and await instructions.

Major Warden's proceedings on this occasion were severely criticized, and strongly condemned by many, and particularly by the officers and leading civilians at Bloemfontein, who believed the garrison to be fully competent to hold its own and defend the position until the arrival of reliefs. Some of them ventured to urge

these views upon the Major's attention, and at one time hoped they had made a favourable impression on him, and left him under a promise that he would give their representations due consideration, and acquaint them with the result. Time was of vast importance if he determined to make a stand. There must be immediate and decisive action. Women and children must be sent out of harm's way, and temporary earthworks must be thrown up, under shelter of which the little garrison might defend itself. And it has been said of Major Warden by those who knew him best that he never did things in a hurry, but invariably took time for deliberation ;—that his unchanging practice was, when information of importance reached him, which required prompt action, to first *pyp op steek*, as a Boer would say, *i.e.*, light his pipe, which was one of considerable magnitude, and walk up and down under his verandah and smoke. Many people say they can *think* better while smoking than at any other time, and perhaps this was the Major's idea, although some doubted it, and did not hesitate to say that, instead of enabling him to think *better*, the only effect it had on the thinking power, if any, was to make him think longer, as, after finishing three or four pipes, he invariably put off action until the next day. And so it appears to have been in this case. "The next day," however, was too late—the Boer force was too near, and any attempt then to throw up breastworks would have precipitated a collision. The Boers could not stand still and see the British troops making themselves secure.

Sir Harry Smith's character in such matters was the very opposite of Major Warden's. With him there was no hesitation or delay to think when prompt action was needful, and within an hour or two after the last report was received, orders were on their way to the Frontier for the marching of troops to the Orange River; and, having determined to proceed thither himself, he gave directions for necessary preparations. All was ready in a few days, and on the 29th July, 1848, he took his departure, attended by the Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, Dr. Hall (now Sir John Hall), his Private Secretary, Captain Garvock (now Major-General Sir J. Garvock, K.C.B.), the Secretary to the High Commissioner, Mr. Southey (now Colonial Secretary), and one A.D.C., Lieut. Holditch (now Major-General Holditch, C.B.) Two horse wagons, one a very small one (christened by Sir Harry Smith "Government-house," because both on the previous journey to Natal and back, as well as on this, he occupied it by day, and slept in it at night); the other, not over large, served to convey His Excellency's staff, servants, and baggage from Cape Town to Colesberg, which journey, including half a day's detention at Worcester to repair damages to the largest wagon, was accomplished in nine days.

On arrival at Colesberg it was ascertained that Major Warden's party had crossed to this side of the Orange River, and encamped on its bank. The troops from the Frontier had not arrived, but were known to be not far off, and directions were sent to them to avoid



the town of Colesberg, and encamp on the Orange River, near Alleman's Drift.

During the few days' detention at Colesberg saddle and draught horses were purchased, and by the time the troops had concentrated on the river, the Governor was ready to proceed. He left Colesberg a little after midday and arrived at the camp early in the afternoon, the distance being only fifteen miles. Here a formidable difficulty presented itself, which, however, was known to exist—the river was flooded, and the only pontoon upon it had been carried away by the current and dashed to pieces on the rocks. The military had prepared for such a contingency by bringing with them from Graham's Town two India rubber pontoons, then a recent invention, and not yet tested in this Colony.

In the Governor's tent that evening, after dinner, might have been seen, besides his own staff, some of the chief military officers, officers of the Commissariat, Major Warden, and several of the well-disposed farmers who had come out with the Major to avoid the penalties threatened by Pretorius to be inflicted on all who disobeyed his mandates, discussing the practicability of crossing over some 800 persons, two pieces of ordnance, and an immense train of commissariat, ordnance, and baggage wagons by means of such fragile apparatus as the India rubber pontoons appeared to be; and another subject of discussion was the chances of opposition from the enemy while endeavouring to cross: all felt that if the Boers intended to fight, this was a chance they ought not to throw away. Scouts had been daily seen on the opposite side, apparently watching our movements, and carrying reports to wherever their head-quarters were resting. It was not known where their main body was, but it was quite possible for it to be behind some high ground not more than a few miles off, and besides it was alleged that there were deep gullies running from those high grounds towards the river, in which any number of men might be concealed, and along which they might come unperceived almost to the water's edge. The risk, therefore, to those who crossed was regarded as not a very small one.

At daylight next morning there was considerable bustle at the edge of the river. The two six-pounders had been placed in position on the higher bank, ready loaded, and the gunners standing by them ready to open fire and cover the advance from this side, while some forty or fifty men of the Rifle Brigade were scattered among the willows at the water edge for the same object. The first thing to be done was to stretch a rope or hawser across the river, by means of which to work the pontoons, and the only available means for conveying the rope across was a tiny little boat which had been used as a tender to the broken-up pontoon. It was a very small affair, and to all appearance ill-adapted for the duty required of it; two men worked it, who were very innocent of nautical affairs and not much used to rowing in rivers. The two oars were light and short, while the river was some two hundred yards wide,

the stream strong, and the rope to be drawn across thick and heavy ; add to this the probability of the enemy being in ambush on the opposite side, and matters did not look over pleasant for the three men who first had to attempt the crossing. The rope was coiled up in the stern of the boat and looked quite formidable, towering up considerably above it, and apparently heavy enough to swamp the little bark. The two men took their places at the oars, and Mr. Southey having volunteered to "pay out" the rope, took up his position. The boat was shoved off. The oarsmen plied with a will, and the rope was "paid out" as rapidly as need be, and all appeared to go well, and did go well, until the boat got into the strength of the current, when the weight of the rope behind began to tell, and in another minute she was dragged round and went down the stream stern foremost at a rapid pace, and was with difficulty got to the bank on the side she started from, but many hundred yards lower down. Men ran down and dragged the boat and the rope up to the starting place, and in obedience to the Governor's orders again coiled the rope into the boat and another start was made ending in the same result. Several more attempts were made during the day, all equally ineffectual, during the progress of which Sir Harry raged furiously, declared that no one did his best, that the thing could be accomplished if the oarsmen pulled vigorously when in the stream and the rope was "paid out" properly ; and when towards sundown the last attempt for the day was to be made, he swore that if the boat turned again he would open fire upon it. The prospect of the three individuals in the boat was, therefore, not over pleasant ; there was first the chance of a capsizing if the boat could be forced into the middle of the stream, next the threat of being fired at by their own people if they turned back, and last the possibility of being shot by the enemy if they succeeded in crossing. But the boat could not be got further than the edge of the current, where she swung round as before, and, spite of the threat of being fired upon, was guided to the bank at about the old spot. Thus a whole day had been lost in attempts to do what, under the circumstances, was impossible. Sir Harry mounted his horse and rode back to his tent in no very good humour, but just in the state in which those who knew him best knew that if they desired to study their own comfort they must not venture too near or offer a "suggestion." There is a time for all things ; but certainly there was no portion of that day when it would have been safe to "suggest" an idea different to the predominant one in the Governor's mind, that the thing could be done if those who were attempting it did their best. After dinner, in the evening, however, when the rough edge of temper had been rubbed off, and discussion turned on the prospects of the morrow, Southey suggested that a much lighter rope should be got from Colesberg, such as a sash-line. "Why the —— didn't you say so sooner?" says His Excellency, to which there was no response, and His Excellency was left to guess, and no doubt formed a pretty accurate guess. A couple of orderlies of the Cape

Mounted Rifles were quickly dispatched, and returned early next morning with the sash-line ; the boat was quickly manned as before, and started with this lighter rope (one end of which was first joined to the hawser on the river's bank), crossed without difficulty or opposition, and the hawser was soon after dragged over and the end fastened to a stout willow tree. The India rubber pontoons were immediately launched, and a batch of soldiers taken over successfully. These pontoons were admirable contrivances, and by their means over a thousand people—soldiers, civilians, and camp followers—two guns, and about fifty or sixty loaded wagons, were put across a formidable river, some two or three hundred yards wide, in a couple of days.

The force consisted of two companies of the Rifle Brigade, two of the 45th Regiment, two of the 91st Regiment, two troops Cape Mounted Rifles, and two field-pieces, all under the immediate command of His Excellency, with Colonel Buller, of the Rifle Brigade, as second in command ; in all, there were between 600 and 700 men. Tents were struck at daylight in the morning after all were over the river ; and the cavalcade moved in the direction of Bloemfontein, marching at the rate of about fifteen miles a day, and on the second or third day's march was joined by about 200 Griquas, under their Chief Adam Kok—a queer lot of people—dressed by no means in uniformity, but after a variety of fashions from the duffel jacket and leather continuations down to a sheep-skin shoulder cover and an imitation Basuto "Jakhals," in lieu of pantaloons. All, however, were armed with some description of fire-arm, and each had the common Boer "Bandelier," *i.e.*, a leather belt round the waist with pouch in front for bullets, and the horn of an ox swinging at the side for powder. This contingent added considerably to the number, if not much to the efficiency of the invading army.

Up to this time nothing was known as to the whereabouts of Pretorius and his band. Many rumours were afloat on the subject, some fixing them at one place, some at another ; but all agreeing that their numbers far exceeded ours, and that certainly Pretorius had at least three or four thousand men under him. There was a pretty general feeling in the British camp that the Boers did not intend to fight, for if they had really intended it, surely they would not have lost the very favourable opportunity for opposing the crossing of the river, where a dozen or two resolute men placed in rifle pits, or protected by simple earthworks, might have kept the troops to the left bank for a month at least, until the flood subsided, or large boats could be got up from Port Elizabeth.

The march was continued without opposition until the 29th August (exactly a month to a day from the date of the Governor's departure from Cape Town). On the evening of the 28th information was received that the Boers were encamped on the high ground beyond Boomplaats, and it was presumed that they intended there to dispute our further progress. Very early on the morning of the 29th the troops were on the move, and halted for breakfast about ten o'clock

some three miles west of Boomplaats. Here a report was received that the Boer army had moved during the night, and now occupied a commanding position on the west bank of the Boomplaats River. After breakfast the column again moved forward, perhaps, with somewhat more caution than had hitherto been observed, the advance-guard stronger than usual, and the troops so arranged as to protect our immense commissariat wagon-train, as well as to act on the offensive if required. Thus we marched forward. The line of march was along a perfectly level and open country,—not a tree or shrub of any kind to be seen between us and the “koppies” (ridges) behind which the Boers were said to be congregated. So far as we could see, all nature seemed to be asleep. No living thing, except ourselves, was visible in any direction, and we began to think that the report of some thousands of Boers being in position within a mile of us must be incorrect; and to ascertain the correctness or otherwise of the report, an officer of the Cape Mounted Rifles was directed to take an orderly with him, and striking off a little to our right, ascend a koppie on the left of the alleged Boer position, and examine the ground behind. We watched him ascend the height, pull up his horse for a moment, then turn round, and gallop back as fast as his horse could carry him. On arriving at the head of the column he reported that the Boers were in great force immediately behind the koppies. A halt was called, and the advance-guard further strengthened. The idea along the column was that we should be moved a little nearer to the “koppie,” but out of range of the Boer arms, and send an order to them to disperse within a given time, with an intimation that if they did not do so, fire would be opened upon them; but we were disappointed in this, and soon saw that the Governor had made up his mind not to fire the first shot. He was known to have a strong impression that no Boer would willingly fire upon *him*, who had ever been their friend; and it was noticed that on that morning he had been careful to dress himself exactly as he was dressed when he met Pretorius on the Tugela River some six months before,—a broad-brimmed drab hat, blue hip-jacket, and white cord continuations. When all was ready to move on, the officer in command of the advance-guard was sent for, and strictly ordered not to allow his men to commence a fight; and as a precautionary measure, he was directed to make them take the caps off their guns. This done, the order to advance was given, and the column moved forward along the road, but had not gone fifty yards before the Governor put spurs to his horse, and followed, of course, by his staff, galloped up to, and marched with, the advance guard. This, of course, was a very unusual—and under ordinary circumstances would have been considered a very improper, or at least injudicious—proceeding on the part of a general officer, in command of troops going into battle; but Sir Harry’s great anxiety to prevent the Boers, if possible, from committing themselves, and his belief that his presence would have that tendency, doubtless induced him to do



what no ordinary general officer would be guilty of. He was doomed to be quickly undeceived,—for no sooner had the advanced guard got well in under the stony ridge behind which the Boers had been seen, than the whole top of that ridge was in a blaze, and the bullets from the Boer rifles dropped in and around the advance-guard like a shower of hail. The Boer position, from which the shots came, could not be assailed by mounted men; and the only course open to the advanced guard was to wheel round and fall back upon the head of the column, which they did, leaving several of their comrades killed and wounded on the ground, among the latter Capt. Salis, who had been in command of them; also several of their horses killed. The Governor had a narrow escape, one of his stirrup leathers being half cut through by a bullet, and the horse on which he rode received a shot across the face,—and Capt. Garvock's horse was shot through the head, just under the eyes; no other casualties among the staff. The Governor, of course, now saw that a sharp fight was inevitable, and quickly took his measures for making it a successful one on our side. But, before further describing the progress of the battle, we may as well say a few words about the position occupied by the Boers, which was an immensely strong one, and had been well chosen. Their left rested upon the high ground from which they opened fire upon us, as before mentioned. This ground consisted of a ridge, or row of "koppies," running parallel, for some distance, to the line of road along which we had to move, and from our side inaccessible to horsemen, or at least, if the mounted men had attempted to ascend, the difficulties in the face of an enemy would have been very great. On their right there was a somewhat similar but lower row of "koppies," running at right angles to the road. Beyond them they had the Boomplaats River, which, though a small stream, could only be crossed at a few places, the rest being deep and wide pools, the banks of which were covered with high reeds, behind which men could easily have concealed themselves; beyond this, on a piece of flat ground, was the farm-house, a stone building, surrounded by a garden, enclosed by a stone wall breast high, and on the opposite side of the road there was a stone "kraal," or cattle-fold, from behind the shelter of which our advancing column might have been mowed down with little danger to the Boer side. At the back of the whole there were high stony hills on both sides of the road, running at right angles to it; the road passing up a gorge in these hills within easy range of the high ground on each side. Beyond this range of hills the country was flat and open, well adapted for the retreat and dispersion of the Boers (who were all mounted men), if retreat became necessary, without risk of being followed. The Boer strength was estimated at between 1,000 and 1,500 men, all mounted, and dead shots. Their plan of action was well laid, and they had all the advantage which a strong position and a thorough knowledge of the country could give; but they lacked one essential qualification for successful warfare, and that was discipline. There was no discipline, and the intentions of their head officers were frus-

trated in consequence. Their orders were to allow the advance-guard to pass on, and not to open fire, until the head of the column was within easy range. Had this been done there can be no doubt that whatever the ultimate result of the day's proceedings might have been, the British loss would have been much greater than it was ; but as the orders were not obeyed, we have only to deal with things as they occurred. The Boer left, as before said, rested on the high ground on our right. The men were dismounted, but had their horses under the hill behind them. In their centre, so placed as to throw its balls straight along the road by which we were advancing, they had a three-pounder brass gun, supported by a strong party of mounted men, and their right consisted of several hundred men, mounted and ready to move at a moment's notice, invisible to us, and under shelter of the "koppies" before noted. So soon as our advance-guard wheeled left about, the brass three-pounder commenced operations with some effect, and the right wing of the Boer army came out from behind their shelter, spread over the flat in skirmishing order, and proceeded as if intending to take us in flank, or to make havoc among our immense train of commissariat wagons. This wing was under command of Jan Kock, a well-known and tried warrior. The left wing was supposed to have been under the immediate command of Andreas Pretorius, though it was afterwards alleged that he was not on the ground at all during the day.

Our two six-pounders opened fire upon the advancing Boer right, but with little effect, owing to the open order in which they moved. The two troops of Cape Mounted Rifles were therefore ordered to oppose them, which they did, succeeded in turning them and driving them back behind the koppies from which they had come. The two companies of the Rifle Brigade were simultaneously moved into the ridge on our right, with orders to clear it of the Boer left, which they successfully did. Severe loss on our side, however, attended these movements, Capt. Murray, of the Rifle Brigade, who as commanding the two companies, rode at the head of his men, received several bullets, and died the same evening, having also his horse killed under him ; and Lieut. Glynn, of the same regiment, Acting Adjutant, who was also mounted, had his horse shot under him. Several of the men were likewise killed or wounded. The Boers now fell back across the river, and from its shelter, as also from behind the garden and kraal walls, continued a heavy fire upon us. Ultimately, however, they were driven from all their positions, and fled over the flat country beyond the high hills at the back of their position. When we got out over these hills a little before sunset, there was not a Boer to be seen in any direction. The fight lasted three or four hours, and the first hour or so was, perhaps, as sharp and severe as fighting well could be. Sir Harry, who had seen many battles, said he had never seen anything to beat it.

At Boomplaats we rigged up a temporary hospital, placed the wounded in it, left medical men in charge, and a detachment of our small force to protect it, and moved on the same night for some miles

in the direction of Bloemfontein, halted a little after dark, and encamped for the night. Dr. Hall, who had remained at Boomplaats to superintend the hospital arrangements, overtook us here during the evening, and reported that up to the time of his leaving it was ascertained that our loss had been ten killed, including Capt. Murray, and forty wounded, of whom one-fourth, at least, so badly that they could not survive (it is said that fifteen of them died of their wounds). Besides these we had our second in command, Colonel Buller, with a severe flesh wound in the leg, and Lieut. Armstrong (C.M.R.) with a bad flesh wound in the side, just above the hip (these two came on with us as far as Bloemfontein). So our "butcher's bill" was not a bad one, considering that our whole force did not exceed six hundred and fifty men, and that probably not five hundred were engaged. Fifty was a respectable number to be knocked over. What the Boer loss was we never knew; according to the reports of our people it was very large, and the "General Orders" issued the next day represented it as such. The Boers never admitted to have had more than six killed and about the same number wounded, and that was probably nearer the mark, as they fought the whole time under shelter of rocks or stone walls, while our men had to march up to these and drive them out. We had but little time for rest on the night after the battle, for at two o'clock in the morning we were again moving onward. We halted for a short time at daybreak, and dispatched Mr. Southey with a small party of Cape Mounted Riflemen to reconnoitre among some broken and hilly ground on the right of our line of march where a Boer encampment had been, and where it was thought one still might be. He rejoined in the afternoon, and reported that the camp had been broken up, and that the spoor of wagons, oxen, and horses all went in the direction of the Vaal River, having crossed the road along which we were marching, a few miles ahead of us. During this day our Griqua allies, who scoured the country in search of what they could find in the shape of horses, oxen, wagons, &c., unfortunately fell in with two armed men—one a Boer, the other an Englishman. Both admitted that they had fought against us at Boomplaats, but alleged that they had not done so willingly, but were compelled. These men were taken on to Bloemfontein, there tried by court-martial for high treason, found guilty, and sentenced to death, which sentence was carried into execution. Before trial it had been ascertained that the Englishman was a deserter from one of Her Majesty's regiments at Natal. He therefore merited death; but it was a source of general regret afterwards, though perhaps not at the time, that the life of the Boer had not been spared; and had there been more time for reflection, exertions for that object would doubtless have been made. At the moment our feelings were blunted, smarting as we were from our heavy loss, and the knowledge of the sufferings of our comrades in hospital at Boomplaats.

After reinstating Major Warden and other officials in their positions at Bloemfontein, the Governor marched with his troops to

Winburg, some sixty miles further on, and where it was alleged that some of the ringleaders of the rebellion resided, and where too, or in its vicinity, it was expected the Boers would attempt another fight. Nothing of the kind occurred, however, and before reaching Winburg it had been ascertained beyond doubt that the Boers had dispersed, fully satisfied of their inability to cope with British troops, and that Pretorius had crossed the Vaal River, quite dispirited and down-cast.

On approaching Winburg the people came out on foot a short distance to meet the Governor, among whom two were pointed out to His Excellency as having been engaged in the rebellion—one, a German shopkeeper resident there, who was alleged to have been foremost in stirring up opposition to British rule; the other, a well-known farmer commandant, named B——, who had acted as such at Boomplaats. Directly Sir Harry's attention was called to these two men he turned round in his saddle, and, calling out loudly to the serjeant of his escort—"Serjeant Japs, bring two riems here immediately." The scene that followed became very ludicrous as soon as it was known that nothing serious would happen, though at first it looked otherwise. Commandant B—— trembled like an aspen leaf from head to foot, his teeth chattered, and knees knocked together so as to be heard at some distance; while the little German stood erect and firm, and apparently determined to die plucky—if die he must. While the riems were being got, a hint was given to Southey to tell the Commandant not to be alarmed, as no harm would come to him. This somewhat relieved him, but he could not shake off all at once the feeling of mortal funk by which he had been seized. When the riems came, one was fastened round the neck of the German, who, in obedience to orders, was led off and tied up in a tent, under an injunction to prepare for his latter end. Later in the day the penalty of death was commuted to a fine of £150.

The Governor remained three or four days at Winburg until perfectly sure that no further disturbance would be attempted, and then returned to the Colony, leaving a stronger force at Bloemfontein than had ever been there previously.

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### *My Drive to Ballinaboy.*

It was about eight o'clock one winter evening in 1869, that I started from Cork, in company with Dalrymple, of Her Majesty's 200th Prancers, to drive to the village of Ballinaboy, where we were both on a visit. We were ourselves strangers in that part of Ireland, and had only once before travelled the road; but the carman, a very perfect specimen of his country, assured us with many asseverations that he was familiar with every inch of the way. With that indifference to absolute correctness that characterizes all Irish statements



relative to distances, we had been informed that Ballinaboy was about sixteen miles from Cork,—a very cheerful drive on a dark night, with rain descending in torrents, and a bad road with deep gulleys on either side yawning to receive the rickety trap, which our festive driver rattled along with sublime audacity. Perhaps it was pity for his horses that induced our Hibernian friend to put up at every little shebeen—and their name was legion—that we passed *en route*, but I strongly suspected it was personal appreciation of the native potheen. At any rate, after each halt he would emerge with a satisfied expression of countenance, and a significant smack of the lips, that strongly suggested a taste of the “rale stuff,” and his driving became wilder and wilder, as the hours stole on. We were beginning to think that we had gone an unconscionable distance, even at Irish allowance, when he pulled up for the seventh time, at about eleven o’clock, in a small village, before the inevitable shanty, and announced that this was Ballinaboy! Out we got to make inquiries for the house at which we were expected, and were met at the door by a shock-headed giant of a man, most merrily inebriated, who announced himself as the proprietor of the establishment before us. To our horror, he answered our first question, “Whereabout is Mr. Murray’s house?” by a vacant stare, and the simple response, “No house but mine here!” “But, my good man, we don’t want an inn; we are looking for a private house, Mr. Murray’s, of Ballinaboy.” The giant beamed upon us with a smile in which whisky and amusement were marvellously mingled, and then, with a chuckling laughter running through his words, said, “Ballinaboy! This isn’t Ballinaboy! This is Ballinamash! Why, Ballinaboy’s twenty good miles from here, yer honours!” Here was a pretty state of affairs! Go on somehow we must, for Dalrymple had to act as best man to an unfortunate friend who was going to commit matrimony on the following morning. After a free use of the abusive epithets in the Saxon vocabulary which the carman decidedly merited, we determined on adopting the proposal of the landlord, who, merry though he was, had still an eye to business,—namely, to let the horses rest for an hour or so while we stepped inside, and discussed some bacon and eggs for supper, washed down by porter, “the finest in all Ireland, yer honours,” and whisky “that niver passed the gauger.” Poverty-stricken and comfortless as the outside of the shebeen, like all in Ireland, looked, the interior, in spite of its mud floor and rough furniture, was cheery enough with the blazing peat, in contrast to the dismal patter of the rain and the howling of the wind in the darkness on the road. A pretty neat-handed and neat-ankled Irish lassie cooked our supper promptly, and it was undeniably acceptable after the drive, while mine host’s porter was almost equal to his own opinion of it, which is saying a good deal, and the whisky was decent, so that altogether we managed to pass a couple of hours very contentedly. The carman, who had, alas! again tested the quality of the refreshment on the premises, was then summoned, in order to receive copious directions as

to the road to the veritable Ballinaboy, and we trusted ourselves again to his guidance from necessity, not from choice. The rain was still pelting, the night pitch dark, the roads more and more muddy each minute, and the wretched horses struggled along with ever-increasing difficulty. The driver being no longer able "to keep his spirits up by pouring spirits down" at intervals of a quarter of an hour, became depressed and grievously melancholy, and could only answer our repeated remonstrances by a sickly shake of the head and utterly unintelligible observations in Irish. At length, after a drive that seemed to us to have been of many hours' duration, he stopped and descended from his perch, and we heard him fumbling with some obstacle. Presently he cried out, "Isn't it a house with an iron gate that yer honours want?" "Yes, yes," we answered eagerly. "Och! thin the Lord be praised! we're there at last, but I can't open the gate; may be, one of yer honours would be so good as to help." "All right," said I, as I stepped out lazily, half asleep, and wholly chilled and cramped, to his assistance, shoved the gates open, and clambered up again, feebly wondering in my own mind why the porter's lodge, that I recollected at Mr. Murray's, had been removed, and resolving to question Murray on the point in the morning. On went the car, apparently up an avenue finely tree'd on both sides, till we emerged before a stately building that loomed high through the darkness. As the carman looked round him, he dropped the whip and reins with a yell of abject terror, and cowered down on the seat in a pitiable state, ejaculating, "Oh the ghosts! the ghosts! we're kilt entirely! Bad luck to the night that I've druv into a graveyard!" Out we bundled in a hurry, and found—true enough—that we were indeed in front of a church; and, not unnaturally, we wished to resume the search for our legitimate destination, but in vain. Expostulation was useless, and threats futile. The man, by nature and religion superstitious, was reduced by whisky and terror combined to an utterly helpless condition, and all we could do was to get into the car again, and wait for morning to help us out of our dilemma. Very glad were we to see the welcome dawn, when we discovered that we were still six miles from Ballinaboy, in a village with an unpronounceable and unspellable name, where, however, we procured a fresh trap and a more trustworthy driver. We arrived just in time for Dalrymple to take his part in the fatal ceremony; but whenever we have talked it over since, we have agreed that it is not advisable on a dark night to trust a Cork carman to take you a drive to Ballinaboy!

F. R. HOLLAND.

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## Our Girenicon.

THE age is pretty well used to attempts on paper to pave the way for Christian union. Dr. Pusey's elaborate essay, in which he contemplated the possibility of persuading the three great sacerdotal establishments of the Christian world to cease to waste their strength by division, and to bring their concentrated forces to bear on the subjugation of a common foe, has been almost forgotten. Such a union, luckily for the human race, utopian and anomalous, would have been fraught with peril to religious freedom and purity; intolerance and persecution would indeed have assailed the common, but, alas! a Christian foe, and the so-called unity of Christendom would have soon been resolved into a long death-struggle between Sacerdotalism and freedom of Conscience and Worship.

The promulgation of the ultramontane dogmas of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin and of the Infallibility of the Pope has now blasted the hopes of even those semi-Protestants who were willing to allow that the great Reformation was, after all, only a "misunderstanding with the Court of Rome," and that no change—no *vital* change—took place in the religion of the people of England; and the little passages of coquetry between some English Churchmen and the antiquated Greek Church, burdened with the effete ceremonials of a political establishment, were harmless, and have now ceased.

We are not wanting in charity; we love peace; we long for that unity which fosters peace and charity; but we have no sympathy with schemes for union based on absolute submission of conscience. Unity gives strength; but if *that* strength which is to enforce discipline and uniformity by penal enactments, and to apply a Procrustean measure to all consciences, and to rivet the fetters of spiritual restraint, then we prefer the divisions of Christendom to any such unification.

Preachers lament these divisions, with a pathos too that almost makes their hearers believe they are prepared to sacrifice much of their denominationalism, to gain so great an end; yet we apprehend that the position taken by Archbishop Wake in 1717—18 in his correspondence touching the project of union between the Gallican and Anglican Churches, is essentially that which hinders the maturity of every similar proposal. The learned Du Pin writes: "*Me vehementer optare ut unionis inter Ecclesias Anglicanam et Gallicam ineundæ via aliqua inveniri posset; non ita sumus ab invicem in plerisque dissiti, ut non possimus mutuo reconciliari.*" The Gallican party, preserving its own stand-point, wishes for union; we embrace you if *you* will step across the narrow gulf that separates us. The Archbishop reciprocates the kind wish; but asserts naively the purity of the Church of England in faith, worship, government, and discipline; and adds his conviction that even the Sorbonne Doctors

would find few things they would desire to change in the doctrine and constitution of the Church of England.

Each party professes that there is little of fundamental difference to hinder the joining of hands, but neither is willing to yield even that little. Each stands on his own pedestal, prepared to welcome the other if he will but descend from his own.

Christian unity is a great and glorious vision. To look down the vista of ages to be, darkened by the shadows cast athwart it by superstition, ignorance, crime, and civil discord, or by offended national pride and its offspring—carnage and woe, and to be privileged to see at the far end the fair, pure form of Christian love folding all in one peaceful brotherhood,—to let imagination linger about such a scene, may kindle a pardonable enthusiasm in the language and aspirations of those who spend their lives in the holy self-denying services of the Christian ministry; but experience teaches us to clothe man's career with no such imagery. For nearly two thousand years the still small voice, in which the God-Man speaks to each heart in the simple, touching lessons of Truth, has been reaching and probing many a conscience, and pouring the healing balm into the sores and wounds of man's spiritual life; yet in the politics of the world there is neither unity nor peace; and we do not lay ourselves open to the charge of impiety when we affirm that unity in ecclesiastical matters is equally impossible, and, perhaps, after all, undesirable. The base of the religion of Christ is broad, catholic, and sure. Here each community has room enough and the Master's invitation to build its edifice, provided only that it be rooted into the rock of Christian Truth. We find no prescribed uniform authentic type and model of the Visible Church. Where Truth is, there is the Christ, and, therefore, the Church, which is His Body.

The reciprocity of sentiment of brotherly affection and good wishes between the Synods of the English Church of South Africa and of the Dutch Reformed Church of the Cape of Good Hope\* reads pleasantly, as a dignified and friendly acknowledgment of each other's service in the cause of true religion. This interchange of spiritual compliments might well have stopped there; for no one believes that a real desire to compromise a union has penetrated the heart of a single admirer, however enthusiastic, of the courses of action which each Church has recently taken, under the Metropolitan Bishop on the one hand, and the late Moderator Murray on the other, to banish from their midst all reputed dissentients from their respective codes of doctrine.

The dominant party of the Dutch Reformed Church and the sacerdotal party of the English Church have indeed one, and perhaps only one, point in common; both feel the need of a stricter and more effective discipline; and on the very ground, taken by Dr. Pusey for the combination of the three great segments of what

\* The correspondence here referred to is just being published in a pamphlet form.



he deems the Catholic Church against a common Christian foe, the two Churches of South Africa might meet to concentrate their strength, not against heathenism and superstition rampant within and without our borders, not against ignorance, gross and unpardonable, among their own professed adherents, but against a stray erring brother of Christ's Church, whose inquiring mind disdains the narrow grooves of some article of Faith, framed by men, and by men diversely interpreted.

The perusal of the various letters bearing on the union proposed by the Bishop of Adelaide in 1858, leaves on the mind the same impression of "one-sided reciprocity" as struck the representatives of the Dutch Reformed Church on considering the letter of the Bishop of Cape Town.

Each Bishop maintains that the Anglican Church witnesses for a Scriptural Creed, Apostolic Orders, and a settled Liturgy. The Bishop of Adelaide dwells "on the pleasantness of the dream" of the union of Protestant Evangelical Churches, yet when the question of allowing the Rev. T. Binney to preach in one of the churches was forced upon him, the Bishop feels that he cannot depart from the tradition of eighteen centuries, "which declares (in letter to Mr. Binney) your orders irregular, your mission the offspring of division, and your Church-system a *dichostasy* (= standing apart)." We should be at a loss to reconcile the *dream* of union, which the Bishop loves to dwell upon, and the really unyielding position which he takes for himself, if he had not at the outset admitted that "the clerical mind is peculiarly swayed by party principles and sectarian prejudices."

The sacerdotal and sacramental elements which enter so distinctively and essentially into the doctrine and practice of the Anglican Church form a barrier which neither Presbyterians nor Independents can ever surmount.

When the Bishop of Cape Town frankly lays down his principles, as to Church Government, Form of Worship, Articles of Faith, and Sacramental Ministration;—when he plainly says, "Ours is the true and divine order of Christ's Church, with which we may neither part nor tamper;"—what is left to the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church, but to conclude that nothing is suggested for their Church but to give up everything that now characterizes her, and simply merge her existence into another body, the Anglican Church?

We must quit the pleasant dreamland of Union, and be content if the Church militant, ignoring petty dissensions within, will send her phalanxes to fight, even with divided strength, against the oncoming army of spiritual doubts, which, among the civilized peoples of the world, threatens to sap and mine all faith in Revelation.

## A Lady's Reminiscences of Scotland.

### NO. III.—ON TO ATHOLE.

HEIGHO! for coaching again! We have taken inside seats this time, for "good folks are scarce," and we are afraid of catching cold, as the weather still looks rather showery. Nevertheless, ere we step into our places, we cast a "longing, lingering look behind," and feel somewhat loath to depart from lovely Killin, with its beauteous diversity of scenery,—the savage, the pastoral, and the romantic all brought into such close communion.

For the first hour after our start we pride ourselves upon being so thoroughly imbued with Scotch "canniness," for two or three smart showers descend, and the face of Loch Tay—whose picturesque borders we are skirting—is incessantly dimpled with the splash of the heavy thunder-drops, which are assuredly prettier to *watch* than to *feel*! But at the end of that time the warm-hearted old sun, taking a sly peep out upon his little friend, the earth, and perceiving how sad she looks, gallantly kisses all tears from the clouds, and shines forth in the glory of a most genial mood, making all Nature "wear one universal grin!" We, being as fickle as the last-mentioned dame, immediately wish to change our seats, and as the coach is, for a wonder, not full to-day, the first time it draws up we take the opportunity of clambering to the top. The stoppage is at a lonely lodge adorned with luxuriant creepers, at whose porch an aged mother and five girls in the heyday of youthful beauty are assembled to welcome a good-looking young man, of whose vacated seat next the driver I possess myself, and the echoes of whose noisy welcome follow us as we journey on, and set us wondering who the favoured Benjamin can be. Being now in my pet position, beside a remarkably facetious and lively old "coachy"—who looks quite ruggedly handsome in his becoming livery of grey hat, red coat, and tight knee-breeches, who shares his waterproof rug with me in a most fatherly way, and who, moreover, gives me a small lesson in Gaelic, which language I manage to murder to his entire satisfaction and amusement,—I can afford to descant a little upon the beauties of the scenery, and to retail to you the tit-bits of information gained from him. Loch Tay is sixteen miles long and two broad, and abounds in salmon, pike, and trout; the salmon fisheries in it and the River Tay yielding an annual revenue of about £10,000, single fish weighing upwards of thirty lb. having at times been caught in them. The sole proprietor of the lake is the Marquis of Breadalbane, the largest landowner in Scotland, whose domains extend over more than one hundred miles of the most elevated district in the Highlands, reaching across from Aberfeldy to the Atlantic Ocean. The paramount chief of the mountains here is Ben Lawers, which rises to a height of 4,015 feet above the level of the sea, and is invested with a yet more important apparent altitude

as he soars a thousand feet above any of his *confrères*. The ascent is said to be very easy, and the view from the summit sublime ; its slopes are covered with verdure, and probably no other Highland elevation produces a greater variety of Alpine plants. Like Loch Lomond, Loch Tay has at times been subject to strange agitations and upheavals, for which no outward cause could be discovered ; and in 1784 these violent commotions extended over a lengthened period, although the atmosphere presented no unusual features. It certainly is most delicious driving briskly along, with the lovely winding sheet of water on the one hand, and the "sweeping theatre of hanging woods," still glistening with Heaven's pearly gems, towering beside us on the other ; and when we near Taymouth, and view the wonders Art has wrought to enhance the beauties of its teacher, Nature, our delight is unbounded. There stretching before us lie the splendid pleasure-grounds of the Breadalbane Estate ; and the Castle itself, a dark grey pile of unwonted elegance and size, forms a magnificent centre-piece to an extensive and beautifully decorated park. Her Majesty our gracious Queen and her Royal Consort, Prince Albert, spent some time here in 1842 ; and in the leaves from her Highland Journal, she refers with much pleasure to the trip, and to the peculiarly superb State apartments. The Baronial Hall is truly regal in its dimensions, being lighted by a lofty window of stained glass ; and the grand staircase is considered the finest in Scotland.

Then, about two hundred yards from the shore, a small circular island, wooded with ash and pine trees, claims pleasing attention, and contains the ruins of a priory believed to have been founded by Alexander I in 1122. Queen Sybilla, his wife, died, and was buried here ; but only a few shapeless heaps of stones are left to tell the tale of ancient sanctity, although the appellation "Holy Women's Isle" still clings to the pretty spot. The village of Kenmore derives its name from the site on which it is erected (that being a promontory stretching into the lake, and called in the Gaelic "*Ceannmhor*," or *Great Head*, and is neatly and well-built, containing an excellent inn, a fine old church, and a handsome school-house. One object worthy of note is the famous dairy belonging to the Breadalbane Estate, which is built of pure white quartz, and is an uncommon and chaste decoration to the pleasure-grounds. So charmed was Burns with the *tout ensemble* of the district in which we now are, that the following is part of an impromptu he wrote in pencil over the chimney-piece of the inn at Kenmore :—

"Th' outstretching lake embosomed 'mong the hills,  
The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;  
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,  
The palace rising on its verdant side ;  
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste,  
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste ;  
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,  
The village glittering in the noontide beam.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,  
And look through Nature with creative fire."

Leaving Kenmore by the afternoon coach, we cross the bridge which spans the Tay, and the driver is kind enough to stop for a minute and let us have a good look ere we pass from the favoured spot. For about a mile after leaving the village, we drive through the ever-varying pleasure-grounds of the rich Marquis, and extract as much enjoyment from their beauty as ever he can himself, without incurring the responsibilities which such a position must entail. Methinks Dickens never made a happier portrayal of his power in sketching human life than in his character of "Tommy Traddles," who, with his betrothed, received as much pleasure in gazing into the jewellery shops and imagining what they *would* buy if *they were rich*, as if they had possessed the wealth of Golconda! We are now journeying along the banks of the beautiful Tay, through a rich avenue of many-hued trees, including the ash, the elm, the holly, the birch, the rowan, the oak, the larch (a very common tree in Scotland), and the pine, which is said to be *the* tree of the Highlands. The diversified foliage and bloom of these stalwart forest citizens, with the refreshing shade which they yield so bounteously, fill the eye with new delight, and are soothing to every sense of mind and body. Every now and then a bonny wee squirrel hops across the path, glancing fearlessly at us from under his dark red covering, and occasionally a timid fawn darts rapidly off from the edge where it has been quietly browsing, into the depths of the gloom beyond. Here we are, however, at Aberfeldy—for we only had six miles to come—and the coach draws up at an exceedingly fanciful Gothic hotel, where we find the accommodation as good as the exterior is pretty. Of course, the great sight in this region is the "Falls of Moness," which are three in number, the highest being two miles up the Glen, and dashing perpendicularly to a depth of fifty feet, while the other two consist of a series of tiny cascades, hedged in and at times hidden by lofty trees which clasp the branches of brotherly friendship across the rocky bed that separates them. This is the scene of Burns's celebrated song, "The Birks of Aberfeldy," and his description is the best I can give you :

"The braes ascend the lofty wa's,  
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,  
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
The birks of Aberfeldy.

"The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers,  
The birks of Aberfeldy."

It is said that the poet, with the despotism of genius, robbed Peter to pay Paul in these lines, as the original air was called "The Birks of *Abergeldy*" (an estate on the River Esk which formerly belonged to the late Duchess of Kent, and is now a Scotch residence of the Prince of Wales); but, however the case may be, the poem certainly fits this situation to a T, and if Burns committed the robbery, there seems some excuse for the sin!



From Aberfeldy we proceed to Dunkeld by train, and, as we purpose remaining here for a few days, I had better introduce you to all the facts concerning it that I know, after which we can explore its wonders for ourselves. There are few places which at first sight give so imposing an appearance as Dunkeld, owing probably to its romantic situation on the Tay, its ancient cathedral, and the splendid estates which encircle it. The village is a very old and ill-built one, but became the Metropolitan See of Scotland as far back as 850 (when Kenneth I. removed the ashes of St. Columba from Iona to the Minster here), which honourable position it occupied until 1471, when it was in its turn superseded by St. Andrew's. There is a neat drinking fountain to the memory of the late Duke of Athole, and there are also several good hotels, the oldest of these being the "Royal," which the Queen mentions as having stopped at in one of her first Highland tours, "To give Vicky," now Princess Imperial of Prussia, "some broth!"

We patronize the "Birnam" Hotel because one of our party has been here before, and knows it to be the best in the village.

To-night we are fatigued, and soon retire to drift drowsily away into that "vast mysterious void which men call sleep;" but returning morn brings a fresh supply of energy, and after breakfast we set out for a drive to Murthly Castle. The air is deliciously fresh, part of our road lies through richly-wooded country, part along the banks of the "pure translucent Tay," and finally we enter the extensive pleasure grounds of the Murthly domains. The estate belongs to Sir William Drummond Stewart, and stretches for many miles east and west of the Castle in a succession of smooth verdant terraces and spacious avenues. About forty years ago a splendid Elizabethan mansion was commenced by the former owner, but, alas! report saith, the "needful" came to an end long before the vast design was executed, and the building tells its own doleful tale of the sad consequences of work commenced ere the cost has been fairly reckoned. The original edifice stands about 200 yards to the north of the new structure, and was, in "auld lang syne," a favourite hunting seat of the Scottish kings. Betwixt the river and the mansion there is a very small Roman Catholic Chapel, and, if want of funds prevented the Castle being finished, there seems to have been no such hindrance to the beautifying of the tiny sanctuary, as only twenty years back it was re-decorated at a cost of £30,000! A more lovely little place could scarce be entered; the floor is beautifully tessellated with coloured marble, the altar fittings are richly wrought with solid gold, and on the wall behind the altar is a magnificent painting of St. Constantine's Conversion. Of course, all the windows are of stained glass, but the *chef d'œuvre* of the interior is a tiny, but marvellously exquisite, St. Catherine's wheel window just above the altar. An old woman who takes charge of the place showed us a cupboard in the vestry filled with gorgeous priestly apparel, some of the white satin robes being yellow with a hoary

antiquity, and purporting to belong to the days before the Reformation, when Popery was the Court religion. One thing we admire greatly at Murthly is the generosity of the present owner, who allows strangers to visit the grounds free of charge, in pleasing contrast to the exorbitant sum levied on everyone who enters the Athole pleasure grounds.

Reaching home by two o'clock, we snatch a hasty luncheon, and in the afternoon, we step once more into the pony chaise, and set out for the "Rumbling Bridge." First we drive through a nice shady lane, and then pass into a wooded glen, where the bonny "warblers of the brake" give voice to their joy in bursts of rapturous melody, flitting from bough to bough with irrepressible blytheness, as if to make the most of the glorious weather. At a little distance from the bridge we get out and walk along a rustic path, leaving the carriage to keep to the highway, and are well rewarded for our choice by the lovely peeps of the river Braan which we obtain every now and again when there chances to be an opening in the thick shrubbery. By-and-bye an old man pounces upon us from some hidden recess, and proves to be one of that obnoxious species of animal called Cicerones! However, I must do this particular ancient the justice of saying that he turns out better than we expected, and, by dint of firmness on our part, he actually permits us to stand upon precisely the spots we choose, and to look just as long as we please! Certainly, this is the best Scotch fall I've yet beheld, and has a most appropriate name. At first all we can see, after descending a kind of stony precipice, is the bridge above us, and a deep, black, suicide-inviting pool at our feet, which latter makes me feel positively uncomfortable, and in its own horrible way is as luring to destruction as ever the voice of the "Lorelei" could be! And yet all the time we hear a rumbling sound like the noise of many waters, which clearly betokens some invisible cataract. On our proceeding to the bridge, the mystery is immediately solved, for on its other side there bursts to view the cause of our bewilderment. The arch is thrown across a narrow chasm eighty feet above the waterway, and the Braan pours its torrent into this gulf with great fury, foaming and roaring as it flings itself impetuously over a rocky ledge, which leap seems suddenly to cool its temperament, for on the opposite side of the gully it merely feeds, in the meekest and most imperceptible manner, the sullen Tarn that beckons so hideously to destruction. Several tales are narrated to us by the garrulous guide, of despairing lovers and daring fugitives; but the one which pleases me most, and which I shall always associate with the locality, is about a certain outlawed Baron who fled for his life, accompanied by one faithful hound, and pursued by a host of ruthless enemies. With the bravery of desperation, he urged his horse on and leapt successfully across the awful chasm (mind you, there was no bridge in those days!) thus completely baffling his foes. But, on looking back and seeing his dog howling on the other side, too tired or

too frightened to attempt the feat, the great attachment he felt to his dumb friend prompted him to venture back, and in the second hazard the horse and the rider were cast into the torrent, and lost.

I daresay the story is a very improbable one, and that, if true, the man was a fool for his pains, and so on; but for all that, I cannot help sympathizing with and admiring him because he loved his dog so fondly, and I think he deserved a better fate.

“Now comes still evening on, and twilight grey  
Has in her sober livery all things clad.”

So jumping up from our rocky seat, and bidding farewell to the Ancient, we drive quickly home, passing on our way the Hamlet of Inver, where Neil Gow, the great composer of Scotch reels, resided till his death.

The following day passes in wandering about the Duke of Athole's beautiful grounds—rented by the Dowager Duchess—the only drawback to the pleasure being, that we are obliged to let one of the guides—a great-grandfather, almost in his dotage—accompany us; and, besides the disagreeableness of the principle, it becomes positively painful to see the poor fellow dragging his weary steps along. The Duke's possessions extend over 50 miles, 11,000 acres of which are covered with larch plantations. The most prominent feature in the landscape is the Cathedral; but more of that anon, as we purpose devoting a whole forenoon to its inspection. Immediately behind that is the ancient Athole Mansion; but a new and, as yet, unfinished building bids fair to eclipse it in time. Connected with the dwelling-houses, a conspicuous feature is the large and fanciful dog kennel, which is built on one of the most commanding sites in the district, according to the whim of the last possessor, whose pet hobby consisted in ornamenting the abode of his canine favourites! In one of the remoter parts of the grounds, a curious and unique sight was once to be seen, called Ossian's Hall, where Art assisted Nature, the latter contributing a cascade formed by the River Braan, while the former erected a hermitage over it, whose sides, being lined with mirrors, reflected the fall in a wondrous variety of form, and in which there was a figure of Ossian playing upon his harp the “Songs of other times.” Two or three months ago some malicious persons completely destroyed the Hermitage, and so now Nature unadorned reigns sole mistress of the spot.

In the afternoon there is Birnam Hill, 1,580 feet, to be ascended by an easy winding road, and from the summit a magnificent prospect repays the toil. Then, in the evening we settle down in our particular pet snuggerly, for we now feel quite at ease here, and have made two or three excellent friends. One of these is a tall, lean, military veteran, a retired Major-General, who was once at the Cape on furlough, and who possesses an excellent war map, on which he gives us a daily lesson as to the progress of the war and the relative position of the opposing forces. The other is a genuine

type of a bluff, good-tempered English squire, who combines with his bluntness a rare courtesy and the polish of a thorough education. Gallant old fellow ! he had been travelling with only a shooting suit, but he no sooner met with a party with whom he fraternized, than he forthwith sent his valet up to his shooting-box for a black coat that he might sit next us at table in due form and correct apparel ! Now I have scant patience with rough bumptious individuals who scoff at or ignore a woman, and who, from the superior heights of their manhood, deny her even common civilities. Still less can I endure those insufferably conceited coxcombs, who are perpetually lisping out soft nothings or idiotic compliments, as if, forsooth, we of the feminine gender could not comprehend or appreciate a word of sense ; but I do like to see a true gentleman yield us just that due amount of deference which is so palatable to our weakness, while at the same time he treats us as mortals who share to a great measure with himself the rich mental faculties with which he has been endowed. By calling our Squire “old,” however, I do not use the word *literally*, but merely as a pleasing adjective ; had he been a lady I should probably have described him as “fat, fair, and forty,” but being one of the “Lords of Creation,” I suppose I must be respectful, and say he was of portly build, with a somewhat florid complexion, and about the meridian of life. With this select coterie we have lots of fun, and manage to wile away the evenings delightfully. In the space opposite to ours stands a piano, and there the choral part of the company assemble to “charm dull care away.” Sometimes the music and the song ripple forth most agreeably, but, generally speaking, the instrument is monopolized by an individual who fancies he is *au fait* at German melodies, and then, oh ! horrors, we have “Du, du,” “Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,” and two or three more exquisite “Liederchens,” thundered out in awful want of time and pathos, and in painfully Anglicised German, until even ordinary amateurs are agonized. We never can catch the words of one of his favourite songs, but it has a chorus very long and oft-repeated, composed principally of the touching monosyllables “Tra, la, la,” and in this chorus the “Unknown” is assisted by a Jewish-looking friend, who seems to have all the characteristics of a true son of Abraham, *barring* the noble qualities and handsome lineaments. So much for a few of the people who patronize the “Birnam.” There are a variety of other specimens, too numerous to mention : *e.g.*, an old gentleman and lady who are travelling with two good-looking young Roman Catholic priests, apparently their sons ; a couple of aristocratic parties who are waited on by their own footmen, and, after meals, retire immediately to their private parlours ; a sprinkling of widows ; and hosts of respectable “nobodies” like ourselves. To-day we take the morning train to Blair Athole, the centre of the Perthshire Highlands, and secure one of the *coupé* compartments, in order to obtain a good view of the country so rightly named “Athole,” or “the



pleasant land." These *coupés* are a capital invention, and are now to be found in most of the Highland railways. Being always the *end* compartment, three sides out of the four are made of glass, so that one can look out with ease, and get a very fair idea of the country through which one passes.

The first object we notice is the celebrated dairy farm of the Dowager Duchess of Athole, while on the left hand the Dalguise estate claims its share of attention; and further along, on a wooded promontory, formed by the junction of the Tay and the Tummel, is a monument to the late Duke of Athole, in the form of a huge Celtic cross. The chief sight of the expedition, however, is the historical and romantically-famous Pass of Killiecrankie, through which we journey along a magnificent viaduct of ten arches, fifty-four feet high and thirty-six feet span, and the sublimity of whose scenery is indescribable. Here was fought, in 1689, the "Battle of Killiecrankie" between the Highland clans and the troops of King William III, which ended in the entire defeat of the Lowland army, and was also marked by the death of Bonny Dundee (or Claverhouse, as he is often called), the leader of the Northern forces, and whose grave we afterwards saw on a field near the Pass. In connection with this battle, one of the distinguishing traits of Highland character, viz., *fidelity* to a *foster*-child or brother, even to the third generation, is recorded by General Stewart in his "Sketches of the Highlanders," and is instanced in the case of Lochiel, whose life was saved by his foster-brother's son, the latter throwing himself behind his master, and receiving the deadly blow aimed at his back by a cowardly foe.

The circuit of Athole comprises the greater part of the ancient Caledonian Forest, which still abounds in game of all kinds. It gives the title of Duke to the Murray family; and the castle, which is situated at *Blair Athole*—the principal village of the district—is an exceedingly old fortress, having stood a siege of several weeks prior to the Battle of Culloden in 1746. In 1844, Her Majesty the Queen spent three weeks at Blair, and the "Queen's Drive" round the grounds is well worth following. The village is a very pretty one, and boasts an excellent and largely-frequented hotel, where, of course, some of our party tasted the famous "Athole Brose," which was anything but palatable.

Being determined to make a more intimate acquaintance of Killiecrankie, we take a vehicle and drive through it on a road far beneath the railway level (from which lower stand-point the sight of the viaduct and the whizzing train seems an unnatural infringement on the wild beauties of the locality); and then, to complete the process, we *walk* back through the veritable historic pass for about a mile—that, after all, proving the best way of estimating its allurements. Resting upon the "Queen's Seat," and gazing down the winding vista, the effect of the roaring river, lined on either side by high cliffs, clad with a marvellous diversity of trees

and flowering shrubs, with here and there an ivy-shrouded cot, peeping out from its leafy nest, is strangely imposing. I know not where a more enchanting, awe-inspiring picture could be met with: "Ever changing, ever new, when will the prospect tire the view?" and when shall we be satiated with this bonny Scotland, so full of hallowed memories, set in such matchless frames?

Returning to Blair Athole, there are the "Falts of Bruar" inviting a visit, and they are necessarily associated with the Poet Burns, as his "Humble Petition of Bruar Water" was the means of a grove of firs and other trees being planted, which greatly improve the appearance of the falls. The upper cascade is divided into three parts: "Lofty firs and ashes cool the lowly banks o'erspread;" and after rain these tumbling, fretting torrents, wakening with their stentorian voices the stirring echoes of the hills around them, must form one of Creation's finest exhibitions. Notwithstanding our scorn of the railway when we luxuriated in the delights of Killiecrankie's witchery, we are, nevertheless, right glad to avail ourselves of the sturdy iron steed to convey us safely home to Birnam, and to dinner. We are not sorry either when the hour comes that we can partake of "Tired Nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep," which produces its usual beneficial effects, and brings with it renewed vigour for another day's events. These consist of a very unusual programme, for the annual celebration of "Highland Games" is to be held in a large open space, about ten minutes' walk from the "Birnam;" and as the Braemar and Blair Athole games have both been postponed this year owing to deaths in two of the principal families resident at those places, it is supposed there will be an unusually large gathering.

The morning is showery; but that matters nothing, and it is immense fun to watch the crowds that pour out of the railway station after the arrival of each train. As to the music, why even from the hotel we hear the martial notes of the bag-pipes from early dawn, while the rifle-shooting commences before we are up, and lasts till noon. These Highland games have been held in various parts of Scotland from time immemorial; and Sir Walter Scott tells us that James V was very partial to them, for which reason the bard, in his "Lady of the Lake," makes Stirling the scene of one celebration.

About half-past twelve we start, and visit on our way the two "sole remaining joys" of the great Birnam Wood of Macbeth celebrity. These are an oak and a sycamore, *said* to be one thousand years old, and growing at the foot of the hotel garden. Then we proceed through a wooded path, where every now and then at intervals of twenty yards we come suddenly upon a competing piper, puffing and blowing with might and main, the grand achievement being to see who can sustain some unearthly shriek for the longest period. Don't imagine I am about to run down bag-pipes; far from it. Does not the Queen make honourable—nay, loving—mention of them in her Journal; and I love them too, only I think that in

their case "distance lends enchantment" to the *sound* as well as to the *view*. They really *do* suit the mountains, which they call their home, and nothing could be finer than to hear them borne on the breezes, or to listen to them when, as in the "*Lady of the Lake*," "At first the sound, by distance tame, mellowed along the waters came;" but to be near not one alone, but scores of pipers, each toiling on with inflated breath, and bringing forth alternate groans, shrieks, and war-cries,—ah! it may be very telling, but it is just a wee bit trying for untrained ears.

We soon arrive at the Grand Stand, and having taken the precaution to send a carriage there early in the morning, so as to secure a good position (the horses having been taken out and returned to their stable), we have no difficulty in settling comfortably down, spite of the dense crowds of eager spectators who were here before us.

The competition space is, of course, railed in; then comes a row of benches, and finally several tiers of carriages. A small green knoll rises at the back of the enclosure; and it is a pretty sight to see the moving, excited, gaily-dressed crowds who swarm upon it like bees along a hive. About six thousand persons are computed to be present, and such a number and variety of kilts and philibegs I've never before seen, every one who boasts the "*Garb of Old Gaul*" sporting it, and the different clans being distinguished not only by their respective tartans, but also by the tiny badges they wear in their bonnets. The committee of management and honorary stewards, comprising all the big-wigs and notabilities for many miles round, are, of course, in full force, and when we get weary of looking at the games, we look at them, and are told that this quiet-looking man is a "Right Honourable," that another portly, pompous individual is a baronet or a lord-lieutenant, and so on until even the huge phantom of Cape aristocracy, which haunted us in the Colony, sinks into insignificance, and fades away like a ghost before the beams of daylight. Meanwhile the various games are going on right lustily, and the reels, Highland-*fling*, and sword-dance (the first prize for the last being gained by a boy of nine years old), interest us amazingly, and give us an opportunity of hearing the bag-pipes to perfection, as only one man plays at a time, and he is always chosen from amongst the prize-gaining competitors. The dances are followed by throwing the putting-stone, the sledge-hammer, and the caber, where the brawny muscles and herculean strength of Scotia's daring sons are brought into full play, after which running high leap, and vaulting with the pole, exercise other sinews, and exhibit fresh feats of renown on the part of the sturdy woodsmen. Then we witness hurdle and juvenile races, though properly the latter should be called *baby* races, for the tiniest wee laddies compete and scamper along right manfully at an age when they certainly ought literally to be "tied to their mothers' apron-strings."

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## Baby.

[IN HER THIRD YEAR.]

Prittle prattle ! tittle tattle !  
 What an everlasting rattle !  
 How she giggles, frisks, and frolics !  
 In her clack how very prolix !  
 Morning, noon, and eve, she chatters,  
 On a hundred thousand matters ;  
 Claiming by her tongue unsteady,  
 Ladies' privilege already,\*  
 All alert, whate'er she's after ;  
 Brimming o'er with fun and laughter ;  
 Eyes so sparkling, cheeks so rosy—  
 Keeping all alive about her ;  
 Oh, how spiritless and prosy  
 All the house would be without her !

How the wee thing laughs to joke us  
 With her snuff-box,†—hocus pocus !  
 How she wags her little noddle !  
 How she lifts her arms to toddle  
 Round the chairs, settees, and table,  
 Round the rooms, and round the whole house,  
 To the garden, to the stable,  
 To the kitchen, to the coal-house !  
 Now, where brother, or papa goes,  
 Now, where Ayah, or mamma goes,  
 In or out, where'er it may be,  
 There goes busy-body baby.  
 Then away with joyous patter,  
 Bent on some important matter ;  
 Now to search the tree for figgies ;  
 Now to tease the piggy-wiggies ;  
 Now to feed, and now run after  
 Chicks and ducks, apant with laughter ;  
 In the puddles now to paddle ;  
 Now to ride on uncle's saddle.  
 Soon about some graver folly,  
 Teaching that poor stupid dolly ;

\* Like her own dear mamma, who, when labouring under consumptive tendencies, was advised by her physician not to talk more than she could help. "Not talk !" she replied. "Forbid a lady to talk, Dr. ——— ! What a monstrous *breach of privilege* !"

† A child's toy like a snuff-box ; from which, when the presentee is on the point of taking his pinch, up springs a withered and wild-haired figure, fierce as a Turk, and frightful as a Gorgon.



Warning her with lifted finger  
At her lesson not to linger.  
Tearing, next, poor dolly's clothes off;  
Batt'ring, next, poor dolly's nose off;  
Kissing darling dolly soundly;  
Scolding naughty dolly roundly;  
Watching all the antics pretty  
Of her sportive little Kitty;  
Fitly coupled, kit and baby,  
Each to each as like as may be;  
Each to each in springy paces,  
Playful whims, and airy graces.  
Mark th' impulsive little creature,  
Life and light in every feature;  
Whatsoever sport invites her,  
All impatience to begin it;  
And, till something new delights her,  
All her heart and soul are in it;  
Never some attraction wanting,  
And in every change enchanting.  
Whether standing, sitting, walking,  
Hopping, skipping, running, talking,  
Dressing, reading,—(yes, indeed, sir,  
Books turned upside down she reads, sir,)—  
Peep-boh playing, sham tasks saying,  
Or in yonder garden swinging,  
By the string her bonnet swaying,  
Or like any birdie singing,  
Ever full of grace and glee,  
Full of frolic witchery;  
Full of joy,—may nought abridge it!—  
Full of jabber, jest, and fidget,  
Ever arch, and ever smiling,  
Radiant all with life's beginning,  
Every brow of care beguiling,  
Every heart to fondness winning.  
Oh, the fancy free and fickle!  
Oh, the spirit bright and airy!  
Was there ever such a pickle  
As this winsome little fairy?

E. J.

## The Voluntary Question in its present Aspect.

A GENERAL impatience is felt at the delay, session after session, in deciding when and how the ecclesiastical grants from the public treasury shall cease. The question is one of religious principle, but, somehow, is mixed up more or less with the political contests of the day. In the country districts, many a man's politics undoubtedly subserve his eagerness to vote for a representative sound, as he hopes, on the State-aid system, which may maintain the minister of *his* parish at the public expense; such a man wilfully ignores the injustice done to other, and often newly-formed and poor parishes, whose members have to maintain their own ministers, unaided, and indirectly contribute to the salaries of the recipients of aid.

Our religious atmosphere, and the political too, will be healthier and clearer by an early decision; the dim religious haze which obstructs the line of vision of many politicians must be dissipated, before party-principles can be sufficiently homogeneous and cohesive; and religion will be more incisive when it demands self-reliance and mutual co-operation from its votaries.

An objectionable feature in the *calling* of ministers may be traced to the presage of an early doom to State-paid clergy. Does a Consistory now-a-days elect to call to a vacancy the man of piety and experience if time has set a mark on his whitening locks, or the youngest and most vigorous life which would stand best in the tables of a Life Assurance Company?

The question before us is not whether Christianity ought to be subsidized by the State, nor whether all religious bodies have an equal right to State aid. But, an unequal system of distributing £15,878 4s. 6d. per annum having grown up, whereby certain congregations of the Dutch Reformed Church and of the English Church have happened to secure to themselves large shares, and a few crumbs have been picked up by other religious societies, it is proposed to abolish this anomaly by allowing the payments to die out with each present recipient; in the abolition is implied, I presume, the final cessation of all ecclesiastical grants from the public revenue.

The advocates of abolition, as proposed in the Bill introduced by Mr. S. Solomon, and of capitalization, as recommended in the report of the select committee, appear to agree that the time has arrived for a settlement, but differ as to the best way of carrying out the measure. The few members who either blindly disregard the injustice of the present mode of distribution, or feel shackled by the wishes of their interested constituents, may be safely left to the softening process of time on their consciences.

The recipients and their rights must be jealously protected. Mr. Solomon's Abolition Bill is here unassailable; it goes further; as if there might be some concurrent right pleaded, rightly or wrongly, by the congregation, it is provided that if the incumbent dies within five

years after the passing of the Bill, the grant shall be temporarily continued to his successor, so that every parish will have at least five years' notice to prepare itself for the change. The provisions of the Bill, honestly explained, are invariably accepted as fair, even by its opponents; but in the inland districts where popular rumour, instead of the *Government Gazette*, publishes the clauses, not as printed, but as imagined by those whose tongues run faster the tighter they draw their own purse-strings, much misapprehension still exists. We cannot stop to deal with the illusions that *forthwith* churches will be closed, and the simple country folk left without baptism for their infants, confirmation for their youth, and christian burial for the dead. But a conspectus of the statistics bearing on Christian Worship, as gathered from the latest public documents, will dispel many fears, when it is seen how few congregations participate in the public grants, and must convince all of the indefensible manner of allocation, based on no principle either as to religious tenets, or peculiar needs, or the number of adherents.

The total estimated expenditure under Schedule C (Public Worship) for the current year is £15,878 4s. 6d., of which the distribution is as follows:—

|                                                                                                                           | £     | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|----|----|
| <i>Dutch Reformed Church</i> , including missionary to apprentices, and house-rent to one minister ..                     | 9,012 | 10 | 0  |
| <i>English Church</i> , including house-rent to two chaplains, and travelling expenses of the Bishop of Cape Town .. .. . | 4,802 | 0  | 0  |
| <i>Roman Catholic Church</i> .. .. .                                                                                      | 1,000 | 0  | 0  |
| <i>Wesleyan Society</i> .. .. .                                                                                           | 650   | 0  | 0  |
| Minister, <i>Scottish Church</i> .. .. .                                                                                  | 200   | 0  | 0  |
| Minister, <i>Lutheran Church</i> .. .. .                                                                                  | 213   | 14 | 6  |

The Cape division enjoys £4,263 14s. 6d.; and Albany, the next in order, £1,750.

The ecclesiastical returns furnished to Government for the year 1870 exhibit the operations of 513 Christian congregations, of which 93 are aided from the fund reserved under Schedule C, 5 are in connection with hospitals, prisons, &c., and 415 are altogether independent of any assistance from the public revenue.

If the grant to each minister were regarded in the light of an annuity, there would be no difficulty in calculating from tables of mortality the present value of each; and if it be shown that a saving may be effected by buying out each life, there can be no objection to such a plan, the parties interested being satisfied. Here the first difficulty meets the advocate of capitalization. The recipient's right to the annual grant is not *absolute*, but contingent on good behaviour and the regular discharge throughout his life of certain prescribed duties, so that the Government is precluded from making a composition with the State-aided minister by a cash payment, unless the

parish is secured in its claims to his services for life. The question of appointing parochial trustees to administer the capital sum, and to see to the observance of the conditions, *e.g.*, church services, administration of sacraments, and other less definite but necessary functions of a Christian minister, is beset with thorns. It is, however, just conceivable that a congregation and its minister might enter into a mutual agreement whereby such a system could be carried out, in a case where the incumbent's life was not worth many a year's purchase, and where by a general commutation scheme the Government was authorized to offer such a liberal average as twelve years' purchase all round.

The majority of the select committee appointed by the House of Assembly in the past session, overriding the parochial interest which appears to offer possible arrangements for effecting commutation by buying out each life, would constitute the governing body of each denomination as guardians of the capitalized fund *in trust* for the present State-paid ministers for their respective lives, and thereafter, it is presumed, for the general purposes of their religious society; and after striking an average of twelve years' purchase as the compensation money, would make commutation, or the present life tenure of the grant optional; and would reserve to all, whether consentients or not, the same rights to pension as if commutation had not been made. The two last provisions appear to be irreconcilable with a plan of commutation based on a general average of the duration of ALL the lives.

The first provision offers peculiar difficulties. There is the startling proposal to hand over to the Dutch Reformed Church, or its Synod, the sum of £108,150; to the English Church or its Financial Commissions, £57,624; to the Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church, £12,000; to the Wesleyan Society, £7,800; to the Scottish Church Congregation, £2,400; to the Lutheran Congregation, £2,564 14s. Total, £190,538 14s.

There is, of course, the serious objection at the outset, that those who have enjoyed the lion's share hitherto will have also the largest permanent endowment; but for the sake of our common Christianity, let that pass; let those who were late in the field, or too modest, or too remote from the sun's golden rays, be content to go cold and empty away.

The governing body of each denomination is charged with the administration of church discipline, and these are days when religious feelings, not only on matters of doctrine, but also of ceremonial, run high as well as awry,—the greater need, then, for the care and dispensing of moneys to be dissociated from the exercise of discipline.

But the crucial question which each salaried clergyman will ask, before giving his consent to a commutation scheme, is,—What is my security? The Bishop of Cape Town is able to offer unimpeachable security to the consentients in his diocese, but there is no evidence to show that he is willing to make the payment or part payment of these



salaries a first charge for many years on the Bishop's fund, so earnestly and widely gathered for the extension of Christianity to the heathen. The Wesleyan Society recognizes no personal claim to the Government grant on the part of its ministers, whom it transfers at pleasure from station to station ; no difficulty could arise in this case, nor in that of the Roman Catholic Church. In the Scottish and Lutheran Churches, commutation would merely involve arrangements between the two ministers and their respective congregations.

On this important point, then, it appears that to the English Church Clergy in the Diocese of Graham's Town, the governing body, which is in effect the Bishop, can offer no adequate security ; and to the fifty-three clergymen of the Dutch Reformed Church throughout the Colony who look for tangible security for an aggregate annual payment of £9,000, the governing body of that Church can offer absolutely none. A parochial trust might be formed in most cases, but a general synodical trust would never command the confidence of even one-half of the recipients.

Anything like a general acceptance of the conditions of the select committee's capitalization scheme is imperilled by the known attitude of most of the Dutch Clergy, and there appears no probability of its being carried out except in the four minor cases, which include only £2,000 per annum, whereas the two others, which are likely to be non-consentient, draw nearly £14,000 per annum.

The financial part of the commutation scheme is simple and business-like. By borrowing £190,000 at five per cent., the public treasury would be liable for only £9,500 per annum ; the difference between this annual interest and the amount of the present grants would leave about £6,000 available yearly to pay off the loan.

The probable issue of the next ventilation of the question in Parliament may be easily forecast ; the Church barometers indicate change, and though the advocates of the abolition of State-aid to churches as based on a wrong principle are not numerous, the supporters of the present appropriation or of commutation will be very few.

There is the objection, *in limine*, to perpetuate by commutation the anomalous endowment of the Dutch Reformed and English Churches to the neglect of the Wesleyan Society, which numbers as many adherents as the English Church, and of several other religious communities which have never been subsidized by the State ; and this objection, in the eyes of those who examine the scheme on its own merits and without the subjective advantages to this or that Church, must be fatal.

Again, if it is argued that to the Government the question is one of money and not of principle, and that commutation offers an economical solution, I maintain that a buying out of each claim, once and for all, would be really a solution, but that the alternative of accepting commutation or not, and the reservation to the consentients of claims on the Government for pensions is a patchwork proposal,

meant to conciliate the various sections, but neither self-consistent nor economical.

Assume, however, for a moment that the grant of £200 per annum to the Rev. A. B., aged thirty, were commuted into a cash payment of £2,400, and vested in the governing body of his Church. The capital invested at 6 per cent. will yield £144 per annum, leaving £56 a year to be raised, for some thirty years; by whom? By the congregation. What probability, not to say *security*, can there be that a congregation will saddle itself with such a liability, knowing that at the death of their minister the future dispensation of the capital and interest will rest, not with the parochial authorities, but with the general governing body of the Church?

These remarks are intended to keep the question before the recipients. If they are willing to make personal sacrifices for the benefit of the religious communities to which they belong, they and no one else ought to speak. If they are silent, the Abolition Bill will guard their rights and settle the vexed question with generosity to them and equity towards all.

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### Napoleon at St. Cloud.

UNDER the above title appears a very characteristic piece of French wit in Captain Bingham's "*Journal of the Siege of Paris.*" The spirit and humour of the original verses, said to be a parody on Nadaud's celebrated song, "The Two Gendarmes," are of course somewhat dulled in our translation; but enough remains to show how daring some writers could be, even under the Second Empire, in holding up to ridicule, not only the public but private characters of people of the most exalted station, and lashing their vices with a scourge pickled in Attic brine. The song which we herewith extract, as now published, is alleged by Captain Bingham to have been first read at a supper party given by the Princess Mathilde, at which M. Billault, then a Minister without a portfolio, Saint-Beuve, the Minister of Beaux-Arts, a poet, a high functionary, a celebrated painter, a dramatic author, a member of the Diplomatic Corps and his wife, two other ladies of high rank, with certain celebrities from the French Academy and Institute, were present. It seems that the Princess Julia Bonaparte had informed her cousin that, during the day, M. Billault had read her a stinging song, in which the Emperor was roughly handled, and that then the Princess Mathilde insisted on the verses being read out at *her* table. Every one swore to observe the most impenetrable secrecy, the servants were dismissed, and the doors closed. M. Billault, after a little pressing, read the following, the composition, so he said, of a capital fellow, who had served in his office when he was Minister of the Interior. The refrain of each verse is made irresistibly comic in the original French, by the absurd

meanings and *double entendres* attached to the respectful and sagacious terms in which the Minister agrees to all his master says, with his perpetual—*Majesté, vous avez raison !*”

# AT SAINT CLOUD.

The Emperor paced the park, St. Cloud,  
And pressed its turf with moody air ;  
He stroked his chin and limp moustache,  
And looked quite worn with spleen and care :  
“ Ah ! ” quoth he to a trusty friend,  
“ Affairs just now are far from bright.”  
“ Your Majesty ! ” replied Baroche,  
“ I think your Majesty is right ! ”

“ For fifteen years I’ve had my will,  
Contempt and hate are all I’ve gained !  
Though all have bowed to barrack rule,  
At what a cost was this obtained ?  
Deep hatred clings to all my schemes,  
Far happier I in prison cell ! ”  
“ Your Majesty ! ” replied Baroche,  
“ You might, I think, be *just* as well ! ”

“ ’Tis *love* I want : To gain such love,  
What won’t I do, and dare create ?  
Paris is fair, and France is grand,  
Europe admires them—*me* they hate !  
Fine at a distance, mean when near,  
My star’s a torch—for all its light.”  
“ Your Majesty ! ” replied Baroche,  
“ Your Majesty, I’m sure, is right ! ”

“ Of gen’rous tastes, and heart not bad,  
My goodness they askance regard ;  
*An actor*—when I pardon them—  
*A tyrant*—if I hit them hard !  
For but the pettiest escapade,  
They nickname me Don Juan Gray.”  
“ Your Majesty ! ” replied Baroche,  
“ I quite agree with what you say ! ”

“ Despite the gag and bayonet thrust,  
At home they do just what they please ;  
My very press, it blackguards me,  
And Orleans bribes my best police !  
The talk that now betwixt us passes,  
To-morrow morn a song will be ! ”  
“ Your Majesty ! ” replied Baroche,  
“ With what you say I quite agree ! ”

"Who are my guides?—a set of asses.  
 My generals?—mere make-believes.  
 My courtiers?—well—some courtesans—  
 My ministers?—a pack of thieves.  
 My Senate?—ah! a shaky lot!  
 My commons fight for nothing true."  
 "Your Majesty!" replied Baroche,  
 "I'm sure the world agrees with you!"

"Who serves me, then? More rogues than fools;  
 Judges corrupt—provincial gulls;  
 A pedant here—a traitor there—  
 Everywhere spies, and thieves, and trulls!  
 Vidocq, Cartouche, and Rigolboche,  
 Keep on my court a sharp look-out!"  
 "Your Majesty!" replied Baroche,  
 "Your Majesty is right, no doubt!"

"Beyond the faithful Persigny,  
 And first of Quakers—glib Billault,  
 Who of you thinks I'm wanted here,  
 Or 'd care a curse to see me go?  
 Provided some their pockets fill,  
 My house might fall, or I be dead."  
 "Your Majesty!" replied Baroche,  
 "You've hit the nail upon the head!"

"Ah? who can say what next they'll do,  
 Nation of fools and hard to please!  
 That loves to hunt and roll in mud,  
 What once it worshipped on its knees!  
 What sent my uncle to the Rock?  
 Not treason foul, but bitter hate!"  
 "Your Majesty!" replied Baroche,  
 "You're right—I'm sure—to avoid his fate!"

"Claremont, Prague, and St. Heléne  
 Have had their guests, upon my faith!  
 Who've not been bored or taken pains  
 To rule so well as Louis hath.  
 The cock and eagle on the spit,  
 Have to the goose a warning been."  
 "Your Majesty!" replied Baroche,  
 "That this is right is clearly seen!"

"But that *my* day includes your own,  
 Who of you all could bear my pack?  
 My son forms part of no one's dreams,  
 While Number One is on the rack:



E'en Plon-Plon thinks—poor clumsy tool—

*He* might succeed, were I away."

"Your Majesty!" replied Baroche,

"I quite agree with what you say!"

"Europe and France I've set on fire,

And out of dirt an Empire raised—

To gain the pen of Cassagnac,

And be each day by Veron praised?

To tremble at each fresh *émeûte*,

And dream of poison all the night?"

"Your Majesty!" replied Baroche,

"Well, yes, your Majesty is right!"

'Twas thus our Cæsar bared his heart—

Then stopped—and smoothed his brow of care;

For all at once he saw approach

His son and wife—a charming pair!

'Twould never do, before these two,

To shed a tear or show his fright.

"Your Majesty!" remarked Baroche,

"Your Majesty is always right!"

The historian goes on to say that while this was being recited to the company, the first couplets were received in perfect silence, followed by murmurs, stifled laughter, and angry remonstrance. However, M. Billault got to the end of his task, in spite of the savage manner in which several of the guests were lashed by the merciless lyrist. The supper-party could not recover its tone, and broke up quite dispirited; but before doing so, the promise of secrecy was renewed by each person present. To make a long story short, next morning early the following note from the Tuileries was handed to him, which ran thus:—

"MY DEAR MINISTER,—I shall expect you to breakfast. Be good enough to bring with you the verses which you read last night at the Rue de Courcelles.

"Yours affectionately,

"NAPOLEON."

The situation was embarrassing. When the Minister entered the Emperor's Cabinet, His Majesty held out his hand, and asked him with a laugh, What he thought of his Police? "I knew all about the song at ten this morning," he added, "and I give you my word Pietri had nothing to do with the matter. But let me see the song." The Emperor read it over slowly, without saying a word, twisting his moustache, biting his lip now and then, sometimes smiling, sometimes shrugging his shoulders: then handing back the

manuscript, he asked M. Billault if the author was personally known to him. The Minister said he was an upright man, and a faithful servant of the Government. "So much the better," said His Majesty, "you can tell him that I don't want to know his name, but that I should like to see his next production before it is read to the Princess Mathilde." Here the matter ended. M. Billault found out the next day who had betrayed his secret ; but, used to similar acts of bad faith, he refrained from exposing the traitor.

Of course, we cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but, if true, it gives us a curious glimpse of the rottenness which pervaded all classes of society under the Empire, and which, in the face of oaths and the most sacred obligations of friendship, could see nothing despicable in the conduct of those who could forget the one and betray the other. 'Twas time these nests of vermin were smoked out by the German war. Any living ass can now have his fling at the sick lion without much danger.

M. D.

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## South African Agriculture.

BY F. W. REITZ, ESQ., M.L.A.

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### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

I TRUST the cultivation of linseed and flax will not be too readily abandoned, because the caterpillar has proved destructive in a great many cases. Perhaps we may hit upon a better season for sowing ; perhaps it may not prove a permanent plague. If we had, when the cultivation of mealies or Indian corn was first attempted, given it up as a bad job, in despair, on finding a whole crop destroyed by the caterpillar, as we find to be the case now and then, we should certainly have acted unwisely ; and why not give flax a fair trial ? If it does succeed, we have rich land, such as is devoted to its growth in Europe, and so much cheaper, that the expense of carriage to a market would be a very secondary consideration. Let us endeavour to find crops for our arid karoos by means of irrigation, capable of being grown abundantly and economically, and never fear that merchants will allow such things to rot on the ground (though, for that matter, flax must rot at any rate) : they will find road-steamers and railroads, even if Parliament should still dread the word "sub-guarantee."

Mr. Louw, the active and very enterprising member for the Cape district, has very kindly favoured me with the following interesting details.

That gentleman first commenced experiments in flax-growing nine years ago ; has sown during that interval from two to sixty bushels per annum, and has reaped from fifty to ninety-fold. He

believes all soil adapted for wheat to be equally so for flax. The seed is worth twenty shillings per muid here. He says that the plant is subject to no disease, thrives better than wheat during droughts, but in the last two years has been severely tried by the ravages of the caterpillars, though not, however, during the years previous to that; and (which is certainly encouraging) Mr. Louw adds that, even should the caterpillar destroy the seed, the fibre will remain as good as ever. The value of flax is from £40 to £140 per ton in Europe. If a fine quality is sought for, the seed must be sown thicker.

As Mr. Louw's object was the production of linseed, I cannot tell whether he has ever calculated what the quantity of fibre per acre amounted to, and what the expense of preparing it for the European market was likely to be. Experimental farms have been very warmly advocated, and, generally speaking, they may be desiderata in most countries. There was, nevertheless, much truth in what Mr. Cloete (I think, of Alphen) said at the agricultural meeting last September.

In a country like this, it will be difficult, and in most cases impossible, to try experiments with anything like perfection on every plant in the same locality. I don't even understand how they get over the difficulty in other countries. The hackneyed quotation, "*Hic segetes, illuc veniunt felicius uvæ*," we cannot surely forget, and I would prefer to see a reward offered to the person who should give properly authenticated answers to the following questions as to the cultivation of any new plant:—What did it cost to sow, reap, and work? What quantity sown and reaped? Description of soil? Comparison as to labour and profit of a wheat crop on a similar area?

To the most successful grower, who at the same time gave the clearest account of what he had done, the prize should be awarded, and in this way we should have the advantage of gaining experience in different localities, and under various circumstances of soil, climate, and management. Similar remarks would apply to results of trials with guano, bone-manure, lime, &c., &c., whether applied in dry karoo or sour mountain soil, and more humid tracts, or of "Stercus" or town sewerage, the whole management, as well as results of which are kept in the dark, in one sense,—though, if I recollect right, in the *Miserables* the author calculates that from that source alone the lower orders of Paris could be educated, and Red Republicanism extinguished. Somehow it appears as if Stercus had got into bad odour.

Before proceeding to the flax-plant, into which I was inveigled by my idiosyncrasy on the subject of irrigation, I ought to have said something of other grain. Mr. Bayley has been unceasing in his endeavours to introduce from time to time new varieties of *wheat* from almost every climate under the sun, in the hope of one day hitting upon some variety to which *rust* is unknown. I thought the influence of moist atmosphere under peculiar circumstances, and acting differently according to the forward or backward state of the

crop at the time when warm showers fell, and also affecting differently wheat-stems of different solidity, or impregnated with more or less siliceous matter, were the admitted causes of rust in wheat. It is a pity we cannot tell where to find information as to the experience our brother-colonists in Australia underwent for the first time a few years ago to an alarming extent. At the agricultural meeting in September, already spoken of, Mr. Griffith quoted from an American work (*Silliman's Journal*) quite a new theory of this plague of plagues. It is certainly worthy of notice, and seems to militate not exactly against the parasitic cryptogamic-plant notion, but against the idea that the decay of the outer cuticle was necessary to form a congenial soil for the parasite. I have, however, examined the Barberry in the Botanic Garden, and do not believe, nor does Mr. McGibbon, that it is found indigenous anywhere in this Colony; yet Scotch mists, and close days, as well as silica in the haulms of wheat, must have existed before '21. The Settlers could not have brought it in their boots, as the Hessian soldiers are said to have imported the weevil into America.

Then, there is another puzzler. We never had the rust in oats till within the last few years. How are we to account for that, on the theory of the stem becoming like a wet thatch in warm weather—a nursery for fungi. I confess I am inclined to believe in the old notion; it looked, at any rate, so scientific, but the theory itself appears to be growing rusty.

There is no doubt that a much greater breadth of land has of late been put under the plough than at any former period; and although in those interior districts where rain falls with less periodical regularity than hereabouts, those who cannot irrigate will scarcely venture to cultivate to a very great extent, there is no doubt that improved ploughing, reaping, and thrashing-machines, all tending greatly to diminish the cost of production, are inducing, and will more and more stimulate, our farmers to grow more largely. It really appears to me that the average yields in Australia are not so far beyond ours as to account for their being satisfied with the low price they sell their wheat at on the spot.

And here I may as well introduce a few words with regard to our ploughing-matches. I think I have seen as good ploughing in this Colony as I ever saw in Scotland, and, undoubtedly, the example to our young farmers and farm-labourers—the exhibition, in short, of any operation in perfection—must be of very great advantage; but as long as I hear practical, intelligent, and enterprising men in the neighbourhood of Koeberg say that a ploughing-match offers no proof as to the most remunerative mode of culture, I shall not offer to decide whether eight mules or two horses, a double or single furrow, an American or Swedish plough pays best in the long run. And as to the reaping and thrashing-machines, when I reflect on what I said on these matters so many years ago, I must emphatically assert that we are not progressing as we ought to do.



For my part, I think the attempt to encourage the growth of tobacco by the imposition of high duties has had the effect of considerably diminishing the Customs revenue, without being of much advantage, if any, to the Colony, except in so far as by stimulating for a time the cultivation of that plant and bringing it down in the market to as low a price as ever it fetched (which, certainly, was not the aim of the Protectionists). We have been enabled once for all to discover that we cannot produce it so cheaply as other countries, for there was no exportation to Europe. In order to obtain experiments, which shall prove that a superior article can be produced in some of our districts, it would have been far better to have offered a large proportion of the money now lost to the Customs as rewards to the most successful tobacco-planters. In fact, by allowing foreign tobacco to be imported, growers here would have been put more on their mettle; and an inferior article, only to be puffed away (in more senses than one) in the Colony, would not have been indirectly encouraged. I am not forgetting the old argument that so much money is prevented from leaving the Colony; but I do not attach much value to that, and must be pardoned for adding that at this time of day that question is scarcely worth arguing.

A pamphlet, which must have cost something to print, with the explanatory plates, was distributed by the Agricultural Society; but I am sorry to say it contained nothing whatever that was not fully known to every old tobacco-planter in the Swellendam and Riversdale districts.

I do not see that my time will allow me to say more of the *Olive* than that it at last seems in a fair way of having a fair trial. If I had a voice in the matter, I would offer £500 from the Public Treasury to any one who, after a certain number of years from this time, produced twenty pounds weight of olive oil from his own farm.

In most parts of South Africa no tree will grow without some artificial watering,—at all events, for the first year or two. In the Cape peninsula, the climate permits fir forests to grow without that aid. This difference in climate our late Colonial Botanist and most new-comers failed to recognize. I have tried to persuade one or two friends, who had fir plantations in this Table Valley, to devote a small space to the olive, so as to ascertain whether they will grow as easily; but hitherto I have not succeeded. The trees in the Botanic Garden appear to thrive better than the almonds growing near them; and we know that few fruit trees stand drought better than the latter.

Mark Twain, in his "Pilgrim's Progress,"—a strange book, you will say, to will say to quote on such a subject—speaking of the country near Jerusalem, says, "There could not have been more fragments of stone strewn broadcast over this part of the world if every ten square feet of the land had been occupied by a separate and distinct stone-cutter's establishment for an age. There was hardly a tree or a shrub anywhere. Even the olive and the cactus, those

fast friends of a worthless soil, had almost deserted the country." Mr. Griffith has shown that the oil expressed from the fruit leaves nothing to be desired. I only regret that by this time a sufficiently extensive nursery has not been laid out to provide our wine-farmers with thousands of plants at a very low rate; and I have not been convinced that it could not have been done a couple of years ago. "Brag is a good dog," and, therefore, I remind our wine-growers that I recommended them to plant olives in their vineyards twenty-five or thirty years ago. The vines surrounding the growing-orchard, as I told them, could have been gradually removed as the trees proved successful.

Now, what about silk? Are we doing what we can to give the experiment a fair trial? Why was the formation of a limited liability company, with a decent capital, and with subscribers all over the Colony, not tried from the commencement, and all our efforts concentrated at Stellenbosch?—and, if it answered, the same plan extended to every village and missionary institution? The principal question is,—What will the labour of feeding and tending the worms come to? and can the women and children be made to add to their yearly gains by utilizing time which is now spent often unavoidably in idleness? The scheme having been set spinning, I only hope the efforts of half a century of the late much-respected Messrs. Truter and Borchers may not be allowed to unravel again during the lifetime of Dr. Hiddingh and Mrs. Povall.

Dr. Truter told us fifty years ago what Mr. Holding has only reported the other day with respect to the wild mulberry. I don't know on whom the blame of stubborn unbelief must rest. That the production of silk may become a matter of vast importance to a country, the following extract from a French work, with which I shall conclude this subject, amply shows:—

"Five years ago" (this was written in 1870) "the epizootic disease of the silk-worm had been ravaging the South of France for more than twelve years. In the mountains of the Cevennes the saddest changes had operated in a short time. Formerly, wrote an enlightened cultivator, one saw on the brows of hills active and robust men breaking the rocks, constructing with the *debris* solid walls to support the fertile soil, but laboriously prepared, and thus elevating to the summits of the mountains terraces planted with the mulberry. These men, in spite of the fatigues of a rude labour, were then contented and happy, for sufficiency reigned at their firesides. To-day the plantations are entirely abandoned; the golden tree no longer enriches this country, and those faces once radiant are now mournful and sad."

The writer (M. Radan) then goes on to give the history of silk culture in France from the thirteenth century, showing that in Louis the XIV's time 100,000 kilogrammes per annum was the total production; in 1788, 6,000,000; in 1853, 26,000,000, which, at five francs per kilogramme, represented a revenue of 130,000,000

francs. If this ratio had continued, 300,000,000 francs—£12,000,000 sterling—would have been the present amount. Unfortunately, all this prosperity has disappeared on the invasion of the scourge in 1853. The French production has been reduced to 4,000,000, and the loss is counted by hundreds of millions of money. He next proceeds to give the same details of the disease, which Professor Huxley spoke of at the last meeting of the British Association, and pointing out the tremendous advantage likely to be derived from the scientific researches of Pasteur.

In 1869, M. Pasteur, by selecting healthy insects, and resorting to a judicious mode of pairing, obtained thirty kilogrammes from an ounce, or one and a half more than the average of good years—in some instances even reaching forty-five kilogrammes. An experiment by Doel Chiozza, in Italy, had given sixty-eight kilogrammes of cocoons per ounce.

The city of Lyons owed its rise to the silk-worm, as Manchester did to cotton.

And speaking of cotton, reminds me that I have not said a word on the subject; and I am bound to confess that the information I have been able to obtain is very scanty. True, the papers tell us that in January last the *Carolina* (steamer) alone carried away eleven bales of cotton laden at East London; but the opinions as to the probable success of this raw product are very conflicting. One friend, on whom I can rely, says that there is a large extent of land under cotton cultivation in the East London division, Peddie, and Bathurst, and that the crops looked well, New Orleans being generally sown, as it is in very few places Sea-Island cotton can be produced.

Another equally trustworthy correspondent says: "In East London many farmers have sown from one to one hundred acres of cotton. In by far the larger proportion of instances no crop was gathered. The seed germinated, and a small plant appeared above the ground, but it disappeared in a few days, being destroyed by the grub. In a few cases the plants grew and thrived; but just as the pods were bursting, tremendous winds and rains set in, and destroyed the bulk of the crop. The plants were lying on the ground, and the cotton rotted." In conclusion, my friend gives it as his opinion that the rainy season—from October to December, and again in February till April—exactly the cotton season—makes success very questionable; but as the Diamond Diggings had turned people's heads, this last season, which appears to have been a more propitious one, cotton-planting did not get the fair trial it ought still to have before being abandoned. The total exports last year were only two thousand pounds.

In the compass of one lecture it can hardly be expected that the cultivation of vegetable substances, the profits from which are very questionable, or of less importance, owing to a more limited demand, can be treated of at any length. Yet I would not withhold my

opinion that, with a more abundant supply of fuel in most European countries, and the comparatively low price of land fit for the growth of the sugar-beet, as in the so-called *Landes* of Bordeaux,—200,000 tons, for instance—we had better try our experiments cautiously. Besides, native plants, of which the fibres may possibly be exported for manufacturing paper, there are the castor-oil, the wax-berry, and several plants, such as the sumach, recommended by Mr. Blore, which should not be despised as additions to our agricultural products. “Little sands the mountain : moments make the year.” If it be determined that the exportation of grapes, so as to arrive at a time when that fruit is scarcest in Europe, shall not be again attempted, I am afraid that, with the exception of raisins, most other fruit and culinary vegetables, if grown largely for mere home consumption and the shipping, will so often fall in the market to a price that cannot pay that the supply will have to be curtailed. We all know what potatoes and cabbages have been sold for.

And, now, one word about *agricultural societies*. I still remain of the same opinion with regard to the justice of contributing from the public funds for the purpose of promoting experiments, which, if successful, the community at large derives the benefit from, and the risk of which experiments it is unfair to expect private individuals to encounter. But I must candidly confess that my expectations as to the benefits great provincial exhibitions were to ensure have been to a very great extent disappointed. There are peculiarities in our social condition and otherwise which prevent us from following exactly in the same rut which many other countries have found successful. Even a green market in Cape Town appears to have failed ; and as to our great agricultural shows, whether from the distance stock and exhibitors have to travel, or the uncertainty of our seasons, they have fallen more or less in public estimation.

In England, the inhabitants of towns vie with each other to induce the agricultural societies to meet within their precincts. Rent of houses and the profits of tradesmen are enhanced for the time ; but here, where universal hospitality is expected, and where its non-acceptance is considered an affront, the hosts, however honestly rejoicing to receive their friends at the time, in these scarce years are apt to think twice before they propose a second visit—I won’t say visitation—except at long intervals.

When educated young men—(not exactly “the genteel people” the Proverbial Philosopher proposed to overwhelm the Dean of Graham’s Town with, and of which class we have had our share),—have to look to something else than the Civil Service for such a living as may make them “contented wi’ little, and cantie wi’ mair,” the careers open for their enterprise and mental energies are so limited that, without any attempt at a spurious squirearchy, I trust as the price of land and stock, and the profits on intelligent farming shall once be on a more promising footing, many of our educated young colonists will again look to agriculture as a happy, independent, and



sufficiently remunerative mode of life, to cause a reaction from the present partial aversion into which my profession appears to have fallen.

In reflecting on the possible prospects of a country like South Africa, we who are so closely bound up with its prosperity, or who have become as fondly attached to the land and its inhabitants as our former Governor, Sir George Grey, run great risk of picturing to ourselves a great and flourishing people. And when we look to the disadvantages of the soil and climate of Holland and Great Britain, and see how wealthy and thriving those communities have become, the question naturally arises,—Why despair of similar progress in time? True, the commerce of those countries—their maritime position, which originated that commerce, and the absolute necessity for battling against the elements, produced a character for perseverance and hard work which is sure to be rewarded, whilst the capital obtained by commercial and manufacturing industry enabled these nations to invest largely in enterprises to improve the production of the soil. But who can tell whether in a somewhat similar manner the discovery of diamond and gold-mines may not produce capital, directly and indirectly, which, by the additional influx of consumers, may spur on enterprise, cause large and extended irrigation works to be erected to supply the additional mouths, and gradually turn many a barren desert into a land flowing with milk and honey? But without education,—without those higher qualities which the morality of the New Testament tends to foster, the most fruitful countries, as the history of Asia Minor teaches us, may become a howling wilderness instead of life to other lands.

Righteousness exalteth a nation, and in proportion as peace and good-will become watchwords of the mass, in proportion as the minds of every class become enlightened, and when men learn to think and see their own interest in economy and unflagging industry, such a people must leave others in the background who have neglected or spurned greater natural advantages. We have no right to say that because this or that article can be grown more easily and cheaply in any other country, we must give way and attempt no competition. The North Americans disputed at one time whether corn or cotton was king; and England might have said hitherto coal has been king; and though, for that matter, if coal were to settle the question, America surpasses her in actual manufacturing capability. Still there is immense horse-power in rivers; and a day may come when our streams will be used for manufacturing purposes as well as irrigation. We have, I think, greater advantages in this respect than Australia.

I do not desire to appear before you as a visionary. I do not pretend that any of us are likely to see even a small portion of these possibilities verified. But it is encouraging to know that it cannot be said that such a state of things will never be attainable. Often a plan of some new industry, which has lain dormant for years, at

once and unaccountably is set at large by a sort of spontaneous combustion, and its future spread becomes as rapid as the dreaded prairie fire.

There is little fear of us. We must have capital and enterprise, and the good government which springs from independence and integrity. Capital is sure to come at our beck, if actually required; but the other deficiencies can only be overcome by *education*, taking the term in its widest signification.

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### *A Translation.*

#### SONG:—THE OWL.

When cats run home and light is come,  
 And dew is cold upon the ground,  
 And the far-off stream is dumb,  
 And the whirring sail goes round,  
 And the whirring sail goes round;  
     Alone and warming his five wits,  
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,  
 And rarely smells the new-mown hay,  
 And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch  
     Twice or thrice his roundelay,  
     Twice or thrice his roundelay;  
     Alone and warming his five wits,  
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

TENNYSON.

#### NOCTUA.

Noctivagae feles, orituro sole, recedunt,  
 Et matutino rore madescit humus;  
 Longinquus tacito fluvius delabitur alveo,  
 Lintea dum strepitant more rotata suo;  
 Cana, latens solito turre sub culmine, fletu  
 Infausto sensus Noctua quinque fovet.

Tum foribus cardo stridet, laetaeque puellae  
 Mane petunt stabulum, dum bene pascua olent,  
 Phœbum de culmo gallus vigili canit ore,  
 Terque quaterque novum provocat ille diem.  
 Interea, solito turre sub culmine, sensus  
 Quinque fovens fletu, Noctua cana latet.

## My Trip to the Diamond-fields.

BY DR. W. G. ATHERSTONE, F.G.S.

### CHAP. I.—THE START.

"Story—bless you, I have none to tell, Sir!"—*Knife Grinder.*

EXACTLY so! Mine are *facts*; I never tell "*stories*"—never even indulge in those fine florid fictions, that fibbing fancy fondly flatters itself are "*founded on fact*," but stick to solid, substantial *facts*, in plain matter-of-fact dress,—none of your dim, misty, shadowy uncertainties, seen through the haze of "*bile*" or "*business*," or other distorting medium. Gregorian facts, but bright, blazing, unmistakable facts. Gregorian facts, shall we call them, as I see them, bathed in sunshine, and like the diamonds themselves, iridescent with truth!

"Well, boy, what's it?" inquired the polite proprietor of the best-conducted hotel in the prettiest town in the Colony; "Ticket for Diamond-fields, sir,—for master, sir." "And who's master?" "Dr. Guybon, sir." "All right.—There you are, boy!—£10 5s. Dr. Gibbon—Diamond-fields.—Express cart starts in half-an-hour.—*Look sharp!*"—and in half-an-hour I felt myself rattling along at a spanking rate up the Queen's Road, unconscious of bump or jolt, between two of the "*softer sex*," with a strong tendency to expand the chest and "*holler*," wondering if I should *ever* ride in a railway in this *un-blessed* part of this blessed Colony. They have India rubber buffers in the West, I hear, to fend off the annoying jolts and jars; but for ease and comfort *meanwhile*, and for soft-cushioned enjoyment, commend me to Mr. Irishman's "*express cart*" to the Diamond-fields. You're stowed according to bulk and weight, where you'll balance best (to suit the horses necks); you're balanced to an ounce, and fitted "*compactly*." How joyously light and elastic one feels—all pressure removed—cares, duties, responsibilities all swept away in a moment, and left behind. No wonder elastic human nature rebounds somewhat awkwardly at first, vibrating in an unwarrantable manner through the solemn silent strangers, by some induced electrical influence—the electricity of contact, or impact, or "*shock*," or whatever else *savants* call "*bumps*." A feeling certainly communicable, and *rapidly* too, for we had scarcely got out of the valley of Graham's Town, and lost sight of the gardens and graveyards before the studied silence and reserve—the solemn halo of "*propriety*," that hedges in 'those English' from strangers, like the bristling quills of our timid porcupines—gave place to irrepressible exuberance of spirits, and loud enthusiasm, culminating at length in contagious laughter, that reached even to the driver on the next seat, who laughed inconitently in Dutch, not knowing why!

Off to the "*fields*" for a holiday—aha! I only knew it; but they seem to *feel* it. The elder lady sedate, taciturn, and at first unexcitable, evidently *Colonial*; the younger unmistakably Scotch—a

new arrival, no doubt—bright eye and expressive, lots of fun in it, ready to bubble up at the slightest notice. “She looks as if she’d be *boisterously jolly* out of uniform,—with those conventional trappings of restraint loosened a little or taken away,” I whispered to myself, taking mental notes sideways ; and I was right. What a shout of wild delight and astonishment gushed from her as we reached the summit of Botha’s Hill, and the magnificent panorama of the Amatola Mountains burst suddenly upon us ! A glorious sight, indeed, to a stranger ; every kloof, and krantz, and grassy spur stood out clear from its shadow in the bright winter’s sky. No haze, no indistinctness ; the cobalt blue of the Great Winterberg range, and the Katberg and Didima on the horizon toning down through the greys and greens and browns into the dark wooded kloofs of the Ecka Pass in the foreground. Luheri’s Peak\* and the Tabindoda stood out distinctly conspicuous amongst the Amatola Kafirland mountains, and below us lay the Fish River bush, spreading far as the eye could reach to the right ; whilst on our left—unseen from the distance—lay the grassy slopes of Glen Lynden, Glen Pringle, and the “haughs” of the meandering Koonap, and the Amankazana or “River of Girls”—scenes rendered classic by Pringle—not unto Boers, bless their unpoetical souls ! they never heard of him or his poesy ; but our Scotch friend knew Pringle by *heart*, and the places had only to be pointed out, which her travelling companion did to perfection, for she seemed to know everything and every place, and its whole historical associations, when the ready quotation would fit in as aptly as if dovetailed into the panorama by the poet himself ! I sat listening silently, in a soft, delicious reverie, drinking in the balmy air and the dreamy visions of poesy raised by these prattling enthusiasts, just putting a word in now and then to show I was still awake. Crossing the belt of blue trap-rock, with its pebbles of granite and quartzite and gneiss, that woke me up thoroughly, we entered the Ecka Pass, scarped round the steep wooded hills clothed with evergreens, aloes, euphorbias, and the brilliant strelitzias and crassulas peeping out by the roadside. The slates here seem whitened and scorched, and baked into hones by the trap rock, and twisted and tilted up bodily with the strata above them, all dipping northwards up to the Diamond-fields. But, what’s up now ?—the express cart stops suddenly. “Adam—his *spoor* !” grins the driver ; “see, he wore veldschoens ; dit staat niet in de Bijbel !” “Footprints of primitive man ! Bless me ! how *very* interesting,” gasped out the intelligent stranger. “I’d no idea you’d got such things here in South Africa ! Why, you might almost find out Adam’s stature from the size of that foot if you sent it to Owen or Huxley ! Veldschoens mean sandals, I suppose. Did the Patriarchs wear sandals ? I must look up the passage. But what a strange rock it is ! That blue hard rock was *soft mud*, I presume,

\* Gaika’s Kop.



when those footsteps were printed there, and those large rounded boulders and waterworn pebbles imbedded in it must be evidences of the Flood?" "Well, madam," said I, slowly, solemnly, musing thoughtfully, "if those footprints are Adam's, of course we could measure his height from their size, and IF that boulder formation is the 'boulder clay' of Natal, which *savants* there say is a glacial drift, and if the groovings and markings they find in it are really the markings of glaciers and the spoor of pre-Adamite icebergs, I think we may legitimately infer the approximate date of Adam's presence on earth; *but the fact is*, those are merely two waterworn pebbles lying imbedded side by side in the hard rock, worn away by atmospheric effects till they've assumed the exact appearance of footsteps of some giant." So the whole interesting theory topples down in a moment; Adam vanishes with his veldschoens, the icebergs melt and disappear with the glaciers and grooves, and we rub our eyes and wonder—I know *you* do, dear reader—what we've all been dreaming about, and if it's at all probable that we shall ever get to the Diamond-fields at this rate of travelling. We passed two "primitive men" in the road soon after, draped in Nature's undress uniform—red clay, glossy with grease,—and a smothered laugh put a stop to all further antiquarian discussion. At the Koonap the post overtook us with four men passengers, and we all were transferred to a light spring wagonette with six prancing horses that snorted and tossed their proud heads as saucily as if they felt and would tell us, "We're off to the Diamond-fields too." What a merry hilarious crew it was,—German and English, Colonial and Scotch,—and what racy diamond stories and jokes and wonderful anecdotes, keeping all in a roar of laughter: you'd have fancied Mark Twain had got in amongst them by mistake, and *contaged* the whole lot. We reached Fort Beaufort at night, and got off before daybreak, when we found, to our horror, that the ladies had left us—skedaddled under cover of night, and no one was rude enough to ask the young lady's name or address!

Dawn greeted us with its wild scarlet streamers—ominous signals of storm,—that vanished even as we gazed on them, melting away in the fragrant air with the straggling mists of the mountain as the sun leapt down on us, bounding away, full of life, through the beautiful Blinkwater valley.

Long grassy bottoms are crossed, frosted and sparkling with icicles, with their parklike clumps of evergreens and groves of scattered acacias of brightest hue, and Ainslie's mill with its sheltering trees and noisy rivulet working and murmuring out of sight. The wooded heights of Fort Fordyce and the sunlit peaks of the Tyumie call up memories and scenes that would, once on a time, have sent a cold shudder through the eager listener. But who shudders now at any enormity? The civilized savages of the most enlightened city of Europe have eclipsed our own Kafirs completely in refinement of cruelty and the depths of *brute* degradation. Can the wholesale butcheries of Paris, the fiendish vengeance and atrocities of demons

in woman's attire, be paralleled in the worst of our Kafir wars? One ceases to shudder *now*—as dog worries dog, without exciting more sympathy than dogs are entitled to! What are they without religion but animals of a higher degree of ferocity, of fiercer mien, uncontrollable passions and propensities?

We follow the river winding through steep greenstone hills, some wooded, some bare, over rich black soil and loose boulders, till suddenly the Kat River basin bursts on our view, with its picturesque homesteads peeping out here and there, and groups of sleek cattle and sheep, and angoras white as the driven snow, and the lofty Katberg bounding it on all sides; its forest-clad sides ribbed and furrowed with grassy spurs and ravines, crowned high above all with peaks of columned basalt. Oh! that delicious drive up the Kat River valley! Pack up your traps, dear reader, and be off at the early dawn to *feel* and enjoy it *yourself*, for words cannot picture it; the most liquid word-paint can never flow freely, blend softly, tint brightly enough to convey a mere fractional idea of the reality.

Come up to the frontier, ye stagnant merchants of Cape Town, and lay in a store of superfluous vigour and health to last for the rest of the year in your dank, dusty business dens; squeeze as much enjoyment out of Cape life as you're able to get at. Whilst yet there is time, come up to the Katberg—quick! *breakfast is waiting!*

But first we must turn aside to the village of Balfour, concealed in its gardens of orange trees, oaks, and seringas, and its dark towering cypresses, to take up two young fleshy Boers for the Diamond-fields. In they jump, bundles and packages; on we go, rattling away up the mountain ridge, past dicynodon shales and grey sandstones with the northerly dip as before. There lie Van Bulen's Hoek and Philipton, and that other hotbed of rebellion, Fort Armstrong, far down below us. Beautiful! oh, how exquisitely beautiful! Now we reach Bates's Hotel, and he greets us with "Breakfast is waiting; you'll have snow on the mountain, gents." Suddenly the bright clear sky gathers its cloud specks, small packs of light vapour collect on the highest peaks, spreading wider, denser, darker, and flecking the landscape with shadows, adding to the marvellous effect of the grandest panorama to be seen in South Africa. We ascend through the forest, pass the massive cliffs of grey sandstone, all dipping northwards, the blackened skeletons of giant trees and the shining fern-covered rock wall and trickling cascades, and under the showers from the moss-covered branches above us. Colder, yet colder; our gloves are too thin and our cloaks insufficient. At the height of 5,000 feet we can hear the wind moaning and howling in the castled crags above us; and the freezing vapour blown from the snow-clouds floats with uncertain movement, hither and thither. 5,500 feet, and we are out on the summit level, where the winds of two valleys, concentrated, rush down in wild fury with sleet and snow,—and the roar of the tempest is upon us. In a moment the reins fall from the benumbed hands of the driver, the horses swing round panic-

stricken, the pole snaps off short just as the wagon was heeling over. I tried to jump out; but my wraps held me down and the sleet blinded me. The driver was powerless, but the passenger next me leapt off and ran round, only just in time to save us from a leap of 5,000 feet into the quiet valley below us laughing in the sunshine! Well has this spot been named "The Devil's Bellows." The wind roared and whistled, the sleet shut the passengers' eyes inside from sight of our accident; none knew, but ourselves on the front seat and the driver, what had happened. Quickly untying the rope from the back, we fastened the trek-touw and drove on at full tension and speed to keep the team taut, that by means of the break we might guide them down the steep slippery crossings and windings of the mountain pass to the bottom, where at the wayside inn we lashed with some firewood our broken pole and went on our way to Queen's Town, which we reached at eight p.m., through rain and drizzle and sunshine.

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### *The Ghost of the Stream.*

I HEARD once a remarkable ghost story, the truth of which I myself was able to vouch for. I will tell it in the narrator's own words:—

"An old college friend came to spend a few days with me, previous to sailing away on his first voyage as a ship's doctor. We passed the days in long and delightful rambles about the country, and rowing up and down one of the most picturesque of rivers, the Dart. The last day of my friend's visit was devoted to walking. Towards the close of the warm sunny afternoon we found ourselves in a lovely green lane. It was evidently not used very much. The grass grew on each side, and in some places nearly covered the road. The tall hedges were studded with flowers, and here and there a stately scycamore threw out its spreading branches and gave a delightful shade. The lane had the reputation of being haunted. How many stories I had heard in my boyhood of people being 'pixie led' in this very lane! We passed the field where our good old doctor had been so led one evening in returning from a late visit to a patient; he rode round and round the field seeking the gate which he had passed through dozens of times, and could only find the one by which he had entered. At last, fairly tired of searching for it, he leapt the hedge, and there was the gate close by. Sceptical people hinted that this occurred after dinner, but the true believers resented such an insinuation. And was this not the very lane in which Farmer Giles heard such unearthly shrieks and fiendish laughter one moonless night, when he was returning from market—so that the poor man, frightened out of his wits, went down on his knees and promised that if his sable majesty would only let him go that time, he would never drink any more? A curious bribe to the Prince of Darkness! To be sure,

people said that the lane was infested with whooping owls ; but what honest man was ever frightened by an owl ? Talking of these things we turned down a very narrow lane which branched off the broader road, curious to see where it went. It shortly ended in a broad stream of water, on the other side of which was a field. The hedge on our right stretched across the stream, separating it from a large pond covered with duck-weed.

"I hardly expect anybody to believe what I am going to tell,—it was so extraordinary ; and yet if I ever saw anything in my life, I saw that. I was a few paces in advance of my friend, and saw a ghost in broad daylight. At the very moment when the turn of the lane brought us in sight of the stream, I saw a female figure in white, with long hair flying over the shoulders, glide across the water and then disappear.

"Where is she gone ?" I said, standing still in astonishment. "Who ?" said my friend,—he hadn't seen her, and would not believe that I had. He thought I was joking, but when he saw that I was in earnest, he said, and persisted, that it was an ocular illusion. We walked down to the stream, and then we saw that the hedge ended in a wall which was built across the water, and into which nothing but a ghost could have vanished. There was a bush against the wall half-way over, but not thick enough or high enough to have concealed a child. I was in perfect health, and not the victim of delusions of any kind ; and if the figure which I saw only existed in my own brain, then I can never be sure that anything I look at has any existence except in my brain, for that was as distinct as any object I ever saw."

There ended the narration, but not the story. I am so tempted to leave it there,—how disagreeable to clear up things ! Who would have cared to read the "Mysteries of Udolpho," if they had known all the mysteries were to be explained away ? How one dreads those matter-of-fact people who will insist upon accounting for everything ; how one would like to deepen the horror, and pile up the mystery of the wonderful story which they *will* reduce to nothingness ! But, however unwilling, I feel bound to tell the truth on this occasion, although, I dare say, the narrator never forgave me for spoiling his pet ghost story. *I* was the ghost. If the gentlemen had walked in the middle of the stream they would have seen a hole in the wall, and if they had climbed up to the top of the wall and picked their way among the bushes on the hedge which was continued close by the wall, they would have come to a flight of steps leading down to a cistern, on whose steps I crouched, fluttering and silent. I knew all the ground about here, and had found out the cistern in one of my explorations. The truth is, that seeing a beautiful group of ferns on the other side of the stream, I was possessed by a wish to have them, and taking off my shoes and stockings, began to wade out to them. At this moment I heard voices in the lane, and looking round saw two hats just appearing over the hedge, and terrified at the thought of being seen without shoes and stockings, I rushed into the cistern—not into the



water. Be it understood, there were two projecting stones on each side, of the thickness of the wall, and by their help I got round upon the steps which I knew were inside. I remember the horror which I felt when I put my bare foot on a toad. I heard one of the gentlemen loudly and positively declaring that he had seen a "female figure in white," and the other laughing at him; and oh, how glad I was when their voices died away, and I knew they were gone. From the side of the stream I knew the hole in the wall was not visible, and certainly no one would have suspected that a flight of steps was hidden among the thick bushes on the top; and I was very glad that the ghost seer, like most ghost seers, was not an investigator.

### The Monitor Albogularis.

IN reference to my notes on the Monitor Albogularis, published in the *Cape Monthly* for July, 1871, which recent criticism styles *Regenia Albogularis*, and seems much affected that I have called the reptile by its wrong name, I beg to state that naturalists by profession will recognize it under the name of Monitor Albogularis, given by the eminent naturalist Gray, and adopted some time, until it now appears on the authority of anonymous criticism, some later naturalist removed the reptile from the Varans and changed the name Monitor to *Regenia*.

Though the name Monitor is now restricted to the most typical genus of the family Varanidæ (Owen, 1859), yet such has not always been the case; in proof of which, *vide* "Handbuch der Zoologie von J. van der Hoeven, Leipzig, 1852-1856, and Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle, Dinge par M. Ch. D'Orbigny, 1849. Further, a species of Monitor is styled *Regenia Occellata* (*vide* Owen's Anatomy of Vertebrates, 1866-1868). In speaking of *our* reptile, I used Monitor and Varan as synonymous (*vide* Owen's Odontography for authority). Thus we have the Monitor of the Nile, the land Monitor, the double-banded Monitor, the great crocodilian Monitor, and so on—named respectively *Varanus Niloticus*, *Varanus Arenarius*, *Varanus Bivittatus*, *Varanus Crocodilinus*, &c. Under the order Lacertilia we have eight families of reptiles, namely, Fam. 1, Scincidæ; Fam. 2, Chalcidæ; Fam. 3, Lacertidæ; Fam. 4, Teidæ; Fam. 5, Varanidæ (not Monitoridæ); Fam. 6, Iguanidæ; Fam. 7, Geckotidæ; and Fam. 8, Chameleonidæ. I shall endeavour to show in what our so-called iguana differs from all these families (except No. 5), and shall give my reasons for believing it to be a Varan. I shall also retain the name Monitor until a later competent authority than Gray sets me right on this point. And, further, though I use the name Monitor, every one must see that I refer to a South African variety of Monitor, and not to the species known in Northern Africa; and I may also add that in 1869, I was aware the name *Regenia Albogularis* was applied to a South African reptile, but did not change the name, for reasons which I shall shortly give below.

Fam. 1 differs from *our* reptile in having scales similar all over the body, and arranged after the same manner as the tiles of a roof. Fam. 2 differs from *our* reptile in having the skin entirely covered with similar scales regularly distributed in rings, in the trunk being so much elongated that it often confounds itself with

the tail, &c., &c. Fam. 3 differs from *our reptile* in the form and disposition of the teeth, in having polygonal plates on the head, in the form of its scales, and in its non-compressed tail, &c. Fam. 4 differs from *our reptile* in the more varied and persistent character of its teeth, in occasionally having teeth on the palate, in modifications of the tail, &c. Fam. 6 differs from *our reptile* in its tongue, in having frequently a dorsal crest and a thoracic pouch, in the teeth, in sometimes having palatal teeth, and also in the scales. Fam. 7 differs from *our reptile* in the stoutness and shortness of body, in the tongue, in the eyes, and in the toes. Fam. 8 differs from *our reptile* in having considerable modifications in its body, tongue, eyes, toes, &c., and in having a prehensile tail.

The families of the order Crocodilia differ from *our reptile* in the form, number, and implantation of the teeth,—in the form of the toes, and in the scutes, &c., which cover the skin,—in the tail,—in the non-protractile character of the tongue, &c.

Fam. 5 differs least of all the families from *our reptile*, and in all type characteristics comes nearest to it. *Our reptile* agrees with the Varanians in having the following characteristics:—Tongue extensile, elongated, narrow, flat, base sheathed, divided into two points, long, filiform; head scaly, narrow, flat above; teeth more on the palate, fixed to the jaws,—great, conical, distant; feet two-toed; claws curved, compressed.

Finally, the next family to the Varanidæ that I conceive *our reptile* may belong to is the Teiidæ, or Ameivæ, did I not consider that the differences between *our reptile* and the Teiidæ is greater than between one monitor and another, and that the characteristics of the true monitors are well met in *our South African reptile*. Believing this, I do not think I erred so much in using the classification of Gray as I should have done had I retained the name iguana, which is so commonly applied to *our reptile*, but which, I am fully satisfied, is erroneous, as the characters which separate the Iguanidæ from the Varanidæ, and also *our reptile* from the Iguanidæ, are well marked, and do not depend on mere trivial differences.

An account of "OUR REPTILE" under my initials was published in the *Anglo-African* for May, 1869, and a note was added by the editor to the effect that the scientific name was *Regenia Albogularis*. This name would have been adopted by me in my recent notes had I not considered it to refer to the species so common in British Kaffraria, Lower Albany, &c., which is found constantly on the banks of streams, and not to the species occasionally met with on the high lands of the interior, but especially at Kuruman and Lattakoo, and which generally dwells among the stony ridges and on sandy tracts. Whether there are two species or not—for I have never seen any except those caught near Aliwal North—the prevalent opinion is in its favour; for most persons draw a distinction between those frequenting water and those dwelling on the land chiefly. Professional men, visitors from the Cape, Albany, &c., who saw my reptile when alive have unhesitatingly stated that it was markedly different from any specimen they had previously seen.

In stating that the above characters of the families of reptiles have been condensed as much as possible, I may add, in conclusion, that as my object is to promote inquiry (however inadequate the means of the writer) into the natural history of this country, and as I desire to be as correct as possible, I should regard honest criticism to one in search of knowledge in a more estimable light than the sarcasm and inadequate guidance of whoever he was who recently vented his ill-nature in an editorial on "Popular Science." I have usually held the opinion that men of true knowledge would willingly assist the wayfarer of this world of thought, and should regret having to change this conclusion. Should any controversy arise, it is not much to require my opponents to afford me their authorities, and thus place me in a right relation to truth. In this remote border village it is not possible for me to consult the latest scientific works; and failing to purchase them, there is no source of reference for inquiries.

ALFRED BROWN.

Aliwal North, 24th August, 1871.

## Notes on Rural Matters.

THE violent south-east gale on the 16th and 17th of August created great devastation in gardens and advanced vineyards in Table Valley. Many rare and beautiful objects were just opening their tender leaves to the genial weather of the early part of the month, when the withering south-easter came down, destroying much that was beautiful, and blackening, as with a sharp black frost, the edges of all soft, delicate, exposed foliage. The oak tree, even, which at this season is so beautiful in its new mantle of lovely green, has suffered in exposed situations.

EARLY vineyards have received some injury from the gale. Those violent commotions in the air, with sudden changes in temperature, produce in the grape-vine what our Cape wine-farmers call "rust." The shoots and foliage being soft and full of aqueous matter, are easily injured by even moderate winds. The chafed and injured parts present a rusty-brown appearance: hence the name "rust." This is not, as some imagine, a disease; it is accidental, and may, and, indeed, does occur to a more or less extent every year. The "rust" is not a disease, but, of course, disease is induced thereby.

THE weather continues favourable to cereal crops, all of which promise well. By last English mail we learn that wheat had a downward tendency in the European market. The weather had suddenly become favourable for the crops throughout Britain, and reports from some counties were highly favourable: still, farmers were not sanguine of reaping an average crop. Cape produce—the produce OF THE LAND—wool, hides, horns, feathers, &c., was firm, with an upward tendency.

FEW readers of the *Magazine* have ever seen, we venture to say, a steam-horse race! This is one of the latest fast things. The Royal Agricultural Society of England held, in July last, a great show and trial of steam cultivators at Barnhurst, near Wolverhampton. There were steam-horse steeple-chase races, and also flat races by the same fiery steeds. The road-steamer, even with India-rubber bands on the wheels, proved a failure on soft lands as a means of traction for the plough or cultivator. The weather was exceptionally bad during the trial, and the land experimented upon a tenacious clay, made sloppy and more adhesive by the falling rain. The land and the weather must have been more favourable where Lord Dunmore achieved his success with the road-steamer as a tractive power in ploughing. At Barnhurst, the stationary engines, worked with rope and windlass, made excellent ploughing with various forms of ploughs and cultivators. In the mile-and-three-quarters steeple-chase, Aveling's 6-horse power road-steamer, weighing  $5\frac{1}{2}$  tons, was the only one which came in to the winning post, performing the distance in twenty-two minutes. This little steam-horse overcame all obstacles in its route, through fences, across brooks, up hills, and through soft, sloppy places, where the steam-horse found it rather hard to get through, and but for the "clips" and "spikes" on the wheels would never have got home. The other engines

not provided with "clips" and "spikes," which depended on the India-rubber band, literally stuck in the mud, the wheel rotating without the band. Traction engines with elastic tires evidently require a turnpike road. The flat-race from Wolverhampton to Stafford and back, a distance of thirty-two miles, was an entire success. Ransome, Sims, and Head appear to have had the best of this race with their steam-horse "Sutherland." The Government road-steamer "Chenab" was present, drawing a carriage full of officials to see the performance. This engine travelled with its load at the rate of eleven miles an hour.

A NORTH-COUNTRY paper states as a fact that there are several farmers in the small county of Haddington, Scotland, who annually expend upon auxiliary manures (manures in addition to what is made on the place) and feeding stuff about £2 for each acre of land they possess! The Cape farmer is improvident in the matter of manures. There are many possessed of thousands of acres of land—some, indeed, with tracts of country as large as the whole county of Haddington, who never, during their lives, spend £2 on manures or feeding stuff. The manure of the kraals, and what is otherwise made on the place, is on many farms never utilized at all. This indifference to the best fertilizing agencies does not arise from any exceptional richness in our soils, for our average returns, all things considered, are not equal to that of some other countries. The marvel of the whole is that Cape wheat can be sent to the English market, and fetch there prices above the best Lothian's samples.

THE celebrated Southdown flock of the late Lord Walsingham was put up for public competition in July last. The prices realized were extraordinary. Eight hundred and seventy-one sheep fetched the large sum of £5,500. Averaging about £6 6s. a head. *Ewe lambs* realized £2 11s. each.

SUNFLOWER cultivation is now engaging the attention of Eastern Province farmers; notably those of Lower Albany. We are informed that upwards of a ton of seed was lately shipped at the Kowie for a market. The plant is of the easiest cultivation, and must, if there is any difference, succeed better in the West than in the East. J. T. Eustace, Esq., sowed a small field at Wynberg last year, but we are ignorant of the results of the experiment. The seed may be sown in the Cape district from April to September. Sown in April or May, the crop ripens in September. In Lower Albany, September is the month for sowing the seed. We append an extract on the sunflower and its products:—"Some consideration has of late years been given towards the growth of fibrous and oil-yielding plants in our colonies and foreign possessions, and amongst the latter the Sunflower, *Helianthus annuus*, has been favourably spoken of. The plant is largely grown in Russia for the sake of the oil; and it is said that, under a good system of cultivation, a bushel of seed will yield a gallon of excellent oil, which can be used for burning in lamps, for soap-making, or painting; and if properly refined, it makes an excellent table oil. It is said to be much used for adulterating olive oil. The "marc," or refuse, after the expression of the oil, is an excellent food for cattle. Horses, cows, and poultry fatten rapidly when fed with



these seeds. The dried leaves are eaten by cattle, and the stalks are said to produce a large quantity of alkali. One of the most recent applications, however, that has been advocated for the stems of the sunflower is the manufacture of paper."

THE "Buffalo Grass," *Buchloe dactyloides*, is widely spread throughout the central districts of North America, and is the principal food of the buffalo. It has been strongly recommended for Australia as "a grass having extensive powers of propagating itself by stolons and great endurance of climatal vicissitudes." If suited to the climate of Australia, so must the plant be suited to the Cape climate. It is worthy of a trial. Will any of our merchants having business relations with America help in this matter? The plant is dioecious, and there may be some difficulty in procuring fertile seeds, but plants could be easily transported hither in a glass case, in one or other of the fast vessels trading between New York or Boston and the Cape.

MANY of the old, and we fear some of the young too, firmly believe in the influence of the moon on the growth of seeds and plants. In Europe such belief was universal at one time, and in old books on farming and gardening constant reference is made to the influence the moon is supposed to exercise on vegetation. In America, where we should least expect to find it, the superstition is still believed in. A correspondent in an American scientific journal writes:—"I am quite certain if hickory timber, for instance, be cut between the full and new moon, the worm will devour it, but if cut say three days after full moon, the worm will not touch it." Another correspondent, who had heard this point discussed for many years, tried the experiment, and, it is needless to add, found the sticks cut at the different times mentioned in precisely the same condition.

DOCTOR KING, a young man, but very clever botanist, formerly in charge of the gardens at Saharunpore, is appointed director of the Calcutta Botanical Garden, in the room of the late Dr. Anderson. This is the best appointment in connection with botanical science out of England in the Imperial patronage.

THE Nottingham Show of the Royal Horticultural Society was noticed in our last as a great success. Since then, we have learned the Show was a great financial success. During the five days it was open, the receipts for admission amounted to £2,500.

THE gigantic gooseberries of the press must look to their laurels. Mushrooms have taken the field, and the attention of "penny-a-liners." We read in papers received by last mail of monster mushrooms, *Agaricus compestris*, measuring eight to ten inches across, and weighing four and a half pounds! We are glad to observe that at the forthcoming Show of the Agricultural Society a prize is offered for mushrooms raised by cultivation. In May, June, and July, mushrooms, the natural product of the veldt, are procurable, and in good seasons plentiful enough then; but at other seasons of the year this delicious esculent is as rare as a good salad towards the end of our hot season.

HAPPILY, the Agricultural Society have determined on holding a Show in

November next. The prize list is published, and proves to be a very attractive one. The value of prizes for flowers, fruits, vegetables, &c., is somewhat less than appears in the old lists. The prizes for growing crops do not appear in the list just published. We think the alterations in prizes are not made a moment too soon. Many of the prizes in the old lists were absurdly extravagant. Take, for example, 5s. or 10s. for the best six-horn carrot, or white stone turnips, and so on; such articles might be purchased for 3d. or 6d., their market value, any day. The object sought for in offering prizes for growing crops appears to have been attained. Altogether, the prizes offered by the Society are framed upon the most liberal scale. The marvel is how, and by what species of legerdemain, do the Committee of the Society manage to offer, and give from their meagre revenue, such liberal prizes as we see on this prize sheet. The best colonist must desire to see an institution like the Agricultural Society better supported by liberal grants of public money. The Cape is *entirely* pastoral and agricultural—we are not forgetful of the *few* (?) diamonds, and a little copper,—and the object of the Society is to develop and improve the agricultural and producing powers of the country. We hope to see breeders, farmers in general, and florists—amateurs and professionals, put in a strong appearance on the 10th November next, the day of the Show.

THE orchardist will have finished all grafting by the end of September, and his labour for the remainder of the year consists in removing superfluous shoots, suckers, and budding at the proper season. Apricots are said to be blooming, and setting their fruit well. The crop of loquats was meagre last year. They appear to be abundant this year. Oranges are now at their best. This delicious fruit is both cheap and plentiful at the Cape. Most of our readers know very well the jambos, or rose-apple, or Malay apple, for it is known by all three names—a dry, unacceptable fruit; but the Australian jambos is less well known. This is a very delicious fruit, of a purplish red colour, and excellent either for dessert or in tarts. The tree is quick-growing, and is also a handsome garden object. We venture to recommend this tree to all landed proprietors and planters.

OF late a paragraph has appeared in several newspapers alleging the important discovery of a cure for that terrible affliction to humanity—cancer. The plant said to yield this remedy is named “The Condurango Plant of Ecuador.” The botanical name or character is not given in any of the accounts regarding the plant. According to the *Times*, the American Government appointed a board of physicians for conducting experiments to test the efficacy of the supposed remedy. So far as the experiments have gone, the plant is proved to be entirely inefficacious. Both the wood and the bark have been subjected to minute examination, and are pronounced worthless. The patients afflicted with cancer who have been placed under treatment with “condurango” are said to fail to show any improvement in condition. There are hints that the stir which has been created about this alleged remedy was a part of a well-laid plan to get extensive advertising for a new quack medicine, for which a patent has already been obtained, and of which condurango is an ingredient.

VISITORS to the Botanical Garden during the last month must have been struck with the gorgeous appearance of the large Wistaria, with its thousands of blossoms. The south-east gale of the 17th was a sad blow to it, destroying it greatly. Growing on the same trellis with this grand specimen is a species of *Bugainvillea*, received here with the name of *B. magenta*, may be observed. It has a few flowers upon it now for the first time, and is quite distinct in colour and appearance from any one of the other five species in the collection. Azaleas have bloomed profusely this season. The large specimens in tubs, for which there is not space in the miserable little greenhouses, have been taken out of their shelter, and placed on the lawns in places partially shaded, where they did very well, and had an effective appearance. But the south-easter of the 17th destroyed their beauty, and injured, to some extent, the plants. *Oucidium crispum* and *Cattleya Skinnerii* have been in flower during the month, and the greenhouses are gay with the usual stock flowering at this season, amongst which may be observed several

specimens of *Tropæolum tricolorum*, bulbous *Nasturteum*, rare in cultivation at the Cape. In the open garden the variety of flowering plants and shrubs in flower are very numerous. A very conspicuous plant is *Wigandia caracasana*, a handsome shrub eight to ten feet high, with immense terminal spikes of dark purple flowers, and noble foliage, some of the leaves measuring a foot and a half in length, and of a beautiful green colour. *Bocconia frutescens*, another shrub, with fine ornamental foliage, is just opening its flowers. *Cercis siliquastrum*—the Judas tree—is a very conspicuous object at this season; entirely destitute of leaves, but profusely covered with dark pink flowers, it quickly attracts attention.

J. M. G.

## Suggestions for the Search of Minerals.

It is becoming every day more and more obvious that a more precise knowledge of South African geology and mineralogy is a positive want. There is a craving for such knowledge, in a practical form, extending through all classes of the community—from men of scientific bent to the most unlearned, but still actively intelligent and curious of our coloured population; and insignificant as are my attainments in those branches of science, it has been a source of much gratification to find that this seeking for information in regard to the possible material wealth of the country is a fact based on an ardent desire to discover what is valuable—not solely a sentimental fancy to collect curiosities. Numerous references to our mineral collection have been made by men of science for the purposes of comparison and identification, and more numerous have been the applications of others to examine and describe the specimens they have collected—especially crystals—in the hope that among them diamonds or other precious stones may be found. Amongst these last have been many coloured people, mysteriously and carefully opening little parcels of bright crystals, amongst which they evidently hoped some valuable treasure might be selected.

It may be asked how these coloured people have been led to the search of minerals, and of what value, after all, will be their research? In the first place, there can be no doubt that the newspaper press—of which, in some instances, they are diligent readers—has taught them that there are such things as precious stones to be found in mother earth; and, secondly, they are keen observers, however lazy, and possessed of that most valuable faculty—keen sight: so keen as to discern in the mere bend of a twig, or blade of grass, the recent passage of an animal, and even its nature, commonly called the spoor.

Such observers, when once familiarized with the aspect and conditions of the things to be sought for, will unfailingly be successful in detecting what is required, and if they be practically shown that the occurrence of special minerals is intimately connected with other peculiarities of deposits, they will recognize those peculiarities in rocks and gravel as certainly as they do the special habitats and feeding grounds of animals. Depend upon it, those keen-sighted observing herds and farm labourers, so generally employed throughout the Colony, if occasionally gratified with the sight of what we deem valuable in minerals and fossils, have not only the tact to discern them, but also have far better opportunities of finding them.

In making observations I think the following suggestions may guide many men who, though they have only casually read of mineralogy and geology, have not the slightest idea of practically pursuing those subjects. In travelling, shooting, and even in ordinary walks in the country, opportunities of discriminating between the rocks of one place and the gravels, pebbles, and rocks of another are sure to present themselves, which to one who has some idea of their significance must always be matters of interest. And now that attention is directed to the fact that this country may contain gold, coal, iron, limestone, and diamonds, very many who have, as I have done, thoughtlessly galloped over the country, will curiously note peculiarities before uncared for. The most likely

object to catch the eye are bright crystals, rounded, coloured pebbles, and metallic substances, such as iron, manganese, copper, and lead, as well as saltpetre and crystals of calcite or lime. All of these are of some interest, and worthy of collection, but their real value consists in the knowledge of their position in relation to the rocks or earthy matter in which they are found. It is therefore desirable, whenever a specimen is picked up, to note, and even take samples of the stones with which they may be evidently connected.

The occurrence of dykes or veins, cutting through the stratified and common rocks of a country, is a matter of much importance, because, as a rule, all metals and precious stones have been found either in those dykes and veins, or the *débris* of their disintegration; that is, in the dykes or veins remaining intact, or in the sand and mud in lower localities, evidently derived from their decomposition.

A vast proportion of South Africa has not yet been carefully examined, and, in the absence of systematic and organized investigation, we must, for the present at least, rely on the gratuitous services of casual observers, from whom, however, much valuable information may be obtained if they will only communicate what they have noted to the Government, or to the public through the press.

Whenever strings of quartz or veins of quartz, granite, greenstone, or basalt occur, it is desirable to note their compass-bearing, width, and the kind of rock they traverse; also, whether or not they contain metallic specks or crystals—even mere specks of yellow metal, for it often happens that gold is intimately associated with the sulphuret of iron, or iron pyrites, which generally is of a golden colour and appearance. Iron pyrites can always be distinguished from gold by being for the most part in the form of a cube, or square—that is, having a crystalline structure, whilst gold, in *form*, much more resembles the particles of melted lead thrown into water, more particularly the small flat pieces. In the Victorian mines of Australia masses of rock, in which iron pyrites is thickly disseminated, are submitted to the stamping or crushing machines, out of which, by means of the amalgamation with mercury, gold to the extent of only four pennyweights per ton has been extracted and found to be remunerative.

There is no reason why gold should not be found in our lower metamorphic slates, which we can scarcely doubt are Silurian. They are precisely similar to those of Australia. They are largely exposed along our southern shores for hundreds of miles, and may somewhere prove auriferous. In the interior this formation is not so accessible, as it underlies a great thickness of what is accepted at present as Devonian, though Bain believed it to be Silurian strata, in which he found silurian fossils. Wylie, and others in Europe, judging from specimens, are not of the same opinion, because, although the fossils are of Silurian type, the species are less numerous than in the Silurian system of the northern hemisphere, and it is a fact that a limited number of them pass into the old red sandstone or Devonian system. Lithologically, the rocks are the same, and their structural characteristics also, and the only fossils they contain are Silurian, however small the proportion of species, added to which none of the fossils peculiar to the old red sandstone can be traced here, such as discovered by Hugh Miller.

There is doubtless much uncertainty on this point, which can only be set to rest by practical investigation—not at one spot, but over a large extent of country. We have no organized geological staff, as in other countries, to work out the problem, and however unsatisfactory may be the investigations of isolated and individual amateur geologists, we can but look to them for information of a useful kind from which, by degrees, to arrive at something like a general knowledge of the structure and contents of our portion of the earth's crust. And I do believe, as the result of my own experience, that if persons in various localities would give publicity to their observations, noting the peculiarities of the rocks about them, as seen in ravines and gullies, the direction of their bedding, the existence of rocks cutting through them, and the occurrence of metals, &c., in time something like a crude general idea of our geology would be arrived at sufficiently precise to direct the special attention of such competent geologists as the Government may be disposed or enabled to employ.

HENRY W. PIERS.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## Polity, not Party.

Then none was for a Party ;  
Then all were for the State.—*Macaulay.*

WE are on the eve of remodelling our political machinery ; and the future of the Cape Colony, and indirectly of all Southern Africa, must be greatly influenced by the changes now imminent.

There seem to be, unfortunately, at this remarkable crisis no guiding minds at the helm, no political leaders standing head and shoulders above all else. We want—no common want—statesmen gifted with vigour and attention, circumspect and patient ; no bold and hasty projectors ; enemies to that philosophic radicalism of the day whose characteristic is a levity, ever discontented and cynical, self-seeking, but barren of good works. We want leaders thoroughly acquainted, too, with the habits, opinions, and needs of the motley elements of the colonial population from Namaqualand to the Great Kei ; men unbiassed by the associations which naturally cluster round those who have made districts grow as it were under their own hands. Where are we to look for these politicians who combine colonial experience and the breadth of a statesman's views with the honest desire to forego the interests of sections for the common weal ?

Theoretical schemes of Federation are being manufactured to the order of a Commission, by men of partial experience, of a political school which pants for fame in some Utopia which is to pen us all, black sheep and white, and of all the intermediate shades—British, Dutch, German, Cape-born, Hottentots, Fingoes, and Kafirs ; British subjects and Free Republicans too, in a co-ordinate series of political sheepcotes, as if *division* were the basis of unity and strength.

We are actually in danger, not perhaps of establishing, but of having to contemplate a plethora of "Home Rule ;" a Western, an Eastern, a Midland ; and, it may be, a Northern State ; three or four *local* polities, with the suitable coping of a Governor-in-Chief and an Assembly of States-General.

There is no doubt that many an anxious young mother kills her first-born by overfeeding, excessive watching, and the like. Under such an incubus of Governmental discipline, no community surely will go astray ; the perpetual application of a repressive *brake* will be

a safeguard against irregular motions. Etna upon Enceladus was but a feather's weight after all, for the giant-hero turned occasionally on his side, and the belching volcano, so says Mythology, gave evidence of his uneasiness. The fires of our political Etnas will be dormant, if the motive power is to be exerted from below by a little community staggering under the superincumbent pressure of a colossal Government.

States must draw their life and energy from the deep and inwrought convictions and tempers of the people: it is not the machinery of Government which gives stability and success to a Monarchy or a Republic, but the institutions, habits, and opinions of the ruled react upon the rulers, until the machinery is moulded into a form congenial to the idiosyncrasy of the nation. Who does not feel that if the present agitation for home-rule produced a Republic to-morrow in Ireland, it could not flourish among a race distinguished by signal characteristics, but none of a democratic tendency; that, whatever may be the panacea for Ireland's fretfulness, the cry for Republican Institutions is counter to the tone of her national traditions and sentiments? No one dreams that the British Constitution is suited to the French nation, or to our Asiatic dependencies.

It is, however, seriously proposed by some to found a series of small Provincial Governments in the Cape Colony, among a few thousands of colonists who are not distinguished above the average by enterprise or education; by experience in self-government, or by political independence; in a country where agriculture is but partially developed; where manufactures are almost unknown; through a great part of which, sparsely peopled and benighted, no newspaper circulates; where science and literature are hardly maintaining a struggle for existence even in the chief towns; and the majority of the "human constituents" are, and must for many years, remain incapable of understanding or exercising political privileges.

It may be well to use a cautious conservatism, and avoid the pitfalls which those politicians, who soar too high and do not look to their feet, are pretty sure to fall into, dragging the body politic along with them.

I think it unnecessary to go into the theoretical advantages of a Federal Government, or to dwell upon the conclusions to be drawn from a survey of the Federations of History; because, whether it be true or not that the confederations of ancient and modern times have offered no security against intestine jealousies and dissensions which have culminated in anarchy and dissolution, the peculiar circumstances of the Cape Colony find no parallel either in Ancient Greece or the Modern World.

The true and defensible grounds for breaking up this Colony into separate Governments could only be: 1. The essential differences of habits, institutions, and employments of the provincials, varieties of race, language, and traditional associations. 2. Physical barriers and divisions.

Forty to fifty years ago the line of demarcation between the Dutch colonist and the British settler was clearly marked by the use of a different tongue, and by all the distinctive characteristics which are to be expected in a slave-employing community; these were repugnant to the British immigrant who brought with him those ideas of freedom which are now happily co-extensive with the limits of the English language. It might in those days have been fairly urged that a separate Government for the English-speaking population on the Eastern Frontier was desirable; but these differences have been almost obliterated by the spread of the English language, by the fusion of the kindred races, and the abolition of compulsory labour; and whether we regard the habits of social life, occupations, or political sympathies (faint as they are) prevalent among men of the middle class, there is now a sameness and uniformity which blur the distinctions of East and West. Where the monotony of a back-country life has dulled the once bright spark of Teutonic enterprise, political opinions have no existence; the complexion of every day's course is colourless; but where enterprise is active, the keen man of business would draw into his channel everything that tends to his accumulation of wealth; for politics and politicians he cares no more than the apathetic boer of the back-country; he would have a separate Government, if separation means the expenditure of money in his neighbourhood; he would advocate removal, provided that the Seat of Government were thus brought near enough to his locality to benefit the trade.

The truth is apparent to those who travel through the Colony that the advocates of separation or removal are few, and even these fight for no principle; their cause has no root either in the institutions or the convictions of the people. The legislation that is adapted for the sheep-farmers of Caledon and Fraserburg must equally affect, for good or for ill, the sheep-farmers of Fort Beaufort and Albert: the mercantile laws suited for Port Elizabeth have an equal fitness for the city of Cape Town. The interests of all the colonists of European blood are identical, whether they live in the east or the west; and there is more to be said in favour of home-rule for Ireland, or Scotland, or Wales, and for separate Governments for the miners of Cornwall and the agriculturists of Hampshire, for the manufacturing population of Manchester and the sea-faring elements of Portsmouth, in regard to diversity of occupations, customs, institutions, and political sentiments.

But as long as things are looked upon as not settled on a permanent basis, there will arise many a wish, which is "father to the thought," that agitation will bring aggrandizement to the agitators. The presence of the Government in this or that place is not regarded as a means for the better government of the Colony or the security of the border, but as the very mainspring of commercial prosperity; a delusion which ought not to blind the eyes of men of intelligence, who know something beyond the horizon of their own shops.

The only essential differences to be noted are those connected with colour. I could understand a plea for separate Government preferred by natives who, with all the speciousness of civilized agitators, might argue that their interests, social and political, cannot be in harmony with those of the colonists; that they differ in race, language, employments, habits, and religion, and that they need the protecting ægis of a local government.

To contemplate a confederation of the now distinct States of the Cape Colony, Independent Kafirland, Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal Republic, is worthy of the statesman and the philosopher; but to split up this one dependency into minute subdivisions is not only to make a barrier to a future union of the States of South Africa, but is petty in plan, dangerous in principle, and in expenditure ruinous.

The physical divisions of the Colony are determined only by the chains of mountains running more or less parallel to the coast-line, and would guide us to adopt a tripartite distribution, viz., three long strips stretching athwart the continent from west to east, the northern having its seat of Government about Colesberg, the middle at Graaff-Reinet, and the southern at George. This mode of division is mapped out by nature; but I do not advocate it, although there is just as much, and perhaps just as little, to be said in favour of it as of the arbitrary dismemberment of districts bound together by the closest ties of interest and of kin.

“The noisy man is always in the right,” has become, I fear, an accepted maxim among a *laissez-faire* people; a few persons who, living at the extreme end, find Cape Town remote from *them*, would fain persuade all that the metropolis, as a seat of Government, is remote from *all*. Even among the lower types of the animal creation, one tail-less fox found it impracticable to change the very proper fashion which the rest of the species observed of wearing a tail; and it is presumable that some day the people who have put faith in this noisy oligarchy will see through the veil of plausibility and self-interest, and study the geography of the Colony for themselves.

For obvious reasons, the seat of the general Government should be near the coast, thus commanding ready access to western and eastern ports. Now, the Cape Colony is an irregular, triangular section, whose apex is the Cape Peninsula; and any one who will be at the trouble of *measuring* will find that the metropolis is more nearly equi-distant from the various coast-divisions than any other place which could be selected. Cape Town is, in fact, equi-distant from the north-west boundary (the Orange River mouth) and Port Elizabeth; and the line from Cape Town to the centre of the base of the triangle at or near Hope Town is but little longer than the lines from Cape Town to the northern point of Namaqualand and to Algoa Bay.

If the seat of Government is to be on the coast, but as nearly equi-distant as possible from the extremes, west, north, and east (which are Orange River mouth, Hope Town, and the mouth of the



Kei), there is no question that Cape Town is indicated as fulfilling the requirements ; but if the Government is to sit at the navel of the Colony, irrespective of approach by sea, then Fraserburg is, by measurement, the favoured spot.

Before theorists sit down to parcel out this Colony into separate States, it would be well to adopt first some definite principle. I can understand the reasoning of those who would postpone all other considerations to secure the permanent peace of the Eastern Frontier ; and if this result, so essential to the progress both of West and East, can be realized only by the presence of the Executive Government, fix upon King William's Town or Queen's Town as the future abode of Governors ; but throw away your false measurements and ideas of remoteness.

Words, even when encasing facts, are unlikely to weigh against self-interest or party ; but it is due to those who will be the final arbiters of the meditated changes that the quiet, unobtrusive element in our community should have its say.

The prominent objections to the splitting up of the Colony into Provincial Governments are based on the scanty population, the limited resources, and the absence of political spirit and education. It is inexpedient to adopt sub-divisions of jurisdiction which will entail a burdensome series of establishments upon a poor community, and will foster local jealousies, and open a way for petty corruptions, unless over-balancing advantages either to the efficacy of civil Government or to the administration of justice can be adduced.

A simple, compact, and general Government, with a uniform code and administration of law, is likely to be more efficient and far more economical than the complex machinery which will be required to control and harmonize the aberrations of the divided elements of a confederacy. The additional expenses incurred in the maintenance of sub-divided Governments would absorb a revenue capable of supporting a largely increased and effective army of Mounted Police, having considerable and numerous detachments in the Middle, Northern, and Eastern Districts ; such a force would conserve the fruits of his labour to the sheep-owner and the agriculturist, and by giving peace, security from thefts, and general confidence throughout the border, do more for the advancement of the Cape Colony than the presence of local garrulous Parliaments. To divide is a destructive policy, and is a dangerous venture ; as well launch your boat on the Indian Ocean without compass or chart. Fundamental changes should not be based on the caprice and prejudices and self-interest of a few, but on broad, general, and accepted principles.

We ask for a pause ; there are no rallying points in our political programme ; every question is in the eddy: settle the principle of the general Government, whether the Executive officers shall be the nominees of the Crown or the representatives of the people. A few years like the past may change the *locale* and the nature of the agitation for reform ; the Kafir question will be smothered in the growth of an enterprising diamond-seeking population.

Let a pertinent quotation suggest reflections:—"Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, repose beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent,—pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field ; or that, of course, they are many in number ; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour."

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## John's Journal.

### PART I.

OF all things in the world, there is nothing John dislikes so much as any one putting his study to rights. It's a miserable place to call a study—not large enough to swing a cat in—yet quite large enough for all John's books, of which I am sorry to say he has not many. Our family has increased too rapidly for him to spend much money on such things, and we have had the doctor in the house so often that it has always been a hard matter to make both ends meet. And it is a harder matter still, as the boys and girls grow up, and need expensive schooling, or have to be settled in life. John is not a man to make a parade of learning. To hear him talk, no one would think he is a scholar, but he can quote Latin if he likes, and he does so sometimes, when we are by ourselves, making me very proud to hear him, though I don't understand a word he says. One phrase, however, he uses so often when the butcher or baker brings his bill, that I have got quite familiar with it—it sounds like *res angusta domi*—and I have a very shrewd guess what it means. I am sure I know too well what that kind of anguish is.

I wish John had twice as many books as he has. I have stinted myself many a time that he might have money to buy one. Tommy has worn his old clothes till he looked just like poor Smike when he ran away from that nasty boarding-school in Yorkshire, where the boys breakfasted on brimstone and treacle ; and then I have altered them and patched them for Johnny. I used to do the same with Mary Jane's dresses ; washed them, had them dyed, turned them, and made them up for Eliza Ann ; and as she grew out of them, they came in, with a good deal of cutting and contriving, for Caroline ; and so on for one after another until they would hold together no longer. As for myself, if I could only dress neatly, I was satisfied. Whenever John wanted me to buy more expensive dresses or employ a fashionable dressmaker, I used to repeat a couple of lines he taught me when we were young,

I ask not for attire more gay ; if such as I have got  
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.

Yes, I do wish John had all the books he wants, and would let me go into his study once a week to put things to rights. I'm sure it needs it. I remember when I was a girl reading about an elderly gentleman whose study was quite an old curiosity shop; it was not dear little Nell's grandfather, but a Scotch gentleman in one of the Waverly novels; and nobody could sit down on a chair among his knicknacks—pictures on one, spurs, buckles, and calthrops on another—without inflicting or receiving damage, as Dr. Heavysterne of the Low Countries ascertained to his cost. John is as bad as Monkbarns on a smaller scale. He cannot give a friend a seat—he has only two chairs in his study—until he has cleared away a pile of rubbish. John can't help it; the dust *will* settle on his table; the spiders *will* spin cobwebs in the corners; the floor *will* get littered with scraps of paper. It would not take me many minutes to set all to rights, and make the place quite clean and comfortable, if John would only let me. But he won't. If I go near him with a duster, he gives me such a look! Once when I was younger and had all the zeal and pluck of a new broom, I determined to have my way; as we used to say at school,

To beard the lion in his den,  
The Douglas in his hall.

Armed with a sweeping-brush and a dust-pan, I advanced to the charge. Peggy brought up the rear with a mop and a pail of water. When John saw what our intentions were, you should have seen how angry he looked, the lightning flashed from his eye. He did not need to speak a word. My courage fled in a moment, and muttering something like an apology, and almost overturning the astonished Peggy in my haste, I ran back to the kitchen and had a good cry. I never tried it again. Now, when John is away, I go stealthily into his den, dust the table, sweep the floor, brush down the cobwebs, and take good care to replace every paper and every pen exactly as I found it, and John knows nothing or pretends to know nothing about it.

Imagine my amusement when John called me into his sanctum one day and said, "Mary, dear, I have managed to buy What's-his-name's works, and you must help me to find a place for them. Bring a basket and your duster and we'll clear that top shelf." I was not long in bringing what John wanted. He got upon a chair, and amid an awful pother, threw down a heap of old newspapers, all dusty and yellow with age. I was in my element. How delighted I was to chase those nasty spiders and kill them right under John's nose, and to sweep away the dust that had been accumulating for nobody knows how long. I actually chuckled when the cloud of dust set the dear man coughing and sneezing. I asked him what I should do with all this old rubbish, and he said I might take it away and burn it, for it was of no use to anybody. I had destroyed most of the newspapers before I came upon a packet carefully done up, which it struck me

John had overlooked. I turned it over and over, hesitating a little what to do with it, for I am a genuine daughter of Eve, and have all a woman's curiosity ; and to tell the truth, my fingers itched to open it. But I thought "no, John has perhaps overlooked it. I'll take it to him and let him say what I am to do with it." So I took it to him, and he just glanced at it and said, "Oh, I know, these papers as well as the newspapers relate to an affair that is now almost forgotten. They are of no consequence ; do what you like with them."

So I put the packet aside until I had leisure to examine it, and when I did so, I found it contained a great many documents, mostly in John's handwriting. There was a good deal that I could make neither head nor tail of—hasty scrawls, memoranda of meetings and rough notes of speeches that I am sure John never delivered. The ink was faded, the paper discoloured, and the mice had made free use of it in providing for an increase of family. These papers related to a public matter in which John had taken an active part, but of which I had at first a very faint recollection. I could have made nothing of it at all, had I not found a kind of journal in which he had jotted roughly down what took place from time to time. This was done in a very irregular and incomplete way, but as I read on and thought it over, I was able to recall many circumstances quite vividly and to fill up some of the gaps. John would not like to have his private journal printed in the state in which I found it, and I do not wish to trouble him to re-write it, so I have just availed myself of it to assist my memory and will tell the tale as well as I can. Perhaps it is better so. John is not ashamed—why should he be?—of the part he acted, but men are very apt to speak unkindly of one another when they get excited about politics, and some people might fancy that John wished to tear open the wounds which time has long since healed. Nobody will ever think that of John's wife, or be angry with *her*.

John and I had been married only a few months when we went to reside at Brackenbury. I had at first a very high idea of what a minister's wife ought to be, and quite an overwhelming sense of my responsibilities, not simply as John's wife, but especially as the *Reverend John Anderson's* wife. I owed this to the fact that I had read the memoirs which had been recommended to me of several excellent women, whose praise is in all the churches ; and had, moreover, been seriously talked to by certain pious spinsters who never seemed to doubt for a moment their right to lecture, or their ability to teach me my duty as a clergyman's wife. Dear old girls ! I thanked them kindly, but I could not help laughing in my sleeve. What could they know of a wife's or a mother's heart ? It was not long before I found out what *my* mission was, and what my work was to be ; and, God helping me, I resolved to do it. John does not say much, for he is a man of few words, but I know he blesses me in his heart for trying to make him a good wife, instead of being a gadabout and a busy-body. I could not go to sewing-



meetings, and such like, while my husband's stockings wanted mending or his shirts went buttonless; or think I was doing my duty in running after other people's naughty children while my own were getting into all manner of mischief, and making John quite miserable at home.

John had been working hard for some years, and almost killed himself. He was as thin as two laths; had a nasty cough, pain in the chest, and looked as if he were going into a decline. I saw that my first business was to nurse John so that he might get strong again, and that by doing so I should best serve the cause the spinsters had so much at heart. When he came home tired from his work, I took care to have his old coat and slippers ready for him, and something nice and warm for supper, which I was never ashamed of going into the kitchen to cook myself, that I might be sure he would enjoy it. Do you think I cared for the delicacy of my hands and the symmetry of my nails when his health was at stake? As soon as we could afford it we bought an easy chair, and I used to get John into it, and bring him a cigar and light it for him, and let him sit and smoke and enjoy himself. I have no patience with those fine ladies who can't bear the smell of tobacco, and won't, for the world, let their husbands smoke a pipe or cigar in their own houses. I know I would gladly put up with a great deal more than that to make my husband comfortable. Another thing! I never made John get out of his warm bed in the middle of the night to walk up and down the room with a fractious baby till he got half frantic. My blood boils when I hear some women talk of the way in which they treat their husbands, making slaves of them, and setting them to nurse the baby, while they lie lazily in bed. What do they get married for, I wonder, if they are not willing to sacrifice their night's rest to save their poor husbands who have to work hard all day? Well, I may have gone to the other extreme, and indulged John a little too much in some things, but my system answered. He got quite well again. Look at him now, and if you don't admit that his portly figure does me credit, nothing shall ever induce me to try again.

I was not sorry when we removed to Brackenbury, for the change of air did John good. You can scarcely form an idea of what the place was in those days. Five or six old-fashioned houses and a dozen or more cottages formed the village. The evening we arrived we could get nothing to eat but a few slips of jerked beef, which could not be eaten unboiled, and which all the boiling in the world would not have made tender. If we wanted a joint of mutton we had to send sometimes as far as Blankenbosch, and until we could bake for ourselves, we were dependent upon a Dutchman who condescendingly allowed us to give him a shilling for a loaf of bread. A few stunted pines and scraggy willows, with here and there an oak or a seringa, afforded some little relief to the eye, but no encouragement to the traveller, who never hoped, in such a place, to

find "entertainment for man and beast," as the old sign-boards in England used to say. It presented a very different appearance in a few years when Lady Duff Gordon wrote quite enthusiastically about it, and numbers of fashionable visitors flocked to it and no loving pair thought the honeymoon happy which was not spent there. I will not repeat what that dear Mrs. B. says of it in the *Cape Monthly*, for if I did everybody would know who I am, and I don't want everybody to know. By the way, I do wish I knew that charming Mrs. B. How delightfully she writes! Some folks say there is no Mrs. B. at all,—that no lady could write so beautifully, and so on. Now, I believe in Mrs. B., and so does John. He often says he would give his little finger if he could write as well. I wonder if he knows who she is.

Yes, it was a quiet village; little to be seen by day and nothing to be heard by night except those horrid jackhals on the hills. Sunday was the noisiest and busiest day of all the week, for then there was the solemn clanging of the big Dutch Church bell and the lively ringing of ours; and all the forenoon the streets were filled with carts and country people who came in to church. All was quiet again before dusk, and on Sunday evenings or almost any other, except New Year's Eve, every house was as dark, soon after sunset, as if the Curfew-bell had tolled and the old Norman law were in force. John and I sat up later, for he had his studies to occupy him, for which he found little leisure during the day, and I had no time to be idle. We were sitting together one evening, he with his newspaper, and I with baby upon my knee, sewing, and thinking rather dolefully of what the future might bring forth, when John suddenly put down his paper, and, after a long sigh, which was half a groan, said, "Mary, it had been good for that child had it not been born!"

"Good gracious! John! what do you mean?" I exclaimed. His words gave me quite a turn, and I looked up into his face to see if he were joking, for John indulges in a grim joke now and then, but I saw very plainly that he was not joking now.

"What do I mean?" he replied, "why simply this, that the Colony is converted into a penal settlement, and some hundreds of ticket-of-leave men are already on their way, and may be expected daily."

In my ignorance I saw no reason why John should suffer himself to get so excited, for I had not the slightest idea what a penal settlement was, or what kind of men they were whom the British Government was sending to the Cape with testimonials as to character and guarantees for their good behaviour.

So John explained it all to me. He told me that in the mother-country, as he called England, there were so many men and women who had been guilty of dreadful crimes and who could not be trusted to go at liberty, that the Government was at a loss what to do with them. They had sent great numbers to Australia and other places,

until the people absolutely refused to allow any more to be landed on their shores. Now they wished the Cape of Good Hope to receive some thousands of these wretched creatures, and as the colonists had long been complaining loudly of the want of labour, and boasting of what they would do if the supply were but equal to the demand, the British Government very kindly offered to let them have as many labourers as they required, and that at a very cheap rate. John said it was probable that this consideration would induce many of the colonists to regard with favour the proposal to introduce convicts, while there were others, always on the look-out for Government berths, who would be sure to welcome it. John showed me what a bad thing it must be for a feeble Colony, which had to contend with the evils born of slavery, and which survive long after slavery has ceased to exist, to have the convict element introduced into its population; and how unsuitable for the reception of such dangerous characters this country is with its mountain ranges, its vast deserts, its scattered homesteads, and its frontier menaced by hordes of savages; and how life and property would henceforth be insecure; and, worse than all, how the moral tone of the community would be lowered, from the least even to the greatest, and our children would become familiar with blasphemy, obscenity, and vice. Many more things John said which I cannot call to mind now. I understood and felt why he could not look forward to the future without deep concern and anxiety for the poor child that I had instinctively clasped to my bosom. I could not wish that the bonny boy that I had first looked on with a mother's eyes had never been born, but I did cry to Him who gave him to me, "Oh God! keep my child from this evil!"

It was late in the night before we ceased talking. Before the light was put out, I went round the house and saw that all the doors and windows were well secured, a thing I never thought of before, even when my husband was away from home. I determined if these men came, I would have extra locks and bolts put on, and John should never take such long journeys alone as he was in the habit of doing, and I would never trust my dear little baby out of my sight a single moment. I even caught myself wishing that a way might be opened for John to go back to England, so that we might spend our days in peace among the loved ones whom I had left behind for his sake. But I checked myself, for I knew that he was not a man to look back when he had once put his hand to the plough.

After this conversation all was quiet for some time, though John read in the papers that an Association was formed in Cape Town, the members of which pledged themselves to resist to the utmost the introduction of convicts. This seemed to me very like rebellion, but I saw that John sympathized with them, and I was satisfied that he would not do so unless he was convinced that they were in the right. So I thought of my child, and was silent.

## A Vision.

A Dream of Elfland.—From my wak'ning soul  
The mists of earth and mortal darkness roll ;  
And strength is on me, far away to flee  
On wings of thought, and see as spirits see.

A bright assembly sits in Hymen's bower,  
Where joy is scatt'ring many a spirit flower ;  
Soft, glancing lights, like rainbows, o'er them play,  
And fragrance breathes, and music far away.  
Through all the presence sweet enchantments roll,  
Melt on the air, and win the willing soul.  
Nymphs of unearthly beauty float around,  
And loveliest visions guard the glitt'ring ground ;  
There Hope sits gazing with ecstatic glance,  
There the light graces weave their choral dance ;  
There happy Love his lay of rapture sings,  
Waves his bright torch, and folds his purple wings.

But hark ! What dulcet notes invade the sky ?  
Up swells from earth the deep-toned melody.  
Lo, all is hush'd.—The King's delighted ear  
Bends eager down, th' impassion'd chaunt to hear ;  
While, round his throne of clouds, th' ethereal throng  
Break into smiles, and list a mortal's song :

“ Lord of the nuptial vow, the sacred chain,  
That links in one what none may part again ;  
Thou, who bestow'st that blessing from above,  
Which kindles chastity, and chastens love ;  
Oh, bend auspicious from thy radiant bow'r,  
Hear, Hymen, hear, and bless this genial hour.

“ Bright be the moon !—For if distress and fear  
E'er cease a while to haunt our sojourn here,—  
If there 's a time when culminating bliss  
Shines clear and cloudless on our path,—'tis this.  
Bright be the balmy day !—A noble heart  
Has search'd the world, and found its counterpart.  
Fair be the blossom'd wreath !—a beauteous bride,  
All blushing, stands her chosen lord beside ;  
And vows are heard, and holy rites are done,  
That join for aye two loving hearts in one.  
All, all is hallow'd, Hymen's mystic spell  
And charmed ring bid cold reserve farewell.  
Friends smile in sympathy, daft poets rhyme ;  
The very breeze rings musical with chime ;  
Sweet, subtle odours all the air pervade  
From the heart's incense on Love's altar laid ;  
Life throbs with bliss ; and Beauty's glowing boy



Wings the swift hours, and fires the soul with joy.  
Yet, ah, this chequer'd scene !—Yon vault of blue,  
The home of light, bears clouds and darkness too ;  
And sooner sunshine without shade shall reign,  
Than human gladness be undash'd with pain.  
Ev'n in this hour, what fond regrets arise  
To cloud the brow, and temper smiles with sighs.  
What deep-wrought sadness o'er the spirit steals,  
And curbs the speed of joy's too glowing wheels !  
While, low and mournful as a tolling knell,  
Falls on the ear that broken word, ' Farewell ! '   
What depths of feeling in the soul are stirr'd !  
From all things round, what mute appeals are heard !  
This happy home ;—yon tree's familiar shade,  
Where many a prank of childish mirth was play'd  
In bygone years when life was in its spring,  
And sported free as wild-bird on the wing ;—  
These wistful looks, that cannot quite suppress  
Their shade of care, their touching tenderness ;—  
The hectic flush upon the burning cheek ;—  
The pallid lips, that quiver as they speak ;—  
That half-drawn sob ;—those eyes, half dimm'd with tears,  
Oft to be dwelt upon in after years ;—  
The mother's long caress ;—the sister's token,—  
The sire's fond gaze, so grave with thought unspoken,—  
The parting kiss ;—Ah, how it wrings the heart,  
From those sweet scenes and clinging lips to part !  
To feel the doubt upsurging to the brain,—  
Shall we e'er see those loving looks again ?  
E'er tread those hills our childhood gamboll'd o'er ?  
Or, save in dreams, e'er meet those dear ones more ?

“ But, truce to grief !—The sorrows that are born  
Of hours like this are like the dews of morn :  
The joyous star of day ascends on high ;—  
The dew-drops glisten in the light, and die :  
And brightly now thy sun of gladness glows,  
And tints with rainbows every tear that flows.  
Truce, then, to grief !—Go, quit thy father's hall,  
Friends, sisters, parents,—bid adieu to all ;  
A last, long, ling'ring, clinging, fond adieu ;  
Then, turn and gaze ; for lo ! the world is new ;  
New lights, new shadows o'er thy path are thrown ;  
New springs of life, and thoughts before unknown.

“ Hail, wedded love,—of all the gifts that pass'd  
From Heav'n to man, the sweetest, though the last !  
Whose hallow'd bliss each thought of home endears,  
And lights with gladness all this vale of tears.  
And what, tho' thorns bespread our course below ?

Tho' Time's full vials all with change o'erflow?  
 What, though Mischance, with all her gaunt array,  
 Like foes in ambush, lurk beside the way?  
 Sickness and care by turns the path invade,  
 And doubt and danger scowl along the shade?  
 On bright-ey'd hope tho' Disappointment wait,  
 And reptile Slander coil at Virtue's gate?  
 Tho' subject all to bitterness and pain,  
 Tho' even joy bring Sadness in her train,  
 Yet to thy influence pains and cares give way,  
 Like spectres scar'd before the rising day:  
 Thy soft caress, thy witching bond, beguiles  
 The toil-worn road, and wreathes the lip with smiles:  
 Thy voice can win the thought from sombre themes;  
 Thy spell can lap it in Elysian dreams;  
 Thro' low'ring clouds the ray of peace can dart,  
 And gild with sunshine all within the heart."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dim grows the dream.—Ah, lovely visions stay!  
 Fleet not, ah, fleet not from my gaze away!  
 Ye brilliant scenes, ye forms of grace, remain!  
 Oh, give me back that world of dreams again!  
 Faint fall the notes upon my straining ear:  
 Low wanes the light, that shone awhile so clear:  
 Again returning o'er my burden'd soul,  
 The mists of earth and mortal darkness roll;  
 And all that's brightest in this world of ours  
 Seems bath'd in shade, and dull as faded flow'rs,  
 All?—but ah, no! Not all is sad and chill;  
 For, Hymen's choicest gifts are with me still;  
 Cherish'd mementos of that dream of bliss,  
 That breathe of peace, and never grow remiss;  
 For earth yields nought of happiness, above  
 That sacred bond, that quiet wedded love,  
 Which chains the soul with many a fond device,  
 And renders home a type of paradise.

E. J.



## Among the Wildebeests.

A RETROSPECT of nearly five and twenty years calls up fond memories of a boyhood spent in the chief town of one of the west counties of England. The district was purely agricultural, with meadow-land, corn-land, and extensive thyme-downs sprinkled with black-faced sheep, presenting fine opportunities of indulging instincts for sport, which in me were developed from a very early age. There were the summer holidays, when one led a sort of amphibious existence, getting one's blood reddened and skin freckled and scorched by sun and wind—always with a rod, from the time when I first “tempted the incautious minnow from the brook,” to the day, ever to be remembered, when, advanced to the M.A. degree in the gentle craft, on a moist morning in the “leafy month of June,” with the May-fly well on the water, I landed the King of Trouts, fully a three-pounder, in all the glory of his rose-coloured spots, flapping and struggling on the sweet meadow grass. How one remembers the fearful joy of some ten minutes' engagement, while the shadows chased each other over the “smiling fields,” and the brook, dotted here and there with the long weeds and white blossoms, babbled over its golden gravel. And then came the winter holidays, with their snow-balling and merry Christmas evenings, and crisp clear days, when with an old single-barrel, and shot in paper, and powder measured in the bowl of a clay-pipe, we were the terror of black-birds and field fares; and the occasional bagging of a rabbit or a wild duck gave rise to pardonable boasting in the bed-roomtale, when the dreaded school-days came round again. Such an apprenticeship to all that an English boy delights in wore gradually to a close, and the transition stage—so critical and anxious a period to father and son—from boyhood to adolescence, crept steadily on. About this time there arrived from the colony a relation who had spent some years here. He had experience of more than one Kafir war, and, although not a sportsman, had tales to tell of “big shooting” at the Cape, having sailed with that “Nimrod of South Africa,” Gordon Cumming. These things to hear would I seriously incline, and with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse, wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, tenanted only by lions and quaggas, springboks, and wildebeests, such a picture of “happy hunting grounds” was impressed on my imagination that nothing would satisfy my restlessness but returning with my cousin to the Cape. After a long and perilous voyage of one hundred and forty-eight days, we arrived in the “Bay.”

A few months having been spent rather indefinitely, my cousin decided to go farming, and purchased a place from a Dutchman, who, with the restless nature of his class, was bound over the Vaal. The farm was situated in the Free State, some four hours this side Bloemfontein. The only habitation on the spot was an old “Haarte-

beest house," which was crammed every night by the Boer and his numerous progeny. We arrived at our destination a few days before the owner trekked, and occupied, *pro tem.*, the tent and wagon; and as soon as he moved off we smoked the old place out, and had it "smeared" in the usual approved sweet fashion. The "first night" is vividly impressed on my memory. Tired with the day's work, I arranged for myself a shake-down, and tried to sleep, but this was out of the question; the old spars and thatch were alive with tenants, who, I suppose, "smelling the blood of an Englishman," began their blood-thirsty attacks. I was compelled to beat a retreat, and, taking a *kombaars* and a pillow, went outside to try and court the drowsy god. The enemy, however, were not to be done, and followed up the attack. I vividly recollect looking over my pillow, in the bright moonlight, and seeing some half dozen of the foe, armed with their red-brown shields, skedaddling over its border. I was forced to give it up as a bad job; so, taking my double smooth-bore from the rack, and putting on my belt, I strolled some mile and a half up the spruit which intersected the farm, and lay in wait for a shot. At the earliest dawn I could distinguish the white markings of the springboks, and heard their whistling, while the new and peculiar bark of the wildebeest broke the stillness of the morn. Several species of game had passed out of range, when at last I discovered a herd of wildebeest marching by from their feeding ground to the remoter veld, headed by a fine old bull. With a heart almost beating through my chest from excitement, and with breath held hard, I let him have one barrel, and heard the strike of the bullet—well known to sportsmen in South Africa. The whole herd galloped away as hard as they could, followed by the contents of the other barrel. It being by this time daylight, I returned to the homestead. Feeling certain I had not missed, after a cup of coffee, I saddled up, and a short way over the ridge I saw my gentleman alone in the veld. Not without a little screwing up of my courage, being a novice, I cantered towards him, and he made some very active but ineffectual efforts to get away. I found my ball had crippled his left fore leg at the knee; so, jumping off, I gave him his quietus, and had the satisfaction of returning to tell the tale to my cousin who had heard the shot. The wildebeest was a full-grown bull, and had a terror-inspiring head, which now hangs up in the hall of the old house at home. As soon as possible, we set to work to build a local habitation of more substantial structure than the "Hartebeest House," and some weeks were spent in a mode of life which boys who read their Robinson Crusoe yearn after, being under a sort of guardianship of my cousin, and with no responsibility of wife and bairns. I well remember with what interest we marked out the lines of foundation for the house in the green veld, and with what vigour the pick was plied: what with quarrying stone, making bricks, cutting thatch, and amateur building, our time was fully occupied, and each night I quite appreciated the old Eton Grammar sentence: "*Fessum quies pluri-*



*mum juvat.*" Our domicile consisted of the usual arrangements of voorhuis, bedrooms, and kitchen.

The brick-work was just completed, when one morning I was aroused by the violent barking of our dogs. Hastily slipping on my veldshoes, I snatched up my good double, and hurried out of the hut, in time to see one of my favourite young dogs hoisted high in the air by an old wildebeest which the dogs had brought to bay with his rump against the gable end of the house. He was a regular savage old fellow, with one horn, the other having been knocked off in some battle royal or by bullet. He was fighting gallantly with the dogs, and had given poor "Captain" a severe wound, on which I afterwards exercised my surgical skill with success. I ran down to the scene, and, watching my opportunity, ended his misery by a ball through the head, much to the satisfaction of my mongrel pack.

We were troubled by few visitors, and even the presence of some poor "Derelict" drifting to the Bay served to enliven the evening, and afforded an opportunity of rendering hospitality. Sunday was a *dies non* devoted to reading old letters, mending rents, or a stroll in the veld. On such a day the very game seemed to know it was a "day of rest" and freedom from the interference of man. The spring-boks would merely shake their heads and break into a trot, for a short distance, on our approach, and the saucy wildebeests, especially the single bulls, would whisk their tails and actually run in towards one, then curvet, and gallop away as if in the very enjoyment of life. Writing of Sunday brings to my remembrance such a day spent alone in the veld. Whilst on the farm, having occasion to ride to Colesberg, I arrived at about nine o'clock in the morning at a fountain, this side of Boomplaats. It seemed a convenient place for off-saddling; so I knee-haltered my horse at the foot of the koppie, and, climbing up half way, I sat under the shadow of a big boulder. Nothing was to be seen in the whole wide expanse of Karoo; the grass and bush around was alive with insect life which every now and then burst out in a chorus of praise, with intervals of rest—just as when you pass by a church with open doors one hears the responses in the Litany borne on the morning air—whilst occasionally a lazy "bumble bee" would whirl by, droning his "surly hymn." The air was laden with the rich incense of nectar-filled blossoms; and yielding to the influence around, as I am afraid many of us too often do, I began to nod in the midst of Nature's "morning service." Suddenly waking up, I saw an old bull wildebeest slowly walking down towards the fountain, evidently bent on taking his eleven o'clock *soupie*. The old fellow, who by his sudden intrusion had interrupted the chorus and hymns, was not at all unlike the picture children usually drawn of his Satanic Majesty. With his wide horns and "tail cocked up," the old gentleman had a good look at the horse, then walked coolly down to Nature's tap, had his *soupie*, got out of the sluit, rolled, whisked his tail, and with a "boo, baa, boo," ambled away, cutting most fantastic capers. The hot wind imme-

diately after sprang up, and his Satan-like Majesty was soon out of sight in a cloud of dust. I at once saddled up and left the spot—the morning service having terminated in marked contrast with its commencement, leaving, however, on memory's slide a picture which time has not dimmed.

But to return to the farm. Building was not our sole occupation; land was broken up, and the plough set a-going. (As everybody fancies he can doctor, or drive, or farm, so everybody imagines it is easy to plough). But what with quarrying stone, making bricks, ploughing, &c., our hands, hitherto innocent of work, got into something like the condition of sole leather: yet, with all the rough life, it was very pleasant when work was over for the day, to watch the growing corn as the setting sun showed the green carpet covering in the brown back-ground. To any used-up "Youth of the Period," hungry for a new sensation, let me recommend him to tuck up his trowsers, and with bare feet, and spade in hand, guide with a skill which has to be learned from practice the refreshing rills from the water furrow, amidst the rustling blades, and have occasionally to rush with frantic haste to stop the leak above, which *will* always be breaking out and wasting the precious fluid. One day we were occupied with such employment, when we noticed a cloud of dust at one end of the farm, and our attention was fixed on a lot of blesboks running at full speed; some two or three hundred yards in the rear was a herd of twenty or thirty wildebeests, hard pressed by a couple of bastard greyhounds of some Bushmen, who were out hunting in the veld. The whole squad were making for a drift or pass in the spruit, to get away to the veld beyond: the blesboks managed to clear off, but the wildebeests, being pressed with the dogs well at their side, had not time to seek the drift. I had just turned to speak to my cousin, when, on looking round again, the whole lot had disappeared. It seemed like magic. We ran as hard as we could to the spot, some five hundred yards away, when the cause was fully explained. It seems the wildebeests had no time to seek a path, and were afraid to turn, so the whole herd had violently taken the spruit with a rush, and were precipitated on the flat rock, at the bottom, some fifteen or twenty feet deep. There lay five of them, dead or maimed, and numerous horns of other fellows, lying on the rock. It did not take us long to put them out of their suffering, and for some days after, our time was occupied in making "biltong" and salting in wildebeest humps—a delicacy by no means to be despised, especially by an appetite sharpened by a stomach innocent of indigestion or "Cape Smoke."

It was often "my delight of a shining night in the season of the year" to take my gun and lie in wait for the game coming down to drink at one or other of the chain of pools which were left after the floods. One evening in particular I had waited a long time; nothing had passed but a jackal or one or two hares; and, tired by the day's work, I fell asleep. The moon was in mid-heaven, shining in as clear

an atmosphere as few regions but the Cape steppes can afford. I awoke; and moving cautiously by an instinct which a hunter's life gives rise to, I noticed a fine wildebeest standing at the edge of my hiding-place, so close that I could have touched her legs. Fortunately, the little air that was moving was favourable. I lay, scarcely daring to breathe, unnoticed. I was almost afraid to fire, for fear she should fall on me; but, however, the temptation was not to be resisted, and so cocking my gun without noise under my cloak, and resting the stock against the bank at my side, I let her have it point blank. With a bound, as if on springs, she burst away; I rushed out of my hiding-place, and there lay a fine cow wildebeest, in first rate condition, with her silvery tail glistening in the bright moonlight. Now and then a friend or two would come out from Bloemfontein, and we devoted a day to the wildebeests, when, with the ardour of youth, reckless of ant-hills and holes, we enjoyed sport only to be equalled, I imagine, among the Bisons of the "Far West."

I could spin you, Mr. Editor, many a yarn of like experience, but the night is advanced, and to-morrow will bring its work and anxious cares; so, perforce, I must draw my tale to a close. Before leaving the farm to return to Old England, I went out expressly to "take a last fond look" at the game and the veld; and climbing the "Langberg"—every farm has its "Langberg"—I obtained a good view of a wide expanse of country. The whole veld was sprinkled with game of various descriptions; here were two or three ostriches moving slowly over the sandy ground; there were two wildebeest bulls, engaged in a duello as they passed each other, with their favourite sultanas; numerous springboks were dotted over the veld, enlivening with their graceful forms and bright colour the prevailing sombre hue of the ground; whilst a small herd of quaggas were apparently going in for training by a good race in the very buoyancy of existence. I understand that the *locale* of this picture, which is vividly photographed on my retina, is now destitute of game, and the hunter who would go in for like experience must now trek far beyond Bloemfontein. I think that to the north-east of Winburg, however, beyond the Modder River, splendid sport might still be obtained. I fancy it is only ignorance of the fact that such fine sport is so easily accessible prevents gentlemen fond of good shooting from coming out for a few months to enjoy it, especially now that steam communication is so available between the old country and the Cape.

VENATOR.

Port Elizabeth.

## The Land of Scott.

AYE! verily the "Land of Scott" is a pleasant land; and the choicest among all her goodly heritages is the "Modern Athens," beautiful for situation, and unique in its close amalgamation of quaint antiquity and unrivalled art. Much time may be pleasantly and profitably spent in this "Queen of Cities;" but, of course, all the world knows, either by experience or from hearsay, the marvels and the treasures it contains; therefore, far be it from me to drag you about with the ruthlessness of a cicerone, compelling your attention to this lion or favouring you with a dissertation on that curious sight. No, no. If you like to listen to some desultory gossip, do so; and if not, why, skip the paper, of course, without proceeding further.

Nothing is more tedious than to wade through every corner of a place simply because it is the correct thing; and as to retailing in a precise, connected, form every item of the intelligence gained by so doing,—well, *on dit*, that ladies *delight* in such an avocation; but for my part I believe *that* to be one of the many hideous libels cast upon our sex, as I happen to know that it is much pleasanter and easier to gaze upon a noble work or beauteous scene than it is to enter afterwards into a profuse description of the same. However, we are staying here for a few days, and you, gentle reader, may as well have the benefit of some of our perambulations. In the first place, I must tell you that we are enjoying the society of some old Cape colonists, who, though they have long left these sunny climes, still retain all the genial, open-handed hospitality which characterizes the inhabitants of our warm-hearted land; and so many are the inquiries as to local news, and the jokes and pleasant reminiscences of their African sojourn, that at times we almost feel ourselves transported back to Cape Town; and only on emerging from the house do we awake to the fact that we are in "fair Edina, Scotia's darling pride." But when we *do* go out, there is no longer the shadow of a doubt that we are in the finest city in the world, as regards the combination of natural beauty, refined elegance, venerable antiquity, and a peculiarly high standard of learning and intelligence. Truly, the weather is not quite so propitious as we could have desired; but what signifies that, since we have spent many a happy week here, in days of yore, "when time and we were young;" and Memory, with her train of various-hued attendants, accompanies us as we re-visit each once familiar spot, and wakens thrilling echoes of the past, recalling a multitude of childhood's saucy frolics which heretofore seemed buried in oblivion.

Ruskin, in one of his finest bursts of eloquence, likens Edinburgh to Verona; only he gives the latter city the preference as to goodly appearance; but I think that if he took *all* things into consideration he would probably accord the palm to the Scottish capital. Accompany us first to the old castle, from whose battlements a prospect of



exceeding magnificence is unfolded to the view. Far away in the dim distance stretches the blue range of the Pentland Hills, while nearer are the Corstorphine elevations; and yet closer, and keeping a more immediate and loving guardianship, are Arthur's Seat and the Calton Hill. The city is built on three eminences, stretching from east to west, but on the north a gentle slope of fertile country leads towards the shores of the Firth of Forth, whose islands and shipping can be distinctly seen from the fortress on a clear day—from which place, indeed, the top of Ben Lomond is also visible at times. Of course, we must explore all the celebrated nooks in this very ancient and erst impregnable castle, finger the time-honoured Mons Meg, penetrate the secret corners of St. Margaret's Chapel, gaze with somewhat of awe upon the Scotch Regalia, whose fate—like the lady of the "Misletoe Bough"—was so long obscured in mystery, and contrast the tiny room, honoured as the birth-place of James VI, with royal bed-chambers in the present day. Finally, as we pass through the esplanade, where the soldiers are drilled, we examine the latest addition to the premises, in the form of a cross, erected to the memory of those soldiers belonging to the 78th Highlanders, who fell in the Indian mutiny. Then down through some of the oldest streets of Auld Reekie, the Lawnmarket, High-street, Netherbow, and Canongate, once the aristocratic "West End," and now crowded with relics of effete grandeur, as well as an astonishing accumulation of living rags and poverty. Nevertheless, as we pass along, in spite of the altered present, there flit before us the shadows of some of Scotland's famous men, such as John Knox, the Regent Moray, Hume, and Robertson, and Allan Ramsay, down to Jeffrey and Brougham, all of whom once lived in these very streets. St. Giles's Church puts in its venerable appearance, and near its north-west corner we pause for a moment at the veritable Heart of Midlothian, the site of the old Tolbooth, where Sir Walter Scott's magic imagery of the awful Porteous mob flashes upon us with vivid distinctness, only to be replaced by the "wraith" of Jeanie Deans, that heroine of real life. And, indeed, there is scarcely a notable spot in Edinburgh that is not associated in some way with Scotland's famous novelist; and by no means the least among the "honours" of the city is the fact that it was *his* birth-place. Everyone knows his history: how he was born in 1771, entered the high school of Edinburgh in 1779, and was called to the bar in 1792. Although passionately fond of reading, it was not till the mature age of thirty-four that he fully entered upon a literary career; yet such were his genius and industry that of his prose fictions alone there are seventy-four volumes, while poems, essays, histories, and biographies flowed from his pen with almost incredible swiftness; and all this in addition to the ordinary duties of life! In connection with his steady perseverance at literary labours, a curious story is related by the late Judge Menzies, an old Cape colonist. During the residence of the latter in Edin-

burgh, he was in the habit of observing with a good deal of curiosity and interest a *hand* in the window opposite to his, which seemed perpetually writing, only throwing aside one sheet to fill another, with marvellous celerity; and not until long afterwards did he discover that the owner of that "go-ahead" hand was the then rising author of the Waverley Novels. As to Scott's private character, where could a more upright, noble, mind be found than that of the man who, on the failure of a business house, which rendered him personally accountable for £120,000, refused to accept of any compromise, but declared his intention to devote his life to the payment of every farthing? Then followed a season of almost unparalleled intensity of mental labour, despite increasing age and rapidly failing health, until finally the over-wrought spirit was called to its rest, leaving behind the imperishable fragrance of a good name, and a host of writings which can only "cease to be relished when mankind cease to venerate nature and truth." No wonder that Scotland is proud of her son, and that her children learn to lisp his name with veneration and delight. I well remember how, as a child, an extra feeling of awe and reverence to old age used to come over me when I heard my grandmamma speak of Sir Walter Scott; how I used to wish that I too had been privileged to know the tall, good-looking man; and how sad it used to make me to think that lameness should have marred his fair proportions. His monument in Princes'-street is the finest decoration of the handsomest street in Edinburgh, and well the poet-novelist deserved the tribute.

And now here we are at Holyrood, and we wander over the rooms once inhabited by the lovely Queen Mary, and gaze upon the mementos of her glory, with a passionate admiration for the unfortunate princess that knows no reason and that clings to her in spite of her faults with a love which could never be accorded to the wise, but vindictive Elizabeth. The Abbey of Holyrood was founded by David I, in 1128, A.D., but the Palace is not mentioned until 1503, at the marriage of James IV to Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. After that time it was twice burnt down: once by the soldiers of Henry VIII, after which it was rebuilt, and again in 1655, by Cromwell's adherents. The present edifice was erected in the reign of Charles II, but the royal and monastic precincts have from the first foundation afforded an asylum for debtors, who used to be facetiously termed "Lairds of the Abbey." By the way, on visiting the picture gallery we are somewhat struck with the *very strong family likeness* (the most prominent feature being general insipidity) existing between the colossal portraits of the various kings of Scotland, from David I, down to James VI. It is, however, decidedly convenient, as we have only to examine *one* in order to obtain a distinct idea of the whole, which saves an immense deal of trouble.

The Royal Institution and National Gallery, both of them ornaments in the architectural line, and containing treasures of no mean order, are well worth a leisurely visit; and as to a promenade in the Princes'-street

Gardens, when the band plays,—why it is almost as *recherché* and entertaining as a similar expedition to the Botanic Gardens, Cape Town. Public buildings and lordly mansions are so generally handsome, that it would seem invidious to particularize; but for my part I feel even yet more interested in the thirteen and fourteen-story houses of the old town, out of whose attic windows you could shake hands with your opposite neighbour, than in the massive piles of modern splendour. Calton Hill is the chief site of monuments, and elevates the memorials of departed heroes upon its bosom, with the added beauty of Nature's grandeur. To follow the "Queen's Drive" is indispensable, and simply charming; but the most correct way of seeing Edinburgh to advantage is to climb Arthur's Seat ere sunrise, and view the panorama before the clouds of smoke, which have gained for the city the sobriquet of "Auld Reekie," obscure the view. This, however, I have heard from good authority, is a feat which comparatively few people accomplish; and within my own knowledge, during the whole of our stay in the Scotch metropolis, certain gentlemen of our party, as regularly as the good-nights are said, "resolve" that whoever wakes first in the morning shall rouse the other in order to "dot and carry one" to the top of the hill; only, unfortunately, neither of them ever do "wake first;" on the contrary, stern veracity recordeth that they are generally among the last to lounge into the breakfast room.

This morning is particularly fine and sunny, and we start as outside passengers per coach to Hawthornden and Rosslyn, having perched just behind us a somewhat elderly dame, who during the whole journey reads aloud—to her husband, we presume—from a voluminous guide-book, so that we are enabled to gaze calmly about us, and yet to become acquainted with every object of interest in the pretty drive. Hawthornden was the residence of the poet Drummond, and is built just beside the ruined castle of his ancestors, which rises on an abrupt cliff overhanging the Esk. Underneath the house are some old vaults, which we penetrate out of a curiosity, alas, quite unrewarded, though the boy who accompanies us points out with actual eagerness a huge fire-place where, he says, "they used to bake bread"—"they" being a people about whom he is otherwise entirely ignorant. The tiny valley uniting Hawthornden and Rosslyn is a gem of beauty, and, being so near Edinburgh, is naturally much patronized by picnic parties. Rosslyn Chapel is a marvel of sculpture and good repair, but I must say that the most disagreeable guide we've ever had falls to our lot here, and makes the building anything but a sanctuary of peace. He guards the door like an old bull-dog, only permitting us to pass through in single file, when we are marshalled to seats as if there was to be service. On ascertaining that all have entered, the door is closed, and, seizing his wand of office, he requests us to follow him; and woe to the unfortunate mortal who disobeys. For instance, round certain of the pillars are representations of the seven deadly sins and the seven virtues, and

some one chancing to examine the seventh first, the old man glowers at him as if he had added an eighth crime to the catalogue, and forthwith enlightens us with the correct order and the Latin names, which he kindly translates into English—a very necessary proceeding, considering that his pronunciation of the classic language is none of the best. The chapel was built in 1446, and is one of the most highly decorated specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland. The familiar story of the Prentice Pillar—the most elaborately wrought one in the building—is, of course, doled out to us: how the master mason went to Rome to study the design, and how on his return he found his apprentice had completed the work without him;—how, in a burst of envious passion, he felled the youth dead with one blow of his mallet;—and how the sculptured heads of the two are fixed to the cornice at the foot of the chapel,—the master hideous in the agony of remorse, and the assistant struck dumb with the astonishment of so sudden a death. Truly, if the portraits are at all faithful, they neither of them ever had much to boast of in the way of good looks. Rosslyn Castle, or rather its paltry ruin, stands on a perpendicular rock, accessible only by a bridge, and is more interesting from its picturesque contiguity to the Esk than for any beauty of its own, as time has “mouldered down the very stones” of which the mansion of the proud St. Clairs was built.

On proceeding to the neat hotel to procure some luncheon, we find the driver of the coach by which we came this morning anxiously awaiting us, as he says he has overcharged us. It turns out that the friend who booked our seats last night pre-paid them, and we had unwittingly paid again, which, when the jarvie came to recollect, caused him some grief. Behold a specimen of Scotch honesty under sore temptation! Had the man not waited at the hotel door purposely to watch for us, we should certainly never have seen him again, and he might have pocketed the money with ease, seeing that we should not have discovered the mistake until our return to Edinburgh, days afterwards; moreover, when offered a reward for his honesty, all he accepts is a *pour boire*.

A short drive through the shady country lanes about Rosslyn brings us to the nearest railway station, where we book for Melrose, and by dinner-time find ourselves snugly ensconced at the “George.” I entertain a horrible suspicion that the discreet waiter sets us down as an “Edwin and Angelina,” probably because we inquire what time the moon rises to-night. This suspicion increases when, not content with answering our questions about her ladyship’s movements, he knocks at the sitting-room door about 10.30, and informs us that “the moon is risen beautiful” (as if we could not see that for ourselves); and finally the certainty of his provoking error glares upon me when he comes to inquire for orders regarding breakfast. Happening to hesitate for a moment in what I say, he immediately chimes in, with insinuating grace: “And chops and toast, ma’am? Gentlemen generally likes chops and toast, just to finish up with!”



as if, again, I don't yet know what my husband likes. However, I smile as serenely as possible, under the circumstances, privately resolving that before we leave he shall find out that we are *not* one of his middle-aged bridal couples, and that, therefore, he need not always look so aggravatingly unconscious. Meanwhile, we muffle up, for the night is bitterly cold, and sally forth in obedience to the bard's instructions,

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose right,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

A few minutes' walk brings us to the huge grey ruin ; and, as we enter the once hallowed precincts, the weird incidents connected with the Monk of St. Mary's Aisle, and the sights and sounds that awed the bold spirit of William of Deloraine seem to be acted afresh, till we startle at our own foot-steps, and almost expect to see the light stream forth from the Wizard's Tomb. Scott's artistic eye and poetic pen enabled him to describe the general effect of the Abbey at this hour so truly, that I cannot refrain from quoting a fragment for your benefit :

"When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white,  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower ;  
When buttress and buttress alternately  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die,

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Then go,—but go alone the while—  
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;  
And, home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair."

The following day, however, we pay a more prosaic visit to the ruins in order to examine carefully the beautiful remains of architectural splendour in which it abounds. Such a prodigious variety of tracery and scrolls, and such quaint figures of men and animals, all sculptured into stone, with an endless diversity of life-like expression, hideous, amiable, or demoniac, I could never have imagined before ; and upon the faces of some you gaze and gaze as if a spell were round you, till at last, with a determined effort, you are glad to withdraw your eyes and beat a retreat. The Abbey was founded in the days of King David, who must have been a good friend to monks, as nearly all the old institutions seem to date from his reign. According to tradition, the brothers of this monastery knew how to take good care of themselves, and a certain old ballad contains the following hit :

"The monks of Melrose made guid kail  
On Fridays when they fasted,  
Nor wanted they guid beef and ale  
As lang's their neighbours' lasted."

Alexander II was buried here, and the heart of King Robert the Bruce was deposited before the High Altar.

As a matter of course, the next expedition from Melrose is to Abbotsford, and a drive of three miles brings us to the picturesque and elegant seat of the departed poet. Apart from its natural beauties, what a host of associations hover round the place, and what a double interest attaches to everything belonging to or loved by the grand old man. Let those call it hero-worship who like : there certainly is a sadly reverential pleasure in walking over the domains of a great and good man, in fingering what he touched, sitting where he sat, and gazing at his collection of odds and ends. Nowhere could one feel this more than at Abbotsford ; it was Sir Walter Scott's pet hobby ; for the establishment and embellishment of this estate he toiled and strove, and it is said that the fame of a literary name was secondary in his opinion to the founding of a family. Indeed, the nucleus of the place was a tiny farmstead which he bought, and to which he added as fast as his means permitted farm after farm, until he had completed a "romance in stone and lime," and gained the summit of his ambition, by counting as one of the first gentlemen in Roxburghshire, and by the power to indulge in unbounded hospitality. Poor man ! This one foible cost him dearly ; but, nevertheless, he was privileged with the fulfilment of his last desire, and died in the home he had raised. The estate is now kept with scrupulous care by J. R. Hope Scott, Esq., and we wander about the tidy garden, whose boundary walls are adorned with niches, containing quaint old figures ; gaze upon the great iron door of the Tolbooth, which is built into the outer wall of the house ; and finally pause with admiration before a most exquisite model of the poet's pet greyhound, "Ida," which is placed over her grave with a touching Latin inscription. Then, on going into the house, we pass through the large hall, whose floor is of marble from the Hebrides, whose walls are panelled with richly-carved oak from Dunfermline Palace, and whose cornice is embellished with gorgeously-embazoned armorial bearings of the Border families. Curiosities of all kinds abound here, from Ralph Erskine's pulpit to complete suits of men in armour found after the battle of Flodden Field ; and, finally, there is a glass case containing the last suit of clothes worn by the dear old owner himself, and which consists of a green coat, plaid trowsers, and a broad-brimmed grey hat, a good deal the worse for wear.

Opening from the hall is the armoury, where an astonishing and deeply-interesting assortment of weapons are kept, to each of which might be truly said, "thereby hangs a tale." Next through the drawing-room, with its antique ebony furniture and carved cabinets ; the dining-room containing a splendid collection of pictures ; the tiny breakfast parlour, from whose windows the Tweed on the one side, and the wild hills of the Ettrick and Yarrow on the other, reward the view ; and the library, whose roof is fashioned after the designs of Rosslyn Chapel, and which contains 20,000 volumes, comprising many rare

and valuable works. The most interesting apartment, however, is the little study where so many of the heart-stirring tales which deck Scottish history in such romantic garb were penned; and the furniture of this room is simple to an extreme. A writing-table, black-leather arm-chair, one other seat, and a bust of one of his favourites, are its chief contents, with the exception of the bookshelves, which are reached by a small gallery running round three sides of the chamber. A private door at the end of the gallery conducts to the bedroom, in order that the poet might go in and out unobserved. And it is said that the greater part of his voluminous writings were committed to paper between the hours of seven and eleven a.m., the remainder of the day being devoted to the management of his estate and the entertainment of his friends, the latter occupation being one for which his exceedingly affable disposition rendered him peculiarly fitted, some of the greatest men in Europe taking pride in being his guests.

This excursion to the old home of the living naturally leads us to seek out the resting-place of the dead; and, Melrose again being our starting-point, spite of certain threatening clouds hovering above, we set off for Dryburgh Abbey, well provided with waterproofs and rugs—a wise precaution, as a few minutes after leaving the village the rain descends in torrents (everything is done with right good will in Scotland!) and we have strong misgivings as to whether it would not be wiser to turn back. However, we steadfastly resist this retrograde movement, and in half an hour the reward of perseverance shines upon us in the shape of His Majesty King Sol. So throwing open the carriage again, we lean eagerly out, and “sniff” up the delicious odour of a newly-watered soil.

Arrived at the banks of the Tweed, we leave the carriage to wait for us, and cross the river in a pont worked by two youngsters. Then, according to directions, we follow a wooded path until we reach the gates of the Abbey enclosures. I should think the monks of Dryburgh never needed to “borrow” their neighbours’ goods when they possessed such an extent of fertile land, choice orchards, rich pastures, and the exclusive right to the fishing of the Tweed wherever it bordered their domains, which they took care it should do for a very considerable distance! Naturally this sanctuary also dates from King David’s reign, and a yew-tree, as old as the abbey, rears its head at the entrance to the pile. These huge ivy-clad ruins, telling the sad tale of Time’s decaying touch, yet grandly dignified in their very downfall, are a melancholy, though beauteous sight; and I wonder what the old priors who trod these fretted aisles and stately collonades would say if they could see them now! In the chapter-house are the remains of a splendid St. Catherine’s window, twelve feet in diameter. Only where stained glass once cast its softened light, ivy now clings in sombre festoons, and mosses and lichens form a carpet to the once bare floor of the large refectory.

St. Mary’s aisle is the most interesting and best-preserved part

existing, and here, in a handsomely-railed and well-kept tomb, repose the ashes of Scotland's gifted son.

He is buried in the grave of his ancestors, the Halliburtons of Newmains, and his wife, his son-in-law, and his eldest son (also a Sir Walter Scott), lie sleeping beside him.

In the adjoining space are enshrined the mortal remains of the Erskines, two of whom were eminent Scottish divines ; and having paid a tribute of respect to the memory of those—who, though gone from earth, have left a lasting universal legacy of good works behind them—we saunter back to the river's edge, are once more piloted across by the bare-footed, curly-headed urchins, and, stepping into the carriage, are borne swiftly away to the Melrose railway station, where we soon awake from our dreams of the stately Past to the sober realities of the work-a-day Present.

NOTE.—The *Illustrated London News*, *Graphic*, &c., which arrived per last steamer from England, contain, I am happy to see, voluminous accounts and pictures of the festivities connected with the Scott centenary. I have, however, thought it best to send the above "reminiscences" just as they were written, leaving those who wish particulars of the recent celebration to glean for themselves from one or other of the many sources of information which are so easy of access.

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## *My Trip to the Diamond-fields.*

BY DR. W. G. ATHERSTONE, F.G.S.

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### CHAP. II.—ON TO THE VAAL.

I AWOKE with a start as grey daylight streamed in at the open window, and the deafening rain poured steadily down from the eaves ; it had rained all night as from a cullender. Both passenger-carts stood ready, and started together, one *viâ* Aliwal, ours on to Burghersdorp, slipping along the polished road, over soaking flats, and rivulets swelling to torrents under the steady down-pour. At times it would cease, and the deep blue tints of the mountains, flat-topped and conical, in wildest confusion, seen through the gossamer veil of the rising mist, would cheer whilst they startled us by their vivid contrast with the rich, warm browns of the kopjes and the bright yellow patches of withered grass in the foreground, lit up by the sunbeams straggling down through clefts in the rain-clouds. Cold—oh ! intensely cold was the keen winter air of the Stormberg ; and the big glowing coal fire at Vice's, from that mine not a mile off, equal to Newcastle (so says Bristow from the samples I sent him), only increased our regret that the horses *here* were changed so rapidly. These transient glimpses of golden sun-light on the



landscape, and the ethereal blue of the billowy horizon soon gave place to the settled leaden grey of the ceaseless rain, shutting out everything. Denser and denser it grew, as the rain fell thicker and faster; but, merry as frogs in a shower, we only talked louder—the conversation never flagged for a moment. Now it turned upon Gregory, the mineralogist. “Strange, passing strange,” said one, “that a man of undoubted ability, sent out *on purpose* to report on our diamonds, should fail to see the least indication of their existence in a country where thousands are scattered over the surface, glittering amongst the other bright pebbles, and plain to the eyes of the much-ignored Kafir.” “Still stranger,” said another, “that he should pronounce the whole country *volcanic*, when no volcano has ever been found in South Africa, and should most positively assert, from the geological formation, that no diamonds ever would be or *could* be found there—that the whole was a *myth*, a mere land-jobbing scheme of unprincipled speculators! As well, and with more show of reason indeed, might the much-maligned colonists retort that *his* was a diamond-jobbing scheme, to gain time for the disposal of a large stock on hand, foreseeing the natural result of the discovery!” But such insinuations are unscientific and unworthy, and only recoil on their author. It is confidently asserted, and I firmly believe it, that diamonds to the value of a *million* have been exported during the *last year*. This is the best, most practical reply. No doubt, there is, as he says, a good deal of “*sharp practice*” to be found *here* as elsewhere, as I myself can testify, having been the victim more than once; but these are the rare exceptions. A frontier farmer, whose oat-hay and grain had been systematically condemned, no matter how good, once told me that at last he complained to a military friend. “*Have you cleared his eye for him?*” suggested the friend; “human nature requires it sometimes; all can’t see straight as you farmers!” He took the hint, and it proved a *sovereign* remedy. “You can’t call *that* a bad load, surely Mr. ———?” (gently placing a coin over one of his eye-lids). “Not *half* so bad as the last, sir. Ah! now I must own *I can’t see* any fault at all; load it off!” said the issuer, pocketing both insults together. “Mr. E ——— is *my cousin*, sir,” said one of the passengers *warmly*; “you don’t mean to insinuate that he—” “Not at all,” said I, interrupting him sharply; “I insinuate nothing—‘bile’ and ‘business’ are not the only media affecting the vision—ignorance also sometimes makes folks see dimly, indistinctly; they all want their eye-sight cleared at times by blue-pill, or information, or the ‘*sovereign remedy*!’” How we chaffed, and joked, and laughed, and how the rain mocked us, till darkness and the roaring “spruits” drove us into a small way-side inn, and we slept in the same bed together, I and my jovial warm friend, Mr. Emanuel’s cousin! Travellers meet strange bedfellows, truly.

When we awoke, the gentle rain still poured straight down from heaven. The rivulets leaped for joy, tumbling and foaming, and babbling to joyous frogs that croaked in unison; each gully

a full-grown torrent, hurling its pebbles around with a loud, grating sound. Small chance there seemed of proceeding. Yet at nine it ceased and cleared up, and, crossing the "Wonderboom Spruit," a swollen, ill-omened stream, surging and sweeping us down in spite of tall Kafir and riems, we enter at noon the village of Burghersdorp, washed clean and bright, and waiting to dry in the sunshine. Brightly it gleamed in its valley of hills, brown and bare, and its baked shales and sandstones spoiled for the builder by the igneous dykes. Here we met Tobin, at midnight—full of excitement and theories, and capital stories of life at the Fields—a man of most contagious enthusiasm—brimful of health too, stored up at the Diamond-fields, a fund he intends to draw upon largely for the next year or two (so I hope), whilst he lectures and works for us, rousing men's interest and attention, and showing the rude health and handsfull of diamonds he picked up here! What matters it whether he's found out the "matrix" or "patrix"—the "crater" or "mater" where the diamonds are nestling? He's brimful of matter of highest interest, and knows how to work it up artistically, sensationally, usefully. Success attend Tobin! At nine we leave Burghersdorp, still slowly descending, as we have done all the way from the Stormberg—the rocks, brown sandstones and shales dipping north as before, but lower in the series and more nearly horizontal. Dicynodon fossils are met with at Strydom's, De Klerk's, and elsewhere on our road. At sunset the Orange River is reached: the country flat—the banks mud, mud only, thirty or forty feet deep; water, mud also; no trees, no shrubs, no grass—a most sluggish, brown, uninviting river. We crossed at dark, and by light of a *vesta* found agates and zeolites, and garnets and jaspers, and rolled pebbles of quartz on the other side, just such as are found at the Vaal. At seven reached Bethulie: twenty low houses of unfinished brick, unplastered, dilapidated, its denizens all gone to the Diamond-fields, save those who are preparing to go. Now, tie up your music-books loosely, fair reader, in the order of the date of publication—the oldest below—and tilt them up gently—so—till they all slope down to the north—the direction we are travelling in—the inclination gradually diminishing till the upper volume is nearly horizontal. A string will represent our *road*. Pass your finger along it, and you perceive that you are crossing books which are newer and higher up in your collection as you go on, till you finally arrive at the "newest thing out," the uppermost volume. Now, for music-books, Miss, read *volumes of stone*—rock folios—each with its pages printed with fossils and ferns and quaint hieroglyphical records of the creatures that lived in each separate epoch or age of earth's history;—each creature leaving his own autograph, printed in rock-type, as it died. Volumes of Nature's own history—songs of the universe—hymns of praise, grander and grander as you approach the latest most wonderful work of all—the last published, though composed ages ago, the *South African Diamonds!* Interesting, is it not, Miss, to travel by post-cart over the rock record

of our old continent—always coming to something newer and newer—more exciting—more interesting. Such is the geology to the Fields. You remember at the Ecka Pass we found all the strata tilted up and dipping to the north, and the dip has continued almost without break from there to the Orange River, where the upper strata are worn away, and the lower become more nearly horizontal.

We left Bethulie in the early dawn—in the grey, uncertain light, unable to count its houses or appreciate its architectural beauties. Some towns I know of look *best* passed thus in the night-time, shrouded in mist and obscurity.

When day overtook us we were crossing the broad igneous ridge and descending into a long grassy plain, shut in by low hills of sandstone, banded like those of the Stormberg, the harder grits forming horizontal ledges as the softer shales crumble away.

Now we are in the “FREE State,” out of the jurisdiction of care and sorrow and pseudo-philanthropy, and fashions, and fetters, and whims of society, and all the conventional humbug, and hollow pretentious untruth—religious and secular—that hedge in advanced civilization—ripening and rotting impurely till it bursts, as did Paris. How strangely contrasts this our quiet retirement from the world of worry in the grassy plains of Africa, *all alone with the springhoks*, gliding along over the green limitless sea of waving grass, with islands of rock here and there dotting the horizon! “Ja! Heeren, *nu haal ik myn baatje af, deze is die Vry Staat!*” quotes the burly boer of Kat River, emphatically, suiting the act to the word, and stripping to his shirt-sleeves, for the sun had come out strong and stinging. “This is the ‘FREE State,’ gentlemen,” he reiterated, *derisively*, exultingly,—“we’re no longer *enslaved* like you colonists by Exeter Hall and its silly philanthropists, fools who would spend twenty millions of British gold in rooting out slavery from their colonies and then let loose the dissatisfied slave-owners to do as they pleased with the niggers over the border,—‘apprentice’ them, kidnap them, wallop them, and all to save the *expense*—(oh! you hypocritical humbugs)—the questionable *expense*, of controlling them! Dat is *verduyvels stom*—zoo. denk *Ik*,” quoth our friend energetically, and we all quite agreed with him. It *did* seem “stom,”—stupidly *soft* of John Bull, after taking possession in the name of the Sovereign of the whole of the Diamond-fields, the so-called “Sovereignty,” to give it up afterwards, with the country beyond it, as big as all England, to these very men, on the flimsy pretext that it *might* prove expensive to govern it! But rich men at times do queer things. “The man who, regardless of expense, spent large sums in catching of flies by the sackful, that pestered and bothered him, yet was tempted to sell for a shilling per sack to some meek philanthropic victim of a ‘society for the prevention of cruelty to animals,’ who, of course, upon principle, let ‘them all loose on the spot again,—the poor creatures!’—was surely a brother of your rich friend John Bull, was he not?” asked Van

Wyk sarcastically,—“and if not, then, he ought to be, there’s *such* a strong family likeness.” We felt the full depth of the sarcasm, and agreed that John ought, for the national credit, if not for appearance sake, to undo this mischief, and tie up the sack again sharp whilst he yet has the chance, lest the flies should prove troublesome,—quite a hornet’s nest on our border.

At “Vaalbank,” an hour from Bethulie, broad rippled slabs of grey sandstone, and mottled grits and Dicynodon shales (like those near Fort Beaufort) dip southwards, as they have done ever since crossing the river and entering the “Free State.” Reverse all your music-books, reader, and make them slope southwards, for everything is altered *now*,—even the rocks, you perceive, have a tendency *backwards*,—the law of progress is reversed,—the further you go the lower you get in the scale of creation,—the older the rocks are that come to the surface, and the tendencies too of the primitive races that dwell there—Boer, Batlapin, Bushman, or their still wilder prototypes (according to Darwin), the hairy men of the mountains, who won’t chop their tails off for fear of being set to work like “Christemenschen”—so say the Bushmen, and surely *they* ought to know! “D’ye see that small heap of stones by the kloof yonder?” asked the driver, pointing to a spot half a mile on our left,—“that’s the grave of a wild man,\* shot by Louw’s uncle ten days ago. He was prowling about like a wolf near the cattle. Louw rode up and spoke to him. No answer. Swift as a rhebok up the mountain he bolted—Louw following him continuously, knowing their habits, shouting no harm would be done if he stood. What heeded he, ignorant of language, save the rock-clicks and gutturals of his tribe. Off he ran, bounding over the brow. Suddenly the whirr of a poisoned arrow deafened Louw’s ear, and another quick as thought, followed by a third and a fourth. Still he could see no foe, so closely his contour and colour matched the rocks that concealed him. To retire would be madness—certain death. The struggle for life between wild man and tame man must go on—a duel of forty yards’ distance. Ah! *now* he sees him,—hears the clang of his bowstring as the fifth arrow flew close past his cheek. Then, putting a rifle-ball through his left eye, the struggle was ended—the Bushman sank noiselessly. A few stones heaped carelessly over him keep off the wild dogs and vultures. The arrows and bow (his sole earthly possessions) Louw took to the nearest field-cornet to verify his report. So fall the wild men of the desert. The story was told me by Louw himself some ten or a dozen days after it happened.” “Maar het die schepsels toch *zielen*?” shouts one of the listeners,—“can they have souls?” The wild rocks answer back, echoing—“They *have* souls;” but it finds no echo in the heart of the boer.

For two nights and days the rain poured steadily down,—every rivulet flooded,—all the sluits impassable. Our horses (placed there

\* Wilde mensch.



over night) were get-at-able over the garden ditch, and ourselves, shut up in the cold cheerless "voor-kamer" of "Commetje-fontein," praying for patience, and trying to catch stray rays of comforting warmth from the "patent fuel" used in this treeless land. Our host was most kind and hospitable, and when at length sunshine burst out with bright promise he and his son rode with us for miles, fearing we might get washed down the deep foaming gulley, which we crossed safely on his well-trained horse one by one, the cart and less nervous driver struggling through alone. All day at "Free State" speed (the adaged rate of an old Dutch plough), we furrowed the alluvial flats, walking at times for miles in the stiff clay soil, ankle deep, to ease the poor jaded horses, which at last knocked up in the "veld" just as the driver recognized others grazing afar off, which we soon caught and inspanned. Oh! those interminable flats of the "Interior"—shrubless, treeless, motionless,—nothing to note—nothing to look at but scattered springboks and bare brown "kopjes" staring at you from a distance,—one monotonous plain far as the blue horizon. What stock of ideas can a man born and bred in this bleak Boer world accumulate in a lifetime?—the spoor of the ostrich, the track of the antelope, or marks of the whirlwinds or thunderstorms his only milestones to measure monotonous life by. Truly, thought I, here man groweth up as the grass, and is cut down like a flower; he eats, drinks, sleeps, and calls it enjoyment,—the nearest approach to vegetation conceivable, with only locomotion superadded.

Dreary work this,—crawling over long spongy flats for days. How we longed for the rail and express train to cross them in the night-time! At length we reached "Fauresmith," a small Free State village, built of unplastered brick in a hurry, and never yet finished, nor meant to be, I imagine, till the question is decided whether it is English or Dutch. Even the pot-holes are left open for starlings to build in. Half the inhabitants gone to the Diamond-fields; the others preparing to follow. It stands on the red karoo soil between "iron-stone" kopjes, at the entrance to "Sannah's Poorte," through which a small streamlet languidly trickles, *threatening* to water some half dozen "water erven" owned by the church, which sows not, reaps not, gardens not. The only vestige of vegetation visible besides the church reeds and four disconsolate blue-gums was a zinnia that had taken forcible possession of the rocks, a dwarfed foreigner, the only thing blooming there! Two days we spent patiently waiting till the rivers are reputed passable. Hiring a horse, I rode out to a diamond-mine six miles off, at Jagersfontein, owned by the Widow Vischer—not fashionable just yet; only two or three parties at work; the holes all filled in by the rain. They'll command more attention hereafter. I found fossils here in abundance, and got stabbed by a thorn in the knee, which knee-haltered me quite for nearly a fortnight afterwards. At the Riet River we found nine wagons outspanned, and wagoners gazing vacantly

into the muddy stream, thinking day after day that it *must* run off soon—it seemed so *impetuous*; but the sticks they placed on the banks showed a scarcely perceptible fall. We outspanned too, and for an hour or two watched for the “beacon-rocks,” which were just beginning to show a perceptible ripple, when a cart appeared on the opposite bank, and dashed through the eddying torrent without hesitation. Higher and higher the water rose in the cart—up to the seat—as with breathless interest we watched the driver guiding his struggling horses safely through. Then measuring his water-mark on our own cart, and piling our luggage high out of reach on the seats and cap-tent, we got through the deepest and most dangerous part safely; but here our horses stuck, and refused to move. One by one we had to be carried out on the shoulders of natives, and then only the empty cart was got through. Dangerous work this crossing of flooded rivers! At the “Modder” next day, which was equally full, we had even a more narrow escape from being upset and washed down the stream—one wheel, getting over a sunken ledge as just we were out of the strongest current and nearly through, tilted us up to the overbalancing point, when portly Van Wyk lent the whole of his weight, and just—*only just*—restored our equilibrium! When—oh! when—will our rulers see the ECONOMY of bridging our rivers? Life, time, property is wantonly wasted year after year, when a toll of a few pence or shillings would pay for a remedy! They make “Bridge Acts” to tempt speculators, but *dare* not act themselves, *for fear of expense*. “Public works!” they exclaim, quite horrified—“*who’ll pay for ’em?*” If such is the material our Parliament is made of, how *can* the country progress without brains or steam? After crossing the Riet River, the country becomes more grassy, the greenstone “kopjes” are covered with dark, low scrub, and the “bitter karoo” appears here and there between the long, thin, juiceless grass of the plains. These vast level, treeless tracts of the Interior, though tiring to travel over, are not without interest to the thoughtful mind, covered everywhere with a thick deposit of alluvial clay derived from the sandstones and shales of a former epoch, now only seen where protected by the hard capping of molten rock, which was forced up through rents and fissures from below, overflowing their surface. These shales were the *mud* of former ages, re-formed and hardened into rock, to be again ground down and reduced into mud or clay, and poured over hollow and rise, forming the plains and pans as we see them now. Thousands of feet in depth of hard horizontal rock, wasted and worn away over thousands of miles by rain and wind and snow,—what periods of *time* does the slow process represent? It is this *impervious* coating of clay that gives them their *arid*, treeless character, a natural drainage flowing off by rivers, or, where obstructed by rock dykes or mounds, forming “pans” and periodical lakes and “vleis,” as the water subsides slowly through the porous sandstone down to the retention beds below, forming under-ground reservoirs. At dark we reached Britz’s home—a cottage of two small rooms near

an extensive lake or "pan." It was furnished with a wooden settee of ancient date, two chairs, a small table, and the omnipresent "Huis Apotheek," or tin drug box, with its large flaring letters—the only apparatus I could see for mental or physical education. The carcase of an ox tied up in its hide, and three springboks just killed, and still bleeding, hung from the beam with long strips of biltong, dried pumpkin, riems, voorslags, and mealies, and other Boer luxuries. The proprietor, Britz, with red handkerchief tied over his chin and neuralgic head, a recent cold distilling silently from his nose like the drip from a stalactite, sat in the place of honour, complaining of the winter as a *terrible* infliction for an old man like him. "Never warm, but in bed," said he dolefully, "and then only in company!" His other half (I can't say *better*, for they twain were one flesh apparently) sat opposite, over a small square box of "patent fuel" such as their cattle afforded, keeping up her languid circulation *thermally* in lieu of the vital heat of exercise, much given to sighing and scolding and "sinkens," the result of habitual stagnation of all the faculties she ever had or might have had. For the last eighteen years, she told me—the age of her eldest boy—she had been constantly regretting the want of a "meester." None knew their alphabet; books had not reached so far; yet even the *youngest* knew all the bright letters on the family medicine chest, but *no more*—not even the eldest, as I found upon asking him, knew more: his ideas had been taught *to shoot*, without aid of itinerant "meester." Won't you send young Britz a picture-book, reader? He's a sharp, clever boy I can tell you, though he can't read what I say of him. Supper came on—a melancholy spread of boiled ox bones with the meat ingeniously cut off for biltong, leaving the crevices between the big joints to be picked by the enthusiastic travellers. The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat if you get it, thought I, as we all set to at the work of dissection; no bread, no butter had we; but *then* we had pumpkin and—appetites, and I at least thoroughly enjoyed it. "If Britz's home be a type of family comfort and life in this wild world," thought I and my comrades, spreading our cloaks and lying down in a row on the mud floor, "the sooner we sleep it off the better." An hour before daylight I awoke, and found Britz, jun., who had shot the three springboks, melting bullets for more to convert into biltong, so I sat by the fire till daylight, listening to the story of his life, past and present, and his views of the future, and then went out in the crisp hoar-frost, white as snow, to look for our driver. I found him asleep in the sheep kraal, in the open air, a friendly angora ram lying on his chest and warm-hearted merinos cuddling over and round him! He jumped up from under his living coverlet, and began to dress. "What; take off your clothes on a night like this!" said I, perfectly astonished. It was really the fact; he had used *them* as a pillow, so the sheep got the warmth of *his* body and he got *theirs*, as he lay on his "hotbed" in the warm sheep kraal like a very cold cucumber. We thought ourselves better off in the close, odoriferous cottage—it

might be mere fancy, a matter of taste, but he slept softer and warmer no, doubt, in the open air. We are off—the sun comes out on the flats with a shout. Hurrah! life teeming here, there, everywhere. The frost melts hurriedly at the sight of him, and the icy film on the lake parts and breaks up as we rattle along its shore, over crackling pools and frozen sedge, going full three miles round instead of straight through as usual. What a contrast the sunshine makes everywhere even in Britz's home. Till the rain ceased, nothing was seen. *Now*, as we drive along, herds of springboks stand gazing at us with heads erect like deer as we pass, sniffing the morning breeze, and then bounding sportively away, showing their snow-white backs like flashes of light as they leap high in air, as from an elastic board, or trot lightly up to the road which they clear at a bound, following their leader to their comrades grazing afar off, where we can also see, by their size and heavier gait, and the horns turned back as they run, a troop of blesboks frisking and galloping about. Birds, too, suddenly appear under the magic wand of the sun—korhaans, vaal and blauw partridges—plovers and quails, and the tame Namaqua grouse sitting close to the road till the whip drives them off; the stately secretary stalks along with his quill behind his ear like the "Secretaris" of old in the time of the Dutch. The country becomes bushy and studded with acacias—the giraffe and heterocarpae. At Scholtz's, the two Van Wyks leave us, and walk to Du Toit's Pan, whose tents are visible six miles off, and we go on to Pniel, which we reach at half-past eight, a clear, dark, starlight night.

Suddenly, after travelling for hours in the dark, over roads paved by nature with roughest of stones and round pebbles, weariedly dozing and dreaming, a dazzling light bursts upon us as we round a stony hill. It is Klipdrift and Pniel—twin cities of Fairyland, painted by candlelight on the dark sky, with the winding "Vaal" River flowing between, still hidden in darkness. The effect upon dreamy strangers emerging from the black night was magical—startling, indeed, till the eye got used to the change. Pniel was below us, busy preparing its supper—every tent and marquee lit up, its wagons and merry groups of Boer-diggers brightly illumined by crackling fires, sending up savoury notice of the evening meal, cooking in the open air. Loud sounds of gossip, and cheers and laughter greet us as we pass on. Shadows flit to and fro on the canvas-walls of tent and marquee,—advancing, receding, enlarging, decreasing, assuming quaint forms and attitudes, suggestive of strange doings within. *Here, surely*, a row is going on! Shadowy figures running excitedly with long sticks,—low mutterings of *cannons*, and threatening hints about *pockets*. Bah!—it's only a billiard marquee! On another, and thinner, and more aristocratic affair, a figure suddenly bulges out—collapses, and bulges out again. Now an arm is thrust out horizontally, like a semaphore, assuming fantastic shapes,—changing every moment. "Mrs. B—— goes *early* to bed," drily remarks my companion. Oh! the transparency of



tent life ! (Mrs. B——, of course is a myth, and has no connection whatever with the shadowy phantasmagoria on the canvas wall, dear reader,—a mere unsubstantial myth, like that other Mrs. B——, of the *Cape Monthly*, who charms us with syren voice so naïvely—so sweetly\* ; and the shadows are only shadows of things that have been, or may have been).

Alighting at the “Grand Arch Hotel” (a marquee, of course), I give the proprietor (Jardine) a letter “of recommendation” from his partner. “Very sorry, Doctor, but *Pm full*,—not a bed to be had, unless you’ll share a bed with a man with rheumatic fever !” I stood for a moment hesitating, carpet-bag in hand, between the two alternatives—the cold frosty air of the “kopje” yonder, where I might sleep under lee of a boulder, wrapped in my cloak, or the hot fevered breath of the unknown rheumatic stranger in the “Grand Arch Hotel” of Pniel. A tug at my carpet-bag roused me from my reverie. “*I’ll get you a bed, sir*,” said a voice I knew, taking my bag from me. It was G——, my late coachman, who had left me a year ago on account of ill health, and was now a man of wealth and importance, making his £7 per diem ! he told me, delighted at meeting me. He let his old master sleep on the cold “kopje ?” Don’t you believe it. “Come along, sir, and I’ll take you over in my boat to Klipdrift,” said he. “You sleep with *me* !” said another voice in the crowd—(it was a crowd I can tell you, was Jardine’s Hotel in those days !) “I’ll give you a bed, Doctor,” said another voice, whom I recognized now as my fellow-passenger who slept with me on the Stormberg, where we so fiercely, yet innocently, abused his uncle, the great diamond merchant of London ! “I’ll give you a room,” said M——, one of the wealthiest merchants there. So we all walked down to the ferry through black excavations—the graves of the diamonds—deep and dangerous at night time. Just as the *Fairy* shot out from under the tall trees fringing the river, the moon rose up in beauty, darting her rays over the water in one broad band of light,—the exact width of her own diameter, reflected as in a mirror ; no ripple, no wavy fringe glittering and glancing as in other common streams,—the “Vaal” is still and smooth—no sign of a current—a river-lagoon, in fact, across which, amongst the reflected stars, lay that long, bright beam of dazzling light, unbroken save where the ripple of our boat advancing broke it up into wavelets of gold.

*There lies the key to the Diamond-fields of the “Vaal,”* said I to myself, as we slowly in silence glided across. Hark ! What sound is that like the boom of the sea ? Is it some distant waterfall ?—is “Gong-Gong” near ?—what unseen influence murmurs in the air ? ’Tis but the hum of digger life subsiding,—settling itself to sleep.

\* We really cannot permit our friend the Doctor to speak of our “Mrs. B——” as an “unsubstantial myth.” If he only had the pleasure of knowing her (as we fancy he must have in Graham’s Town) he would have found her to be fat, fair, and not very far from forty, although this is a secret which she will not thank us for revealing.—Ed.

## A Philosopher at Play.

[For the following delightful "Exercitations" we are indebted to Sir Thomas Maclear. One of them, the tragic catastrophe of Humpty Dumpty, we fancy we have seen in the *Cornhill Magazine* some years ago. As they now appear they were transcribed by Sir John Herschel only one short month before his death, for the private amusement of his old friend Sir Thomas at the Cape. We have the manuscript now before us; and it is written with a firmness and vigour which seem perfectly marvellous.—  
ED. C. M. M.]

### HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE.

*Latine Redditum (ab inscriptione vet. Etruscâ).*

Conclamemus Io! didylanti voce, Didylle!  
Heu! queritur conclusa cavâ testudine Felis,  
Miaulat\* et incassum luctatur: dum pede Lunam  
Spernens, Vacca procax saltu super æthera fertur.  
Ingeminat risum Catulus, lætisq̃ue cachinnis  
Ludicra tanta videns, extenso rumpitur ore.  
Interea patulæ Lances agilesq̃ue patellæ  
Corripiunt spatulas, necnon cochlearia tollunt.

J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

October 21, 1866.

### GOOSEY GOOSEY GANDER.—*Latine Redditum.*

*De Nymphâ quadam in avem ancipiti sexu mutatâ.*

Anserietta! latens duplici sub imagine Nympha!  
Quos agar in lucos? Quæ loca cæca petam?  
Anne datur gradibus penetralia scandere tecti  
Qua se conclusam casta Marita tenet?  
En! vero, vetulus, renegans sacra vota Deorum,  
Nec precibus curans flectere fata, sedet  
Improbis! At dextrum crus corripe, corripe lævum!  
Volvatur præceps, frangat et ossa simul.

J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

March 16, 1858.

### OLD KING COLE.—*Latine Redditum.*

*De Rege quodam Colio, seu Collio.*

Colius, exactis Rex multis non gravis annis  
Et conviva procax, et genialis erat.  
Crateram ingentem, et tabacum, citharasque poposcit;  
Carmine cum fumo gratius ut biberet.  
Ut dederit strepitum Fidicen, clamavit "Io! quis,  
"Quis potiora valet promere musta cadis?"

(\* Sic in inscriptione Etruscâ).

“Quis cantu melior? Quis nobis jollior? \* aut quis  
 “Serior in noctem ducere festa potest?  
 “Ludite nunc, Pueri! Vino submergite curas!  
 “Nemo autem hac mensâ † jam nisi potus eat.”

J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

January 30, 1858.

## THE CATASTROPHE OF HUMPTY DUMPTY.

### *Latine Redditum.*

Humptius in muro consedit Dumptius. Atqui  
 Horribili casu Dumptius, Heu! cecidit.  
 Non, si Regis equi, Regisque exercitus omnis  
 Instarent operi—tollere mille manus  
 Vi validâ enixæ—speraret Dumptius unquam  
 Restitui, ac sedem rursus inire suam.

J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

December 31, 1866.

In connection with the above, we may take the liberty of stating that we happened to submit the proofs to the critical inspection of our friend, Dr. Dale, who has given us the benefit of his acumen, as follows:—

“The Prolusiones are very good: I have noted down two of the pieces  
 “as done into Latin in the *Arundines Cami*. The great Philosopher  
 “appears to have taken great liberties with the “textus receptus” of Hey-  
 “diddle-diddle and Goosey Gander; and he evidently follows a spurious  
 “version of Humpty Dumpty in the line which, in all authorized editions,  
 “is—

“All the King’s horses and all the *Queen’s* men.”

“but I suppose the MSS may have been corrupted by this time.”

VERSIONS BY HENRY DRURY.—(*Arundines Cami*).

### *Hei Didulum.*

Hei didulum—atque iterum didulum! Felisque Fidesque!  
 Vacca super Lunæ cornua prosiluit;  
 Dumque cachinnabat risu ingeminante catellus,  
 Surripuit turpi Lanx cochleare fuga.

### *Humtius Dumtius.*

Humtius in muro requievit Dumtius alto;  
 Humtius è muro Dumtius heu! cecidit:  
 Sed non Regis equi, Reginae exercitus omnis,  
 Humti, te, Dumti restituere loco!

\* Some of the ancient MSS have *lætior*, but the adopted reading is of purer Latinity. It would seem to be a contracted comparative of *Jovialis*.

† Mensam pugno percutit.

## Mysterious Noises.

OF course, I don't believe in ghosts ; nobody does in this enlightened age ; but I *should* like to know what made that noise in the China-closet. Our house stood quite alone ; we had no neighbours for half a mile. The China-closet was in the parlour, and at the back of it the garden. On this night all the household had gone to bed except my elder sister, who was reading by the parlour fire. My youngest sister and I slept together ; we had finished our usual chat, and were just beginning to feel sleepy when—crash ! crash ! went something in the China-closet, making such a clang and clatter that it rang through the house, startling everybody in it. We both jumped up ; the same thought occurred to each of us. The great China punch-bowl that was on the top shelf must have fallen down among the cups and saucers, and broken every one.

We ran down stairs, and into the parlour. Alicia was standing in the middle of the room with her book in her hand, very pale, and looking towards the place from whence the noise had come. "What is broken?" we said, and hurried to the closet, the door of which was wide open. We looked in ; nothing was broken ; not a cup or dish was displaced. There was the punch-bowl safe on the shelf ; there were piled the plates ; there snugly packed the cups ; not a single thing was out of its place. My sister said the noise was so sudden and violent that it made her jump out of her chair. She opened the door, expecting to see the floor covered with fragments, and found it as we saw it.

She followed us up-stairs, having had enough of reading for that night. As we passed our mother's door she put out her head, and asked if the shelves had all fallen with the China. She could hardly believe us when we told her that nothing was broken or had fallen. Now, what *could* have made that crash ? If anybody had died just then, of course we should have shaken our heads, and said it was a sign. But no one died that I know of. Isaac Taylor thinks, that as once in a great number of years an Egyptian locust is found in Hyde Park, so once now and then a spirit from another sphere finds its way into this,—an impish spirit of low nature,—not altogether good, nor altogether bad ; but if such a tricksy sprite made this noise, why didn't it come again ? Perhaps the same wind that blew it here blew it away again !

There are a great many stories of noises of this kind, like crash of crockery and broken glass ; and after this experience of mine I am not disposed to pooh-pooh them. Perhaps if any one took the trouble to compare and investigate, the cause might in time be found out. There is another class of noises which may be classed with the phenomena of which Mr. Helps speaks in his new book, "Brevia." He says, "I wish I could persuade men of science and men who have peculiar gifts of investigation and examination, that it would be most



desirable for them, and a worthy employment of their gifts, to examine what, for want of a better term, we may call spiritual phenomena? There are numbers of statements, apparently well authenticated, in which it appears that the last thoughts and wishes of a dying person have had great influence over relatives and friends, divided from those dying persons by large distances of land and sea."

Now, I know a "well-authenticated" case of what I should think was a spiritual phenomenon, although that was only a noise. My mother, with her usual kindness of heart, had been good to an old gentlewoman in reduced circumstances who lived near us. The poor lady fell ill; my mother procured medical advice for her, and took care that she wanted nothing. She and my sister attended to her constantly. Mrs. S. became much attached to my sister, who used to read to her, and very often relieved the nurse in her night watches. Mrs. S. had a particular knock by which we always knew her when she came to see us before the door was opened. She used to give three distinct raps with her knuckles. One night my sister left her apparently not worse than usual, and retired to bed. In the night she awoke, and shortly afterwards heard three distinct little raps on the door, which she immediately recognized as Mrs. S.'s knock. She struck a light, looked at her watch and saw that it was a quarter to three. Early in the morning, on going to her old friend's house, the nurse informed her that Mrs. S. had died at exactly a quarter to three!

I remember something else—that mysterious rustle on the stairs which frightened me so much. Now, I beg to say, I am not at all timid. When I was a little girl at school, I have often on dark nights, when there was no moon or stars, gone to the bottom of a long garden and gathered a leaf of a May tree which grew there, to show the girls I was not afraid. They would stand in a group at the door, watching for my re-appearing—a great deal more frightened than I was. And I remember once doing what only a very fearless child would have thought of. I was ten years old, and had been sent for my health to a farm-house for a few weeks. One evening I had listened with the most perfect faith to a story of a large black dog which was seen "to walk" every night between twelve and one; it crossed the bridge below, passed the house, and, after going through some lanes, disappeared by my grandfather's house.

I said nothing, but I made up my mind that I would watch. My dread of losing the hour kept me awake, and on the first stroke of twelve I stole noiselessly out of bed, caught up a shawl, and, before the clock had finished striking, found myself huddled up in the seat of a window which overlooked the road. It was a moonlight night, and if any dog had made its appearance I should have seen it; but none came, though I patiently watched with mingled feelings of awe and hope until past one. I repeat I am not nervous, and if anything startles me I invariably go close up to see what it is. Then, why should I have been so terrified by a rustle on the stairs?

My sister and myself had heard noises in the room below ours after all the household had gone to bed. When we spoke of it at breakfast time we were laughed at, and told that we had been dreaming. On the third night I said, "If we hear it to night I'll go and see what it is." Accordingly, some time in the night my sister touched me: "There it is." I listened; yes, there was somebody walking about down stairs. I lighted the candle, and, thrusting my feet into slippers, said laughingly, "Now I shall catch them." I had no thought but that it was the maid walking in her sleep, and that we should vindicate ourselves next morning at breakfast from the charge of dreaming. I opened the door, and was going out, when I heard a rustle on the stairs which were directly before me, the lower part in shadow, but I saw there was nothing. Instantly a chill came all over me, a cold air passed over my face. I felt every hair on my head move; hastily drawing back, I shut the door, and, with trembling limbs and a beating heart, I sank down in the chair close by. For the first time in my life I felt what terror was, but for what an insufficient reason—only a rustle on the stairs! The terror must have come from the instantaneous impression that as there was nothing visible or accountable which could have produced the rustle, it must have had a supernatural origin,—something was there! As to the noise, I dare say my father was right in his conjecture that it was caused by a horse walking about outside the house; and as to the rustle, it might have been in the wall itself. I don't care about that; but why the terror? Why should we fear a spirit of which we know nothing; is it *because* we know nothing and cannot tell what powers of evil it may have! Hardly that, or not altogether that; for if we knew that at a certain time we should meet the spirit of a dearly loved departed friend, I think we should wait the coming with horror. Is it that the unknown spiritual intelligences in the universe are evil, and our souls are instinctively aware of it, so that the fear is the expression of the natural repulsion between the human soul and the unknown spirit? I wish somebody able to deal with this subject would take it up, and make it a little clearer.

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### On the Affinity between the Indo-European and the African Bantu Languages.

MUCH has been done of late to classify the various forms of human speech, and to reduce their puzzling number to a few large families. Languages which formerly were considered to be complete strangers to each other have been clearly proved to belong to one and the same family. When, a century ago, the French missionary Coeurdoux asked the Paris Academy how it was that the sacred language of the Hindoos seemed to have so much in common with Greek and Latin, the French *savants* were not able to answer that question,—and it is possible that some of them smiled at the suggestion of the existence

of an affinity which, after the researches of Bopp and others, every schoolboy is now taught to accept as an undisputed fact. The South African Bantu languages, too, are known now to form a wide-spread family. "No doubt can any longer remain," says Dr. Bleek in his Comparative Grammar, p. 143, "as to the fact that the Papuan, Polynesian, and Malay languages are related to the Bantu languages, and that thus the Prefix-Pronominal Class forms almost one continuous belt of languages on both sides of the equator, from the mouth of the Senegal to the Sandwich Islands."

This is certainly a great achievement in philology. But the question naturally arises: Are those large families of languages, such as the Indo-European, Semitic, Bantu, and others, quite disconnected? Is there no tie of union observable between them? Can no traces of an original unity be discovered?

Several African missionaries, authors of grammars and dictionaries, have given hints on the probable existence of some relationship between the Bantu, Indo-European, and Semitic families. Indeed, it is impossible for any intelligent observer not to be struck with the exceeding similarity in form and sound of many African words with corresponding ones familiar to a European. Even a superficial run through the respective vocabularies would easily discover instances as the following:—

BEAT: Saxon, *beatan*; Zulu, *beta*; Herero, *veta*, to hew, kick.

CALL: Icelandic, *kalla*; Latin, *calo*; Hebrew, *kara*; Zulu, *kala*, to exclaim, sound; Herero, *kara* in *kar-uruka*, to cry, exclaim.

GROW: Danish, *gro*; Dutch, *groeijen*; Herero, *kura*; Zulu, *kula*.

LAME: Saxon, *lam*; Icelandic, *lama*, broken in limbs or strength; Sanscrit, *klam*, to be quite fatigued; Zulu, *lamba*, to be hungry, thin, slender; Herero, *rambi*, thin, without flesh, properly exhausted, pursued, from *ramba*, to pursue, hunt.

MINGLE, MIX: German, *mengen*, *mischen*; Sanscrit, *mistch*; Saxon, *mengean*; Herero, *mianga*.

SEND: German, *senden*; Herero, *hinda*, *shinda*.

THREE: German, *drei*; Latin, *tres*; Sanscrit, *tri*; Herero, *tatu*; other Bantu dialects, *taru*, *taro*.

But it will be objected by many that cases like the above only form the minority, and may therefore be merely accidental. Linguists will tell us that the only way to prove the relationship between two languages is to show that both share the same grammatical structure. Not on the occasional similarity between words, it will be argued, but on the agreement in the whole grammatical construction is the affinity between Sanscrit, Gothic, Latin, Greek, and the Teutonic forms of speech on the one hand, and the Kafir, Setshuana, Angola, Polynesian on the other, based; and as the former are sex-denoting, and the latter prefix-pronominal languages, the two families have nothing in common.

Now, if this reasoning is correct; if the grammatical structure is the only foundation on which comparative philology can operate, it is evident that any endeavour to discover the unity of language must be

regarded as futile ; for it is plain that as it regards some families of languages there is no similarity between their respective grammatical features discernible, and others are said to be almost entirely wanting in the latter. But, whilst fully admitting the correctness of the principle of grouping a set of kindred languages according to their peculiar grammatical features, it appears to me not impossible that a broader foundation should be laid one day, and a wider sphere drawn, in which some, if not all, families of human speech can unite.

It is only natural that an amateur should feel some diffidence to pronounce an opinion on such a perplexing problem as the unity of languages is acknowledged to be ; but if I am allowed to offer a remark, I would suggest that inquiries into the mutual affinity of two or more families of languages should be based on *the principle of the affinity of roots*. It is well known that in the Bantu family roots are not isolated forms ; they exist in clusters. Each group may be observed to consist of a number of roots, with consonants generally of the same organ, but with different vowels, as, for example, *kata*, *hetha*, *hita*, *kota*, *kuta*. Each group is pervaded by one leading idea, the consonants being the bearers of the radical sense which is, in the several roots, modified by vowels, by whom a certain by-meaning is produced in the following way :—

*Kata*, to go *together*, to move together, to stick, to cleave together, to unite by pasting, &c.

*Hetha*, to go *from within*, out of the line, to glide out.

*Hita*, to go *in*, to enter.

*Kota*, to go *from above*, to move down, to bow down, to bend, &c.

*Kuta*, to go *over*, to run over, to be full, to have enough.

Now, I think we may safely conclude that if such groups, or remnants of groups, of Bantu roots are found in the Indo-European languages, the latter must share a common origin with the Bantu family. An occasional consonance may be the product of mere chance ; stray words may pass from one language to another ; but if we discover in two different families of languages traces of *groups of roots common to both*, this cannot be accidental, it points to an original unity. Each group forms, as it were, a separate organism,—and with the same ease and certainty as the zoologist, from a few imperfect bones, is able to form a correct idea as to the whole animal, so the philologist will recognize, in different families of languages, any group of roots, though only a few time-worn remnants should have been preserved.

The following few illustrations will serve to make my meaning clearer. But, before proceeding, I must again call the attention of the student to the primeval laws of the vowels, briefly stated in my article on the origin of language, in the *Magazine* for August, 1871. Those laws I consider to be the key to the primary sense of roots.

We commence with the personal pronoun *he*, Herero, *u (ku)*; Hebrew, *hu*. The resemblance between these forms is, indeed,



striking,—but can it be shown that it is not merely casual? Let us see. The pronoun *u* (*ku*) in the Bantu languages does not stand alone; it is a member of a group of pronominal roots. It is derived from (or identical with part of) the first prefix *u-mu* (originally *Ku-mu*, or, according to Dr. Bleek, *Ngua*), and identical with *gu* in the demonstrative pronoun *in-gu-i*. The meaning of *u* (*ku*, *gu*) must have been originally the erect moving one, *i.e.*, man; hence its fitness to be used for both the second and third person. Related to *u* (*ku*) is the pronoun of the first person singular *i*, *dyi* (Herero), *ki* (Setshuana), which is a modification of *u* (*ku*), the vowel *i* pointing to the inner being of man, his *self*.

*U* (*ku*),—he, she, thou, you, properly *man*.  
*I*, *ki*, *I*,—properly *man-self*.

It appears to me beyond all doubt that the above two ancient Bantu words, which constitute the very kernel of the several forms of the personal pronoun singular, are allied to each other. Now,—and this is the principle I advocate,—as *both* these pronouns also occur in the Indo-European and Semitic languages, this cannot be accidental,—it proves the existence of a radical affinity between the three families.

Personal pronoun, third person:—African Bantu, *u* (original form *ku*); Saxon, *he*; Dutch, *hij*; Hebrew, *hu*. The original vowel *u* has thus been preserved in Hebrew. It is worthy of remark that the Semitic *hu*, like the Bantu *u*, was employed originally for both genders, masculine and feminine. The feminine form *hi* is regarded as being only a variation of *hu*, and of a later date.

Personal pronoun, first person:—Setshuana, *ki*; Zulu, *ngi*; Herero, *dyi*, *i* (in *me*, contracted of *ma-i*); Saxon, *ic*; Gothic, *ik*; Latin, *ego*; Hebrew, *an-oki*, *an-ki*, *an-i*, *i* (suffix). The affixed *m* or *am*, in Welsh *ym*; Sanscrit, *aham*, *I*, is perhaps identical with the prefixed *ma*, *m* in Bantu, and *an* in Hebrew.

If we apply the principle under discussion to the verb, the result will be equally satisfactory. We shall choose such roots as were evidently not formed in imitation of sound.

The Herero verb *konda*, to cut through, to saw, and Gothic *kotta*, Icelandic *kuta*, to cut, are much alike in sound and meaning; but if there is no other proof, we can by no means be sure of their identity. If, however, it can be shown that the Herero *konda* and the Gothic *kotta* are members of a group of roots, common to both families,—Indo-European and Bantu—then we have another convincing proof of their radical affinity. Guided by the laws of the vowels, we recognize in *konda* a member of that wide-spread group of roots whose radical meaning is to strike (the ground), to run, to move, to go, *viz.*, *kata*, to cleave, properly to move together, to paste, to make stick together; *kanda*, to strike (the ground originally), to beat, to run together, to congeal, &c.; *kuta*, to have enough, to be satisfied, properly to run over; *kunda*, to be full, properly to run over, applied in Herero to numbers; *konda*, to go over, through (a river, &c.), to

run through with a knife, saw, to cut through, to saw; *hita*, to step in, to go in, to enter; *tyinda*, to remove, properly to go from within, out; *hinda*, *shinda*, to make one go out, to send. Let us now inquire whether traces of this group can be discovered in Indo-European languages. We have already mentioned the verb *cut*, Gothic *kotta*, which corresponds to the Herero *konda*, to go over, through, to run through with a knife, saw, to saw, to cut through. Allied to *konda* is *kuta*, to run over, to be full, to which corresponds our adjective *good*, German *gut*, to be complete, &c. *Kata*, to move together, to cleave together, we recognize in the old words *gaden*; Dutch, *gade*; German, *gatte*; English, *gather*, to move together, to join. *Hinda*, *shinda*, to send, to make one go out, seems identical with *send*; Saxon, *sendan*; German, *senden*; "*sind*, a way, journey."

Closely allied to the foregoing group are the Bantu roots *yanda*, *anda*, to run fast, to run far, out of sight, to cease, to go far, to spread, to increase; *yunda*, *unda*, to hide, properly to move downwards, to screen one-self from sight, to run under a bush, &c. These roots, too, have been preserved in the Aryan family. With *yanda*, *anda* we identify the Gothic word *andeis*; English, *end*; German, *ende*; and with *yunda*, *unda* may be compared *un* or *und* in the preposition *under*; Gothic, *undar*; German, *unter*; Icelandic, *undir*.

In another group of Bantu roots the primary sense is to grasp, and also (probably because with beasts of prey grasping and springing is, as it were, one act) to spring, to leap:—*kamba* (in *kamb-ura*, Herero) to take, to grasp; *humba* (in *humb-ura*, Herero), to snatch off; *kamba*, *hamba* (Herero and Zulu), to leap, advance, move; and many others. This group seems to appear in Aryan in such words as *give*; Gothic, *giban* (properly to cause to take); Sanscrit, "*grabh*, to take, of which the causative signifies to cause to take;" Latin *capio*, to take; *camp*; Danish, *kamp*; Icelandic, *kapp*; German, *kampf*, *kämpfen* (primary sense probably to pounce upon, to grasp, wrestle); *jump*, *skip*; Danish, *gumpe* (to jolt); Icelandic, *skopa*; Gothic, *skumpa*, to run about. Here, as in Bantu, the two ideas to grasp and to jump meet in the same group of roots. Now, phenomena like these cannot possibly be mere play of chance.

Very clear and convincing appears to me the evidence supplied by that cluster of roots whose primary meaning is to be hard, dry, traces of which are not only found in Aryan and Bantu, but also in Semitic. The original form of these roots seems to have been *kaka*, *kuka* (*koka*) the vowel *u* (or *o*) in the latter probably signifying *over*, *much*; *kaka*, to be hard, dry; *kuka*, *koka*, to be over-hard, very hard. To this group belong the words *cook*; Gothic, *koka*; Latin, *coquo*; German, *kochen* (properly to bake, to harden); *cake*, Dutch, *koek*; German, *kuchen*; Zulu, *u-koko*, a crust of bread, &c.; Herero, *kuku-ta*, to be hard; *kaka*, to grow hard, dry, to get a crust; from this *on-gaka*, *armadillo*, the name referring to the hard shell of the animal; *kaba*, *kasha*, to be dry; *oma-kasha*, dried leaves, tobacco. In Hebrew, the

student may compare the root *kasha* and its several forms, all of which convey the idea to be hard, or to harden.

I have no leisure at my command for going more fully into the subject. But, brief as this paper is, I hope it sets forth sufficiently clear what I conceive to be a safe method of tracing the original unity of language, or at all events, the radical oneness of two great families of language, whose principal features of diversity consist in this, that the Bantu family tenaciously retained the ancient pronominal forms, whilst the Indo-European in its onward move, to a great extent, threw them off; thus sacrificing form to thought, and building on the common primeval basis a new grammatical superstructure, less symmetrical indeed, but more fit for use.

F. W. KOLBE.

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### *Le Miserable.*

LINES OMITTED IN THE "LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who would not, if he could, be wed  
To one, his own, his chosen bride?  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd  
To see his love with love return'd  
By some fair partner at his side?  
If such there be, go, mark him well;  
For him no sweet affections swell;  
No tender cares are his to claim:  
No children, proud to bear his name:  
High though his titles, large his pelf,  
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,  
Shall be the mark, as years roll down,  
For mocker's gibe, and Beauty's frown;  
His name, but as a by-word kept,  
Unlov'd, unhonour'd, and unwept.

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## Eastern Siberia.

### LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.

LEAVING Shanghai, the great mart for exportation in China, we proceed through the Corea Straits, pass the land of the same name—a country as yet unknown to civilization, and of late years the scene of disastrous results from the attempt to enforce civilization on the present barbarous tribes—and arrive on the coast of Eastern Siberia—a name which sends a thrill of horror through every breast; or, at least, did so until of late years, when emancipation and freedom, the followers of enlightenment, have led to more liberal consequences. But the Siberia of my slight narrative must not be confounded with its sister State; and, although moral and political offenders find their way here, yet their station is different, and their occupation is not of that class which has rendered the mining of Western Siberia so terribly horrible, and a marked stain in the annals of Russian history.

They apparently do not possess the means of colonizing, but do so by forced conscript. Their peasants are for the most part convicts, or descendants of convicts; whilst the higher classes are persons who, from some political or moral offence, are compelled by the exigencies of the Russian laws to make Siberia their home. Such are the components of Society occupying these territorial acquisitions of the Russian Empire—acquisitions which are gradually and progressively increasing, to the detriment of the native tribes, and eventually to their extermination. The whole sea board from Novgorod Harbour to the far North is occupied by scattered families; the boundary line of the Russian territory being the river Tumen.

Of the many ports on this coast of the Gulf of Tartary, Vladivostok, or Port May, is evidently the best adapted for marine purposes, and bids fair to be a rising place—not, perhaps, in a mercantile point of view; but, from the security and capacity of its harbour, it affords every facility for naval operations.

The climate in summer on this coast is mild, but the rigours of winter are severe. The ports are barred by floating or consolidated ice—which clears considerably sooner in the southern ports, and therefore increases the value of Port May over that of De Castries Bay or Nikolaevsk. At the present time (1868), there is a small naval yard, and a dock in construction, capable, it is presumed, of taking a vessel of eight hundred tons. The settlement is small, and the society limited; but, fortunately, at the time of our visit the whole scene was enlivened by the arrival of the Russian Admiral and the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, each attended by his own particular suite. To these officials we were greatly indebted for our amusement; but the main contributor, to whom too much praise for courtesy and a thorough desire to render every assistance cannot be



awarded, was the Commandant, an officer in command of a gun-vessel. There is a happy combination of barrack and sailor life here displayed; and there are, perhaps, few distinguished officers of high rank that would care for or submit to the moderate fare and total absence of all modern comfort beyond a table and chair with a barrack bed, which is the ordeal of a temporary residence in Siberia.

The ladies of society are composed of Russians, an American, and a Chinese—the wife of an Englishman—whose peculiarity was to be a lady. She expressed her ambition in most emphatic terms, using the Anglo-Chinese vernacular, by observing that she wished to be at Sanghai, where “all the same lady makee lead! makee light!”\* This seemed to be the height of her aspirations, her present mode of life partaking too much of household drudgery, in consequence of disputes constantly arising between the natives and Russian authorities.

The articles of exportation from this coast are seaweed and *Beche de Mer*—a considerable trade being carried on with the Chinese and Japanese. At Olga Bay, a port to the north of Port May, there is a settlement peopled entirely by colonists. It consists of two villages, inhabited by a few hundred persons; but the idea of colonizing has proved a failure, probably from the action of Government control or interference, or from the inaptitude of Russians to work the system. Here alone might be seen agriculture, other places being destitute, with the exception of a few vegetables. With the slightest amount of energy, corn might be grown in large quantities, possibly sufficient to supply the wants of a great portion of the inhabitants. A large extensive plain, watered by a river and enclosed by hills, affords plenty of occupation to those whose minds are given to agricultural pursuits. But at present little is cultivated; in fact, nothing beyond the requirements of the villagers.

During winter game is abundant, and in summer the rivers and bays are full of salmon. Nature is prolific, whilst man but idles away existence, and partakes of the food so plentifully thrown in his path! It would barely be credited that salmon are so numerous, but I have known a thousand to be caught at one haul. It forms a staple food during winter, and is greatly in requisition for dogs used in sleighs. Deer are numerous, and during our stay at Port May a battuce was instituted for our amusement. A party of soldiers were employed in beating the woods during the early morn, to drive the game through a glen where our force was stationed at certain distances apart. Hardly had we been posted, before, crashing through the low brushwood, came a deer, when my Hibernian friend, with an Irishism, dropped pipe, and sent a whizzing ball, but without result.

All were then rapt attention, and along the line the signal ran, but the battuce was over, the deer having been driven past some hours

\* The Anglo-Chinese vernacular is incapable of pronouncing the letter *r*.

previous. As a *finale* to this interesting sport, we partook of a repast *a la russe*, crowned with the world-famed Russian Punch. For the benefit of the uninitiated into the mystery, I shall here inform them of the ingredients of this compound, which consists of a loaf of sugar, melted by the flames of champagne, brandy, wine, &c.,—water bearing little or no portion.

The scene of one of our naval exploits, De Castries Bay (the port for the Amoor), is about the second harbour of importance on the coast. The old village stood some hundreds of yards from the shore, and here, until lately, might be seen the shot fired from the guns of our Squadron, but which now decorate the portals of Government-house and other residences. All that remains of this village is the plank roadway.

Continuing our course, we arrive, after a tortuous route between sand-banks and across shoals, at the chief military post, viz., the town of Nikolaevsk, which is situated about twenty-five miles from the mouth of the river Amoor. This mighty stream, the seventh in size of all the streams of the earth, drains 583,000 square miles of country; its total length is 1,700 miles, but only available for boats of a very light draught. In its course it flows first to the south-east, then north-east; it then turns rapidly north, afterwards bending to the east, where it enters the liman of the Amoor, opposite the island of Saghalien.

The town is situated on the left bank of the river; and although the chief military post is of little importance, it is a straggling town of huts, built of wood, with planks of the same material along the streets for pedestrians. The only imposing buildings are the Cathedral, the Governor's house, and the club. The latter, during our stay was kindly placed at our disposal. As a commercial port, it cannot be of much advantage, and from a strategical point of view, what prevents its becoming a port for commercial purposes proves its safety, viz., the shallow water, and numerous sand-banks which lie in the liman of the Amoor.

This town was visited by the first Englishman in 1859, and by the first foreign man-of-war, H.M.St. *Salamis*, bearing the flag of the Honourable Sir H. Keppel, G.C.B., in 1868.

The components of society are much the same as at Port May, and scandal was busy even in this small place. There are a few native tribes located on the banks of this vast river; they are migratory, coming during the fishing season to the different stations, when they exchange their furs and skins for fire-water and a few commodities. At the close of the season they return to the hunting ground, where they subsist chiefly on the dried salmon which they have cured and packed away in large quantities.

The tribe visited by us was a portion of the Ghelaks, who were then located in a small village on the right bank of the river, about five miles above Nikolaevsk. This village consisted of a few huts and sheds; the huts contain but one room, in which all persons,

irrespective of age or sex, slept, and, generally, in the centre, one or two bear cubs. They have a custom of keeping bears for a semi-religious ceremony; but the apparent object, to our ideas, was for the purpose of a ceremonial feast, when poor Bruin fell a victim to the appetites of his more fortunate owners. There is a story told of the pertinacity of one old bear who visited a Russian ship every morning whilst she lay frozen in, and who, in consequence, gained the name of Admiral.

In the island of Saghalien, which forms the boundary of the liman of the Amoor, the Russians have obtained many concessions; and, by a principle of encroachment, they bid fair to become possessors of the whole island.

At Diu, a small seaport, they have conscript colonists who work the coal mines. These mines are yet in their infancy, being only worked as surface coal; it is, however, adapted for steaming purposes.

It is thus that the Slavonic race are gradually gaining the ascendancy in the Far East; and although these territorial acquisitions are not over-populated—in fact, rather under—yet time and its progressive hand will raise a posterity which will culminate in Russia becoming one vast extent of country from the Baltic to the Pacific.

To the gradual extermination of tribes and the raising of naval and military posts should our attention be drawn. The commercial prospects of the country may be few; but, in the event of war, from those same ports their light gun-vessels would come forth like hornets from their nest, disastrously injuring, if not sweeping away England's wealth in her merchandise on those Eastern Seas.

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### Recent Colonial Publications.

1. Outlines of the Geography of South Africa, for the use of Schools (3rd Edition), by A. Wilmot. J. C. Juta, Cape Town, 1871.
2. History of the Cape Colony, for use in Schools, by A. Wilmot. J. C. Juta, Cape Town, 1871.

WE accept it as a sign of progress that the Geography and History of the Colony are now recognized subjects of instruction in our elementary schools. To be the pioneer in preparing the way for the teacher and the scholar involved a laborious and delicate task, which Mr. Wilmot has undertaken with no mean share of success.

The work on Geography is arranged with symmetry and perspicuity, and bears the evidence of having been moulded, as the author implies, by the suggestions of practical educators. The details are exclusively political and descriptive; but in due time, as our knowledge of the physical features and resources is developed, we shall look for a lucid and simple delineation of the Physical Geography of South Africa.

The School History is a narrative based largely on the more

pretentious work compiled by Wilmot and Chase; the party bias and intrusive comments, emanating from the jealousy of the extreme eastern politicians, have been wisely avoided. That a picturesque story has been produced, can hardly be affirmed; with all the toning down of the angles and abrupt paragraphs of the original narrative, we still find a want of consecutiveness which makes the book more like a chronological table of events. Still a readable and instructive history is presented to the pupil, and we hope it will find access to every colonial household.

The concluding passage fitly chimes in with the hopes we all entertain of brighter days for the Cape:—"The diffusion and improvement of education among all classes, the extension of railways and telegraphs throughout the Colony, judicious expenditure in constructing dams for the husbanding of water in those inland districts where the rain-fall is infrequent and uncertain, the training of the natives to the practice of trades and other industrial pursuits, the fusion of the many elements, British, Dutch, French, and German, which have contributed to make up our composite community of Colonists,—these measures will hasten on the development of the resources of this large Colony. Its progress has been hitherto slow; but Nature has not been niggardly of her gifts, for the Cape Colony has within it the elements of commercial greatness, besides the oft-told charm of a genial climate."

The works are got up, both as regards paper and type, in a style that is worthy of the Colonial Press from which they are issued.

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## *The Diamond-fields.*

FROM A COMMERCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

THE opening of the Suez Canal was feared by many as likely to prove as great a blow to our shipping as successive seasons of drought, *oïdium*, and rust had been to our commerce. Even our most hopeful colonists began to despond, and to talk as if the Colony had seen its best days; that we had expended our money on docks for which there seemed to be no shipping; that, notwithstanding the labours of our husbandmen, we were more or less dependent upon Australia or America for our bread; that if our vines escaped disease, our wine was unsaleable; that wool was annually falling in value; in fact, that nothing seemed likely to prosper, and that the very name of our country was a misnomer. At the very time, however, when these gloomy forebodings were at their worst, discoveries were being made on the banks of the Vaal, which promised to restore to us "the gem that the locust hath eaten;" and now, after a lapse of some two years we have diamonds shipped from our shores, estimated as worth £40,000 a week. How these treasures can be best made to benefit the whole community is what we have to consider.



The population now congregated on the Diamond-fields is, I think, not over-estimated at about 50,000 persons, collected chiefly from all parts of this Colony and Natal; and it is so far satisfactory to know that those who are reaping the chief advantage from these valuable discoveries are our fellow-colonists. Up to the present time there has been little or no emigration from Europe or America; and so long as Native labour can be obtained upon the present favourable terms, there is really no necessity for such emigration, although, no doubt, there is ample room for all who are willing to work, no matter whence they come. The migration of so large a portion of our population so far from the centres of commerce upon our coast will cause considerable changes in the course of trade, and necessitate a large expenditure in men, cattle, and money in transport service. Already the price of carriage has been nearly doubled; and Port Elizabeth, which for many years has carried on the chief trade with the interior districts, finds herself unable, with her present carrying powers, to meet the extraordinary demand upon them. Many at the fields, in consequence, are calling upon Cape Town to assist in supplying their wants. This, fortunately, is no question of East and West, for it will tax all the carrying power of the whole Colony, and even Natal, to meet the requirements of what promises to be the richest and most numerous community in South Africa. No doubt, the deficiency, uncertainty, and costliness of our present means of transport will force on the question of railways: I think the sooner the better, for one hardly likes to anticipate even the possibility of another year of drought similar to 1862, under our present altered circumstances. In that year I was informed that you might have crossed both the Orange and Vaal Rivers dry-shod.

How, then, is this large population,—living, as they mostly are, in a district to which everything almost has to be conveyed a greater or lesser distance,—to be fed, clothed, and housed. No doubt, the Transvaal will provide meat, meal, vegetables; and Natal will supply sugar and coffee, thus saving Customs duties. The Western Districts will send wine and brandy, of which the consumption promises to be large,—the water in many places being scarce and of questionable quality, and the climate a very thirsty one. Port Elizabeth, Cape Town, and the other seaport towns will supply clothing, working and building materials, and the many other wants which come from beyond the seas. Thus, there seems to be an opening for trade with all parts of the Colony, and with this great advantage, that upon the Fields cash, and not credit, is the rule. The capital of “the Fields” has still to be settled. I am inclined to think that Klipdrift, the present residence of the representative of the High Commissioner, the most eligible. Du Toit’s Pan and De Beer’s possess no advantages in themselves which would retain a population when their existing diamond deposits are worked out. Of course, that is a question of time, but which, considering the pace they are now working at, will be soon settled. No doubt, the population will be always more or less a moving one, and that those who supply their wants will have to follow in their wake, while Klipdrift or some other such central spot will be the *dépôt* from which the different rushes will draw their supplies.

What struck me most at the Diggings, for it worthily deserves its appellation, was the steady industry of the great bulk of the diggers. I never saw South Africa working so hard; and if the diggers—many of whom, and those the most successful were farmers—carry home with them the same habits of industry acquired on the Fields, we may yet see the whole face of the country changed by dams, irrigation, and planting—and those twin-sisters, apathy and indolence, banished beyond our border.

The Diamond-fields will, I think, eventually be to this Colony what the Far West is to the American and Canadian, or the Gold-fields to the Australian or New Zealand colonists; they will afford what we long have felt the want of—an outlet for our sons, where the industrious and enterprising may always find subsistence, if not, fortune;—in fact, if the reported discovery of gold in paying quantities in the district of Leydenberg, in the Transvaal, be correct (and I see no reason to doubt it), who can say that prosperous days may not be in store for those who come after us, or that the railway across the American continent was not more improbable fifty years ago than that the Cape Town and Alexandria line may be a fact fifty years hence. It seems to be generally agreed that we have had our seven years of famine. Let us hope that we are now about to have seven years of plenty—of diamonds.

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### *Notes on Rural Matters.*

OLD colonists tell us that the 18th of October has always been a rainy day. The most that can be said of the 18th of October, 1871, is that in the neighbourhood of Cape Town a few drops of moisture fell to the earth. Of course it did not rain; but those few drops just saved the credit of our old weather-wise friends. The cold black south-easter which prevailed from the 8th to the 14th October brought rain in abundance to the Caledon and Swellendam districts, but none to the Cape district, nor to the large corn districts of Malmesbury, Koeberg, Darling, and Piquetberg, where it is so much needed for the corn crops. The October rains are the veritable “golden showers” for the corn districts in the west. It is feared wheat crops will be generally light, even should we have, as some anticipate, rains in the first and second of November. Notwithstanding any lightness in the crops, the actual quantity of grain harvested is expected to be above the average, on account of the greater breadth of land sown this year.

SEASONS of drought in the Cape Colony always bring to the surface a host of impossible irrigation schemes and suggestions about the formation of dams, &c. This season, it is feared, will bring up the usual crop of suggestions and amount of writing on the subject. The formation of dams and the storage of our periodical rainfalls for irrigation purposes is, however, a subject of deep importance to all who take an interest in rural matters. Legislative action on such a subject at the Cape would be most difficult, and any scheme of a public nature would entail further

burdens on the already generally heavily encumbered land. Some process like that of the Encumbered Estates Commission in Ireland would be necessary at the Cape before a considerable proportion of the arable land could be taken in security for outlay in irrigation works. When put under a system of irrigation, the land would be immensely enhanced in value. But where is the security for current expenditure till such time as the land begins to pay? In Britain there is, as most of our readers know, an enactment which enables proprietors to effect improvements on their properties, such as draining, building, road-making, &c., with public moneys, but the security is first given, and that security is always the land to be improved. We fear any general Government scheme of irrigation for the Cape Colony is yet distant. In the meantime it is a consolation to think, and the fact will long remain, that we have within the Colony good and available land, cultivable without irrigation, sufficient in extent to raise crops enough to feed a population ten times (or thereabouts) greater than at present exists within our limits.

IN Britain, so far as any calculation could be made when the *Syria* left, on the 10th September, the wheat crop was much below the average. Straw was plentiful, but the quality of grain inferior. Of cereal crops, barley was the best, no doubt on account of its earlier ripening. Root crops, especially mangolds and turnips, were excellent. All root crops benefit immensely by the late rains, which are so injurious to heavy wheat crops. The cereal crop in France, it is now stated, will be largely in excess of the estimate formed at the beginning of the season. The recuperative powers of the peasant rural population are something wonderful. We see nearly the whole able-bodied men of a district swept off by conscription, and the land laid waste through warfare. Give a few months quietness to such a district, and the devastation of men and land is hardly perceptible.

IN the obituary notice of the late Mr. J. Mosenthal, a gentleman who did much for the improvement of our flocks, particularly in the East, it is stated that he was the first to introduce the Angora to the Cape. This is not strictly the case, for to the late Colonel Henderson, and Dr. White, M.L.C., must be awarded the honour of having *first* introduced the Angora. The Cape farmer was just awakening to the importance and value of the animal when Mr. Mosenthal began to import to what proved to be a ready market, and a profitable one, we trust.

NATURAL-GROWN fibres will never bring fortune to the Cape, nor to any individual amongst us. Any plant to be permanently profitable must be cultivated. We are led to state this by having had, of late, several inquiries regarding native plants producing fibres. All fibres are only valuable if procurable in large quantities, and continuously year after year. How many thousand tons of native fibre could be sent from the Cape in one year? How many years would it last? Have we any plants yielding an *annual* crop of fibre? Suppose we harvest our present fibre-producing plants, what time will elapse before another crop can be harvested?

These questions, if honestly answered, will tell against our enthusiasts. Once again, we say, any plant to be permanently profitable must be cultivated, be it a cereal, a fibre, or any other plant used in the economies of life. Notwithstanding this record of our opinion, any and all inquiries regarding native plants, fibrous or otherwise, will be gladly answered to the best of our ability. Simply, we wish to warn our enthusiastic friends against a needless waste of force and energy in pursuit of what must be very doubtful results indeed.

IN Britain the potato disease has made its appearance with great virulence in some places. The history and nature of the disease is now well known, but its prevention or cure has still to be discovered. As the disease seldom appears before July in Europe, writers on this subject are now, more than ever, urging the cultivation of varieties which ripen before or during the early part of that month. There are *early* sorts which ripen at that time, but they want the property of keeping well. Shortly after the first appearance of the potato disease, in 1848, we think, autumnal planting was strongly recommended by one of the most eminent horticultural writers, as a means of securing a crop with perfect immunity from disease. After twenty years' experience of the disease, in more or less virulent forms, the same preventative is now recommended. A hardy potato for a main crop that will ripen, and suffer to be lifted before July, and that will store and keep well, is what is wanted. Since the first appearance of the disease, science has made vast and continuous endeavours to discover a preventative or cure for this disease, but yet without effect. It would vastly help to raise the popular estimate of the value of science to the every-day affairs of life if those endeavours were crowned with success.

VINEYARDS and orchards everywhere look promising for heavy crops. We never saw such a show of pears; the trees were literally white with blossoms, and they appear to have "set" well. There is not yet any appearance of disease in the vines; but the judicious cultivator should not neglect sulphuring. Although the disease is gradually disappearing in the vineyards, we are not yet quite out of the wood, and the prudent farmer will do well to continue the application of the only known remedy for this *oidium* pest.

WE have lately received a pamphlet "on the Woods of New South Wales," by Mr. Moore, Director of the Botanic Garden, Sydney, containing a great deal of valuable and enteresting information on the timber-trees and vegetation of that part of Australia. All the Governments—South Australia, Victoria, Queensland, New South Wales, and others, appear to have a due appreciation of the importance of tree planting and their preservation. In two of the Governments at least the scheme of planting waste lands is carried on under legislative enactment. This shows the importance attached to the increase of trees in a country far better wooded than the Cape. In common with all true colonists, we hope the day is not distant when a workable scheme of planting shall be inaugurated in every district of the Cape of Good Hope. Many of the trees mentioned in Mr. Moore's paper have been introduced to the Cape, and succeed as well as in their



native soil—*Eucalypti*, upwards of twenty species (known amongst us as “gums”), and the allied genera *Tristania*, and *Angophora*, are quite at home here. *Casuarinas* (several) and *Frenelas* (several)—trees suited to light, thin soil, also succeed admirably. The “Blackwood,” and other species of *Acacia*, in great numbers, are to be found growing luxuriantly all over the Colony. The following, all natives of Australia, which are established in the Cape Botanic Garden, are quoted by Mr. Moore as being excellent timber, many of them of very rapid growth: *Callistemon salignus*, *Melaleuca stypheloides*, *M. leucadendron*, *M. armillaris*, and *M. squarrosa*. It appears all the members of the two genera, *Melaleuca* and *Callistemon*, are known locally in Australia as “Tea-trees.” At the Cape the *Callistemons* are known as “Bottle-brushes.” *Backhousia myrtifolia*, *Achras Australis*, “Black Apple,” *Araucaria cunninghamii*, *A. excelsa*, *A. Rueli*, *A. Bidwilli*, *A. Cookii*, *Castanospermum Australe*, “Australian Chestnut,” *Eugenia myrtifolia*, “Brush Cherry,” *Elæodendron Australe*, *Grevillea robusta*, “Silky Oak.” This “Silky Oak” of the Australian colonists is a beautiful tree, with graceful, feathery-looking foliage, and bright orange, approaching to flame-coloured, flowers. It is now in flower in several places round Cape Town,—notably, in the Botanical Garden, near the main entrance. *Myrsine variabilis*, *Monotoca elliptica*, *Banksia's*, *Podocarpus spinulosus*, *Pittosporum undulatum*, and several others. Except in special soils and localities, none of our Cape trees grow with that rapidity which is characteristic of many of the large Australian trees, but the quality of our timber will compare favourably with any produced in Australasia.

How well very many Australian trees and shrubs are suited to the Cape climate, is evidenced by the state of what was once a large portion of the drifting sands in the Cape Downs, where nearly all the perennial plants are exotic and Australian,—many of which have now become quite naturalized and are propagating themselves by dispersion of seeds. *Leptospermum lævigatum*, a myrtaceous plant, with glaucous leaves and white flowers, appears to be admirably adapted to the situation on those dry, barren, shifting sands. The old plants of this large shrub or small tree which were planted on the sands twenty years ago, on the south side of and parallel to the Maitland Road, beyond Salt River, have now a numerous progeny, by self-sowing, growing near them. On the northern side of the road, where no planting was done, young *Leptospermums* are springing up in numbers vigorously from seeds carried across the road by the strong winds which blow there. It is observable that it is only on one side of those old plants the young spring up. On the south-east side, which is the windy side, a plant is hardly to be seen, while on the lee-side the plants—seedlings—are as thick as a carpet of grass. In the neighbourhood of Sydney, and also near Geelong, Australia, this same plant, *Leptospermum*, is used for planting drifting sands, similar to what exists in the Cape Downs, and near Port Elizabeth, the Kowie, and at East London. The success which has attended the efforts made to settle the drifting sands on a large portion of the Flats should stimulate the Cape Government to proceed with planting on all those drifting sands near the

sea-ports; as well as to continue planting on the Cape Downs, where there are still large and increasing areas which require immediate attention to arrest the drifting sand. Hakeas, Frenelas, Acacias, &c., are all suitable plants for the white sands; but, except the "Golden," and "Port-Jackson Willows," none are spreading by self-sowing. In rather better material than the *Leptospermum* and some others thrive in—still almost mere sand—the Fir (Stone Pine), *Pinus pinea*, grows with great luxuriance. Some leading shoots of these trees measured, early in September of this year, the astonishing length of twenty-three inches. There are tens of thousands of young Firs now growing on those once destructive drifting sands, and we hope to see the number increased by annual plantings and sowings. It is hoped Parliament will, at the recommendation of the Governor, vote sufficient money to accomplish so desirable a work. Now that the office of Superintendent of Plantations on the white sands is vacant by the death of the late incumbent, there is a rumour that it is not to be filled up again. We sincerely hope this is mere rumour. If extension of plantations, and arresting drifting sands is to be carried on, it is a necessity to have a highly competent officer to carry on the work with economy, and in a manner to ensure successful results. If, as has been suggested, the appointment is left open till the meeting of Parliament, there will be abundant time to secure the services of a qualified man. We fervently hope the appointment, when made, will fall to the lot of one with high professional ability and experience, in preference to one of that numerous body with the only one qualification (?) of "a claim on the Government."

THE late Superintendent of the Plantations, Mr. A. G. Mathieson, whose death occurred early in October last, was well qualified for the duties of his office. Although for a long series of years engaged in commerce in Cape Town, previous to receiving the appointment, yet from his early training as a nursery and seed merchant, and aided by great natural intelligence, he was eminently fit. His whole heart and soul was in such work. Indeed, planting trees and clothing the nakedness of the land with verdure was almost a mania with him,—strong even unto death, for his last wish was to be laid in a grave in the midst of his beloved trees. Loving friends saw this last wish of the deceased scrupulously complied with, and he lies buried under the shade of the trees whose growth he had watched with such anxious care.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the Botanical Garden have been received from Mr. C. Junghen, Diamond-fields, of seed gathered at Klipdrift, Diamond-fields, a portion of which has been sent to the Kew Gardens. From Mr. T. B. Bayley, Wynberg, a large number of imported bulbs, of blue and white crocuses, in excellent condition. From the Cape Town Agricultural Society a large collection of American tree seeds. These, it is feared, have lost, from age, their germinating powers. From Mr. J. C. Holding, England, seven packets of improved varieties of *Pelargoniums*, *Cyclamen*, and other flower seeds. From Mr. C. A. Fairbridge, Cape Town, a considerable and important lot of native succulent plants, collected

by that gentleman when on a tour to the eastward. Many of these have long been desiderata in the collection at these gardens. We venture to recommend the example set by Mr. Fairbridge to all who desire to see progress and completeness in the collections in our colonial institutions.

THE second volume of the *Flora of Tropical Africa* has just been issued in London, edited by Professor Oliver, of Kew Gardens, assisted by other botanists, whose names are affixed to the orders they respectively describe. Most of the species are to be found in other botanical works. There are, however, a number of new species given in the volume. The book is got up in the same style as Harvey's *Flora Capensis*; the descriptions being in English, and the sequence of orders the same. There is in the first volume an introduction to botany, and a botanical dictionary or glossary of botanical terms. The letter-press, too, is just the same as in the *Flora Capensis*. The geographical distribution of many of the species is very wide; several species known to have a habitat within the old limits of the Colony are described as also having an habitat within the tropics, and extending towards Northern Africa. The work is valuable in many points, especially in bringing together, in one book, the flora of certain regions which hitherto had to be sought after in a score of different works.

THE British Association for the advancement of Science held their annual meeting in Edinburgh this year. The attendance of *savans* appears to have been considerably in excess of the previous year's meeting; but there was a total absence of local enthusiasm. This was not expected in the "Modern Athens," as the northern capital is sometimes called by her intensely national sons. With the exception of the address of the president, Sir Wm. Thompson, the whole affair appears to have been rather tame. This was particularly so in the botanical section; the papers read and discussion thereon being unimportant and uninteresting. We note, however, a paper read by Professor Dyer, "on the so-called Mimicry of Plants," which elicited considerable discussion. Amongst those who spoke to this subject we find the name of Mr. Roland Trimen, who ventured to give a rather "advanced" opinion on the matter under discussion. We may as well explain here that botanists and others have of late been discussing, in certain publications, what they call Mimicry in Plants. It is meant by this term that a plant belonging to one family has the power of assuming the form, habits, and characteristics of another!—such plants being termed "Mimetic Plants." In speaking to the question, Mr. Trimen said that "it might be an advantage to a plant to *adopt* the habit of one which was poisonous, and so be passed over by herbivorous animals." The power to *adopt* a habit is an attribute of vegetable life quite as new to us as we believe it must be to our readers. The higher animals even have not a power of choice of form. Such a boon would have been of inestimable value during our early Kafir troubles, when "eating up" was rather the rule with our native population. In all animal and vegetable life it is only by careful selection through a long series of generations of the subject acted upon an infinitesimal difference in form can be brought about. Hybridizers, cultivators, and

acclimatization bodies, are all working in the dark if plants, of themselves, have such powers as Mr. Trimen appears willing to accord them. We all know that difference in form, and in products of plants, can be brought about by hybridization, but that plants, to "escape being eaten up by herbivorous animals," can, at will, assume certain forms, is a theory we cannot accept. The British Association who heard Mr. Trimen's suggestions, and preserved at the same time a recollection of Colenso's "intelligent Zulu," will, we are sure, give South Africa credit for "advanced opinions" at least. At the same meeting Mr. Trimen read a paper before the entomological section, of a more favourable character, the subject being one in which he is perfectly at home, and an acknowledged authority.

THE preparations in the Government Gardens for the forthcoming Agricultural and Horticultural Show on the 10th, are fast approaching completion under the direction of the Secretary and his assistants. It is stated on all hands that there will be an excellent show. We hope the entries in all classes will be numerous. Keen competition is alike gratifying both to successful and unsuccessful exhibitors respectively; the one beats half-a-dozen, the other is beaten in company with half-a-dozen, all of which is much more gratifying than if it was a case of simple duality. We hope to see the grounds crowded with company, including a large sprinkling of farmers and country cousins, who will, if they choose, be able to see in the one day, all sights at the Show—the Botanical Garden, the Library, and the Museum, all of which are in close contiguity.

J. M. G.

### *Upheaval of the Coast.*

IN the August number of the *Cape Monthly* is a reference to some remarks of Dr. Atherstone, in the June number, on the "celebrated shell cave mentioned by Burchell and others, which gave its present name to Mossel Bay, and about which they speculated so wildly." The Doctor, after alluding to one theory—that the shells had been carried to the cave by sea-birds, and to another, that they belonged to a raised beach, proceeds to say:—"From the bones and ashes and charcoal mixed with the shells, and the fact that none but *edible* shells are found, there can be little doubt that it was in reality an ancient 'kitchen-midden.'"

I note your dissent from the Doctor's own (and third) theory, and observe you consider the Mossel Bay cavern only one of the many indications to be found along our seaboard of real upheavals of the coast of this Colony. My own observations, superficial enough, I daresay, have long ago led me to the same conclusion; and though I am far from prepared to assert that kitchen-middens may not be found along our shores, I must really say it takes a good deal of faith and enthusiasm to discover in the floor of the Mossel Bay cavern one of the ancient dirt-heaps, the work of primitive man. The floor of the cavern is no more a kitchen-midden than it is a barrow; and I could discern no signs of bones, ashes,



and charcoal, when I carefully examined the cave a month ago, beyond what might be expected to be found in any place, the scene of many a pic-nic party. Nor are the shells restricted, as stated by Dr. Atherstone, to those of the edible species—whatever that definition may mean. I affirm that the shells on the floor of the cavern include every species now found in Mossel Bay, from the huge *Halotis* (Klip-kous)—vast as a platter, to the tiny *Trochus*, no bigger than a pepper-corn, and which no man, primitive or otherwise, would think of collecting for edible purposes, as they cannot be boiled or parched and served up like a dish of peas.

The greater part of the more perfect shells, so far as I observed, were limpets, including all the several well-known varieties which abound on the coast, mixed with fragments of other shells, sand, and pebbles. Over the mixture was a thin coating of guano composed of the droppings of sea-birds, dassies, &c. In short, the flooring of the cave is precisely the same material as that of the beach below, with a thin carpet of decayed animal matter, but no *bones, coal, or ashes*.

Dr. Atherstone is further incorrect, I think, in his reference to Burchell,—the wild theory referred to being that of Barrow; at all events, I have failed to find anything of the sort in Burchell. In Barrow's time geology was but a new-fangled idea, or at best an unholy science, and he certainly does endeavour to persuade his readers that the shells found in caverns were all brought there by sea-birds, a practice long since discontinued by the birds, if ever it prevailed. Despite the pious incredulity of Barrow, no doubt can be left on the mind of the most ordinary observer that the coast of this Colony has been upheaved for hundreds of miles, and during a very recent period, and the floor of the cave at Mossel Bay is one of the many existing proofs of the fact.

(It is quite a pleasure to catch the genial and usually careful Doctor thus tripping. I suppose he wrote from memory, and not from present observation.) I have myself noticed manifest indications of this upheaval at Rawson's Bridge, twelve miles from Port Elizabeth; at Mossel Bay (in the town itself, far below the level of the cave); at Cape Point; at Clifton, on the Lion's Hill; at Green Point; at Camp's Bay; and I have seen shells which a trustworthy informant stated he had picked out of a bed two miles inland at Struys Bay.

The upheaved beach of our coast is more or less rich in shells, all belonging, without exception, to the species now inhabiting our seas. The upheaval itself seems to have been intermittent, and under different aspects of the beach; for while at the higher elevations of Cape Point and Clifton (on the scarp of the Lion's Hill, a short distance beyond the house), only shells in thin layers, with little or no appearance of rolled stones and boulders, appear, the lower-level upheavals, wherever I have examined them, consist of shells largely mixed with sand and stones, identical in substance and shape with those which constitute the present beach, except at Rawson's Bridge, where the original beach seems to have consisted mainly of tufa, or something of the sort, in which crustaceous as well as molluscous remains in a very perfect condition are imbedded. I found at this latter locality a most beautiful species of serpularia, delicately perfect, and a bulla,

brilliant as though its inmate had been taken out of Algoa Bay the day previous. I conclude, therefore, that an indefinite interval intervened between the upper and the lower-level upheavals, and that each existent raised beach now reflects the then aspect of the original character of the coast—sandy, calcareous, or stony, as tides or other circumstances affected its formation and composition.

A very good study of the lower-level upheaval will be found at Green Point in a ridge—evidently a raised beach—beginning at the first battery at Three-Anchor Bay, and thence skirting the shore as far as the mass of rock running into the sea near Mr. Leibbrandt's residence.\* This beach is composed almost entirely of water-worn boulders and rolled stones, precisely similar to those on the present beach immediately below. The shells are few, but are easily identified, and readily seen at the cutting made for the new road just beyond the second battery; and as the road is cut for more than half a mile through the ridge, a very good insight into its character and composition is given.

These notes are not very erudite; but they may assist to direct the attention of the diligent observer of nature to more useful information.

F.

P.S.—By-the-by, does not Mossel Bay take its name from Jacob Mossel, Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies from 1750 to 1760, rather than from the mussel, which does not abound more at Mossel Bay than in any other harbour? His Excellency, I find, bore for arms arg. three mussels proper. I do not insist on this theory, as I have a dim idea that the original name of Mossel Bay, the "Bay of St. Blaise" of Vasco da Gama, was altered as far back as the time of Spielberg, who took the unwarrantable liberty of transferring the name of "Saldanha" from its proper site, the present Table Bay, to the harbour to the north. Most of the early Portuguese nomenclature was similarly bedevilled.

## The Migration of Pieter Retief

AND THE DUTCH BOERS, BEYOND THE ORANGE RIVER, IN 1836-7.

THE paper on the "Battle of Boomplaats, and what led to it," in the October number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, is so truthful in every respect, and so graphically expressed that, in perusing it, I can scarcely believe that nearly four and twenty years have elapsed since I witnessed the arrival of Sir Harry Smith (the hero of Aliwal), accompanied by his aide-de-camp, and Mr. R. Southey, his private secretary, at Pietermaritzburg. To us, at Natal, it was a matter of the highest import,—for up to that time we were in daily expectation of an invasion

\* The singular formation of the rocks a little further than Mr. Leibbrandt's house is well worthy of observation. A great dyke of sandstone and syenite crosses the clay slate, mixed and *dabbed* all over with a black rock, whose character I do not pretend to determine, which has obviously been violently ejected from below in a state of fusion, grouting and splashing the circumjacent rocks and boulders in all directions.

of rebel boers, conjoined with the Zulus of Panda, their chief. The whole community was in a state of excitement; and the Dutch and English residents of Natal were organized to defend the country, under elected Burgher commandants (the most conspicuous of whom was Karl Landtman, selected by a large majority of the most respectable Englishmen), having assigned to them special positions most capable of defence, to which the inhabitants, with their live-stock, might resort in case of necessity. We were kept in a state of feverish anxiety until the Governor arrived, and gave us assurance of immunity from the dire effects of ruthless warfare. We hailed Sir Harry Smith as the pacificator, though the successful warrior who had gained many battles. He was a man frantically impatient of delays or impediments in carrying out his rapidly determined plans. He was generous and chivalric to such a degree as to induce almost a sense of derision in the minds of matter-of-fact, cool-headed individuals; but, nevertheless, he was a man of decisive action, who could, without hesitancy, bear down opposition,—and as certainly do his utmost to conciliate his foes.

Sir Harry was first known to the Cape public as Colonel Smith, Chief of the Staff, under that wise, good, and clear-headed man, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, in relation to the Kafir War of 1835. His ride on horseback through the Colony, organizing and directing the contingent auxiliaries from all the intervening districts, was a feat of military endurance and promptitude unequalled, and gained from the Colony unquestioned admiration.

He was, however, not long left to absorb all the glory of that campaign: an older, more experienced, and sagacious warrior and statesman followed close on his heels, who, though less hasty, was as vigorous, and more judicious in dealing with the complication of military supremacy and political control, which our relations with wild savage tribes necessitated.

Sir Benjamin D'Urban, though compelled to defeat and degrade the Kafir invaders in their own eyes, by making them feel his superiority to them in their vain struggle for supremacy, nevertheless tendered to them the alternative of subsiding into peaceable occupation of their own lands, of which they were then deprived by right of conquest—as a consequence of their own daring invasion of the Colony. He invited them to occupy their old locations, where they should be unmolested in the exercise of their own customs and laws, coupled with one simple condition, viz., that they should thenceforth become British subjects, who, whilst enjoying the exercise of their own customs and laws amongst themselves, should not violate the laws and customs of the British community contiguous to them,—that is, that in their commerce with colonists of every class (white or black) they should observe the rights of property and be amenable to the established colonial laws regarding those rights.

The great body of the Kafirs opposed to us at once accepted Sir Benjamin's terms, and were judiciously located in the new Province of Queen Adelaide. The population of the Eastern Frontier, seeing in these arrangements a prospect of future immunity from Kafir outrages, heartily acquiesced in them, and

bravely set to work to re-establish themselves on their despoiled estates; to commence anew the toil of progress, of which, before the invasion, they had tasted the sweets—notwithstanding all their losses, and the dangerous and thankless devotion of their services in the field for the Colony at large. They one and all returned to their old locations, confident that Kafirland, now under British authority, would thenceforth leave them undisturbed in the prosecution of agriculture and trade.

This feeling of security was, however, of short duration; for under the instigation of ignorant enthusiasts in England, politically organized, Lord Glenelg at once undid all the real good that Sir Benjamin D'Urban had accomplished, both for the Colony and the Kafirs. The Province of Queen Adelaide was restored unconditionally to the Kafirs, as having been wrongfully taken from them, although by Sir Benjamin's arrangements it was *de facto* in their possession under certain restrictions of good behaviour—excluding European location, which he would not sanction, for his desire was to limit the Cape Colony within its own original bounds, and politically control and direct the Native population beyond. Such a policy as this commended itself to all, as wise and prudent, though some may have desired to gain access to the splendid lands of Kaffraria.

When, however, Lord Glenelg decided that the Kafirs should have their own again, and stigmatized our acquisition of their land as a moral delinquency, the whole tone of contentment resulting from Sir Benjamin's conclusion of the war was, as by a miracle, dissipated. A feeling of alarm and discontent pervaded all classes of agriculturists (especially the Dutch), and as soon as Pieter Retief had seen his old friend, Captain Stockenstrom, the new Lieutenant-Governor, at Graham's Town, and found that he had come out expressly to carry out Lord Glenelg's views, he determined at all hazards to migrate to the interior, beyond the jurisdiction of the British Government—for, under it, he and those people who thought with him could have no security for their lives and property, as against Kafir invasions. This was the true and decisive act of Government, which led to the migration of the Dutch boers beyond the colonial boundary, although the emancipation of their slaves, no doubt, was an ingredient in their disaffection to British rule, and accelerated the movement. In itself, however, it was certainly not a sufficient incentive to their expatriation. The climax was the withdrawal of control over Kafirland.

Were the boers short-sighted in their estimate of what was then done by the Home Government? I fancy no one will now say so, when it is noted that in little more than ten years afterwards we were obliged to re-take the province of Queen Adelaide, and not, as before, allot it exclusively to the occupation of Kafirs, but to apportion it (the greater and more vulnerable parts) to Europeans, under a tenure of military service, by which grantees were bound personally to be enrolled as fighting men, well armed, and compelled to retain in their service a proportionate number of able-bodied adherents, equally prepared to oppose an enemy when required.

Sir Benjamin said truly, if the province be given up you will have another and more disastrous war with the Kafirs within ten years, for the boys of eight or ten years of age now will then be grown men, wanting wives to till their gardens, and will certainly seek the means of purchasing them, in accordance with established custom, amongst the flocks and herds of the adjacent frontier farmers.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## *The Battle of Boomplaats, and what followed it.*

BEFORE the Governor left Winburg to return to the Colony, as stated in the paper on "The Battle of Boomplaats, and what led to it" (in our October number), he decided upon endeavouring to make the people who had taken part in the "rebellion" pay the expenses to which the Imperial Treasury had been put in moving up the additional troops from the Eastern frontier, &c.; and with that view proclamations (which in those days were law sufficient) were issued, creating the needful tribunals, and announcing that all who had been guilty of aiding and abetting the rebellion, whether actively or passively, should be liable to such fines and penalties as by these tribunals they might be adjudged to pay. The tribunals were styled "War Tribute Commissions," and there were three of them—one for each of the districts into which the Orange River Sovereignty had been previously divided, viz., the districts of Bloemfontein, Caledon River, and Winburg.

In one of the proclamations, issued at Winburg on the 7th September, 1848, occurs the following passage:—

"And, whereas, these rebels did commit various wanton acts, and did also wickedly pillage many houses, the property of well-disposed persons at Winburg, I hereby proclaim that I shall appoint a commissioner, to levy such fines upon those who took part in the rebellion as shall not only aid in defraying the expenses entailed upon Government by this wicked war, but indemnify the good men for their losses who suffered by the acts of the evil," &c., &c.

On the next day (the 8th September), the commissioners were appointed, and the following notification thereof made public:—

Camp, Winburg, 8th September, 1848.

Richard Southey, Esq., Secretary to Her Majesty's High Commissioner, will remain in the Sovereignty north of the Orange River, on private and confidential duty, connected with the Commissions, of which he will be president-in-chief, herein appointed for the purpose of selling confiscated property, and levying fines, to be imposed on those who fired upon Her Majesty's soldiers on the 29th ultimo, at Boomplaats, or who were embodied with the rebels, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of this wicked war; and ultimately, if the funds prove equal to it, of indemnifying for their losses the sufferers who have been driven from their homes.

The sums awarded are to be forthwith levied, or the person secured, and the fire-arms delivered up.

The most accurate and detailed accounts, with receipts and vouchers, are to be transmitted to His Excellency the High Commissioner; and all moneys are to be lodged in the hands of the chief Commissariat officer at head-quarters, the Commander-in-Chief issuing a warrant for the same.

Mr. Southey will also see the basis of every system directed by the High Commissioner to be carried out for the future rule of the Sovereignty well laid down and understood.

*Commission for the Bloemfontein District.*

Major Warden, Mr. Allison, Field-Commandant Erasmus, and Mr. Erwee.

*For the Caledon District.*

Thomas Vowe, Esq., Mr. Anthony O'Reilly, Field-Commandant Snyman, and Mr. Hermanus Wessels.

*For the Winburg District.*

Frederick Rex, Esq, Mr. Dyason, Mr. Wessels, and Mr. Meyer.

(Signed) H. G. SMITH,  
Governor and High Commissioner.

And on the 9th, the Governor held a public meeting, at which were present a large number of the burghers of the territory, and the native chiefs Moshesh, Moroko, Molitsani, and Carolus Batju. His Excellency addressed the meeting at some length, described the object and intentions for which Her Majesty's sovereignty had been proclaimed over the territories north of the Orange River, alluded to the complications and disputes pre-existing, alleged that he had come there in the early part of the year on their own invitation, in order, if possible, to bring about an amicable settlement of their affairs, and to provide a suitable Government for the future; and he called upon all present to say whether what he had done was in accordance with their wants and wishes or not, and whether they desired that the system he had inaugurated should be continued. The response was unanimously in favour of the system, with an assurance that nine-tenths of the people were favourable to it. After this, Her Majesty's sovereignty over the territory was re-proclaimed under a salute of twenty-one guns, and the Governor departed homewards, leaving the War Tribute Commissioners to do their work.

In all the proclamations issued at the time, the proceedings of Pretorius and other prominent leaders of the "rebellion" were denounced in strong language, and rewards of various amounts, from £2,000 downwards, according to the influence they were supposed to have exercised over their erring brethren, were offered for their apprehension. None of them were ever apprehended, nor was it probably supposed they would be; but the offer of the rewards might have had the effect of keeping them quiet for a time, and it certainly did have the effect of causing all of them to remove beyond the Vaal River. It was in the district of Winburg, and beyond the Vaal River, that the greatest amount of disaffection had existed, and the most

turbulent of the rebels had resided there. The people of the districts of Bloemfontein and Caledon River were generally pretty well satisfied with things as they were, and would certainly not have got up a rebellion on their own account. Indeed, Pretorius had great difficulty in inducing men possessing property in those districts to take part with him, and what success he did meet with in that way was obtained chiefly by threats of after punishment to all who did not co-operate with him, rather than for love of the cause he espoused.

Among the documents published at the time will be found many letters, notices, &c., emanating from Pretorius, and addressed either to leading individuals or to his countrymen generally, in all of which threats are made use of, and confiscation of property is the least punishment that any one is to expect. The following notice will serve as a sample :—

Winburg, 12th July, 1848.

GENERAL NOTICE.

As the Emigrant Boers who crossed the Orange River, and as we perceive that the British Government grant privileges and liberty to all other creatures, and that we are constantly forced into fetters and banishment,—so this is to inform all those who do not wish to take part with us in this just cause of Freedom, that on the receipt of this, or before the 20th instant, they must cross the stream of the Orange River, without selling their places or any ground,—for all sales of places will from this date be considered illegal,—to prevent the court-martial (Krygsraad) from bringing further punishment upon their persons and property. No person shall be allowed to keep himself neutral; those who are not with us will be considered as enemies; every person who acts against this association, whether with words or deeds, shall be treated as a rebel, and shall forthwith be punished by the court-martial.

This given on the 12th July, in the Court-martial at Winburg.

(Signed) A. W. J. PRETORIUS.

True translation.

(Signed) F. REX, Sworn Translator.

True copy.

JOHN GARVOCK, Major, Private Secretary.

In the Caledon River district, particularly, there was a very strong anti-Pretorius party, headed by Field-commandant Jacobus Snyman; and the Governor, on his way back to the Colony, held a public meeting at Smithfield, in that district, at which Mr. Snyman was present. A report of the proceedings at that meeting will be found in the *Government Gazette* of the 12th October, 1848. We extract the following :—

“The rebel Pretorius talked of bringing black men upon my troops. You are no doubt aware, that, had I said the word, the whole of the natives were ready to rush upon the rebels; but my heart is not that of the villain Pretorius; I never harboured the thought of bringing them upon the Boers, and thereby causing a tragedy painful in the extreme.

“Smithfield was well defended, instead of being deserted, in time of danger; and it shall therefore remain the seat of magistracy.

"The Commissioners must now set to work to collect the war tax. The property of proscribed rebels shall be *all* confiscated; and those who took a leading part in the rebellion shall be deprived of half of theirs. Others will be fined by the Commission according to their deserts, as I have set forth in my proclamation.

"There are so many good and well-disposed men in this district, that you will of course be most anxious to have churches and schools."

*[Thomas Vorwe, Esq., magistrate of the district of Caledon, here handed to His Excellency a list of subscriptions for the erection of a church at Smithfield, amounting to nearly 4,000 rixdollars.]*

His Excellency said :

"I have great satisfaction in seeing this list; and I propose to lay the foundation-stone of the church this afternoon.

"I have only now to say, that my heart is with you; and I shall be happy to hear any man speak who may wish to do so."

*[Field-commandant Snyman here said that he felt grateful to Mr. Erwee for having, in his name, at the meeting at Winburg, answered for the loyalty of 450 men; but he here begged to observe, that that was much below the number, for that he could answer for 800 well-disposed men in the district of Caledon River. Mr. Snyman also presented a memorial, signed by 356 farmers, praying that a separate Land Commission might be at once formed for the district of Caledon, in order to prevent any delay taking place in defining the limits of the farms, and issuing land certificates. His Excellency expressed his satisfaction at the tenor of this memorial, assured the burghers that he fully participated in their anxiety on the subject, and that he would take immediate steps to appoint a separate Commission.]*

The meeting then broke up, the Governor saying,—

"This day, gentlemen, is wet and unfavourable in some respects; but it will be long remembered as one on which I came among you to benefit you, if it lies in my power to do so. My heart is with all good men like yourselves; but my hand shall be against every rebel."

The Secretary to the High Commissioner remained at Winburg as President of the War Tribute Commissions, and had with him as escort or body-guard twenty-five men of the Cape Mounted Rifles, under command of Lieutenant Bramley of that corps—a young and very promising officer, who afterwards retired from the military service to become governor of one of the London gaols, and was not long ago killed by a stab from one of the prisoners, inflicted while walking from church on a Sunday morning.

The instructions given to the Secretary to the High Commissioner, when left to carry out the duties referred to in the notice of 8th September, 1848, do not appear to have been made public; but it was generally understood that the principal duties required were the collection of the "war tribute," the quieting and settling down of the people who had been disturbed by Pretorius's doings, and the settling of boundary disputes between the Sovereignty and the native tribes on its eastern and southern sides, and also between the several native tribes themselves on that side, among whom long-standing feuds existed thereon. The tribes were the Basutos of Moshesh, the Baralongs of Moroko, the Bantans of Molitsani, the Bushmen and Korannas of Gert Taaybosch, and the Mantatees of Sinkonyella. So far back as 1846, these chiefs, together with Adam Kok and others, made a joint representation to the then Governor of this Colony respecting their inability to agree among themselves on the subject of



boundaries, and requested him to appoint a commissioner to decide between them. The Governor acceded to their request, and nominated the late Civil Commissioner of Colesberg, Fleetwood Rawstorne, Esq., to perform that duty. Owing, however, to the breaking out of the Kafir war of 1846, delays occurred, and Mr. Rawstorne had not entered upon the duties, when Sir Harry Smith arrived as Governor and stopped the arrangement. It may be worthy of remark here that Waterboer was not a party to the application, nor does it appear that, either before or after that date, there has been any dispute between him and his native neighbours about boundaries.

The War Tribute Commission for the district of Winburg met for the first time on Thursday, the 13th September, 1848, and decided upon preliminary arrangements. These arrangements were:—

- 1st. To obtain from the field-cornets a list of all farms in their respective wards.
- 2nd. The names of all males above sixteen years of age resident on each.
- 3rd. The names of those who were out with Pretorius.
- 4th. The names of all who furnished supplies to the "rebels."
- 5th. Particulars of articles so supplied.
- 6th. To fix days for the attendance of the inhabitants of the several field-cornetcies before the Commission.
- 7th. To direct the field-cornets to warn the people accordingly.

Wednesday, the 20th September, 1848, was the day fixed for the attendance of the people of the nearest ward, that of the town of Winburg; and on that and following days, there was a fair attendance of the persons accused, and each one in turn, upon being informed of the charge made against him, pleaded guilty, but endeavoured to excuse himself on the grounds of compulsion. He had not gone out voluntarily, but was ordered to do so under threats of punishment if he refused, &c., &c. The fines inflicted ranged from £1 10s. (20 Rds.) up to £50, and were regulated mainly by the ability to pay rather than by the culpability (except in a few instances) of the accused. Besides the money penalty, each had to bring in and deliver up the gun with which he had fired upon Her Majesty's troops. Every one, as a matter of course, upon being informed of the amount of his fine, pleaded inability to pay it. He was, he said, a very poor individual, had no farm, and only a half-dozen wretched oxen, or a score or so of sheep, totally insufficient to live upon, much less to enable him to pay a fine. If he happened to be a young man, as many of them were, there would be the additional plea that he was dependent upon his father, and had nothing of his own; and if an older man, he would be sure to have a wife and no end of children dependent upon him, and if obliged to pay the fine, inevitable ruin would be the consequence. These pleas were urged with great appearance of candour and much perseverance, until convinced that the Commission was relentless, and then the money would either be paid at once or be brought in soon afterwards. The arms were in most cases, after being delivered up, returned to their owners.

The Commission remained sitting at Winburg for about a fortnight and then removed northwards to the farm of Field-cornet Hendrik van Vuuren, on the Valsch River, in the newly-formed district of the Vaal River, where the people of that district had been warned to attend "on Monday, the 9th October, and following days." After attending to the duties of the Commission for a few days here, the President and Lieut. Bramley, in company with old Piet Venter, proceeded to the farm of Field-cornet Carel Geer, on the Vaal River, leaving the other members of the Commission to finish the war tribute work at Van Vuuren's. A considerable number of the inhabitants of the Vaal River district, who had been implicated in the rebellion, had bolted over the Vaal, and the duties of the Commission in that district were, comparatively speaking, light in consequence.

The main object of the visit to Geer's was to bring about an interview between the President of the Commission and the Boer officials over the Vaal River, the principal two of whom at that time were Commandant-General Hendrik Potgieter and the Landdrost of Potchefstroom, Stephanus Lombard, with both of whom Mr. Southey had been personally acquainted before they migrated beyond the Orange River. These persons and others had been invited to come across the Vaal for the interview, and had at first expressed a willingness to do so, but afterwards cried off, on the plea of inability to leave home. It was supposed at the time that they were afraid to trust themselves on this side of the Vaal, as they had both aided and abetted Pretorius pretty extensively. In communicating this inability to Mr. Southey, Commandant Potgieter invited him to cross over to his side of the Vaal, and meet him at some place to be agreed upon near Potchefstroom—at the same time guaranteeing personal safety to him and those that may accompany him. Mr. Southey accepted the invitation, and on the 28th November, 1848, crossed the Vaal, in company of Lieut. Bramley, Piet Venter, and Mr. Isaac Dyason. Andreas Erwee, a well-known "Government man" in the district of Bloemfontein, had been one of the party as far as Geer's, but would not venture across; indeed, he and some others thought it scarcely prudent for any to go, just at that time, so soon after the fight at Boomplaats, and all the most turbulent men, who had taken part in that fight, "squatting" there to keep out of the way of "justice." The venture, however, was made. The river at the time was somewhat flooded, and could not be crossed at the ordinary fords, and the crossing was effected by means of a raft formed of three half-aum casks and five or six sticks tied to them with riems. This raft answered the purpose very well, but only one person besides the "conductor" could cross at a time, and each in turn got somewhat "damp" before reaching the opposite bank. The horses were swum across.

"Potchefstroom" (so named in honour of Commandant Potgieter) or "Mooi River Dorp," as it was first called, was at that time the capital of the Transvaal territory,—in fact, almost the only town then existing there. It is laid out on the right bank of the "Mooi"

(pretty) River, in the good old Dutch style,—two or three streets parallel to the river, and the same number cutting across at right angles. The Boers are thorough “free-masons” in their mode of laying out towns; everything is done “on the square.” This town, although so far in the interior, should some day become a great city. The site is an admirable one, and possesses vast capabilities. It is, so to say, the centre of an extensive plain, through which meanders a beautiful stream of limpid water,—a never-failing river, clear as crystal, and affording an abundant supply for purposes of irrigation, in addition to all other requirements; and, as the water is almost level with the plain, it can with perfect ease be led in any direction over it. The distance from the Vaal River, at Carel Geer’s, to Potchefstroom is fifteen or sixteen miles, or, in ordinary Cape parlance, about three hours’ ride; and about midway between these places was the farm of Jan Kock (whose name has been before mentioned). This individual was a person well known in the districts of Graaff-Reinet and Colesberg. (Richmond, Middelburg, Hanover, and such places did not then exist, or he would have been known there too.) Before he migrated he lived on the farm “Leopaards Vley,” situated about midway between Graaff-Reinet and Colesberg, and on the main road. This farm was his own, and a good one; but when bitten by the trekking mania he sold it for what he could get to Mr. George Hodgskin, of the firm of Heideman, Hodgskin, & Co., whose nephew lived on it, and acquired a moderate fortune by farming. Kock was connected with some of the best families in Graaff-Reinet, and had received a much better education than the ordinary run of South African farmers usually acquire. He was a hasty, hot-headed, talkative, and very restless individual, and withal hospitable to a fault. But for these qualifications, he would probably never have trekked, for he possessed an excellent farm on a main line of road, and might have made money by furnishing supplies of forage, &c., to travellers. But Kock was not the man for that. All travellers with white skins were regarded as friends and visitors, and had the run of his house, stables, and forage lofts, free of charge. In those days (and even yet in many parts) it was not usual for farmers to charge travellers for accommodation or supplies, and Kock was not the man to break that rule. His hospitality would probably have ruined him if he had remained at Leopaards Vley; but he didn’t much better his condition by migrating, for over the river he was continually in hot-water. His better education and gift of the gab, soon after he arrived among the immigrant farmers in the neighbourhood of the Modder River, helped him into the position of a “Commandant,” and in that capacity he kept the whole neighbourhood in a state of commotion. Adam Kok and his Raad had no peace. There were incessant complaints from Commandant Jan Kock, of acts committed by Griquas towards the immigrant farmers, and Adam Kok and his Raad had to be in perpetual session to read and consider these complaints, which were always accompanied by threats of commandos pouncing down upon

them if the complainants were not speedily satisfied. The result of the Griqua Raad's deliberations were usually to find that the complaints of the Boers were either wrong, or originated in some act of violence on the part of one or more of them against the Griquas, such as taking possession of their lands or fountains, and squeezing out the previous occupiers, tying half a dozen Griquas up to wagon wheels and castigating them with after ox sjamboks, shooting at them, and such like little aggressions, which it was alleged on the Griqua side were of frequent occurrence, and which the Boers held that they, by virtue of their white skins and privileges as "christe menschen," had a right to adopt towards the "zwarte schepsels." The writer does not say that these allegations on the part of the Griquas were all gospel. There were probably faults on both sides, although as regarded land it is beyond a doubt that the farmers got possession of it in many instances by very questionable means. Their principle was to get land honestly if they could (perhaps), but to get it, and after getting possession, it was a case of "zalig zyn de bezitter." The Griquas were too weak and impotent to remove them. All the Griquas could do was to represent the matters to their allies, the British Government, and call upon the Governor of this Colony, as the representative of Her Majesty the Queen, between whom and the Chief of the Griquas there existed treaties, offensive and defensive, in which it was stipulated that there should be everlasting peace between the two peoples; and they called upon the Governor by virtue of these treaties to restrain the Queen's subjects from committing such acts of aggression. These frequent "calls" upon the Governor were about as puzzling and disagreeable as have been certain other "calls" made by winders-up of public institutions lately upon some of our unfortunate fellow-colonists to those concerned, and he had as much or more difficulty in meeting and satisfying them as they have had. He made promises to our allies, and issued proclamations and Government notices, charging our subjects to behave themselves; but all this availed little, for ultimately actual and open hostilities occurred between Adam Kok and his Griquas and Commandant Jan Kock and his Burghers. The first thing Adam Kok did was to send off a despatch for Lieut.-Governor Hare at Graham's Town, through the Civil Commissioner of Colesberg, calling upon him for more active and decided interference than had theretofore been vouchsafed. That done, he joined his assembled forces, and marching towards the Modder River, took up a position on some high ground on the line of march, and awaited the advance of the enemy. Commandant Jan Kock marching from the opposite direction, also took up a position on other high ground in front of the Griquas. Thus the opposing forces stood face to face; but there was a broad valley between them in which the springbucks and wildebeests grazed unscared by the presence of the armies on either side of them,—judging, as they no doubt did, that in those days of the old Brown Bess they were in no danger of being injured by the fire. The contending forces after a



while opened fire *towards* each other, and continued the "fighting" in that way for many days. How long it lasted has escaped the memory of the writer; but he believes no one was seriously injured. Jan Kock, however, kept his commando in the field, and demanded "terms" before ceasing hostilities. These terms were hard, and not easily to be complied with. Negotiations ensued, and continued for many weeks. Neither party appeared over anxious to come into much closer contact. They wrote angry and threatening letters to one another, and threatened what they would do when their reinforcements arrived. Adam was expecting British troops, and Jan was hoping for the arrival of Commandant Potgieter and some hundreds of Burghers from over the Vaal. This state of things lasted until British troops did actually make their appearance and take part with the Griquas against our own disobedient subjects.

Lieut.-Governor Hare, on receiving Adam Kok's urgent appeal, dispatched a force sufficient for the occasion, under command of Colonel Richardson, of the 7th Dragoon Guards. By the time this force reached the Orange River the case of the Griquas had become critical, for unaided they could not contend against the Boers. Adam Kok thus wrote from Philippolis to a friend, under date of 14th April, 1845:—

"I beg to acquaint you that matters are going on very badly with us. The Boers are too strong, and we are out of powder. The danger is now great, and the Boers are approaching nearer and nearer to this place.

"Further, it is my earnest prayer for immediate help from the Government. In a day more it will be all over with us."

On the 18th of the same month, Mr. Civil Commissioner Rawstorne issued a "notice," which he caused to be circulated among the emigrants over the river. In this notice he informed the emigrants that a body of troops was on the march to Colesberg, with orders, in case of need, to cross the Orange River, and put a stop to the hostilities then in progress. That the object was not particularly to take side with one or other of the belligerents, but to walk into either, or both, according to their deserts. It said:—"If this mode (settling matters by negotiation) fails, recourse will then be had to military interference, which will be used impartially towards *either party* which may wantonly and needlessly persist in war."

It was a milk-and-water affair, and Jan Kock and other Boer Commandants thus acknowledged the receipt of the copy of it sent to them:—

Alcurgus Koppies, 18th April, 1845.

To Mr. RAWSTORNE.

This is to inform you that we received your notice on the above date, which will be replied to in three or four days.

The Hottentots, or Griquas, have not as yet demanded peace from us. As Adam Kok has set on the fire, he shall be obliged to sue for peace to our chiefs

For the rest, we have peace with all nations, both white and black ; but we have only to do with Adam Kok.

We have, &c.,

J. G. MOCKE, Commandant.

J. W. L. KOCK, Commandant.

H. STYN, Commandant.

J. DE PLOOY, Commandant.

To Mr. RAWSTORNE (in hand),  
with haste and speed.

Further notices were issued, and correspondence carried on by Mr. Rawstorne to and with the emigrant Boers, which appear to have effected no satisfactory result (unless it was satisfactory to find that the Boers were in the wrong, and the Griquas in the right), for the troops crossed the Orange River, and without delay took part with the Griquas. Colonel Richardson, in his report of what took place after he crossed the river, states that he arrived at Alleman's Drift on the 26th April, after a march of eleven days from Fort Beaufort, with a squadron of 7th Dragoon Guards, without casualty, and crossed the river on the same day. On the 29th, he received a requisition from the Special Magistrate (Mr. Rawstorne) to act with the troops for the pacification of the country and the reduction of the armed bodies of Emigrants ; and he goes on to describe his proceedings until he fell in with the main body of Burghers, attacked, and dispersed them.

There was a real fight, and the casualties were said to have been on our side—one troop-horse shot dead, and Captain Heaton's (7th Dragoon Guards) horse wounded in the shoulder ; one Griqua killed. And on the side of the Boers, two killed and one mortally wounded. Besides this, we captured fifteen wagons, one gun (a 3-pounder), one cart with ammunition, thirty-five stand of arms, and some thousands of cattle and sheep, and took fifteen prisoners.

The fight is known as the "Battle of Zwaart Koppies," and is the one that had been heard of by Dr. Edward Kretzchmar, and was erroneously supposed by him to have been the battle of Boomplaats, as shown by an extract from his "South African Sketches," published in the August number of the *Magazine*.

After this fight, Jan Kock and his compatriot commandants made themselves scarce, crossed the Vaal River, and Kock took up his residence on the farm midway between the Vaal River and Potchefstroom where we were introduced to him in a previous portion of this paper.

This is a long digression from the thread of events subsequent to the Battle of Boomplaats ; and for fear of overtiring our readers, we will delay drawing out the rest of the thread until a future number.



## Right at Du Toit's Pan.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

THE steady rattling of ten thousand sieves has died away, the pick and the shovel are laid aside, the weary diggers in groups are shaping their courses towards their canvas homes—whilst in the west the god of day, in one broad blaze of glory, is sinking beyond the distant hills. Oh! that I could paint in its true colours yon lovely evening sky, with its broad sheets of glowing gold and rainbow hues, now deepening into crimson and magenta, and disappearing in shades of purple, violet, and blue; whilst the thunder-clouds in the north, floating in a sea of azure, figure in bold relief against the sky, streaked with gold and grey, their snowy summits tinged with a rosy pink, which lends its colour to the distant hills, and even to the russet plain of Du Toit's Pan. But vain, indeed, are all my weak attempts to describe this all but tropical sunset. Why, therefore, should I soar so high? Let me return again to the earth and earthly things, to mingle with the busy crowd, and the stirring scenes that are scattered around—where the lowing of cattle, cracking of whips, bleating of goats, and barking of dogs, all proclaim the evening hour at the great Canvas Town. But what is this uproar near the brow of the hill?—this confusion of tongues, mixed with the yelling of natives, clashing of iron buckets, and cries of “Hip! hip! hurrah!” What can it mean? Perhaps some fearful accident at the well? Yesterday they cried “Hurrah!” when a poor fellow was pushed into it and had one of his limbs broken. Hats without number are in that well, so are pipes and tin buckets. However, this time it is only a fight,—a squabble over water. Whilst dozens of buckets are being hauled up, a small one has arrived at the surface within a large one, the owner of the large bucket claims the water contained in the small one also, and so they fight. Yesterday, and the day before, they fought over the same cause; and why should they not do so, when they delight in it? Thus the noise is continued until darkness closes the scene, and by degrees the voices at the well are heard no more. Then slowly arising from various tents and wagons proceeds the long drawling psalm-singing of the Dopper or South African Boer,—

“Loud he sang the Psalms of David.”

No sound can be more dreary or monotonous than this peculiar method of worship. But what is the quick chorus in the adjoining tent? Surely not an accompaniment to the psalm-singing? Words, too—let us listen,—

“Oh! Mr. Policeman, don't take me, don't take me,  
But take that man behind the tree.

Slap! Bang! stick him up again, stick him up again,” &c., &c.

Here we pause to laugh,—such an accompaniment to the Psalms of David! However, the braying of a donkey for a moment or two drowns all other sounds, and again the native boys shout “Hurrah!”

whilst a violent barking of dogs is going on at some little distance, and cries of "foot-sek," with the slashing of a whip and the yelping of a defeated cur. Meanwhile, ever and anon, from yonder tree (the only one in the encampment) arise the pretty notes of the South African mocking-bird. Happy bird! for thee, apparently, even the dark hours of the night has charms; how we love your cheerful song and merry mocking ways! But you are not mocking the noise which the sieves make now, nor yet the voice of the guinea-fowl or the partridge; it is your own sweet song which we are accustomed to listen to in the night season. Sing on, little bird, while yet you may, for civilization, with boys and catapults, will soon put an end to your happy song!

Now we hear the rumbling of wagons and Scotch carts, laden with firewood for the market on the morrow, whilst the long-drawn-out psalm-singing, though growing fainter, still proceeds. Meanwhile, the strumming of innumerable asthmatic concertinas, each playing a different tune, is the abomination of the hour; likewise the confused noises around the canteens, where fighting, dancing, singing, hurrahing, crying, and laughing are blended into one wild uproar and din. Suddenly we are startled by the loud report of a gun. What are they firing for? Bang! bang! another and another. It is some lucky digger rejoicing over his day's "finds." But what is this peculiar noise—these low, chattering, clicking sounds that are gradually approaching us? Surely it cannot be that there are troops of baboons or monkeys in the encampment! Now it is lost in a loud burst of hilarious laughter. From yonder tent, however, we hear it again, and the truth flashes across our wondering brain—a troop of Korannas speaking their own wild language. Oh that Darwin were here to take notes! These creatures (like their hairy prototypes) wander about in gangs; they cannot endure solitude, and are seldom seen alone; their language is fearfully near to that of the "beasts that perish;" and those who know the Koranna character well are also aware of the slight barriers that separate the two. What have we now? Is it the Circus—or the "Merry-go-round," laden with human beings of various shades of colour and civilization, all of them laughing and chattering apparently in the highest glee as they are swung around upon their wooden steeds? However, this time it is neither the Circus nor the "Merry-go-round" (though both are to be found at Du Toit's Pan). It is the sound of music and dancing, and "Vals Rivier" is ringing forth in its most lively strains;—even the true musician will pause to listen and to mark the good time that is kept by the Hottentot dancers. These people are supremely happy; they seize time by the forelock, and live to-day, deeming, perchance, with the poet that—

"To-morrow never yet  
On any human being rose or set."

Now we have somebody who is looking for somebody, and some one else who is lost, and another person who cannot find his tent, and yet another who cannot find the tent of his friend. Well, in the



darkness this is not at all surprising ; it is the easiest thing imaginable to go astray amidst the weary labyrinths of tents and wagons, where darkness renders the distinguishing points invisible. Our attention is now arrested by a chorus from yonder marquee,—“ Three cheers for the red, white, and blue ;” and the “ Christys ” are sounding through the Camp ; whilst a voice in the distance is singing “ Ada with the golden hair.” But why are they ringing that bell ?—and far away, near Mr. Truter’s residence, we hear the Free State bugle proclaiming the curfew hour (half-past nine), when all good people, according to Free State notions, should be at home in bed—but they are not in bed at Du Toit’s Pan. Listen, and you will hear the distant thunder-like sound of the American bowling-alley, as the wooden balls run their courses along the timbered floor of the long iron building in which the game of skittles is being played. Glad are we that this bowling-alley is far away from our canvas dwelling-place, or we might bid adieu to quiet slumbers. Our whole attention is now absorbed by martial cries and gesticulations. It is the war-song and dance of the Natal Zulu. These people frequently dance and sing on their way to and from their work, when even the busiest digger will pause in his search for diamonds to wonder and to gaze. There is something savagely grand in the song and war-dance of the Zulu. Forgotten, however, are the savage dance and song, when floating softly through the air come the strains of really good music played by skilful hands ; and yon sweet voice, accompanied by a guitar, and mellowed by the distance, has banished from our minds all discordant sounds, and we are borne away upon its gentle breath to scenes far distant, which recall the recollections of all that we have loved and left behind,—the green valleys and the pleasant dwelling-places,—and we dream of home and bygone days, regardless of time or space, or the treasures that lie buried beneath the soil. And thus the time glides on until a late hour, when, by degrees, all sounds (save the solitary baying of some careful watch-dog) die away ; and sleep, balmy sleep, sinks down upon the wearied multitude, when the great encampment is almost as quiet as a lonely farm. Thus the night wanes on until chanticleer with his shrill clarion proclaims the dawn of day, when the Dopper recommences his peculiar form of worship—the double-dotted semibreve psalm-singing. After which the sleeper turns upon his couch and dreams of his early coffee, and wonders why the Dopper should be permitted to break his rest by untimely psalm-singing ! At length, the sound of many a busy hatchet chopping wood, together with the cheerful mocking-bird’s early song, and the long harmonious note of the African sky-lark as she descends from her lofty flight, appearing, as it were, to drop from out the skies, announces to each slumberer that Aurora, in her silver chariot, borne by the milk-white steeds, is bearing down upon us,—and again we behold the busy digger with pick and spade and sieve.

Such is night at Du Toit’s Pan.

M. E. BARBER.

Du Toit’s Pan, 1871.

## African Folk-lore.

BY W. H. I. BLEEK, PH. D.

## II.

## A MADAGASCAR TALE.

IN my first paper on this subject (Vol. I. pp. 168—182), I chiefly directed attention to an ancient tale, which is found among very distant nations of the Bantu family (Zulu, Otyihereró, and Timneh), and also among the Malagasy people, to whom it has, however, probably been conveyed from the adjacent Continent. This tale was by many of our readers and reviewers compared to the English one of “The House that Jack built.” This comparison, however, holds only thus far good, that both stories are constructed upon the same principle of composition (*i.e.*, on that of a full repetition of the preceding part)—which seems to date from very ancient times, possibly from those before the use of true pronouns. But the tale of “The House that Jack built” is otherwise in no respect identical with, or even resembling, the above-mentioned ancient Bantu story; they merely both belong to a class of composition which must once have been very prevalent. We find several such compositions still current, and some of them almost identical, among the most distant nations. A contemplation of this subject has its own interest; but as it cannot be properly illustrated without giving a number of these stories in full, and as, from their very nature, they are rather tedious to our modern taste, we defer for the present wearying the reader. But the Malagasy version of the story given in Part I. forms only a small portion of a longer narrative, the other parts of which are all formed upon very different principles of composition. The one ancient portion seems to lie here imbedded in a more recent, but still very old, stratum. The Madagascar story is, as a whole, very interesting, as it is said admirably to portray the character of the people. It is contained in one of the very valuable manuscripts presented by the venerable JAMES CAMERON, who was once our fellow-labourer in the compilation of a catalogue of about sixty publications and manuscripts in the Malagasy language, forming Part III. of Vol. I. of “The Library of Sir G. Grey, K.C.B.”

The *Malagasy* language, spoken by four or five millions of inhabitants of the large island of Madagascar, does not belong to the African, but to the Oceanic Section of Prefix-pronominal languages, and seems nearest akin to some languages spoken in the Indian Archipelago. Its principal dialects are the Central or *Ankova* dialect, spoken by the Hovas, the Eastern or *Betsimisaraka*, and the Western or *Sakalava* dialect. Most publications are, however, in the first of these dialects, and so is an interesting book compiled by natives, which has lately been presented to the Library by Sir H. Barkly. Our manuscript is also in this dialect, and Mr. Cameron writes regarding it as follows:—

Antananarivo, 28th November, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure of sending you by this mail (care of Colonial Postmaster, Port Louis, Mauritius) a manuscript in Malagasy,

with a translation into English. These stories have been handed down by tradition from time immemorial. I am not aware that they have ever before been written. *The Malagasy copy was written down from the lips of some who were supposed to know the stories well, by a young man who is a teacher in one of the schools.* I have divided the whole into chapters, and prefixed contents to each chapter, and have also added a few notes. In some countries, robbers, highwaymen, and others of that class have, often some generosity or other redeeming feature about them, but *Ikotofetsy* and *Mabaka* are thoroughly and only bad from beginning to end. I can get no information as to the Author, nor to the time when it was composed. Some of the stories are probably *very* old, and it is not unlikely that some of them may be of a more modern date, and by inferior hands; but they are true Madagascar tales. Some of them, at least, were known to the former missionaries; but they feared that, as examples, they might prove injurious to youth if made public. The entire story, however, shows the ultimate detection and punishment of crime, as well as the success of the rogues in committing it.

Mr. Cameron, in his English translation, calls this composition: "Companionship in Vice,—or the Exploits of *Ikotofetsy* and *Mahaka*, two Madagascar Rogues.—A very old story."

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#### CHAPTER I.

*"The two rogues meet for the first time."*

*Mabaka* came from the east, and *Ikotofetsy* from the west; *Mabaka* went on a journey westward, and *Ikotofetsy* on a journey eastward, and at length the two met together in a certain valley. When they met, *Mabaka* had with him a spade made of potter's clay, and *Ikotofetsy* had with him what he called a fowl, but it was only a crow. *Mabaka* had carefully covered his spade, leaving only the ends of it to appear;\* and *Ikotofetsy* inquired, "What thing is this that you carry with you?" "A spade," replied *Mabaka*. "What I carry," said *Ikotofetsy*, "is a fowl." "If yours is a fowl," said *Mabaka*, "come then, let us exchange them with each other; still, though they be exchanged, they are not to be uncovered until you arrive at the mountain in the west, and I arrive at the mountain in the east. Neither of us must look at the things we exchange until we reach the places to which we are going." Now, when they had reached the places to which they were going, *Mabaka* uncovered the fowl,—and, behold! it was a crow, which at once flew away, and he never caught it again. Then he stood, greatly astonished; and he said to himself, "Yes, the thoughts and schemes of this friend of mine are exactly like my own." And when *Ikotofetsy* had uncovered his spade, he went and began to dig the ground with it; but the spade at once broke into pieces, and he said, "Oh! the thoughts and schemes of this my new friend are exactly like my own."

\* Potteryware in Madagascar is often coloured with plumbago, so that a piece of ware thus coloured, would have much the appearance of a new iron spade.—J. C.

## CHAPTER II.

*"A second meeting, followed by a successful exploit."*

After some time, *Ikotofetsy* and *Mabaka* again met in the same valley where they first saw each other. Then said *Ikotofetsy*, "As the thoughts and schemes of both of us are so very much alike, come, let us be friends." To which *Mabaka* replied, "Well, then, if we do become friends, let us go on to the east, for there a rich man has just died; his name is *Andriambaboaka*; let us go and look out for what we may find,—the one-fourth of his property and of his kingdom." "Come," replied *Ikotofetsy*, "let us go to the place." So the two went together, and when they arrived, they found that the dead had been buried some time, and that the guards had left the tomb. And so, when it was dark, the two friends came to the tomb, bringing with them a spade and a wooden shovel. Then they began to dig an entrance into the tomb, at the feet, and dug on until at length it was finished. They then said, one to the other, "Which of us shall be buried?" *Mabaka* said, "Come, now, you be buried." *Ikotofetsy* agreed to this, and said, "But there must be an arrangement between us." So *Mabaka* proposed one, and this was the agreement: *Mabaka* said, "Now you must listen well, and know my voice; for I will first cause the children of *Andriambaboaka* to call out, and when they have called three times, then I will call out last of all." And *Mabaka* then shut up *Ikotofetsy* within the tomb.\* And after he was thus shut in the tomb, *Mabaka* closed up the opening and went away; and when he came within sight of the town, he began to weep aloud, and to say, "Oh! Father, fetch me!" Then the people saw him from the town, and said, "Who is that man there, who cries like a foolish person?" Then *Mabaka* went into the house of *Andriambaboaka*, and the people said, "Come in, Sir, come in." And when he had entered, he sat down, and wept, and said, "Oh Father! why did you die without telling us? for we are, in all, four brothers, his children." Then the children of *Andriambaboaka*, and the people there in the house, answered and said, "What is it that makes you the son of *Andriambaboaka*? for we do not know you at all;—yet you say you are his son." And *Mabaka* replied, "I am his son." Then the children of *Andriambaboaka* and the people in the house said, "You are not." And *Mabaka* said, "I am his son, but by a different mother; that is why you do not know me." Then said the children, "If you are his son, let us call the of people together, that we may see who it was that became the wife *Andriambaboaka*, and your mother." And *Mabaka* said, "That is good; let it be done." And when they had collected and questioned the people, the people replied, "No; we do not know anything that would make this man a son of *Andriambaboaka*, for he is quite unknown to us." *Mabaka* said, "If you do not know me, then let us go down there to the grave, and call out whether I am not his son." So they and the people went to the grave, and arrived there. And *Mabaka* said to them, "You now call out." And the children of *Andriambaboaka* called, saying, "Hear us in your tomb! Oh Father! Is this man your son? For he says he is

\* A Madagascar tomb is built of stone. Many of them are from ten to eighteen feet square, and seven or eight feet high, with stone shelves for the bodies, and one large flat stone on the top.—J. C.



your son." But the dead did not speak. Then said *Mabaka*, "Call again, for perhaps he did not hear." Then they called out again, asking the same question, and again there was no answer; and for the third time they called, but there was still no answer; and the people said to the children, "Now you have called out; stop there; and let this person call." Then *Mabaka* called, saying, "Hear! Oh Father! in your tomb! Am I not your son, though by a different mother, and though the people do not know me?" Then *Ikotofetsy*, within the tomb, replied, "My son indeed!" Then said the people, "Let us be all quiet, lest some one else should have replied." *Mabaka* then called again, "Hear! Oh Father! in your tomb! Am I not your son, though by a different mother, and though the people do not know me?" Then replied *Ikotofetsy* within the tomb, "My son indeed!" Then said *Mabaka*, "Ha! What think you of that? Am I not his son?" The people answered, "Here, Boy! Let the matter rest, for you are his son. Let the property of *Andriambaboaka* be divided into four parts, and let *Mabaka* have one part." After this, *Mabaka* staid in the town; and when it was dark, he went to the tomb, and when he arrived, he dug out *Ikotofetsy*, and again closed up the opening.

## CHAPTER III.

*"By a successful imposition, they bring a well-to-do family into great grief."*

Again these two men went out on an excursion, and came to a town; and the next morning, while *Mabaka* remained in the town, *Ikotofetsy* went out, and saw a bird, and having laid a snare for it, he caught it. He then placed it by the way side, and fetched a mat, on which he dropped some pieces of money and jewels. He then contrived to fix some of the money under one of the wings of the bird, and some of the jewels under the other. When this was done, the people passing by on the road came near, and inquired, "What bird is this?" "A bird," replied *Ikotofetsy*. Again the people asked, "What bird is it?" "The Money-bird, the Jewel-bird," said *Ikotofetsy*. Then he called out to the bird, "Oh! Money-bird! Oh! Jewel-bird! Let fall a little money!"\* The bird flapped its wings, and let fall some money. Then he called again, "Oh! Money-bird! Oh! Jewel-bird! Let fall some jewels!" The bird again flapped its wings, and let fall some jewels. The passers-by were astonished beyond measure, and said, "What is its price?" And *Ikotofetsy* replied, "The price of this is far beyond your reach, for it is a thing of very high price." The people said, "Tell us its price, for we *can* reach it." "One hundred dollars is its price," said *Ikotofetsy*. And the passers-by answered, "If that is the price, we cannot reach it;" so they moved on. Then one *Rangaby* came with the rest, and as he approached, *Ikotofetsy* looked at him, and called to the bird, saying, "Oh! Money-bird! Oh! Jewel-bird! Let fall a little money!" The bird flapped its wings, and obeyed. He then ordered it to let fall some jewels, which it did; and *Rangaby* said, "Ho! you man there! What is the price of that thing?" "One hundred dollars," said *Ikotofetsy*. "Stop!" said *Rangaby*, "let it be twenty." The other replied, "Take it to be yours for eighty dollars." "Let it be forty,"

\* Money in Madagascar consists of Spanish dollars cut into halves, quarters, and an immense number of smaller pieces, of all shapes and sizes.—J. C.

said *Rangaby*. "Take it to be yours for fifty," said *Ikotofetsy*. So the bargain was agreed upon, and the bird passed to *Rangaby* for fifty dollars.

*Rangaby* then went to the west, and came to his wife and children. The children said, "Oh ! Father ! Whatever is this that you have brought ?" "A bird," he replied. And they said, "Father has really got a bird ; but, dear Father, what sort of a bird is it ?" He answered, "Why, the place of your riches is there." And his wife said, "What riches can be there ?" *Rangaby* replied, "What do you know ?" and calling the servants, he said, "Bring me a mat ; for what does she know ?" The servants brought him a mat, on which he placed the bird, and said, "Oh ! Money-bird ! Oh ! Jewel-bird ! Let fall a little money !" The bird flapped its wings, and let fall some money. The children were startled, and cried out, "Well ! our father's bird lets fall money !" Then *Rangaby* spoke again, "Oh ! Money-bird ! Oh ! Jewel-bird ! Let fall some jewels !" The bird flapped its wings and obeyed ; and the children were again astonished and delighted, and said, "Well ! If our father's bird does not let fall jewels !" *Rangaby* then ordered the bird to let fall a little money, that he might see it ; but the bird flapped its wings, and no money fell, and its life appeared almost gone. Again *Rangaby* called, asking it to let fall money ; but the bird flapped its wings, and died. And when the children saw that the bird was dead, they were exceedingly grieved, and cried out "Oh ! dear mother ! father's bird is dead !" And *Rangaby* wept, and said, "Woe is me ! For, immense riches are lost !" His wife asked, "What immense riches ? What is that ?" "I bought it for fifty dollars," answered *Rangaby*, "for I saw it letting fall money and jewels ; but now it is dead." His wife exclaimed, "Bought this for fifty dollars ! Come, servants ! Take it, and throw it away !" But *Rangaby* would not allow them to throw it away ; and, addressing his wife, he said, "I took fifty dollars from the house to purchase the bird, perhaps you have not seen the money with me. Do not throw it away, servants ! Let it alone ! It may yet live." His wife said, "Surely you did not purchase the bird with the fifty dollars you took from here, but with some other fifty dollars, perhaps ?" "No," said *Rangaby*, "it was with the fifty dollars I took from here. Where else should I see fifty dollars to buy it with ?" The woman called him by the very worst names, and said, "The blockhead says he gave (to whomsoever he gave them) for this thing, not worth one farthing, fifty dollars ! He has been serving the rogues ! He is one with them !" *Rangaby* answered "Stop, now, fair lady ! for I have been cheated by others." Then she cursed him, and said, "It is useless to hear anything more that the fellow says ; he has been serving a man like himself." Then *Rangaby* began to abuse her, saying, "The blockhead serves a woman like himself ; I am called blockhead when I serve a man like myself." The woman answered, "Who but a blockhead would serve such notorious rogues ? He gave fifty dollars for a bird which would not sell for a single farthing !"

Now, while they were thus abusing each other, the relations of the family came together in the house and thus spoke to the two ;—"If, indeed, you must separate from each other, divide the property, and let the fifty dollars fall into the share of *Rangaby*." Then they divided the property ; and after it was divided, the husband and wife separated, but the children remained in the house of *Rangaby*.

## CHAPTER IV.

"By continued deception, they manage to get a large quantity of beef."

The two friends again went forth on an excursion, and they saw one whose name was *Rangaby*, who was harelipped, looking after his cattle on the hillside. And they said to each other, "What shall we do to get possession of *Rangaby's* cattle?" *Ikotofetsy* said, "Let one of us be buried under this large stone." Said *Mabaka*, "Come, then, you be buried, and I shall draw near to *Rangaby*," and to this *Ikotofetsy* agreed. And when *Mabaka* had come near to *Rangaby*, *Ikotofety*, from under the stone, spoke the following words :—

"Pipiliky, Pipiliky,\*  
If *Rangaby* will kill  
His white-headed bullocks,  
*Rangaby* will be cured of his hare-lip."

"Listen a little," said *Mabaka*, "to that sound." Then *Ikotofetsy* repeated the words as before. Then *Rangaby*, addressing *Mabaka*, said, "Be quiet a little, my son! let me listen to that." Then *Ikotofetsy* repeated again :

"Pipiliky, Pipiliky,  
If *Rangaby* will kill  
His white-headed bullocks,  
*Rangaby* will be cured of his hare-lip."

Then said *Rangaby*, "If that is true, then I shall go and tell my wife and children, and also bring a knife, and an axe, and rope, that I may kill the bullocks;" and when he came to his wife and children, his wife said, "If that will bring a cure to you, kill!" Then *Rangaby* returned to *Mabaka*, and they killed all the white-headed bullocks, and *Mabaka* divided the flesh, saying, "Whose shall be the head?"

The head, a head for excellence,  
The head, a head for good,  
Shall it be mine or shall it be yours?

Then said *Rangaby*, "Well, my son, let it be mine!" Then *Mabaka* said, "Whose shall be the shoulder?"

The shoulder, a shoulder for evil,  
The shoulder, a shoulder for woe,  
Shall it be mine or shall it be yours?

Then *Rangaby* said, "Take that, my son; let it be yours." Thus *Mabaka* divided the beef, piece by piece; one he said was for *Rangaby*, and the next for himself, and so on with the whole bullock; so that the rogue got the half of it for himself.

When they had divided the flesh, each took his own share, and then *Ikotofetsy* made his appearance from the hole under the stone, that both might carry all their share into the house. They called people from the house to help them, and thus the whole was taken into the house.

\* The name of a bird.—J. C.

Chapters V. and VI. of the original manuscript have been omitted here, the former because it has already been given in Part I. of this article (C. M. M. Vol. I. pp. 174—176), and the latter, because, although it is important for the ethnologist to know all the bendings of the native mind, yet some of them are not fit to be laid before the general reading public. In the place of these chapters, we have put the two which Mr. Cameron added in the appendix, and regarding which he says in a postscript to his letter, "I have just received two other parts of the exploits of the two rogues. I shall add them, if possible. They may be of more modern date than some of the others."

#### CHAPTER V.

##### "Wild cats."

*Ikotofetsy* and *Mabaka*, it is said, went to a distance, carrying with them two wild cats\* in a covered basket. They came to a rich man, who brought them into his house, and asked them, "Where are you going?" *Mabaka* said, "I am going to the forest;" and *Ikotofetsy* said, "I am going to sell 'something which few have got.'" When the rich man heard this, he said, "Come, let us buy it." *Ikotofetsy* said, "Yes;" and the bargain was made. *Ikotofetsy* then went home. Then they gave "something which few have got" some food, and the wild cats ran away. Then said *Mabaka*, "Is that 'something that few have got?' Why, you are bewitched! You have been buying wild cats! I challenge you as witches." So the rich man paid him money; and thus each of the rogues got money.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### "How to get sheep."

The two rogues went forth again, it is said, to practise deceit. They saw an old woman herding sheep, and they said, "Oh! Old woman! How is it that you cannot herd sheep?" Said she, "Show me the right way then, young man!" They said, "Tie one end of a rope to a sheep's leg, and the other to your waist," and she did so. Then they startled the sheep by a dog, and the sheep ran away, dragging the old woman (*Rafotsibè*) after it, so that she died. Then *Ikotofetsy* and *Mabaka* got possession of her sheep.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### "They steal oranges."

The two friends again went on an excursion. They saw an orange tree belonging to some one, and said, "Come, let one of us get on the shoulders of the other;" so *Mabaka* took *Ikotofetsy* on his shoulders; for the oranges were so high up that they could not reach them. Then, as the owner of the oranges came upon them, *Mabaka* took the oranges and ran

\* In former times, if a person kept, or had anything to do with wild cats, he was considered as bewitched; and often treated as such by being at once put to death. The rogues got money to keep the matter quiet.—J. C.



away. But *Ikotofetsy* was caught ; and the owner of the oranges said, "Now we shall hold this fellow, for he has been stealing our oranges." Then *Ikotofetsy* said, "Father of the people ! Be thou the judge ! The oranges are high up, quite beyond my reach. How could I take them ? Besides, I have not hidden myself at all." But he told lies.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*"Ikotofetsy gets possession of twenty dollars ; he steals a lamb ; is condemned to be drowned ; makes his escape, and retaliates."*

It is said that *Ikotofetsy* went to *Ingiaby Andriana*, who was at work on his ground, and said to him, "Allow me to work with you." *Ingiaby Andriana* replied, "That is good, for then I shall have a friend ; but you must go to the house, and fetch a spade from *Ramatoa* (his wife), who is there." So *Ikotofetsy* went to the house for the spade, but he said, "*Ingiaby Andriana* told me to come and fetch twenty dollars." *Ramatoa* said, "Where are the twenty dollars he told you to bring ? There is no money." Then said *Ikotofetsy*, "Well, if you will not give the money, let us go to the edge of the ditch, and call to him." So they went, and *Ikotofetsy* called to him, saying, "Oh ! *Ingiaby Andriana* ! she will not give it." Then *Ingiaby* answered, "Give it to him, that he may fetch it." Then said *Ikotofetsy*, "Give it to me, for he says 'Fetch it,' and I am in a hurry." Then she gave him the twenty dollars, and he disappeared. After a while, *Ingiaby* went up to town to dinner ; and when he went into the house, he said, "When I sent *Ikotofetsy* for a spade for him to work with, how is it that you did not give it to him ?—you people in the house are too bad." Then *Ramatoa* replied, "He did not come to fetch a spade, but for twenty dollars ; for you said 'Give it to him,' and I gave it to him, and he is gone."

And *Ingiaby* said, "We have seen a calamity ; we have been cheated by *Ikotofetsy* ; but never mind *Ikotofetsy* ; what he has done will make him worse. A spade I told him to fetch ; but he went and took my money." Then *Ingiaby* went to search for him, but could not find him.

Now, soon after this, *Ikotofetsy* stole a lamb from *Rafotsibè*, the mother of *Ingiaby Andriana* ; and she went and told him, saying, "*Ikotofetsy* has stolen my lamb." Then *Ingiaby* said, "Go and search for it, and if it cannot be found, I shall give information to the people, that the rogue may be killed." *Rafotsibè* searched, but could not find the lamb ; and *Ingiaby* called the people together, and sent and apprehended *Ikotofetsy* ; and when they had got him, they bound him, and sewed him up in a mat, and carried him to the water side. Then the people said, "Let us in the first place go and dine, for the rogue cannot now escape any more."

Then *Rafotsibè* passed near the water side, and *Ikotofetsy* made a noise like a lamb. Then said *Rafotsibè*, "That is indeed my lamb !" *Ikotofetsy* said, "Oh ! *Rafotsibè* ! unloose me, and I will fetch your lamb." Then *Rafotsibè* unloosed him, and he sewed her up in the mat, and ran away. Then came the people to roll *Ikotofetsy* into the water, and said, "Roll him in now !" Then *Rafotsibè* called out, "Oh ! *Ingiaby Andriana*, I am your mother !" But the people said, "Roll him in ! for that is only a trick of *Ikotofetsy*." So the people rolled *Rafotsibè* into the water, and returned home.

Soon after *Ikotofetsy* went out, and saw another *Rafotsibè* on her way to a circumcision, and she carried with her a large quantity of ornamental finery. Then said *Ikotofetsy*, "Oh! *Rafotsibè*, will you hold up this stone for a little; for I want to go over there just for a little, little while; and my holding up of this stone is Government service." So *Rafotsibè* laid down her finery, and took hold of the stone. Then said *Ikotofetsy*, "Now, if you let go this stone, you will certainly get into trouble." He took up the finery of *Rafotsibè*, and ran away. Soon after, the passers-by looked, and saw *Rafotsibè*; and they said, "Why do you stand there quite motionless, holding up that stone?" She replied, "If I let it go, they say I shall be killed;" but the passers-by said, "Let it go! why should you be dead?" Then she let it go; but it did not fall. Then, with great surprise, she said, "My large quantity of ornaments is now taken away by the man who made me hold up this stone!" and she returned home.

Now *Ikotofetsy* took the ornaments, and went to the village of *Ingiaby Andriana*, and said, "How is this? Have you now really killed me? Ha! Look! these things I obtained under the water." Then said the people, "But if we were to be covered up as you were, should we, or should we not, get such things?" *Ikotofetsy* replied, "If you were even all of you to be covered up, you would all of you get such things." The people said, "Then cover us up, as he was covered up." *Ikotofetsy* said, "Come then;" and then they had all the men in the village, and also *Ingiaby Andriana*, covered up, and carried to the edge of the water. Then *Ikotofetsy*, addressing their wives and children, said, "Now let each of us roll them into the water!" And one and all of them rolled them into the water. Then the wives and children looked, and said, "See how they strive to snatch up the things!" but they were dead. Then said *Ikotofetsy*, "Come! let us go up to the town; they are dead; what more can be seen there?" Then each of the women and children in town went into deep mourning; and *Ikotofetsy* took the wife of *Ingiaby Andriana* to be his wife. And he became the head of the people there in the town; and he said, "Let not any one in town continue to mourn,—but plait your hair;" so the people in the town plaited their hair.\*

## CHAPTER IX.

*"By fraud they get possession of a large piece of rice ground."*

*Ikotofetsy* and *Mabaka* again went out, and saw a very large piece of rice ground; they went over it, with the head downwards, and the feet upwards. They then disputed the ownership with the real owner; saying that they had gone over it with the head downwards and the feet upwards.† The dispute was brought before the judges, and they decided that the land belonged to *Ikotofetsy* and *Mabaka*.‡

\* Dishevelled hair is the principal sign of deep mourning. Plaiting the hair shows that mourning for the dead is over.—J. C.

† In allusion to a Malagasy proverb, used when speaking of a thing that has cost much labour and expense, *viz.*, I have gone over this with my head downwards and my feet upwards.—J. C.

‡ The two rogues, before the judges, used the proverb literally, and the real owner, figuratively.—J. C.

## CHAPTER X.

*"They attempt to deceive each other; they divide their accumulated spoils; they are impeached before the King, tried, and put to death, with all their relations."*

*Ikotofetsy* and *Mabaka* made an agreement: *viz.*, that whichever of the two should die first should be master of the property (*i.e.*, that the whole should be buried with him in his tomb). In a week after, *Ikotofetsy* pretended to die; and a messenger was sent to *Mabaka*, saying, "Your friend is dead." Then said *Mabaka*, "If it is so that he is dead, I shall have him enveloped in the whole of the property." Then *Mabaka* went to where the body lay; and he said, "Here! *Ikotofetsy* is dead; now, it was agreed that whichever of us should die first, he should be master of the property." Then they buried *Ikotofetsy*, and put into the tomb with him the whole of the property. The buriers then separated; and *Mabaka* went home. When he went home he cooked some crabs, and after they were cooked, he carried them up to the top of the tomb; and there he began to chop and break them (imitating a dog in gnawing and breaking bones). Then *Ikotofetsy* within the tomb called out, "*Hadia!* Go away, you beast! Do they think I am dead? Should I not seek to get the property?" Then *Mabaka* again chopped and broke the crabs; and *Ikotofetsy* called out as before, "*Hadia!* Go away, you beast!" Then said *Mabaka*, "Wake up! Oh! my friend! Ho! ho! you are not dead, but are trying to get the property." *Ikotofetsy* said, "Do not kill me, my friend, though I am indeed trying to get the property." Then *Mabaka* went to his relations, and said, "Break open the tomb; for *Ikotofetsy* is not dead." And the relations pretended to be very glad; and they opened the tomb that same night; and when it was opened, they brought out *Ikotofetsy*, and all the property, and divided it between the two men,—giving each his share.

Now some of the head people of the village had witnessed the division of the property; and they went and told the King, saying, "Your people who had dealings with *Ikotofetsy* and *Mabaka* have suffered severely; and the King said, "How?" And they said, "Only the quantities of things they have divided there; these things were not obtained by just dealing, but by cheating your people." Then the King sent messengers, saying to them, "Go, and see the property of these two men, which they have divided." Then wise men went to see the property; and when they had seen it, they returned to the king, and said, "It is even so." Then the King said again, "Go, and inquire of them as to how they obtained this property." Then the people went to inform these two men, saying, "The King inquires, 'In what way did you obtain this property?'" And they replied, saying, "Tell the King that by buying wisdom we obtained this property." Then the people went and told the King what they had said. Then said the King, "Inquire of them, 'What wisdom have you shown in my kingdom by which you could obtain that property?'" Then the two men answered, "By diligent buying and selling, so as to kill the body and diminish life." Then the people returned and told the King, saying, "By diligent trading; so as to kill the body, and diminish life, they say they have acquired this property." Then said the King, "Oh! after all, it is true what the heads

of the people told me! Now, go, and put both of them and their relations in fetters." So the people went, and put them in fetters. And after they were all bound, the relations said, "How is this? The two are guilty from what they have done; but are we to be bound? Tell the King these our words." And the King said, "How is it that they know that *Ikotofetsy* and *Mahaka* obtained those things not by justice, but by cheating my subjects, and did not tell me? It is for this I make them guilty." Then the people went to inform them, saying, "The King says, 'How is it that you knew they obtained those things not by justice, but by cheating my subjects, and did not tell me?—it is for this that I put you all to death.'" So the whole of them were put to death, and half of their property went to the King, and half to the people.

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### How I took to Low Company, and what came of it.

SOME few years back I was in the unenviable position of a young, but sadly briefless, Barrister of the Middle Temple. I was comparatively a stranger to London society, though from my old Oxford days I was very familiar with most of the ins-and-outs of London itself. My purse was not very deep, and my pride caused me to reject many an invitation to dinner, ball, or card-party, simply because I could not see my way to returning such hospitalities. Hence I was thrown much on my own resources for amusement, and when I was sick and weary of poring over Blackstone, or Coke upon Lyttleton,—or, as Tennyson has it, conning over

"That codeless myriad of precedents,  
That wilderness of single instances,  
That men call Law,"—

I was in the evenings not unfrequently in difficulties how to distract myself, and clear my brain of the perplexing details of that interesting case of *H. M. the Q——n of E——d vs. James alias Jim Snooks* for high treason, "in that he did publicly and audibly, in a certain pothouse entitled the Three Jolly Butchers of Wapping, declare that it did not seem to him, as how it made much differ in the price of bacon whether there were a Queen or not;" or of *Smith vs. Reg.*, wherein Smith laid claim to the Crown of England on the ground that he was the sole individual who could produce documents *absolutely proving* his descent in a direct line from Adam, and was thereby entitled to the sovereignty of the whole earth, but modestly preferred sticking to old England as "monarch of all he surveyed." My difficulty was one night solved by my faithful bull-terrier, who had with an equal mind followed his master from the cloistered luxuries of Oxford Rooms to the dismal solitudes of Temple Chambers, a veritable "fidus Achates." He merits a passing word of description. He was simply the ugliest, most mischievous, wickedest, pluckiest, old dear humbug of a dog that ever existed to teach human



nature the merits of the brute creation,—and he answered to the name of “Punch.” One of his peculiarities was an intense delight in swallowing instantly any coin that accidentally slipped from one’s hand to the floor; and the amount of coppers, shillings, and even half-crowns he thus disposed of at Oxford would be sufficient, I should imagine, to give a man a fair start to the Diamond-fields. Another peculiarity was the bitter hatred he bore towards soda-water bottles; to let one off in his presence was like applying a match to gunpowder; he would forthwith charge the holder thereof furiously, and would only be pacified by being presented with the bottle to worry on the floor, which he invariably proceeded to do with much pertinacity, though futile results. There was not a mortal animal, from man to badger, that he would not tackle at a moment’s notice, and give a good account of; and a certain Oxford Proctor could testify to the state his robes were left in, when, on a certain 5th of November, within the last decade, he attempted (very foolishly) to enter a protest against, and arrest the ringleaders in, sundry proceedings taking place during the usual festive “Town and Gown.” But his chief delight, his most infinite gratification, was *ratting*. Whether, when he was a pup, some very audacious member of the rat community had nipped him smartly on his infant nose, I cannot tell; but either from instinct, or from motives of personal vengeance, his misery if a rat was within his scent, but out of his reach, was perfectly comical. He would scratch, and tear, and whine, and give short impatient barks, until he turned round at me with a pitiful look, as much as to say, “*Can I do anything more? The beggar won’t fight!*” It was this idiosyncrasy of his that led me into the circumstances that changed all my prospect in life. Mr. Punch came out with me one fine evening for a stroll, and after following close at my heels for a time, suddenly evinced intense excitement as we were passed by a man carrying what was apparently a cage covered with green baize. This cage evoked Punch’s direst wrath. He leapt at it, he barked, he kicked up din enough not merely to wake the Seven Sleepers of Christendom, but even to rouse the dormant faculties of the ordinary and obtuse London “bobby.” The bearer of the mysterious burden at first seemed inclined to reject Mr. Punch’s addresses to his charges with scorn and contumely, but on taking a second look at the excited dog, he evidently revolved in his mind the feasibility of incontinently appropriating him to himself. Determining, however, that the endeavours would be useless, and likely to get himself into trouble, he turned round to me and said—

“Nice sort of dawg, that ’ere, sir! Be he yourn?”

“Yes,” said I.

“Well, sir, if as how it be that you likes a bit of sport on the quiet,—and I sees as how the dawg do,—if you comes along with me now, you’ll see as fine a bit of ratting as ever you clapped eyes on. I’m taking along these here rats in this cage for the great match ’twixt Blundering Bill’s Dick and Oily Joe’s Fly; and they jest *are*

two prime 'uns. And if so be," he continued, "that you likes, when the match is done, to give your dawg there a beat, there's lots more vermin in first-rate fettle for to work him proper-*lie*."

I considered for a few minutes and took a survey of my man, who was of the horsy-doggy type of London cads, always loafing about the telegraph offices when the results of races are expected to arrive. I was half inclined to go; and when in answer to my inquiry as to the scene of action he named a well-known hostelry in Air-street, Piccadilly, the proprietor of which had formerly instructed me in the noble art of getting my head punched, my scruples vanished; I hailed a Hansom and was speedily deposited at the door. Passing through the bar I paid some small sum for admission to the arena of combat, where I found as curious a collection of men as can well be met even in London. Here stood an M.P., there a butcher from Whitechapel; here an Israelitish money-lender, there an Oxford undergraduate or an unfledged ensign from Aldershot, evidently under the impression they were doing the correct thing and "*seeing life*;" here a *blasé* swell, and there the "irrepressible 'Arry," together with a motley crowd of dog-fanciers, bookmakers, touts—in fact, specimens of every class that goes to make up the sum total of the teeming metropolis. I had the luck to secure a remarkably good place to see the sport, which shortly commenced. I need not describe it, nor do I remember whether Dick put a marvellously quick end to the lives of the wretched rats, or whether the funerals entrusted to Fly were arranged in a more expeditious manner. My attention was very shortly attracted by the manœuvres that a little, stout, grey-headed old gentleman, who had arrived late, and thus lost all chance of a good position, was executing in order to edge his way into the front rank. He appeared singularly interested and somewhat ruffled at the complete failure of all his efforts. At last, as I did not particularly care about the affair, I turned and offered him my own place. He instantly accepted, with a look of intense gratitude, saying, "Thank ye, thank ye, young man! Very considerate, I'm sure!" From this moment he eagerly watched the rat-pit, and applauded the dogs most vigorously. At the termination of the sport, he swang briskly round and said,

"Now, young man, you must come home, and have some supper with me; you've done a kind turn to an old man." I was beginning to remonstrate. "Now don't interrupt me! I tell you it was a kindness, for my sole passion is a fancy for well-bred dogs. Come along to supper! What's your name? Where do you live?"

All this was poured forth with the utmost fluency and without giving me time to put in a word. I said, "Really, sir, I'm much obliged for your invitation, but I'm afraid I cannot accept it, without sadly disappointing my faithful friend here"—indicating Mr. Punch—"who thinks it is high time for *his* share of the fun to begin. There, however, is my name and address; and should you ever accidentally stroll down Temple way, you'll know where to find me, and I shall be happy to see you."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "God bless my soul! is that fine dog yours? give him a turn at the vermin, by all means! and I'll stop and see it! And Temple way! Temple way! why I'm down that way every day of my life! You and I must become better acquainted Mr. ———, ah, Mr. ——— Francis!—and we'll commence the acquaintance by your coming home with me to supper most decidedly, directly after that dog of yours has had his fun. Good dog, then! What did you say his name was?—oh, yes!—Punch! Good dog, Punch!"

It was impossible to resist the old gentleman's hearty manner and genial conversation, so I yielded to circumstances, and presently found myself ushered by him into one of the snuggest little dining-rooms, with as cosy a little supper for four on the table, as it has ever been my happiness to come across. After introducing me to a cheery-faced old lady, who had evidently been nodding in her arm-chair for the last two hours, but attempting to keep up the fiction of being wide-awake by holding a novel upside-down on her lap, he exclaimed abruptly, "What's become of Bell?"

Even as he spoke the door opened, and in came the very prettiest girl I had ever beheld. Reader, fancies differ, luckily for us all, so I will spare you any description. Let each imagine his own type of feminine loveliness, and rest convinced that the writer's opinion coincides perfectly with his own.

"Oh, Papa!" she said, "How late you are! and you've brought home *another* dog! But what a beauty!"

"No, dear," said the old gentleman, "unfortunately, that dog isn't mine; it belongs to this gentleman—Mr. Francis, let me introduce you to my daughter."

If I had from the first moment been struck with the young lady's beauty, my heart was completely won by her admiration of my friend Punch, from whom most young ladies shrank with horror and dread, deeming him of an ugly, not to say truculent, aspect. We had a gossipy, cheerful supper; and the old gentleman over the whisky-toddy, after the ladies had retired, elicited from me my position and prospects, merely ejaculating "Um!" at my various answers—and Punch and I returned home, thinking we had seen the last of an enlivening episode in our somewhat monotonous life. Two days later, however, I was most pleasantly undeceived. A rap came at the door of my chambers, and my young scamp of a clerk—whom I shared with three other briefless ones—came in with an obvious expression of awe on his usually impudent countenance, and put into my hands a note and a brief. Need I say that a young and anxious barrister would look at the brief first? To my delight I read "*Smith vs. Brown*—For the plaintiff, Mr. Longwind, Q.C., and Mr. Francis. Solicitors for plaintiff, Messrs. Barlow, Briggs, and Barlow." At first I was completely dumb-founded. What on earth could Barlow, Briggs, and Barlow, one of the highest firms in their profession, know of obscure John Francis, a struggling young barrister!

It suddenly flashed across me that Barlow was the name of the old gentleman who had asked me to supper the other night, and I instantly tore open the note that had accompanied the legal document. It ran thus :—

“My dear Sir,—I shall be glad if you will act as junior to Mr. Longwind in *Smith vs. Brown*, and if you have no previous engagement, come and dine with us to-night, and we will talk over the matter over our wine.

“Yours very truly,

“FRED. S. BARLOW.

“P.S. Bring Punch with you. My girl says he’s ‘*a dear*,’ but I don’t believe she knows much more about a dog than the difference between his head and his tail.”

Does a fish swim? To jump into the good graces of Barlow, Briggs, and Barlow was good luck; but to have another opportunity of meeting Barlow’s daughter I considered simply marvellous good fortune; and I wondered whether I ought not, like Polycrates, to throw something valuable away. Having nothing valuable, I refrained. From the day that I received that important brief from Barlow & Co. my fortune as a barrister was fairly established. Two years later Bell Barlow changed her name to Bell Francis; and since the time we were married the only tears I have seen in my wife’s eyes were when poor dear old Punch, at a goodly age, was found dead one morning on the mat in the hall he had always so well guarded. “But, for Punch,” she said, “you and I might never have met!”

F. M. HOLLAND.

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## *The Art of Swimming.*

To the human animal the ability to swim, or the knowledge of how to do it, does not appear to be derived from natural instinct, but requires to be taught. Yet, although to people who traverse the seas in ships, or who travel much on land where the rivers are unbridged and liable to be frequently flooded, this ability is almost as necessary to the preservation of life as the air we breathe, or the food we eat, it is wonderful how many people there are in every country, and particularly among seafaring men—aye, even in Her Majesty’s Navy, to whom the “art” is unknown, and who are, or believe themselves to be, unable to keep themselves for a minute above water when they get into it beyond their depth.

Nothing is easier for the human animal to do than to swim, if he only tries. A child of six or seven years of age may be taught to



swim in a quarter of the time that at an earlier age it has required to teach it to talk, or walk, or learn the alphabet; yet the swimming branch of education, notwithstanding its great advantages, as well for preservation of life as for healthy recreation, is entirely neglected. It may be said that some children have no opportunities for learning, and parents may plead the excuse of scarcity of water; but such cases are exceptional ones. Water enough for the purpose, and opportunities too, may generally be found if sought for.

Swimming should be taught at all schools, public or private, both for boys and girls; and parents and guardians of youth should regard a knowledge of the art as a necessary accomplishment. If this were the case, a vast number of lives which are now sacrificed by accidental drowning would be saved, and the general health of the people would be greatly improved by the exercise and cleanliness consequent thereon. Few European females, or even South African of European extraction, are able, or know themselves to be able, to swim. There seems to be a prejudice against it. By some prudish people, the idea of a female swimming is regarded as having something "indelicate" about it. There are exceptions to this rule; but they are much fewer than they should be. Swimming-baths for ladies, which have been constructed in London and other places, do not appear to have been very profitable institutions. Some years ago the Princess Mary of Cambridge was said to have visited one of these baths, in company with a lady friend, and to have swum several times round it without a halt. The object appeared to be to set a good example, and to encourage others to go and do likewise; but it did not take,—at least, very little is heard of these "baths."

These thoughts have been induced by a perusal of the report of the fatal accident in Howison's Poort, near Graham's Town, where three valuable lives have lately been sacrificed by an attempt to cross a ravine which had become suddenly flooded by a heavy rain-fall. Nothing is said in the published account of the accident as to whether or not the three unfortunate persons possessed a knowledge of the art of swimming; but, under the circumstances stated by the driver of the cart, the chances are that the best and most expert swimmer would have been drowned if he attempted to cross such a torrent in the way these people did. The driver says that when he arrived at the drift, he hesitated to drive in, but did drive in after one of the passengers said he knew the drift well, and that it was shallow. We don't know what the passenger might have said on this subject if he had been saved instead of the driver; but it is impossible to exonerate the driver from blame for attempting to cross such a place when and how he did, whatever any of the passengers may have said to encourage him to do so. There had been several days' rain; the Howison's Poort drain—for it is little more than a drain in ordinary weather—had become suddenly a foaming torrent; the bed of the drift, or crossing, where the accident occurred, is solid rock, having the appearance of being paved with large flat stones, somewhat

unevenly laid. No doubt the drift is shallow—that is, that the floor of it is not very much lower than the level of the road on each side of it; but that circumstance would enable persons to judge of the depth of water better than if the drift, or the floor of the drift, were deeper. Although we admit that the very best swimmer might, and probably would have been drowned in similar circumstances, it is not very likely that such an one would have run the risk. He would have possessed a knowledge of the force and power of such a torrent, and at least have adopted precautionary measures before allowing himself to be driven into it in a covered cart drawn by horses, which is probably the most dangerous mode of conveyance that exists in this Colony for such a purpose. Among these precautionary measures which are known to old travellers in this Colony may be mentioned—

1. If any one of the horses be a saddle-horse, unharness him, mount, and try to ride across. Do this very cautiously; feel your way inch by inch, and turn back if you find the stream too deep or too strong to venture through.
2. If none of the horses can be ridden, strip and go in yourself, feeling your way as above, and you will soon be able to judge whether or not it is safe to attempt with the cart.

If after these experiments a doubt exists as to the practicability of crossing with safety, an experienced traveller would give himself the benefit of the doubt, and wait for the water to subside, unless there existed very urgent reasons for making the attempt; in which case, if he determined to do so, he could divest himself of clothing, open and roll up the flaps of the cart-sail, and prepare himself for the worst.

In general, persons that can swim well avoid the danger of being drowned more than those who can't swim at all, and for this reason—the former knows the danger and the latter does not. Men who can't swim trust to carts, wagons, horses, &c., while those who can, prefer not to do so. They know what they can do, and they prefer to trust to themselves.

It is easy after the occurrence of an event such as the one alluded to to criticize the conduct of the persons concerned in it, and to say what might or should have been done to avoid it. The writer's object, however, is not to criticize, but to offer such remarks as may, perhaps, tend to prevent similar accidents, or to lessen them.

Let us, then, observe, with regard to this particular case, that a passenger-cart from Port Elizabeth to Graham's Town, driven by an experienced driver, and having in it three passengers and £10,000 in specie, had got within five miles of the end of its journey, when it is unexpectedly confronted by a mountain torrent. The "drift" or ford through which the road passes is well known to the driver and to the passengers as a flat, stony one,—slippery at ordinary times, when the water is not more than two or three inches deep, and requiring cautious riding or driving across to prevent accident. Shod horses are very liable to slip and fall in such places. Immediately below this drift, on the right-hand side as you travel towards Graham's

Town, the bed of the river deepens, and is full of immense large stones—"boulders," and both sides are rugged, with rocks and bush. The water passing over and between these bushes and boulders would be so broken as to make it impossible to swim in it, while the force and strength of the current would dash any unfortunate person that got into it against the rocks and trees in such a manner as to render escape from it all but impossible. It is just such a place, indeed, as to insure the occurrence of an accident such as the one we now deplore, under the circumstances which were apparent to the driver and passengers of that unfortunate cart on the Sunday morning when they arrived at the drift,—a foaming torrent, pent up between narrow banks (except just on the road, where it might extend out on both sides for a short distance), and flat stones (no holding ground) for the horses' feet, with certain death below if the horses were lifted off their feet, or the cart upset in the stream—both very likely to happen. Yet, notwithstanding this danger, which all felt, the risk was undertaken, and the attempt to cross over—four horses, a cart, four human beings, and a large amount of property,—without any one of the individuals first *satisfying* himself that it was possible to do so.

It is not likely that an experienced swimmer or traveller would have done this. He would have first made an experimental trip to find the exact depth and strength of the water, and have avoided the danger of driving all at once into such a place with a covered cart, and all in it probably muffled up in clothes, overcoats, &c., &c. It was early in the morning, too, so that the whole day was before them during which to obtain any needful assistance. Graham's Town was but five miles off, and could be reached by a man on foot, or on horses back (by ascending the mountain on the left), without his having to cross the ravine which had so suddenly become a river. The end of the journey was Graham's Town; there was consequently no urgent necessity for attempting to cross at the time the attempt was made; a few hours' delay could have done no harm, and the water would have subsided rapidly if the rain ceased. These remarks are intended as hints to future travellers, who should bear in mind that horses unaccustomed to deep water are often afraid of it, and very apt to lose all presence of mind when they find themselves forced suddenly into it, encumbered with harness, and with a heavy cart behind them to prevent them from acting as free agents.

The writer of these lines has had some experience of travelling in this country, has often had to cross flooded rivers, or to wait on their banks for the water to subside; and perhaps a short description of one or two occasions of successful crossing and avoidance of accident may be of use to others.

On one occasion, travelling on horseback, and alone, from near where Bedford now is towards Graham's Town, arrived at the Fish River, at Espags Drift, about sunrise in the morning, and found the river "full." There was no Carlisle Bridge there at that time, nor any boat or other artificial means by which to get across. So off-saddled

the horse and took time to consider and decide what was to be done. Was seen by the people on the opposite side at Abram Espag's house, and some of them came down to the bank, apparently to see what would be done, or attempted. Undressed, swam across, and took counsel with these people. Learned that the water had "come down" during the previous night, and that it was the first flood of the season. After receiving this useful information, swam back again to the other side, and made arrangements for crossing with the horse by saddling up, leading it to the river, considerably above the drift, and endeavouring to drive it across. The animal, however, being unaccustomed to deep and rapid waters, got alarmed as soon as it was off its feet, and would not face it. Several attempts of this kind having failed, mounted the horse and endeavoured to ride it through, but with the same result. Off-saddled again, dressed, and put on considering cap. The water had "come down" during the night, and it was the first flood of the season; before then the river had been very low. Judged from these circumstances, and from the knowledge that the course of the Great Fish River from Espag's Drift for many miles downwards was devious and winding, sometimes going in an easterly, then in a southerly, and next in a westerly direction, in long sweeps, and that along it there were many deep and wide pools, or as they are in this country designated, "Zeekoegaten," which would have to be filled by the water—its progress must be slow. But it would be practicable by taking as straight a line as possible, and riding as quickly as could well be done without roads, and through, in many places, thick scrubby bush, to get ahead of the water and cross at Coester's Drift before the water got there. There were many intermediate drifts between Espag's and Coester's, but to get at them it would have been necessary to follow the windings of the river, at the risk of being too late at such places as De Bruin's, Jurie Lombard's, &c., &c. So struck out direct for Coester's; arrived there a little before sunset (before the water), crossed with little more than water enough to cover the horse's hoofs, and halted for the night at the farm of Stephanus Nel, a son of old Jan Nel, who, in the early days of the Settlers of 1820, was the owner of, and resided with his large family of some ten sons and half as many daughters upon, what is now known as "Table Farm," once the property of the late (Old) Doctor Atherstone, and now belonging to his relatives, the Messrs. T. and G. White, sons of the late Major White, who was killed in the Kafir war of 1835, by Hintza's people, while engaged in taking observations from which to frame a map of the Transkeian country.

There was in those days no road down the left bank of the Fish River from Espag's to Coester's, nor any farmers or other people residing there (all the farm-houses were on the right bank); consequently, there was nothing to be obtained by way of refreshment for the inner man, except water, of which there was enough and to spare, such as it was, whenever the bank of the river was struck at one of its bends. The water of the Fish River (when flooded) very



much resembles in colour and substance pea-soup on board ship, but is occasionally thickened and darkened by washing over sheep kraals. It is, nevertheless, sweet and wholesome, though it may occasionally be desirable, if very near the kraals, to suck it through a pocket-handkerchief by way of a strainer.

Many persons perhaps, instead of making this detour, would have persevered in trying to force the horse to cross the river, and the chances are, would have got drowned in consequence ; for a very little matter will cause such a consummation—a slight pull at the bridle of a swimming horse forces its nose under water, upon which it rears ; then another pull usually follows (for the rider becomes timid), and the horse falls backwards. The rider is thrown off, struggles ensue, the man probably gets a crack on the head, arm, leg, or other part of his person from the horse's foot, quite unintentional on the animal's part ; and the thing is done. The man is more or less seriously hurt, and, although he may be able to swim, becomes alarmed, loses his presence of mind, and is drowned. It is therefore always best to avoid anything rash.

Another instance may be mentioned. When the writer and a friend had to go from the neighbourhood of where the village of Peddie now is to Graham's Town, shortly after the war of 1835, the regular road through Trompetter's Drift was not considered safe, and it was determined to take the path *viâ* Kafir Drift, and, crossing the Fish River there, proceed to Graham's Town by the road from Cawood's Post, *viâ* Waayplaats, Cooper's, Manley's Flats, and Howard's Party. On arriving at the river, it was found to be too deep to cross, and that it was necessary to wait for the tide to turn and run down. This caused a delay of some hours—very trying to the friend's patience, who, being engaged to be married to a young lady residing in town, was anxious to proceed, and would, if left to his own devices, have attempted the crossing at all hazards, although he was unable to swim. What will not a man do, or attempt, under such circumstances ! As it was, because of his urgency the crossing was commenced half an hour sooner than it should have been, for in some parts the water was barely low enough to enable the horses to touch ground with their feet, which caused unsteadiness of motion, and rendered it necessary for the riders to take care of their seats to prevent being unhorsed.

Here, then, were two persons about to cross a broad sheet of deep water under circumstances that required much care to prevent accidents. (Many persons have been drowned in attempting to cross the Fish River at Kafir Drift.) One could swim, the other could not. The one that could swim, before entering the water, divested himself of all clothing, put his shirt and socks into his pocket-handkerchief, and tied that to the back of his head, stuck his jacket and waistcoat into the body of his trowsers, tied the waistband with a bit of string or a rush picked from the river side, to prevent the things falling out, and fastened this bundle round his neck by the legs of the trowsers. All this tying being so done that the bundles could be loosened and

pitched away if need be; but also so that, if no accident occurred, all would get to the opposite bank dry. The one that couldn't swim divested himself of nothing, not even his spurs, and spite of all remonstrance persisted in riding across fully dressed as he was. It made no difference to him, he said; he couldn't swim, and must depend upon his horse. So they entered the water, the swimmer leading, the other following; and all went on well until reaching the deepest part, when, owing to the unsteadiness of the horse, caused by the depth of water and some loose stones at the bottom, the rider rolled in his saddle; touched the horse with the spur, unintentionally; the animal plunged, turned out of the track up-stream, and the rider began to bellow for assistance. The other looked round, saw the predicament his friend was in, but did not, as some would have done possibly, turn back to help at once. Instead of doing that, he called out, "Hold on as you are; don't let the spur touch the horse again, but keep quiet, and after I have landed, tied my horse to a tree, and put down my clothes, I'll come and fetch you." So said and so done: and the non-swimmer was, after some minutes of danger and fright, got safely to shore, but with his clothes all thoroughly soaked with water; and in this state of wet and discomfort he had to ride to town, a distance of some twenty-five miles, while the other's clothes were all dry and comfortable.

One more instance of successful crossing of the Fish River when flooded may be mentioned, and it will suffice to illustrate that such things may be done with safety if wisely and cautiously gone about. On one occasion, many years ago, the writer and a younger brother rode to where a wagon-road crosses the Fish River (which was at the time flooded), to see if there were any wagons there "lying before the river," or people needing assistance. We found a wagon belonging to the late J. C. Warner, who was himself there, and had been for several days waiting for the waters to subside, of which there was then very little prospect. He was anxious to get on to his residence in Kaffraria, but although he had a saddle-horse with him, and he was able to swim well, he would not venture to try the crossing. He doubted his ability to swim such a river, and wisely abstained from making the attempt. After some conversation with us, and on our agreeing to cross with him, one swimming on each side of him, he mustered courage to do it, and succeeded well. He was an expert and strong swimmer, and might have crossed without our aid if he had felt confidence in his ability; but, without that confidence, it is far better to wait until the water is low enough to be crossed without swimming.

If we were to turn to the opposite picture to show the lives lost for lack of a knowledge of the art of swimming, we should soon fill a volume. Fatal accidents by drowning are of every-day occurrence. Sometimes it is a man, perhaps a husband and father of a family, cut down in the full vigour of life, and leaving a widow and a numerous family to deplore his untimely loss. Then it may be the wife, or a

child or children, of such an one. Boys bathing,—one gets out of his depth, others try to rescue him, and two or three are drowned. Then we hear of a boat accident. Some young people (gentlemen and ladies) go for a boating excursion; the boat is capsized, the party thrown into the water, and all, or most of them, lose their lives. Next, it may be a child of five or six or ten years of age falls into a pond, and before assistance can reach, life is extinct. Who does not recollect the tragical occurrence at Committee's Drift a few years back, when a number of persons who were being conveyed across the river in an over-crowded boat lost their lives, while some dozen or two of people were standing on the bank looking on, and unable to render assistance! Or who is there that cannot call to memory hundreds of such cases, wherein even a slight knowledge of the "art of swimming" would have sufficed to prevent the loss of dear and valuable lives—an art that may be acquired by any one in a few days!

The theory of the "art of swimming" may be best learned, perhaps, by catching a frog, putting it into a tub or small pond of water, and watching its movements, which are exactly such as the human being should adopt who desires to attain perfection in the art. But the human animal can swim in many other ways; he can swim as a dog does, or as almost any other four-footed animal swims, and he can swim in positions in which such four-footed animals cannot. He can, for instance, swim while lying on his back, or he can stand upright and, as it were, walk along; but whatever position he adopts, it is necessary, or at least desirable, that the hands should be held flat and kept well down in the water, with the fingers closed together. Take a puppy or a kitten, or any other four-footed animal of only a few days old, and throw it into deep water, and it swims as a matter of course; but if you take a human animal of any age that has not *acquired* the art, and throw it in, it sinks and is drowned—or, at least, gets its head sufficiently under water to drown itself. It is not so easy to sink to the bottom, and keep there, as some people imagine it to be. The chief reason for this difference between the human and the lower class of animals is this—the lower animal must of necessity keep all four feet well down in the water, and instinctively moves them as if walking on land, which both keeps its head above water and propels it along. The human animal, on the contrary, when it finds itself out of its depth, lifts its hands above water, in order, if possible, to catch hold of something. Hands above water, head under, is about the rule. Observe a good swimmer who desires to go down under water feet foremost; he throws himself up as high out of water as he can, stretches his hands and arms straight upwards above his head, and lets himself down. When down as far as he can go, he brings his hands and arms down, and by pressing the water with the hands and feet, the head shoots up above the surface.

There are many artificial means by which to learn to swim, but the simplest and the most easily obtained one is to cut half a hundred or less of reeds (*vluytjes*), which grow everywhere on the banks of

rivers, tie these together like a bundle of sticks, pitch them into the water (they remain on the surface), get in yourself, and lie with your chest upon them (the bundle must be across the chest). The weight of the body will press them sufficiently under water to enable you to use hands and arms on one side, and legs on the other. Move them as a frog swims, and you will push the bundle along. Continue this process daily, and after a bit, begin to diminish the size of the bundle by drawing out some of the reeds. Do this daily, and in a week or two you will find that you can swim as well without the bundle as with it.

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## *John's Journal.*

### PART II.

JOHN had little intercourse with our phlegmatic neighbours, notwithstanding his boast that he is able to trace his descent on the mother's side from one of a party of Dutch refugees who found a home and did a great work in England during the reign of Charles the First. That is one of John's jokes; though, if it be a fact, I am not ashamed of having the descendant of a Dutchman for a husband. None of us have much to be proud of as regards ancestry, whether it be Norman, Saxon, Danish, or Dutch; for though our remote progenitors contrived to get rid of their tails and pointed ears a few ages back, their worthy successors who took to chipping flints and eating oysters, erected no grander monuments than kitchen-middens; and I don't know that the robbers and pirates whose blood flows in our veins, and who lived quite recently, are much more deserving of respect. It seems to me nearly as silly to trouble about a man's ancestry as to ask him, "Who's your hatter?" Do you think I should love John one whit the less if his great-grandfather had been a gorilla?

"A man's a man for a' that!"

In spite of his pretended relationship to our vine-dressing neighbours,—which, by the way, he was careful not to boast of openly,—John was not disposed to cultivate their acquaintance. There were difficulties in the way, one of which was his inability to get on well with them in conversation. It was pitiable to see the poor fellow when he had to entertain a visitor. Weather, crops, and cattle were soon exhausted, and there he sat, the very picture of misery, racking his brains to start a subject on which he and his visitor had any knowledge or feeling in common. It was bad enough for him, and worse for me, when we returned a call, and were ushered into a spacious room with darkened windows and highly polished floor, on which one was afraid to tread. I used to be dreadfully nervous lest John's entrance should be as precipitate and inelegant as that of Tom Cringle into a West Indian drawing-room, and I should be



under the necessity of covering his retreat by such an expedient as that to which Tom's sweetheart resorted. Then, as the pupils of one's eyes dilated and one became accustomed to the gloom, to find one's self confronting aunts and nieces innumerable, seated in state, silent, solemn, solid. I had a painful feeling that John was not seen to advantage on such occasions. I am sure I was not. I wanted him to do what I had been told was expected of him as a gentleman, and especially as a minister, on such occasions—to kiss these buxom aunts and bonny nieces all round; but he shrunk from such an undertaking, and suggested that, according to his idea of etiquette, it was my duty to do it, and not his. If we could only have done it, and been free and easy and rattled away in our broken Dutch, we should have found the warmest and kindest hearts under that assumed frigidity. Who would have been happier than Tante Grietje to talk about baby's teeth and teach me how to treat his little ailments? Who more delighted than Tante Betje to initiate me into the mysteries of the pies and puddings, the pickles and preserves, for which she was so famous?

There were no expensively furnished drawing-rooms in our valley in those days. I question if there was a Brussels carpet or a piano within ten miles. The state apartment, which rarely saw the blaze of day, had few ornaments beyond half-a-dozen wonderful pictures, some quaint devices in *everlastings*, and a pair of bright brazen vases, whose use I never dared inquire into. Things are changed now. Two or three prosperous years made a wonderful alteration. The antique vases and simple wreaths have mostly disappeared. The "big ha' Bible," with its quaint engravings and black letter and heavy binding, which one never missed from the small table by the hall-window where the housefather sat; the well-thumbed *Gezangboek*, whose silver clasps had yielded to the touch of one generation after another of elders and deacons; the dingy quarto volumes which supplied the family with its modicum of orthodox Sunday reading;—these in most houses have been superseded by showier and flimsier editions of the sacred books, or are hidden beneath the shilling volumes of modern sensational literature, to whose charms our farmers' sons and daughters are not insensible. The old-fashioned windows, which served so well to exclude the light, have been discarded. The polished floors (my dear mother's, in the old house at home, were whiter, but not brighter) are concealed by carpets of the gaudiest colours and gayest patterns. The cane-seated couch, cool and comfortable; the stinkwood chairs on which one was not afraid to sit,—these have gone. And gone, too, the old familiar faces which smiled a welcome as we entered their homesteads amid the vines. Dear me! how my pen runs on! John always says he can say more in five lines than I can in fifty; and it's true. What I wanted to say was this,—that our neighbours had little intercourse with the world! and knew little of its movements except through the solitary newspaper which found its way to one or two houses in the valley. They knew as little as I did of ticket-of-leave men, and saw as little cause for alarm. Even when they became better

informed,—for the newspaper, which was as true as gospel to them, was not behindhand in setting the case before them in its blackest colours,—it was some time before they began to see that it was possible for them to do anything more than say all manner of naughty things against the English. I never could understand why they were so spiteful against us as a nation. As far as I can learn, they have no great cause to complain, though I must admit that John Bull has sometimes an awkward way with him when he tries to show that he loves mercy and wishes to do justly. I dare say if the French or any other Government had made up its mind to set all the slaves free, no difficulty whatever would have arisen about compensation.

Well, the only paper that our neighbours read in those days was the *Zuid-Afrikaan* (if I have not spelt it right, please correct it); and it spoke out and condemned this proposal to introduce convicts in very plain terms; and so the feeling gradually spread among them that they ought to do something to prevent its being carried out. Before anybody spoke to John, he had called a meeting of the members of his Church, and it had been resolved to send a petition to Sir Harry Smith, begging him to save the Colony from being ruined in such a manner. John, of course, drew it up. I don't like to say much about it, and I have no time to copy it; but how any man, with the feelings of a man, could resist such an appeal is a mystery to me. And Sir Harry, of all men! Didn't we put on our best attire and go out to meet him on that memorable occasion, when, like another Cæsar flushed with victory, he passed through our village on his way from Kafirland, where he had done almost as great things as the old Roman, who wrote: "I came, I saw, I conquered!" and everybody said we should have no more Kafir wars, for Sandilli had kissed Sir Harry's great toe; and he stopped to listen to our children singing, "There is a happy land, far, far away," and "God save the Queen!" and, like a naughty man as he was, swore that if he could do anything for us, he would. He did not forget us, for soon after he got up in Parliament, or whatever it was called, and spoke about our village, where, he said, the children *sang psalms like martyrs!* When John sent in his petition, Sir Harry's answer was a very cool one. I made sure he would write and say,—

Government-house, May 23, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. ANDERSON,—I have received your memorial, and you may rely upon me to do what I can to meet your wishes. I have not forgotten how nicely your children sang, "See the conquering hero comes," as I passed on my way from Kafirland. I promised to do something for you, and I will. Depend upon it, no convict shall land here while I am Governor, for *I rule the people through the people.*

Believe me, &c., &c.

Instead of which, John got this reply,—

Memorialists are informed that this subject will receive very mature consideration upon the arrival of such official instructions as will enable His Excellency the Governor to determine upon his procedure, &c., &c.

(Signed) JOHN MONTAGU.

Five days after this, the Hon. Mr. Edden addressed letters to the two clergymen, asking them to exert their influence to obtain signatures to a memorial which he enclosed. John did not quite like the tone of that document, and he drew up another, which soon bore the names of all the men of the country-side; a V.D.M., three J.P.'s, besides hundreds of others, many of whom made their mark, as Barons and Bishops used to do in the good days of old.

I guessed how it would be when John began to correspond with the Cape Town Association and threw himself heart and soul into their plans. I don't think he quite understood what he was about. I did all I could to induce him to be cautious before he committed himself, but he paid little attention to what I said. Indeed, to tell the truth, I think he would have avoided a great deal of unpleasantness if he had always listened to his wife; but, you see, John has his own ideas on most subjects, and has a particular horror of being, as he says, quoting Burns,—

“The meanest wretch in life,  
The crouching vassal to a tyrant wife;  
Who has no will but by her high permission,  
Who has not sixpence but in her possession.”

As if *I* ever wished to dictate to him or tyrannize over him, except when I knew it was for his own good. John may say what he likes about being descended from a Dutchman. If he said that he was descended from a Scotchman, I should believe him, for he is always ready with a quotation from that odious Burns.

It was all very nice and very proper in our youthful days, when we sauntered together through the meadows and shady lanes of the dear old country, to hear him repeat to his Mary verse after verse of the sweetest of all songs; but it does provoke me now-a-days, if anything goes wrong, to have lines flung in my teeth such as Burns ought never to have written. After all, angry as I get with Burns, and with John for quoting his poetry, there is none like it. I have found time in the quiet of a country life to read a good deal, and I have done my best to get up an enthusiastic admiration of Longfellow and Tennyson, and Browning and others, but I cannot. None of them has ever written anything to touch one's heart like “Mary in Heaven,” or the “Banks and Braes o’ Bonnie Doon.” Poor fellow! if he did go astray, to err is human. I shall never forget what I once heard Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymer, say, “Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone at the grave of Robert Burns!”

As I said, I did not altogether approve of John's committing himself to the Cape Town Association, for I thought some of the men who played such a conspicuous part did not care so much about the morals of the people as they did about the success of their party. When *the Pledge* was sent to the two clergymen of the village and Mr. Knorhoek, J.P., with a request that they would induce all the inhabitants to sign it, I became still more uneasy, for until I got a

sight of this extraordinary document, I was at a loss to know what the object of it was. I had seen wretched women in rags take things to pledge at "My Uncle's." I had seen poor miserable men totter up to a table at a teetotal meeting, and with trembling fingers sign the pledge, while good men, whose moderation was known unto all men, did the same, to keep their unhappy fellow-men in countenance. But this pledge completely puzzled me. When I did see it, I was glad to find that, as regarded himself as a minister, John had not signed it without inserting a qualifying clause, for it struck me it was a very serious thing to enter into such a solemn league and covenant, although I little anticipated how powerful an instrument it would prove in the hands of those who originated it, and knew how to use it. Perhaps, most of the readers of this Magazine never saw the notorious document. The one before me was thrown aside with the rest of John's Journal. It is a large sheet of paper, covered with the names and marks of a goodly number of individuals, who, with very few exceptions, remained true to the last. If the editor thinks proper to print it, here it is. John says it saved the country :—

*"We, the undersigned, colonists and inhabitants of the Cape of Good Hope, hereby solemnly declare and pledge our faith to each other, that we will not employ, or knowingly admit into our establishments or houses, work with or for, or associate with, any convicted felon or felons sent to this Colony under sentence of transportation, and that we will discountenance and drop connection with any person who may assist in landing, supporting, or employing such convicted felons."*

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## *My Trip to the Diamond-fields.*

BY DR. W. G. ATHERSTONE, F.G.S.

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### CHAP. III.—AT THE RIVER DIGGINGS.

FROM fevered dream of fairyland, and gas-lit cities paved with gems—diamonds and rubies and sapphires bright—thronged with eager crowds, with dancing lights of steamers on another Thames—(so fickle Sleep transmutes the reflected stars seen as we crossed the "Vaal")—from wildest dream of visionary wealth—of "Adamanta" and its rar-off future—I awaken with a bound. 'Tis daylight! Quick! let us hurry across the street, and watch the digger-world awakening in the frosty air. It is mid-winter now, and the keen breath of the morning sweeps sighing up the valley to announce the sunrise. Come out upon this terraced garden. Unger still sleeps within his stone-built mansion, dreaming of all his diamonds; his little fairy daughter at the door there, with her soft blue eyes and flaxen hair, can't turn us off. They have no titles here,—no law of trespass; *might is right*, and money here means both. Come along, dear reader.



Ha! we're too late! Already digger nature is awake—all wide awake, sipping its daylight coffee—frizzling its morning meal. Already on the opposite bank dark figures dot the diamond claims; carts are rumbling; ferry-boats are plying. Earth, air, water—all are full of life,—bright, hopeful, irrepressible Life, and its twin-sister—Labour. A spell is over all—the spell of sunrise, with its golden lights and purple shadows, bathing the rocky hills and tented town, and the glassy river-lake, with its green belt of trees, and busy booths, and winding shores of glittering pebbles—the refuse-heaps of cradles silent yet.

The merry voices of the coloured labourers, singing as they go, mingle with the tramp of sturdy diggers, hurrying past with eager faces and impatient steps,—aristocrat, and Batlapin, and solemn smoking Boer,—all hurrying onwards as the sun lights up the sky, to work together in those charcoal pits, where each believes his fortune lies buried in the oblivious earth. Strange superstitious fascination! Each dirty lump of clay, each bit of rotten re-cemented rock, contains—he feels “*quite certain*”—his own “big diamond;” and although he proves it false a hundred times a day, he still works on, hopes on, and dreams of it night and day. Wondrous talisman!—impelling men to work whose gloved hands never yet handled a spade or pickaxe,—levelling distinctions, dissipating pride, and urging those to labour side by side—to share each other's hopes and joys and sorrows—who never met before, nor will again! All seem to have a common aim—all sympathize together. The shout of joy—the rush—the loud “hurrah!” strikes a responsive chord in every digger's breast—finds a congenial echo everywhere, no matter who the finder—rich or poor, coloured or white. “It's *your* turn now; it may be *mine* to-morrow. Hurrah!” And his pick falls with redoubled energy, drowning the laughter of his lucky neighbour. Work—hard, earnest, anxious work—wild excitement. So goes on the lottery! Tickets, ten shillings; prizes for all! Who heeds the blanks? Diamonds are turning up everywhere! Turn round the wheel of fortune, digger comrades! Work away! Hurrah! What a wild life it is!

Like a young horse that has run away with his rider, unable to stop from sheer enervation and excitement, so after my 400-mile gallop, and the dazzling “night” panorama, and the hazy “dawn” panorama, with the “dream” panorama between, I, too, feel rather reeling and unsteady, as if I had run away with myself, and was unable to regain my equilibrium or breath. Too much steam on altogether for so quiet, so *unexcitable* a colonist! I stand a dreamer there—rubbing my eyes—the vision of the night still haunting me, as a *reality* to be fulfilled in the far-off future,—the realities of the day still tinged with an unreal dreamy aspect,—mysterious sounds, strange music still floating in the air, pointing to a glorious future. The dream has passed; yet still I feel a charm—a spell—a strange unearthly feeling linking the present to the past and future. Was it the

golden gleam of sunrise—harbinger of joy and hope and happiness to Africa—that threw its magic spell around me—over all things? I know not—care not, *so it prove prophetic*. Slowly I get accustomed to the novelty—the sudden, startling, unexpected reality—of what I see. I had been so long used to the drawling, dawdling, “don’t-care” aspect of colonial life that it was difficult at first to comprehend the altered appearance of everything and everybody. Men I had known for years leading a life of apathetic indifference and idle *expectation*—eternally *waiting* for something to turn up,—for Government to *do* something for them,—whose very crops *rusted* from sheer idleness and want of energy, suddenly transformed into eager, energetic workmen, with not a moment to spare—no time for gossip, begrudging even the short “How do?” of recognition. Ask one a question as you pass his “claim;” his answer is curt, concise, to the purpose,—but *his work goes on*; he never stops; he digs, or picks, or sorts away, and jerks out his answer “between whiles.” Ask for tobacco. One hand is thrust into his pocket, the other sorts uninterruptedly as he hands it to you in silence. What charm has wrought the change? Is it the pure soft air?—the keen, dry, exhilarating climate of the Fields? The same amount of work and energy expended on our fertile lands of Albany, Kaffraria, or Winterberg, would yield more certain prizes. Treasure—wealth more lasting and as inexhaustible—lies buried *there* as well, awaiting but the magic touch of enterprise, and capital, and skill, and science to develop it. Let us but hope the lessons learned, the hard-earned wealth and dear experience gained *here*, will not be wasted, but be spent in reproducing wealth elsewhere in our neglected, unappreciated Colony, where the genial amenities of life and society will add their charms to those of its glorious climate.

To comprehend the causes of this sudden transformation, go yourself amongst the claims—among the din of pick and noisy cradle, and watch the faces at the sorting-tables as the bright gems are turning up. You feel yourself amongst the crowd of workers the only idler there. Gradually, a consciousness of being dragged into the vortex, like a lone stranger in a London crowd, comes over you; the charm of digger life seizes upon you—an irresistible desire to jump down there at once and join them—to share their chances in the lottery of labour.

An illustration of this strange resistless feeling occurred whilst I was there. Two ladies (one an authoress!), who had sorted successfully for weeks—turning out gems of such value they had well nigh turned *their* heads—perceived one day on looking down into their claim a boulder, half unearthed, projecting from the side. Their two Basuto “helps” had gone to dinner, and they sat gazing vacantly at the big stone, sipping their coffee, and chatting dreamily, as ladies love to do. “What fortunes have been found beneath such boulders!” said one, and forthwith forty, fifty, and sixty-carat “finds” recurred to their excited memories, till each having convinced the other that a

monster diamond *must* be lying there under that boulder, down they both scramble in a wild frenzy of excitement, fourteen feet or more, and seizing pick and shovel set to vigorously, determined to have him out before the "boys" returned. They stop at length from sheer fatigue, panting and out of breath. "Wel, VERDUYVELS ! maar DAT is *flux* !" exclaimed a burly Boer, looking down on them with his wondering comrades, all grinning approbation. "*Plucky*, by Jove !" shout the admiring visitors ; and so, no doubt it was. But, could they help it ? Just go up and try. The thing is as contagious as love, or lung-sickness, or any other fever. You cannot help but catch it ; you don't know how you caught it ; you only feel it's on you.

Now came reaction, and something worse. The hard fatigue of walking for miles over spongy, sloppy, slippery tracks of trade, by courtesy called "roads," had set up inflammation in my knees ; the thorn-prick festered ; and the whole limb, swollen and painful, threatened ignominiously to send me off to bed, like a truant school-boy. Still, I *must* just look at the Diggings ; I must *first* see Unger's, Hond's, and Lasker's diamonds. And what a sight it was ! Some £50,000 worth spread out on the table, being sorted into parcels for safe transmission home by the first favourable opportunity.

"You'll kindly let me know when you're returning ?" said Unger, taking up both hands full of diamonds. "You may, perhaps, oblige me by taking a *small* parcel !" Some £20,000 worth, thought I, glancing at what he threatened to entrust me with,—an utter stranger, whom he had never seen before. "Suppose I've 'jump'd' diamonds and all !" I asked. "No fear of *that*," said he ; "we've not imported crime as yet ; all are too busy now to think of mischief." So I half promised to let him know when I should know it myself.

Here I saw green and other fancy diamonds, and diamonds in great variety from *all* the river "rushes," and from De Beer's, Du Toit's, and Jagersfontein, and noted the marked difference. The river gems are almost always purer, brighter, more perfect, and more highly valued ; the others flawed and faulty, more often splintered, spotted, and coloured. Experienced connoisseurs pretend they can tell at a glance where any particular diamond comes from. I only can guess where they are likely to go to. The same characteristic minerals accompany the diamond here as in the Brazils ; the garnet and peridot (or olivine) and the "Cattivo preto," or "*black slave*," seem the constant attendant *here* as there, but not in all our diamond-field deposits. Our diggers called it "*carbonate*," or "*carbon* ;" and it is often sold as such at a high price to unsuspecting buyers, although almost quite valueless. It is titaniferous iron, or *Ilmenite*, and is not often met with in the river diggings, although so abundant elsewhere, as also are the so-called "*rubies*," which are all *garnets* of different kinds. I saw no true Oriental ruby, nor any form of sapphire or carnelian, except a piece bought from Professor Tennant, and sold as

a genuine specimen from Du Toit's Pan, I was told, by some smart "man of business" with a ruby-tinted nose. It was at once sent off by the new owner to the Geological Society of London, *with a paper* (so he told me), where I hope Professor Tennant will recognize his specimen again. The titaniferous iron-sand is as common as our greenstone rocks, and may be often seen glittering and black in gullies by the roadside—also in the surface-soil of Du Toit's Pan and elsewhere.

After examining diamonds here and there, and meeting well-known faces at every step, I visited on horseback the various diamond centres of Klipdrift, the well-known kopje of the King William's Town Party, the Natal Kopje, and the abandoned Colesberg Kop below the town, from which the finest view is obtained of Klipdrift and Pniel, the diggings and the camps and winding river, with its pontoon and ferry-boats constantly plying. Near the mission station of Pniel the river sweeps to the north, and is again diverted to the westward by a range of greenstone hills running north and south, through which it escapes near the ford "Klipdrift," or "stony ford,"—how aptly named those only know who have been rattled over its boulder-bed, or have watched the wagons and wretched oxen wriggling and struggling through. The mere remembrance of it jars upon the mind, giving one a retrospective headache, backache, and pains all over! Here the Vaal bends slightly north again, flowing by the diamond towns of Pniel, on the southern, and Klipdrift, opposite, on the northern bank. Near the toll-bar, above the ford, a remarkable trap conglomerate is seen, similar in character of base and imbedded pebbles to the trap conglomerate of Ecka, Zuurberg, and Zwartberg,—large rounded and angular fragments of quartzite, granite, gneiss, and schists, often two feet in diameter, in a grey-crystalline base of varying colour. In places I noticed its base *vesicular*, containing zeolites, &c., like the next rock met with a short distance below the ford—a vesicular amygdaloidal trap, its cavities filled with zeolites, calcite, agates, jaspers, carnelians, and other siliceous minerals, its base varying in colour—grey, green, and red—in different places, best seen *in situ* on the northern bank, just below the islands, and in the gully between the Klipdrift and Natal kopjes, where I have seen the pipes of chalcedony (so much prized by diggers, as indicative of diamondiferous gravel) sticking half imbedded in the amygdaloid. This rush, like the last, is *extensively* developed, extending far to the eastward in the Winterbergen, Malutis, and Drakensberg, near the sources of the Vaal, Krai, Orange, and Caledon Rivers, forming the agate-gravel of their beds. The basement rock is a grey basaltic trap, varying from a fine-grained basaltic to a coarse-grained greenstone, often columnar, forming the kopjes and ridges, and traversing the country in every direction. I saw it *in situ* at the bottom of the claims at Pniel, at a depth of from fifteen to thirty feet—the depth of the diamond-drift. It crosses the river in dykes from side to side, and is



generally externally brown on the kopjes, from exposure and oxidation. The "diamond"-drift consists of rolled pebbles, river-silt, and shingle, alternating with sand and boulders of trap, and white and red clays, the result of the decomposition of the felspathic trap. The diamonds are found on the surface, or in the so-called "cement" or siliceous clay, sometimes calcareous, mixed up with débris, and hardening on exposure; also in the sand, and between the boulders, from the surface down as far as the "drift" extends. The surface-soil, where there is any, is a yellow or red ferruginous fatty clay, relieved occasionally with white streaks of calcareous tufa, derived from the decomposing greenstone, and below it thin layers of red river drift-sand, often spread for miles over the alluvial flats. The only stratified rock I could find was a blue talcose shale, like the talcose and micaceous shales of our carboniferous strata. A mile and a half below Pniel I met with a porphyritic rock, in places *gneissose*, described by Hübner as a "*granulite*," and as being the *fundamental rock* of the Tatin Gold-fields, and forming the mass of the Maquassie range in the Transvaal, covering a large extent of country to the north, where both diamonds and gold have since been discovered. Specular iron is often found here,—sometimes in large masses, sometimes as a fine black sand, with ilmenite, hæmatite, iron pyrites, siliceous fossilized wood, quartz, amethyst, tourmaline, garnets, semi-opal, olivine, and the various zeolitic minerals from the amygdaloid. I also saw zircon, which was about Klipdrift sold for board, but it came from Du Toit's and De Beer's, 3,250 feet above the sea, as measured with the Aneroid. The flats are from 100 to 150 feet above the present bed of the river, which lies sometimes even deeper, as at "Good Hope." Some fine stone buildings were being erected, and some already built, but the chief stores at present are of wood. The soil, rich enough to yield diamonds, will yield all kinds of vegetables in abundance. I saw peas, onions, parsley, &c., and flowers growing luxuriantly at Klipdrift after the loose boulders and gravel had been removed from the surface. The water to irrigate gardens may be got out without much difficulty. With proper precautions, the climate is as healthy as in any part of the Colony. But lofty rooms and thatched and slate roofs are advisable to keep out the summer heat and the cold of the winter.

After hurriedly examining the diggings and rocks in the neighbourhood, I took a boat kindly placed at my disposal by its owner, and with two friends had a quiet row down the river, examining the rocks on either side, the cradles and their gravel-heaps, where diggers crowded thickly along its shore, scarce leaving room for work. Now almost all had left for the new "rushes"—Du Toit's Pan and other favoured spots. Cruising thus silently along whilst my friends landed and prospected on the shore, examining some new cutting of a new diamond company, I found myself at the edge of the rapids, which I might easily have "shot," though too shallow and strong to admit of returning.

Lulled by the music of the leaping, laughing waters, I sat in dreamy reverie, watching—between the courses of pain, which ever and anon would wake me up—the strange amphibious plants bending to the current, flowering and flourishing in deep water, although at times high and dry for months on their islets of bare rock, at other times submerged altogether. What is thy secret, sluggish Vaal? How were thy diamonds fashioned in their crystal mould? *When* and *where*, and how heaped up upon thy rocky banks with the glittering pebbles of thine ancient bed, hundreds of feet above where *now* thou flowest?

The moonlight elves suggested how, the night of my arrival, dancing in that broad beam of dazzling light,—so I then fancied. The rapids just below me whirl, and whisper the secret to each other now amongst the trembling sedge. The merry water-sprites, spirits of the sunbeam condensed in crystal casket, the spirits of the *diamonds* buried here and thickly strewn around me, tell it me softly in intermitting cadence, as they gambol in the spray, or die beneath the rippling eddies amongst the jaspers, agates, bright carnelians, and other of nature's gems lying unheeded there. *There lies the key to the diamond-fields of the Vaal!* Broad dykes of molten rock poured out in crack and crevice across the river valley have dammed it up in ancient times, and heaped its "drift" and silt and rounded pebbles, *with their imbedded diamonds*, high up on *both sides*, where the banks are steep,—in other places rarely diverting the stream from its normal course, bending it right or left as the obstruction meets it, where the rolled boulders and diamond-bearing silt accumulates *at the re-entering angle*,—just as the silt and mud and rubble are heaped up in our modern streams, exactly where a colonist or Kafir would look for a ford or "drift." Does not this explain why diamonds along the Vaal are found so often in *twin centres* on its opposite banks—as at Klipdrift and Pniel, Hebron and Robinson's, Gong-Gong and Cawood's Hope, the same natural causes of accumulation affecting both? And why so often rapids, or waterfalls, or islands and sedgy grass are seen *below* these river-diggings, the remains of old basaltic dykes, formerly reaching high above the present surface, and since then worn away by the boulders, sand, and gravel, hurled impetuously by annual floods for ages against the hard rock barriers till they have slowly ground them down to their present level, yet still obstructing the even flow of the stream, forming lagoons and alternating rapids in its present course? May this not throw some light on the unhealthy state of these river camps some little time ago, when it is said 10,000 diggers crowded its sloping banks, letting their accumulated impurities filter into the almost stagnant river-pools, to be drunk, breathed, and absorbed into their open pores by the unsuspecting multitude? True, the first flood would carry it all away—removing the evil; but it must slowly accumulate until the crowds dispersed to seek their fortunes elsewhere, and engender new sources of disease.

The result of all the observations for years on the law of storms in a southern hemisphere was epitomized thus for the use of seamen :—"Face the wind and turn to your right, and you get out of the storm." So, without pretending to compare great things with small, I would suggest the following as a simple guide for explorers on the Vaal :—"Look *down* the stream at a bend, and search on the bank opposite the new direction the river takes ; on the *right* bank if it turn to the *left*—on the *left* if it bend to the *right*, and on *both banks*, just above dykes, rapids, or waterfalls, where any accumulation is visible." These remarks apply, of course, only and exclusively to the *river deposits*, all of which that I have examined, from Spence's Kop to the Moonlight Rush, are merely "drift" diamond-diggings. Of Du Toit's and De Beer's, &c., and the marvellous pedigrees assigned to them by savants and pseudo-savants,—earth-quake, volcano, debacle, tornado, and cataclysm, fire, wind, and water—I hope to have a chat next month. Meanwhile, I return to Pniel, and go off with a *cata-plasm* to bed for a week, to peep through the cracks and chinks of my shed, and make notes of the digger world outside.

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### The Mother's Lament.

'Twas in life's early dawn she died,  
 Ere passion, vice, and worldly pride  
 Had time their subtle spells to wind  
 Round the first openings of her mind.  
 First helplessness was hardly past ;  
     First playfulness was just begun ;  
 Like green fruits in the summer blast,  
     She dropp'd—alas ! my precious one !—  
 Ere yet the canker worm within  
 Could wake and waste the soul with sin.

In yonder churchyard's lonely shade,  
     Where thick the poplar grows,  
 Our infant's dear remains were laid  
     To take their last repose.  
 A few fond friends stood silent by,  
 Save when a sob or deep-drawn sigh  
 Would burst from some o'erlabouring mind,  
     That yet but half embrac'd the trust,  
 Which there in humble prayer consign'd  
     Its earth to earth and dust to dust.  
 And there, upon the new-made bed,  
 By trembling hands fresh flow'rs were spread,  
 Where heedless of our grief she lay,  
 As lovely, pale, and pure as they,—  
 As soft to touch, as fair to view,  
 As sweet, and—oh ! as fleeting too.

Dear innocent ! thy sojourn here  
 Was seldom sadden'd by a tear ;  
 For thou wert placid as the sky,  
 When, from her silver throne on high,  
     The bright moon rules the night,  
 And round her, as in state they go,  
 The vassal stars and planets glow  
     With faint and faded light.  
 Placid in all thy life before,  
 And placid still when life was o'er ;  
 Angelic peace was in thy look  
 When that last, ling'ring kiss I took,  
 Ere yet they laid thy little head  
 All lonely in its earthy bed.  
 Alone, alas !—all cold and lone ;  
     And though in sorrow here I come,  
 Not even thy sepulchral stone  
     Is more to all my sorrow dumb.  
 Time was, love's crooning in thine ear  
     Could stir to life that slumb'ring eye ;  
 But, ah ! too deep thy slumbers here  
     To waken at the loudest cry.  
 I gaze in prayer on heav'n above ;  
     I breathe thy darling name, and weep ;  
 Nor prayer, nor voice of fondest love  
     Break, as of old, that silent sleep.  
 Oh ! for that promised day to rise,  
 Which shall unseal those death-bound eyes,  
 And give thee back, no more to bide  
     The agonies of mortal pain,  
 But smiling at thy mother's side  
     In all thy loveliness again !

Ah ! when she died—I scarce know why,—  
     There was a something here :  
 That mock'd all pains to check the sigh,  
     Or stanch the bursting tear.  
 Though Faith approach'd with soothing air,  
     Reprov'd my grief, and calm'd my mind,  
 And show'd my darling cherub there  
     Upon her Saviour's breast reclin'd ;  
 Yet, when I turn'd to earth, to see  
 The now-deserted nursery,—  
 The eyes that met me, red, tho' dried,  
 And swoln with tears they fain would hide,—  
 The ball she us'd to scramble after,  
 With eager glee, and screams of laughter ;  
 The cradle, empty now, and left,—  
 Oh ! *then* I felt indeed bereft.  
 Ah ! let it not be deem'd a sin  
     Against what Heav'n in love ordain'd,  
 That, from this yearning heart within,  
     Tears would not, could not, be restrain'd.



Ev'n now, when months have roll'd away,  
 I love to gaze where oft she lay ;  
 And sweet illusions fill my soul,  
 Which not for worlds would I control ;  
 For, lo ! methinks that while I gaze  
 I see her as in bygone days,  
 When still repose has fixed her eye,  
 And I've sat watching fondly by,  
 And mark'd her glowing cheek the while,  
 Her lip, half melting to a smile,  
 Her little arm, thrown gently o'er,  
 Her light breath, sweet as summer flower,  
 Her soft, smooth brow, her seraph mien,  
 So deeply, blissfully serene.  
 I could have thought, while gazing there,  
 Her soul had soar'd through this gross air  
 To unknown regions far from hence,  
 In dreams of purest innocence.

How oft, while Heav'n was pleased to spare  
 The dear one to my frequent prayer,  
 In musing o'er that tranquil sleep  
 I've sigh'd, and well-nigh turn'd to weep !  
 For, ah ! methought, the days will come,  
 Shall spoil that spirit of its bloom ;  
 And worldly cares shall cloud that brow,  
 And blanch that cheek, so rosy now,—  
 Shall steal that slumber from that eye,  
 And soil that stainless purity.  
 Little I deem'd, sweet babe, for thee  
 Those dreaded days should never be :  
 Little—vain prophet !—deem'd I e'er,  
 While watching so intently there  
     O'er that, thy deep and silent rest,  
 That soon—alas ! how soon !—a sleep  
 So far more silent and more deep  
     Should pale thy cheek and chill thy breast !

Forgive these sobs—these vain regrets ;  
     I know 'tis selfish to repine  
 That *my* brief sun of gladness sets,  
     While endless morn is thine.  
 I feel how weak the tears ; for, oh !  
 'Tis for myself alone they flow.  
 On *thee* my thoughts delight to dwell,  
     As one remov'd from grief and pain  
 To joys that words were faint to tell ;—  
     And *could* I wish thee here again ?  
 Oh ! no, no, no ! Tho' deep distress  
 Will have its way no whit the less  
     For all that once so sweetly smil'd—

For all th' endearing loveliness  
 I lost in thee, my child, my child ;  
 Yet Heav'n has giv'n me grace to gaze  
 Around this world of sins and snares,  
 Its blighting passions, baneful ways,  
 Its sorrows, and corroding cares,  
 Its joys, that, hast'ning to decay,  
 Corrupt the heart, and taint the breath,  
 Its hopes, that glimmer to betray,  
 Its paths, that lead the soul to death,—  
 Then, yield me at the Mercy-throne,  
 And kneel, and say—"Thy will be done!"

E. J.

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### *Our Transport Service.*

AMONG the problems of which the people of this Colony are called upon for a speedy and satisfactory solution, not the least important, as affecting large and diverse interests, is that now pressing upon East and West alike—how to effect a better system of intercommunication, and the transport of goods?

The gathering of some fifty or sixty thousand souls on ground that three years ago was the home of the savage, or the haunt of the wildebeest and the domain of the springbuck, and which nothing but the desire that every man possesses of making haste to be rich would have ever induced the sons of civilization to adopt as a place of residence, presents social problems to the politician, the merchant, and the philanthropist that demand careful consideration.

Hugh Miller, in one of his pleasant volumes, describes Birmingham as built on a heap of cinders. From the best description of the Diamond-fields, the same may be said of Klipdrift or Du Toit's Pan, should they become the site of large and important towns. Certainly, they naturally possess few of the requisites which the old Dutch colonists would have deemed necessary for a town or calculated to support the inhabitants of a "dorp." But as the proximity of the black diamond made Birmingham what it is in the present day, so the abundance of its more lively and sparkling brother will make the future City of Klipdrift, or Adamanta, what it is to be.

At Pniel and Klipdrift you have the vitrified stones, the cinders of some former plutonic fire,—and you have water flowing many feet below you, in a channel which also, probably, owes its existence to a convulsion of nature at some bygone period. Du Toit's Pan has been described as the crater of some extinct volcano, and no doubt but that all the Diamond-fields, in one way or another, owe their origin to volcanic action.

At Du Toit's Pan, we are informed, water is worth almost its weight in gold. However the few advantages presented have had little to do in determining which shall be the site of the settlement, the abundance, or otherwise, of diamonds has decided that question in the first instance; and we have now to do with the fact of a large population suddenly congregated in the heart of what was and is a barren and desert land; and that this population, migrating and shifting to some extent, is fast creating a powerful community, destined to change the whole character of the colonists, and is likely to work out great social and political changes among the people of South Africa.

The rise of a number of settlements on the Vaal and Orange Rivers, within comparatively a few months, presents to us one of those peculiar crises which test the character and ability of a people. The movement has been too rapid to receive much aid from foreign sources, and thus the Cape colonists have been thrown upon their own resources. They have to meet the sudden exigencies as they rise; and according as they meet and overcome their difficulties so will be their reward.

One of the earliest difficulties arose from the geographical position of the Fields. Inland one hundred miles beyond the boundary of the Colony, a country but little known to traders, and wholly unknown to the bulk of colonists,—four hundred and fifty miles from the nearest sea-port, and six hundred and fifty from the metropolis,—people flocked from all points to these rich fields, taking with them only a few supplies, and trusting to Providence for the remainder. The battle of the routes has become a thing of the past. Enterprising men found their way,—some from Natal, some from Cape Town, many from Port Elizabeth, a few from every district of the old Colony,—from East London to Hondeklip Bay, and from Cape Town to Colesberg. The Eastern Province, with characteristic energy, took the lead, furnished both men and supplies. Cape Town and the Western districts, also with characteristic caution and deliberation, followed afar off; but gradually recognizing the importance of having a share in what was going on, put forth some energy, and followed the Sister Province, and soon surmounted obstacles which at one time threatened to force her out of the field in the competition with districts apparently more favourably situated. As the riches of the diamondiferous country became known and the fame extended, people from England and Europe began to arrive at the Fields, swelling the number of those who are to be fed and clothed. Fifty thousand persons scattered over miles of a barren country may find diamonds by handfulls; but they cannot convert pebbles into bread, nor can diggers live by gems alone, without subjecting them to the necessary, albeit vulgar, process of barter or exchange. And if the colonial farmer, provided with a few sheep and a bag of meal, his wagon for a house, was safe for a six months' campaign, not so the artizan, the clerk, or the man of business. To these, as to

Englishmen in general, the hard labour down in the claims must be lightened by creature comforts. Hence, no sooner did people rush to dig, than others followed to minister to the bodily wants of the diggers. For the first few months the supplies were beyond the requirements of the camp; the merchants, eager to do business, sent goods in abundance. There was then no difficulty in getting carriage, for the simple reason that carriers were as anxious to get to the Fields as any other class, and a good freight to the Fields paid the expenses of the expedition. But as time wore on, the number of diggers increased, with corresponding increase in the consumption of supplies, while the carrying power decreased in an inverse ratio to the demand. The supply which, before the discovery of the diamond, was sufficient to do all the transport work of the Eastern Province was totally inadequate to meet, with a diminished force, the largely increased demand upon its resources. As a natural consequence, exorbitant rates were asked and paid for carriage to the Fields. But soon its effects were felt all over the Eastern Province. The transport of goods is now the great difficulty that both merchants and farmers have to contend against,—the one for his wares, the other for his produce. It is *the* obstruction to the rapid development of trade, and will, unless a remedy be applied, prevent the colonists reaping all the advantages which the Diamond-fields are calculated to confer on this Colony.

It may not be out of place, in the pages of this Magazine, to discuss the effects of this scarcity of the means of transport, and its effect upon the trade of the Colony.

The system of heavy goods transport varies but slightly. In most instances, the carriers are farmers living on the line of route between the places to and from which they carry. In the Eastern Province, carrying has become more of a regular calling than it has been in the West, and has been followed by a different class of men. The foundations of some of the largest fortunes in the East were laid by *kurweyers*—as much as £10,000 having been made in a few years. In the Western districts, transport-riding has been followed generally by a poor class of men. The farmers, as a class, despise the occupation,—consequently, the business has fallen into the hands of men unable to undertake much, and whose poverty has prevented them from purchasing plant and stock fit to carry a load such as an Albany *kurweyer* would laugh at. There are a few exceptions to this, and these few have made money; but, as a rule, the oxen were poor, the wagons old and shaky, and the owners either coloured men or Dutch farmers, who preferred an idle, lazy life to one of more steady application to agricultural pursuits. Added to this, few merchants in the West thought it worth while to make an effort to alter or rectify this state of things.

The carriers in the Western Province who have sufficient means adopt mules in addition to oxen; but the only system of transport-riding worthy the name in the Western Province was that inau-



gured by the Cape Copper Company,—and they did what the merchants of Cape Town would have found it to their interest to have done years ago. They assisted the carriers to buy wagons and cattle. The Company thus created a class of transport-riders, and made it worth their while to engage in the transport of copper ore from the mines to the sea-port, until a better mode could be adopted. But it was not all smooth work with either the Company or their riders. Drought and lung-sickness—those gigantic evils which now and again stalk through the land, blasting the fair prospects of many an honest hard-working farmer—swept off the cattle, and brought the transport service to a dead-lock. The ox gave way to the mule. But matters did not improve, and the Company were compelled to lay down a line of rail.

It is exceedingly difficult, with the imperfect returns available, to estimate with any degree of certainty the amount of animal traction power in the Colony,—and yet it is necessary to form an approximate calculation, to be able to estimate our ability to supply the wants of perhaps a hundred thousand adults, added to our population during the next few years.

Taking the Census of 1865 as the basis of our calculation, we find, omitting odd numbers—

EASTERN PROVINCE.

|              |     |     |     |     |         |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|---------|
| Draught oxen | ... | ... | ... | ... | 143,000 |
| Mules        | ... | ... | ... | ... | 5,000   |
| Horses       | ... | ... | ... | ... | 121,000 |
|              |     |     |     |     | <hr/>   |
|              |     |     |     |     | 269,000 |

WESTERN PROVINCE.

|              |     |     |         |         |
|--------------|-----|-----|---------|---------|
| Draught oxen | ... | ... | 105,000 |         |
| Mules        | ... | ... | 18,000  |         |
| Horses       | ... | ... | 105,000 |         |
|              |     |     | <hr/>   | 228,000 |
|              |     |     |         | <hr/>   |
|              |     |     |         | 497,000 |

Deducting from this number—

|        |     |     |         |         |
|--------|-----|-----|---------|---------|
| Horses | ... | ... | 226,000 |         |
| Mules  | ... | ... | 12,000  |         |
| Oxen   | ... | ... | 120,000 |         |
|        |     |     | <hr/>   | 358,000 |

as the number of horses, mules, and oxen used for private and agricultural purposes, but not for transport, we have about 140,000 left or used for the transport of goods. 140,000 head will give about 12,000 teams. Assuming that each wagon will carry upon an average of twelve months 6,000 lb., making six trips each way from the coast

inland, we have the present animal traction power of the Colony equivalent to about 216,000 tons, or a total of 432,000 tons.

The total tonnage of vessels, with cargoes entered for export in 1865 was about 209,000, while cargoes inwards amounted to 220,000. This represents an aggregate of 429,000 tons carried to and from the ports of the Colony. We may assume that two-thirds of this paid inland carriage, forcing upon us the conclusion, borne out by experience, that in 1865 the supply and demand for inland carriage were as nearly equal as the interests of trade required. It should not have caused any surprise, when the reported discoveries on the Vaal lessened the one and increased the other, that Port Elizabeth should be the first to feel the pressure.

It is singular that men acknowledging the want of a better system of transport, and to whom want of carriage meant stoppage of business to a serious extent, did so little to prevent a dead-lock. Except the effort made in Cape Town to establish a passenger line and a goods line upon a small scale, nothing was attempted either in East or West. Port Elizabeth, at last, compelled by the pressure of a dead-lock, and probably, too, by the efforts lately made in Cape Town to divert the trade, has formed a company for the transport of goods; but even that seems directed to one point only, and inadequate to meet the growing necessities of even the Eastern Province. What, then, is to be done? Ask the first business man you meet, and the chances are that he will reply with one of two answers,—Get traction engines or get railways. Now the latter, like Rome, cannot be made in a day,—and it is very doubtful whether even Mr. Blore, with all the laudable pertinacity with which he has advocated the claims of the traction engine, has given full consideration to the probable causes of failure, which are sure to arise when theory is followed by practical work. Our difficulties are pressing, and demand immediate relief. In considering how this is to be effected, the question must be seen from a colonial point of view, and not through the medium of any little local interest.

The transport service of the Colony, and the supply of the thousands of people who will settle between the Vaal and the Orange River, concern every port and district of the Colony to a greater or less degree. Consequently, each must contribute its quota to the general supply. The system of individual carriers acting independently did very well when carrying was better than farming. But diamond-seeking is more attractive than either; hence when carriers are most needed, they are not to be found.

The contract system, as adopted by the Cape Town Company, is known to be most unsatisfactory, and far too rigid to be adapted for sudden expansion. The plan partially adopted both by the Transport Company and by private firms promises to be successful in raising a class of respectable transport-riders, and has in a few months brought several to the front. The plan is to advance sufficient to purchase a couple of wagons and spans of mules, to be repaid out of earnings.

The terms are most liberal, as the following proposal made and accepted will show :—

|                                                                          |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Two wagons .. .. .                                                       | £120  |
| Two teams of mules .. .. .                                               | 300   |
| Harness and sundries .. .. .                                             | 30    |
|                                                                          | <hr/> |
|                                                                          | £450  |
|                                                                          | <hr/> |
| Earning 6,000 lb. down, 4,000 lb. up, return,<br>each—two wagons .. .. . | 225   |
| Less expenses—say .. .. .                                                | 60    |
|                                                                          | <hr/> |
|                                                                          | £165  |

So that in three trips the man has repaid his plant out of earnings, with a margin of £45 to meet contingencies ; and this is not a bad investment for a man without capital. Co-operation is needed to carry on any extensive and really serviceable system of transport,—co-operation not of individuals alone, but of communities. It is sheer folly and suicidal for Victoria, or Beaufort, or Graaff-Reinet, or Cradock to fold their arms, and leave Cape Town, or Port Elizabeth, or Mossel Bay to do the work. The former places are centres, and should organize their own transport, either as branch lines to connect one town with another or to join the main lines. Cheap transport is as necessary to the farmer and shopkeeper at Hope Town or Fraserburg as it is to the merchant of Cape Town or Port Elizabeth. The extra farthing per pound for carriage represents a large percentage on the year's clip on the one hand or year's profits on the other.

A simple system of transport, either with mules or oxen, would utilize our available means until better can be provided ; and if each of the seaports adopted the plan indicated, to connect the port with the nearest central towns, a wonderful impetus would be given to the industry of the country.

Suppose that Mossel Bay had established cheap and regular transport to Beaufort, and Beaufort was connected in the same way with Richmond,—under certain circumstances it might answer the purpose of the merchant in Port Elizabeth or Cape Town to send his goods *via* Mossel Bay, rather than incur the delay or uncertainty of the overland journey from the seaport. Or if the productions of George were up in price at Hope Town, the telegraph would enable him to communicate with his agent, and the needed supplies would be forwarded without delay. At present there is no certainty—no regularity ; and hence the produce which in one district is almost given away, is in the adjoining district not to be had for love or money.

The Transport Companies organized in Cape Town, Ceres, and Port Elizabeth have made a step in the right direction ; and if

similar companies are formed in the inland towns, better supervision may be insured, and gradually a complete network established.

In Cape Town more has been accomplished than people are aware of. At the present time the Inland Transport Company have on the road twenty goods wagons carrying loads, and, in addition to these, private firms have at least five and twenty under charter; so that at a moderate calculation, within the last two months fifty wagons were dispatched, and this represents but a small proportion of the number required. Fifty more could be loaded and sent away within a week if the cattle and wagons were forthcoming. January, 1872, will find the ports engaged in a considerably increased traffic with the Diamond-fields and the intermediate places. Cape Town will send a passenger-wagon every other day, with a goods traffic of about ten wagons a week; Port Elizabeth will have established her Transport Company, in addition to the ordinary supply of ox-wagons; our American friends will ere then have decided the route they will travel; Queen's Town has reorganized her passenger-cart line; and other places will be found, like Ceres and Worcester, ready to risk a thousand or two rather than be left out in the cold shade of inactivity.

All this to others may appear but as the day of small things. To us it appears a giant stride from where we were two years ago. But the country cannot rest with what we have. Where will all our companies, our wagons, and mules be with a year of horse-sickness, lung-sickness, or drought? We must look for something better than cattle—better than traction engines. Nothing short of the iron horse on the metal road.

R. M. R.

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### *Notes on Rural Matters.*

WHEN the last mail left England a fair estimate of the wheat crop had been formed, and found far below the average,—much lower, indeed, than had been calculated before reaping. On heavy soils the crops were so much laid that the reaping machine was useless, and hand labour, which was both scarce and dear, had to be employed in reaping. Oats, barley, and all root crops turned out, as was expected, excellent.

MR. J. B. LAWES, of Rothamstead, in a report to the *Times* on the wheat crops of 1871, calculates the crop of the year at eleven and one third million quarters. Taking the population of the British Islands for a year, from September 1, 1871, to August 31, 1872, at 31,843,970, and the average consumption at five and a half bushels per head, it will require little short of twenty-two million quarters wheat to feed the population of those islands. Deducting a fair percentage for seed from the gross return of eleven and one-third million quarters, the produce of those islands, there will require to be imported from foreign sources about eleven and a half million quarters of wheat. Mr. Lawes points out several circumstances which will tend to a large increase in the consumption of wheaten bread during the incoming year. Meat is exceedingly dear, labour is in great demand, and full wages are paid. The potato disease, too, and almost total failure of that crop in some districts, will tend to an increased consumption of bread stuffs. There appears every likelihood of there being a ready market, and remunerative prices for all the corn our Cape farmers can export for some time to come.



THE high prices wool of all qualities was fetching at the London wool sales when the last mail left was highly gratifying to exporters, but not unexpected. It is doubtful, however, if prices will be maintained, although it is expected they will top the average of last year. Last advices tell us that all other kinds of Cape produce were realizing fairly.

THE rains which fell in the early part of November were beneficial to our wheat crops in late places. Altogether, the crop is now thought to turn out better than was expected earlier in the season. Little has been heard of rust this season. Reaping will soon be general. The veldt must have benefited greatly by the rains during November, which fell, more or less, up to the very last of the month. While the weather of the last month has given additional vigour to the vines, it has also created the very condition favourable to the development of *oidium*. A never-ceasing examination of the plants, and application of the sulphur on detection of the least appearance of mildew, should be the determination of every wine farmer, remembering that "a stitch in time saves nine," as the old proverb hath it.

WE still hear favourable accounts of the fruit crops. The farmers should bear in mind that there is every likelihood of there being a full demand and remunerative prices for all kinds of *dried* fruits during the year. Fresh fruit will be scarce for many a day on our Diamond-fields, and the numerous population there will gladly take our wholesome dried peaches, pears, apples, raisins, &c., as substitutes.

THE Agricultural Society of the Cape of Good Hope held the great annual show in Government Gardens on the 9th of November. The Show was a good one, the arrangements excellent, and the whole programme of the day was played out smoothly and pleasantly, to the satisfaction of managers, exhibitors, and visitors. To effect all this is no easy matter, and requires much tact and forbearance on the part of the committee of the Society. None but those who have had practical experience in the working of our Cape society can tell of the difficulties and sore discouragements which have to be encountered and overcome before any one object embraced in the legitimate programme of the Society is brought to maturity. We do not allude to active hostility, for such does not exist, but to the thousand ancient prejudices on one hand, and to the *vis inertia* of sickly friendship on the other. All honour, then, to those disinterested gentlemen who, through good and through evil report, have been ever steadfast to its best interests.

We take it that the aim and object of all Agricultural Associations like ours is to improve and increase the natural products of the soil; and also to give countenance and support to all projects bearing on rural affairs. The general public, as well as the body of subscribers to the Society want to hear, from time to time, of some of the effects produced by the action of the Society, and in particular what do the Shows effect. Except what can be gathered from personal observation, or through a newspaper report, neither of which are, though for different reasons, the most satisfying means of arriving at full facts on the subject, nothing is known of the action of the Society. Would it not be well for the Committee to meet this want by publishing an annual report, reviewing the operations of the Society, and the state of agriculture generally throughout the Colony during the past year, and indicating in brief terms what might be, in one way or another, beneficial to the breeder, the corn, wine, and sheep farmer? We believe such an "Annual Review of the Agriculture of the Cape" would help vastly to popularize the Society in quarters where it has now but little sympathy.

The exhibition of Cattle in the Show-yard on Thursday, the 9th, hardly justifies a current belief that there is a large proportion of the breeding stock of the country of a very inferior description. Certainly, the cows and heifers shown on that day, although not in large numbers, were remarkable for all the points which go to make up "a breed for milking purposes." Amongst successful competitors in bulls, cows, and heifers, the name of Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr is, as usual, conspicuous as a prize-taker.

The show of Fat Oxen was, on the whole, poor. Systematically breeding and

fattening stock for the butcher is almost unknown at the Cape. Of course, numerous herds are bred, whose ultimate fate is met at the shambles, but it is quite a matter of indifference to the butcher whether the animal is two year-old or ten. So long as we are dependent on the bullock wagon for transport will this indifference continue with both breeder and butcher. When the farmer is relieved of transport riding, and even riding his own produce to market, he will take to breeding short-horns, whose early maturity and propensity to fatten are notorious, and which he can send to the shambles within three years, and find it to his account to do so. But we are wandering away from the Show.

Woolled Sheep there were none exhibited. This is to be regretted; but it must be borne in mind that our Western sheep-farms are all at long distances from Cape Town, where the Shows are held; and this year every mule and wagon that would in other seasons be available for transporting valuable rams and ewes to the Show is taken up for transport to the Diamond-fields.

The prize for Angoras went to Mr. C. Barry for a pen of three ewes, and a pen of one ram.

Pigs and Poultry were poorly represented, both in number and quality. It was difficult to tell the breed of any of the pigs. "Big Breed" and "Little Breed" appeared to us of most distinctive application to those exhibited.

The Horses were numerous, too numerous, we think, for many of those exhibited should never have put in an appearance at a Show. Still we like the spirit which prompts a possessor to send what he has, even if not up to the mark, trusting that defeat will only incite him to *try again*.

There were no novelties in the Implement Department. A "Buckeye" reaping machine, which has appeared at many previous Shows, was on the ground, and appeared to find less favour than ever. An improved passenger wagon, intended for transport to the Diamond-fields, was shown, and attracted a good deal of attention, as does everything at this moment having the remotest connection with diamonds. It may be said that the Cape agriculturist is hardly arrived at the implement era yet.

In the Miscellaneous Department the Show was scanty in the extreme. Mohair, ostrich feathers, silk, berry wax, bees' wax, leather, olive oil, madder, castor oil, basket-work, &c., were either unworthy of commendation or unrepresented altogether. It is only want of energy, and perhaps some want of sympathy, on the part of growers and holders, which left the tables empty of all those articles of industry. Mohair, leather, wax, ostrich feathers, &c., &c., &c., of various qualities, we have in abundance. If growers and holders would only throw off some of their deplorable lethargy, and come to the front, the tables would have been filled with the several articles enumerated. Messrs. Holmes's large and excellent collection of soaps of all qualities was *the* feature of the miscellaneous department. Butter was shown of first-rate quality. The hams and bacon shown received the commendations of the judges. It appears to us that the improvement of late is very marked in hams and bacon, and the exhibits, too, more numerous, compared with that of twelve or fifteen years ago. The show of dried fruits was the poorest we can remember to have seen at the Agricultural Society's Shows. Preserves and pickles, ditto, ditto. The poor variety exhibited of all those articles, of which we grow so much and prepare of so excellent a quality, reflects sadly our apathy and disregard of material interests. We noted a very superior exhibit of dried onions prepared for export and keeping; also, an excellent sample of pearl barley.

"We are quite sensible how much of the success of these exhibitions is owing to the Floral and Horticultural department." Such is the language of one who, of the whole Colony, is the most competent to give an opinion on the matter, and we heartily endorse it. Without the attractions of the great tent, the Show would be simply a cattle-yard or kraal; and under such circumstances, no Show at the Cape can ever be a pecuniary success. Still, with the fact before them that to horticulture the Society is mainly indebted for the success of its Shows, the Committee almost,—officially they entirely do,—ignore horticulture, except in a half reluctant sort of way. This friend in need, as it has often proved to be, and which brings *éclat* to the exhibition, and replenishes an empty treasury, should, we

conceive, have a more acceptable recognition. In the great tent every endeavour is made to "show nature's form in smiling beauty drest." Growing plants and cut flowers, bouquets for the table and hand bouquets, and also fruit at the November Shows, fill the tent. The arrangement of the interior of the tent at the late Show was really graceful and artistic as a whole. To the early visitor the scene is very pleasing; but the late comer to this point of attraction sees only a gently swaying wave of the fairest of the fair, with a male monster dotted here and there as a foil to the all-pervading beauty of the throng. Before three p.m. the *tout en emble* of the early picture is lost—shall we say?—in one more lovely. The show of plants in pots was good for the season. Mr. W. W. Dickson sent a large collection, and his gardener was a successful prize-taker in several classes. Messrs. Anderson, Manuel, and Kotzé were the other principal exhibitors of collections of plants. Messrs. Arderne and Russell sent some rare varieties of pelargoniums, but the plants were poorly grown. This, in some measure, may be owing to their being plants only lately imported. Mr. Kotzé had the prize for *new* plants, albeit two at least in the collection were old friends of ours. We noted a plant named "Monstera," belonging, we believe, to the *Araceæ*. This "Monstera" must be a new name for some of the members of an old genus, *Dracontium*, a species of which has, if we recollect rightly, curiously cut leaves like "Monstera." The stage in the centre of the tent was filled with plants exclusively from the Botanical Garden. In this collection there was a capital display of calceolarias, and beautiful foliage plants, and specimens of *Mackaya bella*, and the deliciously fragrant *Rhynchospermum jasminoides*. Other plants were there equally beautiful, and with equally long names—

"Like the verbum Græcum,  
Spermagoraiolekitholakanopolides,  
Words that should only be said upon holidays,  
When one has nothing else to do."

There was a fair exhibition of cut flowers. The roses were really grand, and this is saying a great deal when it is recollected that it is rather late in the season for the "queen of flowers." Mr. H. M. Arderne was the successful prize-taker for roses. Very beautiful petunias were shown by the same gentleman. Before leaving the subject of cut flowers, we would strongly urge what has been advocated elsewhere, namely, the providing of exhibition stands of a uniform pattern for cut flowers, which every exhibitor should be compelled to use. It must be highly gratifying to those who inaugurated "Ladies' prizes for the best-dressed bouquets" to see the keen competition amongst the ladies to excel in matters of taste, and also to see the marked improvement both in "centre-pieces" and in hand bouquets. Nearly twenty centre-pieces, and about as many hand bouquets, were submitted to the decision of the judges at the late Show, nearly all of which were remarkable for beauty of proportion and elegant arrangement of the flowers. The judges must have had both a delicate and a difficult task to decide which was the most beautiful where all was beauty. The first prize was awarded to Miss F. Arderne, the second to Miss H. le Sueur. We have been told that general dissatisfaction was expressed by the unsuccessful competitors when the decision of the judges was made known. Was aught else expected? And that angry looks and short mild adjectives were freely used. We do not believe this. The ladies took their beating with good grace, *that* we do know.

"The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;  
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,  
And sullen sadness, that o'er shade, distort,  
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause  
For such immeasurable woe appears;  
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair  
Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her own."

The show of Fruits was not great; indeed, there is little at this season to show. The nartjes we thought particularly good, and fine-flavoured for the season. So were some excellent keeping apples; and the same may be said of guavas and

loquats. The strawberries—what shall we say of them? Perhaps no finer collection, or better grown fruit, could be shown in any country than was placed on the exhibition tables at the late Show by Mr. Stonestreet, who was the successful competitor for both prizes exhibiting for the “finest collection, named,”—sixteen sorts well ripened and placed upon the table in beautiful arrangement. For the “best dish of strawberries was a tempting pile of several sorts, arranged with great taste;” white pines alternating with the brighter coloured sorts, each fruit resting on its own leaf, the whole forming a sort of round-topped pyramid. The judges in their report state that “Mr. Stonestreet’s very large and accurately-named collection of strawberries would have done credit to any European exhibition table.” This is very high praise indeed.

The vegetables at the late Show were, in quality, as fine as any we have seen exhibited. We noted knolkool, beet, carrot, potatoes, and scorzonera as being especially good. There is a marked improvement of late years in the quality of vegetables brought to these Shows.

The weather on the Show-day was delicious, the attendance large, the exhibits fair. Altogether, the Society may be congratulated on having had a very successful Show.

J. M. G.

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## South African Diamond-fields.

TO THE EDITOR:—SIR,—As advised by the accompanying letter from Dr. Exton, I have received from Mr. J. B. Munnik the parcel of specimens therein referred to, which shall be placed in the Museum cases of minerals, so numbered and described as to facilitate reference to the Doctor’s details. Presented in this form, with clear, and even minute details, descriptive of position and character, as well as unhampered by technical terms, which so often are unintelligible except to the initiated, this communication of Dr. Exton seems to me a perfect type and example of the precise local information, from which may be derived the most perfect knowledge of the geology of the country. In this country, to say generally that certain portions are “Devonian,” “carboniferous,” “triassic,” &c., is a superficial mode of delineating our geology, for it amounts to no more than the expression of theoretic ideas, assumed to be in correspondence with the developments of practical research elsewhere. As theories based on assumed analogies, they are of value, in directing attention to specific formations, in which, however, we must not expect to find precise similarity; and for this reason, local, detailed descriptions, like those afforded by Dr. Exton, are much to be prized and valued.

HENRY W. PIERS.

Bloemfontein, 10th October, 1871.

H. W. PIERS, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—Before leaving Du Toit’s Pan, I entrusted to the care of Mr. J. B. Munnik a series of specimens illustrative of the geology of the Diamond-fields, which will add to the interest of your collection in the South African Museum. These I will briefly describe, but leave their more accurate determination in your hands, as I have none of the necessary tests by me.

No. 1. From Pniel. A conglomerate, containing quartz pebbles and iron pyrites, the base or cement being greenstone.

No. 2. From Pniel. The same conglomerate, with crystals of tourmaline. This is found at Pniel in massive boulders, dispersed through the “claims” at all depths, and is interesting, as affording a probability of this conglomerate explaining the presence of the large quantity of vitreous tourmaline associated with the diamondiferous deposits at Du Toit’s Pan, Bultfontein, and De Beer’s. (See specimen No. 5.)



No. 3. From Pniel. Fragment of greenstone porphyry. It was an oversight that a larger specimen was not sent, as the presence of garnets in such a rock would not necessarily imply their crystallization within such rock as a matrix.

No. 4. From Pniel. Conglomerate from the Vaal River bed, with rounded pebbles of quartz, jasper, and carnelian.

No. 5. From Du Toit's Pan. Presented by Mr. A. Searle. Peridot or olivine, the miscalled "emeralds" of the diggers. Agates and garnets. Numerous white crystals (calc spar), in elongated, four-sided prisms. A black mineral, having a vitreous fracture, and the resinous appearance of black tourmaline. This is erroneously called by the diggers "carbon," or "carbonate," though it is not the imperfectly crystallized diamond known as "diamond carbon," or "carbonate." The above are found at all depths up to thirty-five feet. Accompanying these specimens are two recent bones (probably metacarpal of an antelope), and also a blue glass bead, found twenty-five feet below the surface.

There is no reason to doubt Mr. Searle's assertion that the *bead* was found *in situ*, attached to a portion of tufa; but, at the same time, it is not necessary to suppose the presence of either the bead or the bones is other than adventitious, or that they have been deposited contemporaneously with the formation of the diamondiferous strata.

When at the Colesberg "New Rush," amongst the many "claims" I examined was one of Mr. Salomon, which had been excavated to a depth of twenty-five feet. At the bottom of this "claim" a short tunnel, or horizontal "drive," had been made, and at the farther extremity of this I noticed what appeared like a mouse-hole. I had the curiosity to enlarge this opening, and, by the aid of a pick-axe, discovered that it led to a chamber about eighteen inches in diameter and the same in height. The floor of this chamber was covered with the fine black detritus usually seen in ants' nests, whilst its sides being tunnelled with the remains of former galleries, and these being packed with short lengths of grass-stems and other vegetable matters, sufficiently evidenced that the excavation had been made and occupied by ants. On further examination, I discovered in the roof of the "drive" a similar opening to the one first noticed, but ascending almost vertically towards the surface, and which had formed a communication with the upper air. As the "bore" of this opening communicating with the chamber was fully an inch in diameter, and its sides had either been plastered or worn smooth by the passage of busy feet, we have no difficulty in perceiving how fragments of bone, or pieces of ostrich egg-shell, or other recent organic matters dragged to the entrance of these pits by ants, might be carried to the lowest depth, become mixed with the material of ancient geological formation, and afterwards be discovered "cheek by jowl" with a diamond.

In another instance, I had pointed out to me a perfect section of one of these deep diggings, made by ants, and this one was particularly interesting from the chamber and tunnel of communication having been filled in from the surface with the fine red sand overlying the diamondiferous tufa,—thus, in effect, producing the appearance of a fossilized ant-heap—an idea which the owners of the "claim" had really conceived.

There is another explanation of the presence of recent organic remains, found at considerable depth in working the diamondiferous strata, which I think was overlooked by Dr. Jno. Shaw, in his remarks on the geology and formation of Du Toit's Pan. (I must depend on memory, as I have not the *Cape Monthly Magazine* at hand for reference.) At Du Toit's Pan, in particular, there may be seen in many of the "claims" lying to the north-east (the weather side) what in former times have been deep water-washed gullies with precipitous sides, cut through the tufaceous deposit, which have subsequently become filled in by the red surface sand, and in one of these an entire ostrich-egg was found fifteen feet below the surface of the ground.

I may here make a digression, to point out that the deep boring by ants explains an interesting feature in their natural history. It has been mentioned by Dr. Livingstone that in the most arid portions of the Kalahari, when everything was parched up by long-continued drought, these insects appeared always to have

at command sufficient moisture to enable them to carry on their building operations. Whenever an ant-heap was broken into, they would immediately commence to rebuild the damaged portion, plastering up new galleries with freshly tempered clay. I think Dr. L. suggested they might possess the power of absorbing moisture from the atmosphere; but with our certain knowledge of the great depth below the surface of the soil to which they penetrate, I think the source of supply of moisture to them is thus explained.

Specimen No. 6. Decomposing micaceous schist, from Du Toit's Pan. (Query—mica or talc. Large plates of transparent talc are frequently met with at all the dry diggings.)

No. 7. From Bultfontein. (Requires further identification.)

No. 8. From Du Toit's Pan. Crystalline calc spar. Found equally at De Beer's and the New Rush. It is known to the diggers as "salt klip," and may frequently be seen in narrow veins, almost vertical, as if deposited by the percolation of water holding lime in solution.

No. 9. From Du Toit's Pan. Laminated calc spar. Presented by Mr. Robt. Frater.

No. 10. Tufa, from Colesberg New Rush, with fragments of porcellanite. N.B.—The diamondiferous tufa, interspersed between the boulders at Pniel and the river diggings, is the same as that forming the diamondiferous strata at Du Toit's Pan, Bultfontein, and the adjacent dry diggings.

No. 11. From Du Toit's Pan. A tufaceous mass, having garnets and peridot imbedded in the substance.

No. 12. A dark blue aluminous shale, with iron pyrites, from a depth of ninety-five feet, at Colesberg Rush. This shale appears to sub-lie the tufaceous deposits of the district, as it is also taken from the Police well at Du Toit's Pan (depth eighty-five feet); and, again, ten miles to the north-east of Du Toit's Pan it is found at a depth of thirty-five feet, where Coghan, at the Half-way House, has commenced sinking for water. A few days' exposure of this shale to the atmosphere converts it into a light-grey powder, and the water from the wells is strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen. By boiling the water, or allowing it to stand in an open vessel, the sulphuretted hydrogen escapes, and it is then used for all domestic purposes.

It is important to have established the existence of this shale under the tufaceous material at points so widely apart; and it becomes highly necessary to define its character accurately, as, if it should prove to have any relation to the carboniferous strata, it will go far to strengthen existing theories as to the origin of the diamond. If it is an aluminous shale, as I believe, it has no necessary connection with the carboniferous measures either of the Stormberg or any other range. In the latter case, however, it will evidence the disintegration of primary rock, which is the prevailing feature, and the only reliable one, in the geology of the diamondiferous strata.

I am, &c.,

H. EXTON, M.D.

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## Albany Natural History Society.

Saturday, the 28th October.

DR. ATHERSTONE, V.P., in the chair. The first business of the Society was the election of a President in the room of the Bishop Coadjutor of Edinburgh. Dr. Atherstone was unanimously chosen to the vacant office. Mr. Alfred Brown and Dr. Bradshaw were then elected corresponding members of the Society.

### ZORILLA.

Mr. Glanville read a note on a Zorilla that was new to him, which had been submitted for inspection by Mr. Atmore at Eland's Post, where it was caught by Mr. Smails.

This animal, more slender and of greater length than *Zorilla striata*, resembles that species in the way in which colour is distributed over the body, only the light parts are more yellowish and the dark parts more gloomy, with shorter fur.

Top of head of this animal white, the colour extending from a little above the nostrils round the sides of the head, including the tips of the ears, to the occiput. The light colour there passes into a light yellowish-brown stripe down the back of the neck, in the middle of which is a narrow stripe of glossy black. These light and black stripes extend down the back, widening, as they descend, so far as the hind-legs, when they contract till the black centre line is lost, and the light stripe passes into the white of the tail.

The yellowish stripe on each side is further divided by a black longitudinal line extending between the shoulders and the pelvis. All the other parts of the animal are shining black, except the tail, which is yellowish-brown at base and greyish-white, passing to white, at tip. The claws are five on each foot, both fore and hind.

This little animal exhibited the usual pluck of its race, for, together with two others, it attacked Mr. Smails as he was walking in the neighbourhood of some wood, and its comrades retreated only on the death of the individual described.

#### CYPSELUS GUTTURALIS.

Dr. Atherstone reported an observation of Mr. J. Webb, that *Cypselus gutturalis* was to be found all the year round in krantzes in Albany.

#### ANTHUS LEUCOPHRYS, VIEIL.

A discussion then followed on the announcement of Mr. Layard in the *Ibis* that, from investigations by Mr. Sharpe and himself, the conclusion had been arrived at that the birds known as *Anthus sordidus*, Rup., *A. leucophrys*, Viéil, *A. cinnamomeus*, Rup., *A. gouldi*, Fraser, *Alauda pyrrhonota*, Viéil, and *Alauda erythronotus*, Steph., were identical.

It was considered that the birds in possession of the Museum were not sufficiently numerous, nor sufficiently well identified, to enable the Society to pronounce an opinion on the matter.

In like manner, the statement by the same authorities that *Telephonus trivogatus*, Smith, is only the small tropical variety of *T. erythropterus*, Shaw, did not, with the means at the command of the Society at present, admit of verification, as, although possessed of specimens of *T. longirostris* and *T. erythropterus*, there was only one, *T. trivogatus*, that could be had for comparison, and that was sent by Mr. T. Atmore from the Vaal River. This specimen, said by Mr. Atmore to be a male, differed from *T. erythropterus* not only in size, but in the colouring of the top of the head, which, instead of being black, was brown, as described by Smith.

#### SPIZÆTUS CORONATUS.

Mr. Glanville referred to a fine specimen of the adult female which had been obtained from Orange Grove. It was the mother of the living eagle which the Society had possessed since Christmas last, when it was taken from the nest. This noble adult bird was clothed in the dark-coloured plumage that had already been described to the Society. The only point now to notice was that the iris was pale yellow, and that the measurements were as follows:—Length,  $34\frac{1}{2}$  in.; wing,  $20\frac{1}{2}$  in.; tail,  $15\frac{1}{2}$  in.; bill,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in.; hinder claw,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in.; inner claw,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in.

In addition to this, Mr. Hoffmister had sent two eggs from the nest of the bird above described. They are quite white, shell coarsely granular. Long axis,  $2\cdot56$  in.; short axis, 2 in.

#### REPTILIA AND MOLLUSCA.

Mr. Bruce exhibited additions to the collection in Reptiles and Mollusca, the former consisting of *Eremias Burchellii*, *Eupressis carinatus*, *Rana Grayii*, and *Rana Delalandii*, presented by Master Burt Glanville, and *Clotho arietans*, of great size, found in Graham's Town. The Mollusca were represented by a *Unio* obtained from Bedford at a depth of sixty feet from the surface, where a bed of their shells exists, and by specimens of *Physa diaphanea* from a vlei near Graham's Town, presented by Master B. Glanville.

## CORK—SILK.

Mr. Hellier exhibited specimens of Cork grown at Sidbury, tree planted about twenty years ago; and of Silk that had been presented to the Museum by Mr. Kennelly, the result of his efforts last year to improve the produce of the worms native to the Colony. There were four groups of specimens. The first consisted of the dried and empty cocoons of the breed imported for the Government. The second were empty cocoons of the breed common in the Colony, producing yellow silk. These cocoons had been selected for breeding; the moths had therefore escaped. The weight of each was as follows:—

The Government breed, 1,648 cocoons to the lb avoirdupois.

The colonial yellow, 1,664 cocoons to the lb.

The third group were cocoons that had been shifted and dried for exportation. Of these, 834 cocoons went to the lb. They were of the Government breed.

The last consisted of silk wound, showing that a pound of silk could be obtained from 3,723 cocoons of the Government breed. Mr. Kennelly said he would shortly lay before the Society some further results obtained this year.

The striking point illustrated by these specimens was that the colonial yellows, hitherto so small, at least in this part of the Colony, have produced, under treatment, cocoons almost equal in point of weight to those imported by the Government, which, again, are of average size and weight when compared with the best results from European breeds.

Mr. Kennelly stated that he fed his worms on the species of mulberry known here as the wild mulberry, and he felt convinced that no other species was so good.

A fine collection of beetles, collected by Mr. T. Atmore, at Elands Post, was exhibited. Mr. Atmore had presented them to the Museum.

Dr. Bradshaw had presented his collection of birds' eggs, mostly from European species. This is a very fine collection, and was much admired.

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Saturday, 4th November, 1871.

Dr. Atherstone, president, in the chair.

## NUMENIUS PHŒOPUS, LINN.

Mr. Glanville exhibited a Curlew and Whimbrel (*Numenius arquatus*, Lath., and *N. phæopus*, Linn.) shot by Mr. Hayton, at the Kasouga. The former presented the measurements and colouring of the female, differing in size, and in some trifling degree in colour, from the male examples in the Museum. The latter bird, said to be very rare in South Africa by Layard, was shot in company of the former. This is in accordance with their habits in Europe.

## ARDEA GARZETTA, LINN.

This bird was in winter dress,—that is, without the highly decorative decomposed feathers of the breast and back. The bill was yellow.

Nothing of special interest was to be said of the other ornithological acquisitions of the month, beyond the localities from whence the individuals came. Thus we have to record a fine male *Columba guineæ*, Linn., from Brakkloof, and *Hyphantornis spilonotus*, Vig., male and female, from the same place, by Master Lorrie White, and another male from Lower Albany by the taxidermist.

## REPTILIAN FOSSIL.

Dr. Atherstone exhibited the fossil head of a reptile from the Dicynodon beds near East London, presented to the Museum by Mr. McKay.

## BITUMINOUS SHALE.

Mr. Hellier reported that he had subjected some of the bituminous shale brought by Dr. Atherstone from the Diamond-fields to distillation, when a large quantity of gas was obtained. This shale reminded him of the Bideford black, used in England for making black paint.

## SILK.

Mr. Kennelly exhibited some live cocoons of "the Japanese whites" which were very much larger than the average. This is the third breed in the treatment of which Mr. Kennelly has met with remarkable success, feeding the worms only on the common mulberry of the Colony.















